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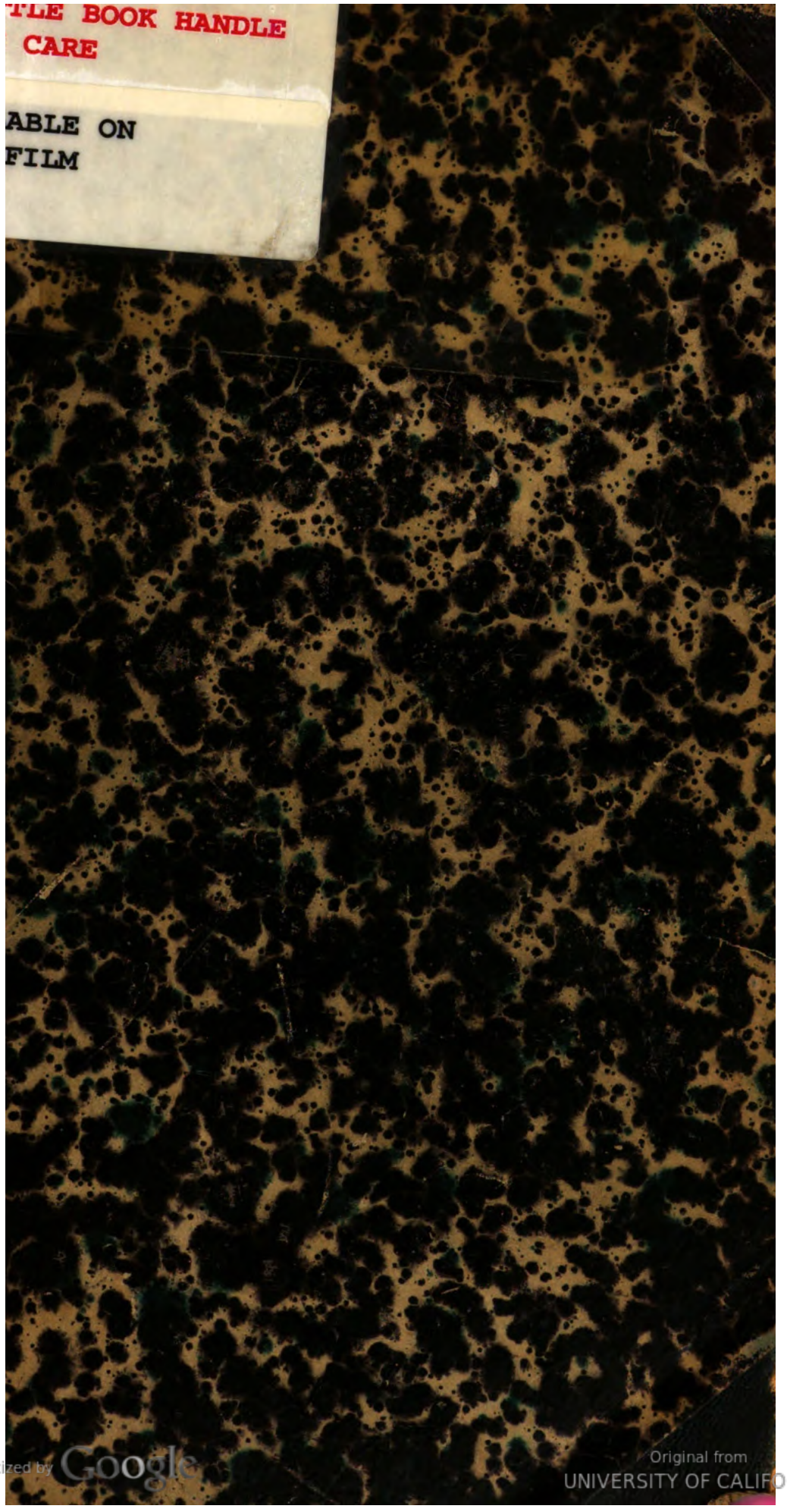


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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLIX.—DECEMBER, 1871.—Vol. XLIV.

THE ETERNAL CITY.



SITE OF THE FORUM ROMANUM, FROM THE SLOPE OF THE CAPITOLINE HILL.

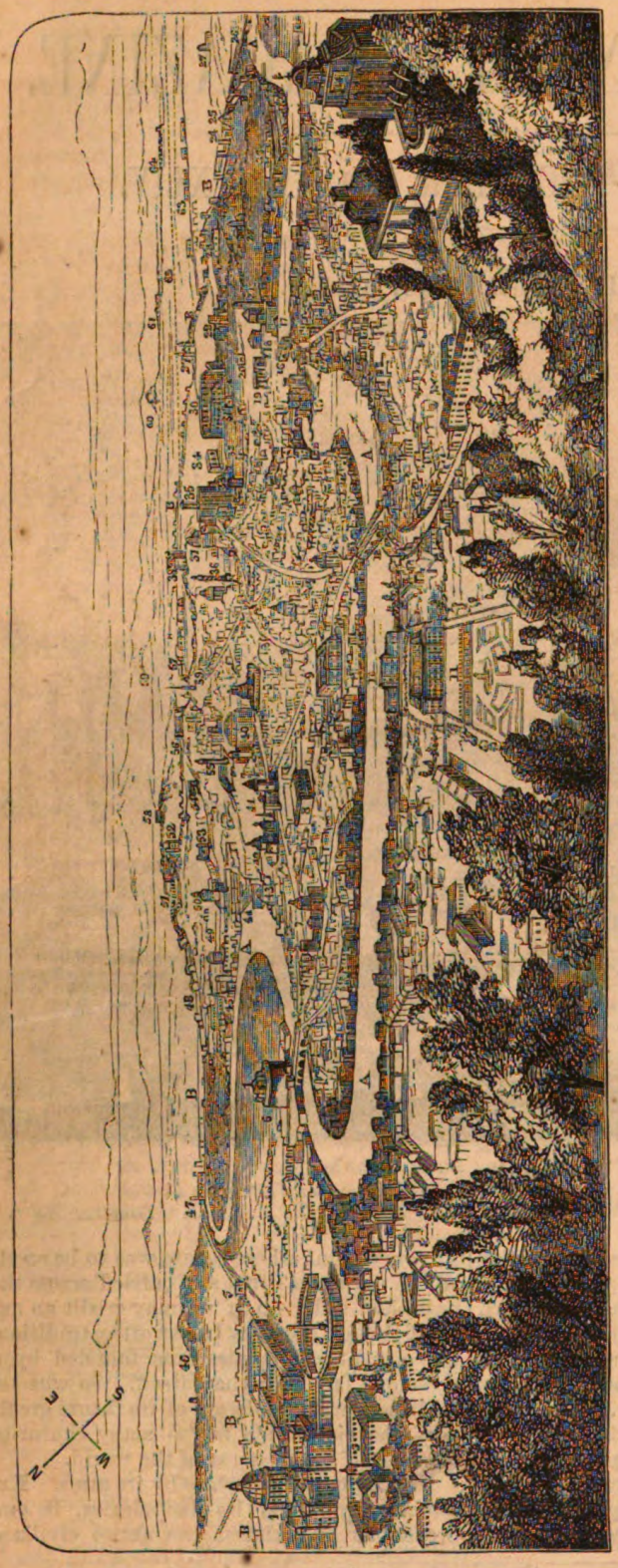
Temple of Antoninus and Faustina. *Excavations on the Site of the Basilica Julia.*
Temple of Saturn. *Temple of Castor.*

So far back in the remote ages of antiquity that the memory of man, preserving the incident, has failed to preserve the date, a group of ancients gathered on an Italian hill-side to mark by a furrow the boundaries of a city which they proposed to found. Every detail of the required ceremony, at once civil and religious, was observed with care. A lucky day was chosen. The plow was of bronze. It was drawn by a cow and a bull yoked together. The cow was placed on the inner side. The earth was thrown inward. At every point where a gate was to be erected the plow was lifted and carried across the unbroken sod. So, if we may credit an ancient though not very trustworthy tradition, the city of ceremonies was founded by a ceremony far older than itself. So was established, with no dream of its future greatness, the city which for so many centuries made itself the mistress of the world.

Its first conquests were by its arms. Extending gradually its boundaries, it embraced at last almost the entire civilized

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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ROME.

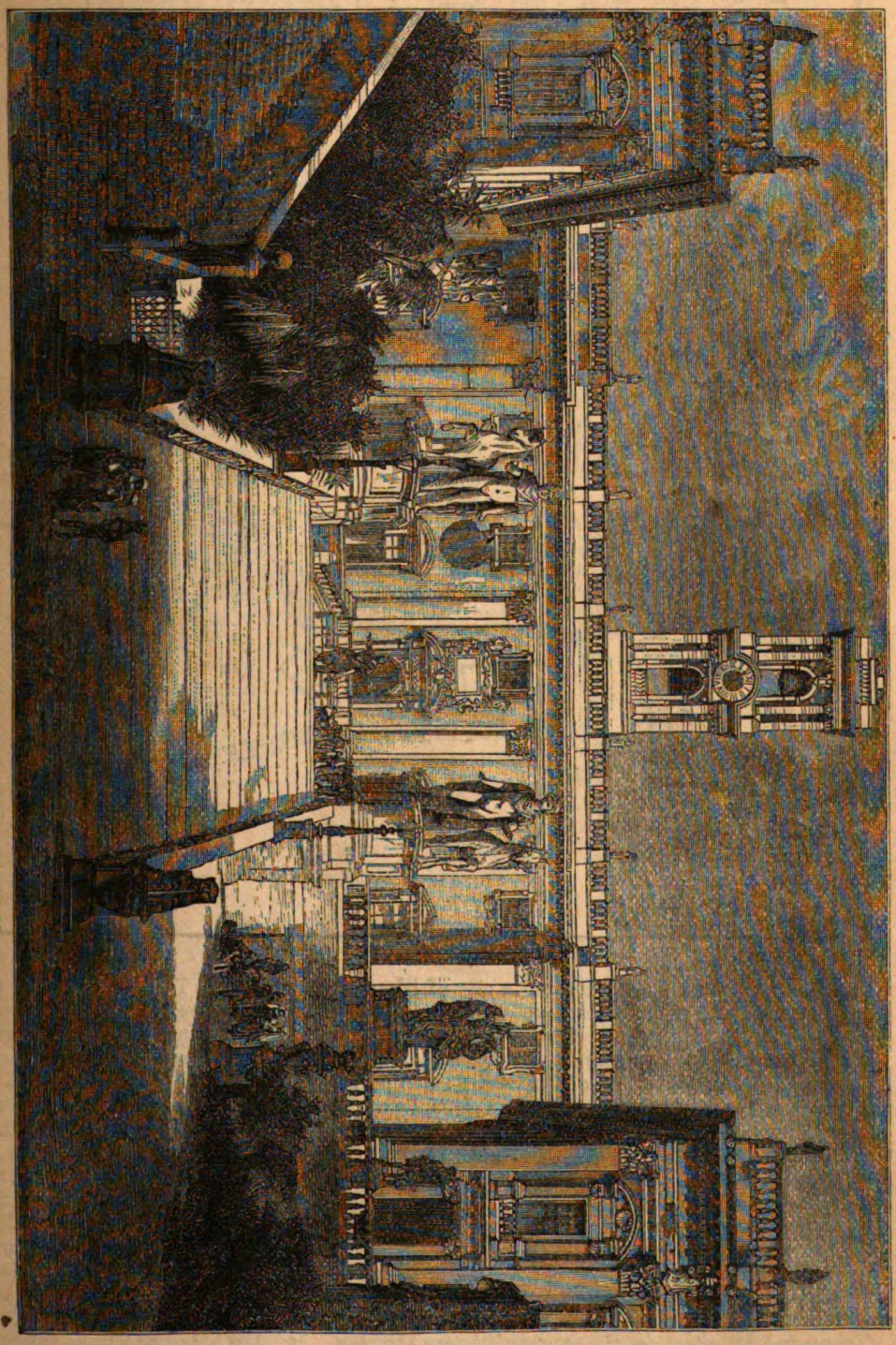
AA. The Tiber.
BB. The Walls of Rome.
1. St. Peter's.
2. Piazza and Obelisk of St. Peter.
3. Palace of the Inquisition.
4. Palace of the Vatican.
5. Porta Angelica.
6. Castle and Bridge of St. Angelo.
7. Piazza dell' Orologio, and Church of Santa Maria Vallnella.
8. Palazzio della Camellaria, or Court of Church Chancery.
9. Farnese Palace.
10. Palazzino and Giardino Farnese.
11. The Corsini Palace.
12. Ponte Sisto.
13. Church and Convent of St. Peter in Montorio.
14. Fountain of Pius V.
15. Island of the Tiber.
16. Ponte Rotto, or the Broken Bridge.
17. Cloaca Maxima.
18. Temple of Vesta.
19. Temple of Fortuna Virilis.
20. Arch of Janus.
21. Church of Santa Maria in Cosmodin.
22. Church of Santa Sabina on Mount Aventino.
23. Ruins of the Emporium.
24. Gate of St. Paul.
25. Pyramid of Caius Cestius in the Protestant Cemetery.
26. The Civita Vecchia Railway Bridge.
27. Basilica of St. John Lateran.
28. Baths of Caracalla.
29. Palace of the Cæsars and Mount Palatine.
30. The Coliseum, } In the Forum Romanum, or
31. Arch of Constantine, } Campo Vaccino.
32. Arch of Titus.
33. The Three Columns } In the Forum Romanum, or
of Jupiter Tonans, } Campo Vaccino.
34. Temple of Peace,
35. The Capitol.
36. Trajan's Column.
37. Church of Santa Maria in Cell.
38. Santa Maria Maggiore.
39. Obelisk and celebrated Horses on Monte Cavallo.
40. The Pantheon, with Church of Santa Maria Minerva in Piazza—Minerva to the right.
41. The Roman University.
42. Church of St. Agnes in the Piazza Navona.
43. The Mausoleum of Augustus.
44. Port of Ripetta, or Little Port of the Tiber.
45. Obelisk in the Piazza del Popolo, and Terraces of the Pincian Hill.
46. Monte Mario.
47. Ponte Molle and Via Flaminia.
48. Muro Torto, or the Twisted Wall.
49. The Corso.
50. Church of St. Carlo on the Corso.
51. The Villa Medini on the Pincean Hill.
52. Church of La Trinita de Monte.
53. Fountain of the Barcaccia in the Piazza di Spagna.
54. Fountain de Trevi.
55. Antonino's Column.
56. Papal Palace on the Quirinal.
57. Baths of Diocletian and Central Railway Station.
58. The Villa Borghesi.
59. Tivoli.
60. Palestrina.
61. Colonna.
62. The Central Railway to Naples, etc.
63. Ruins of the Aqueducts across the Campagna.
64. Frascati.

world. "I am a Roman citizen" was passport and safe-conduct in every tribe and province. Falling to pieces, corrupted by its own greatness, the Roman empire lost not its sway, but only changed its sceptre. The emperor gave place to the pope. The

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supreme authority was transferred from the palace of the Cæsars to the Vatican. The legions of vanquished soldiers gave way to hordes of invincible monks, the tyranny of a Nero and a Caligula to that of the Inquisition and the Jesuit fathers. And again for centuries Rome ruled the world, which seemed by the irruptions of the Northern barbarians to have broken the yoke, which was really only changed, not lightened.

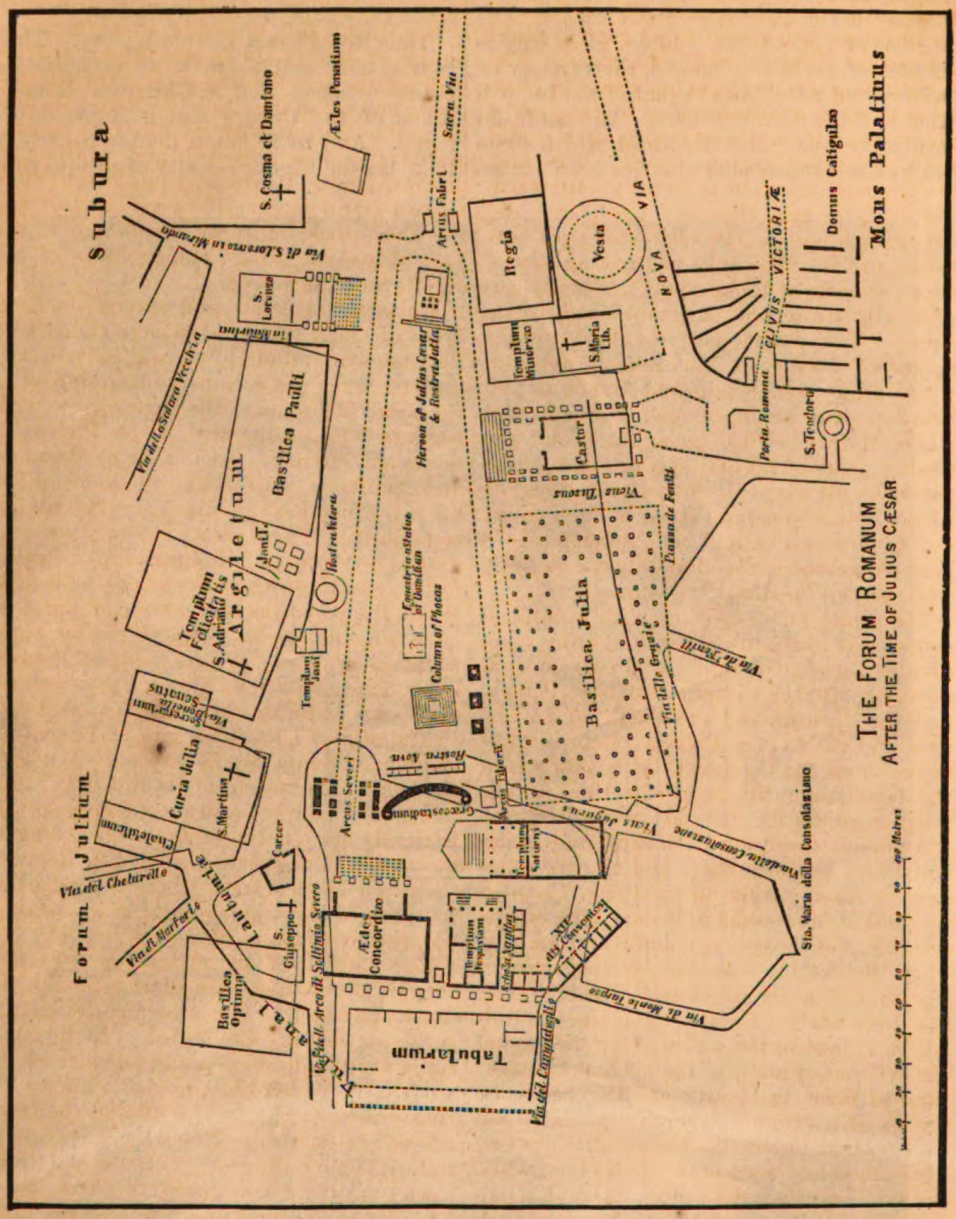
Thus Rome has a double history. There is a classic and there is an ecclesiastical Rome, a pagan and a Christian Rome, a Rome of the Cæsars and a Rome of the popes. And as it has a double history, so there is a double city—a city of antique ruins



Staircase of the Church of Araceli.

THE TABULARIUM, FROM THE STREET ARACELI.—GRAND STAIRCASE.

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and a city of ecclesiastical relics; a city of viaducts and arches and palaces and heathen temples, and a city of churches and saints and sacred art; a city of ruined theatres and circuses, and a city of papal pageantry; a city whose heart is the ancient Roman Forum, and a city whose centre is the comparatively modern St. Peter's and the Vatican.

It is of classic Rome we propose to tell our readers something in this article. We shall perhaps have something to say in a future number concerning the Rome of the pontiffs and the church.

There is nothing in the site of Rome to account for its imperial supremacy. It has conquered its place in the world's history despite its location. There is no great military strength in its position. The surrounding country offers no advantages for a great city. Its position debars it from commerce. The Tiber does, indeed, connect it with the sea; but the Tiber, a narrow and rapid stream, is at once too large to be harmless and too small to be of use. Fed by the Apennines, it is, like all mountain streams, subject to sudden changes in the volume of its waters. Again and again it has poured down upon the city which it cuts in two an overwhelming torrent, inundating all the lower portions, and bringing death and desolation with it. Yet it will admit no ships of large burden. Its depth is only from fifteen to

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twenty feet, its breadth in Rome but 185, and its tortuous course and rapid current make navigation difficult and dangerous. The surrounding country is so malarious in character that, in certain seasons of the year, a night spent by a stranger without the city walls is almost certain death. The hills are deserted, the valleys but illy cultivated. Yet it is certain that the Campagna did not always possess the character that now belongs to it. The sites of thriving towns, once the peers of Rome itself, are now occupied only by a few shepherds and cattle stalls. The plains once occupied by the magnificent villas of the Roman nobility, where Pliny and Scipio and Augustus and Hadrian had their summer retreats, and where Horace wished he might spend the closing years of his old age, are now abandoned by all who can escape their dangers, while those who remain attest by their gaunt and hollow cheeks and sallow complexions how dangerous is the climate even to those who survive the deadly miasma.

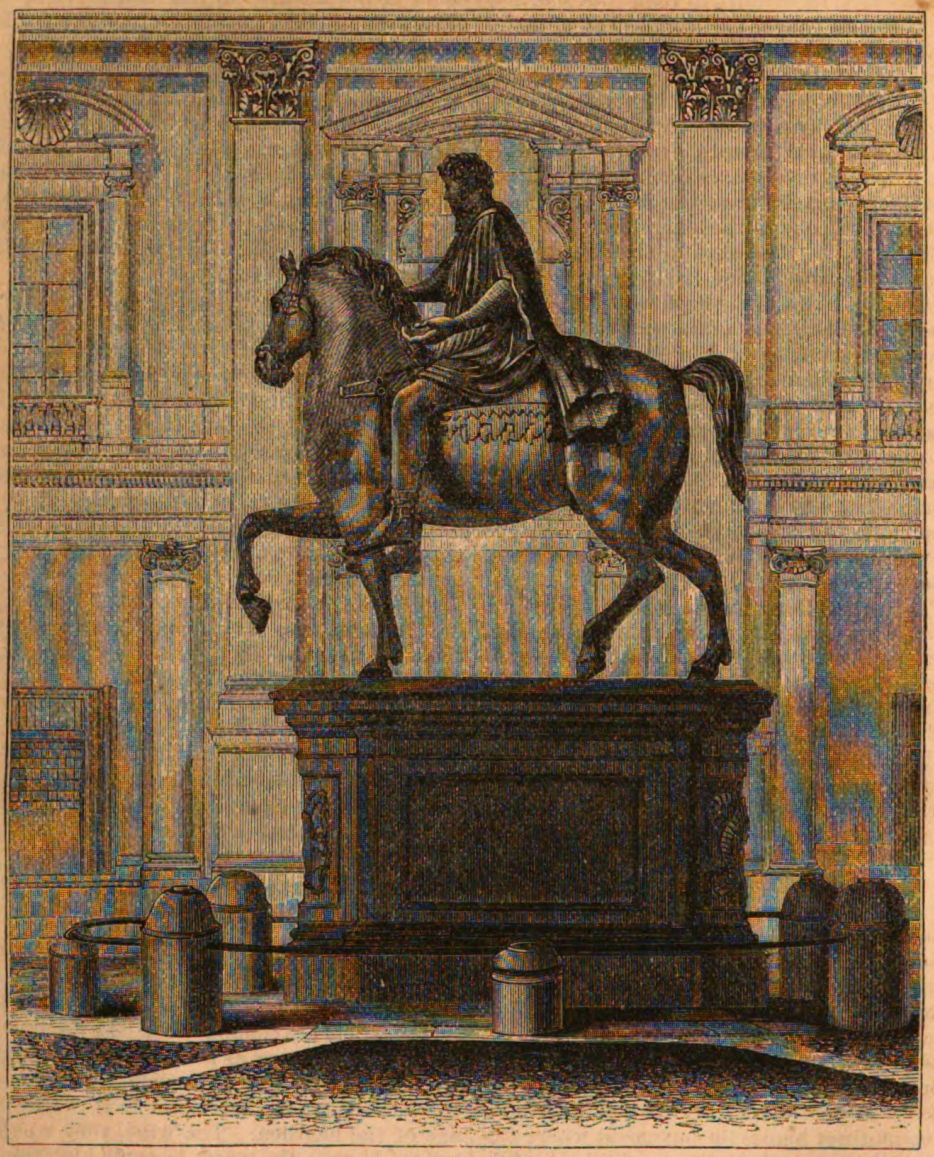
The river Tiber, flowing with a crooked course, but in a general southerly direction, divides the city of Rome into two unequal portions. On the western bank is St. Peter's, and the Vatican, and the Castle of St. Angelo, and the Corsini Palace. Here is what is known as the Leonine City, within which the papal authority is, at the time of our writing, confined. On the eastern bank are the famous Capitoline, Palatine, and Aventine hills; between them and the river lies modern Rome; while in the valley bounded by the Palatine and Capitoline hills on the one side, and the Quirinal and Esquiline hills upon the other, was the ancient Roman Forum, the heart of classic Rome. Here stood the ancient Capitol upon the Capitoline Hill; here in the valley below still stand the remains of many of the ancient temples; here in close proximity are the far-famed arches of Septimius Severus and Titus and Constantine; here is the pavement where Cæsar walked and where Cicero pleaded; while not far distant are the Coliseum, and the palace of the Cæsars, and the baths of Caracalla, and Trajan's Column, and the Pantheon. Thus, by the river and the hills, Rome is divided into three cities—ecclesiastical Rome on the west bank, modern Rome on the east bank, and classic Rome upon the hill-sides and in the intervening valleys still further east. It is to this latter Rome we introduce our reader in these pages.

We take our stand at the foot of Capitoline Hill. The street of Araceli leads us hither from our quarters in the modern city upon the river bank. A double flight of stairs is before us leading up to what constituted the heart of ancient Rome. Usage, if not absolute law, required that the temple of the tutelary deity should be placed upon the point whence the widest view of the city could be obtained. On the southwest apex of this double hill, therefore, stood the triple temple of Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, overlooking the surrounding city. On the opposite end stood the citadel of Rome, the impregnable fortress with which every considerable city was provided, and whither, in direst calamity, its soldiery might retreat to make a last defense. Between the two was the *Tabularium*, or, as we should call it, the hall of records, where the archives of the empire were preserved.

We turn to the left, and ascend the long flight of stairs which leads us to the site of the ancient citadel. Classic, sacred, and modern Rome are curiously intermingled in the scene before us. The steps swarm with beggars, who for the love of the Virgin beseech our charity. To beg is no dishonor and hardly a misfortune in Rome. The Church which has canonized poverty can not restrain it. Where saints are beggars, beggary is no reproach. Indiscriminate charity fosters a laziness which perpetuates the vice. While the pope was still master of Rome he gave annually to its paupers two or three thousand crowns. We are not good Romanists. The love of the Virgin has no power over our indurate hearts. We pass the swarm of professional beggars, and enter the Church of Santa Maria Araceli. We give the church the benefit of its full title. But in common conversation no one does so. It is simply the Church of Araceli. Owing to the number of churches erected in Rome to the honor of the Virgin Mary, the first name ceases to be significant, and it is accordingly dropped by common consent.

The Church of Araceli affords a curious though not remarkable illustration of the extent to which in Rome the ancient and the ecclesiastical are commingled. To the faithful it would appear as a fine instance of the method in which the Romish Church has consecrated to the service of God the fruitage of the heathen. The wine, they would tell us, is none the worse because idolatrous hands cultivate the grape, if pious hands have been laid upon the cup. To the Protestant it appears to afford a curious emblem of the manner in which the Church of Rome is composed of Christian doctrine and heathen rites and ceremonies. We are standing on the site occupied in the days of Paul by a temple to Juno Moneta. The unfinished church is largely composed of the remains of heathen temples. The great granite pillars which support the nave have been dug from the ruins of Rome. Every where this fact is repeated. Old walls and temples are converted into church edifices. Ruins of the past are made quarries to serve the ecclesiastical purposes of the present. Why not? Can the dead past ever do man a better service than when it becomes a quarry out of which we gather our material of ex-

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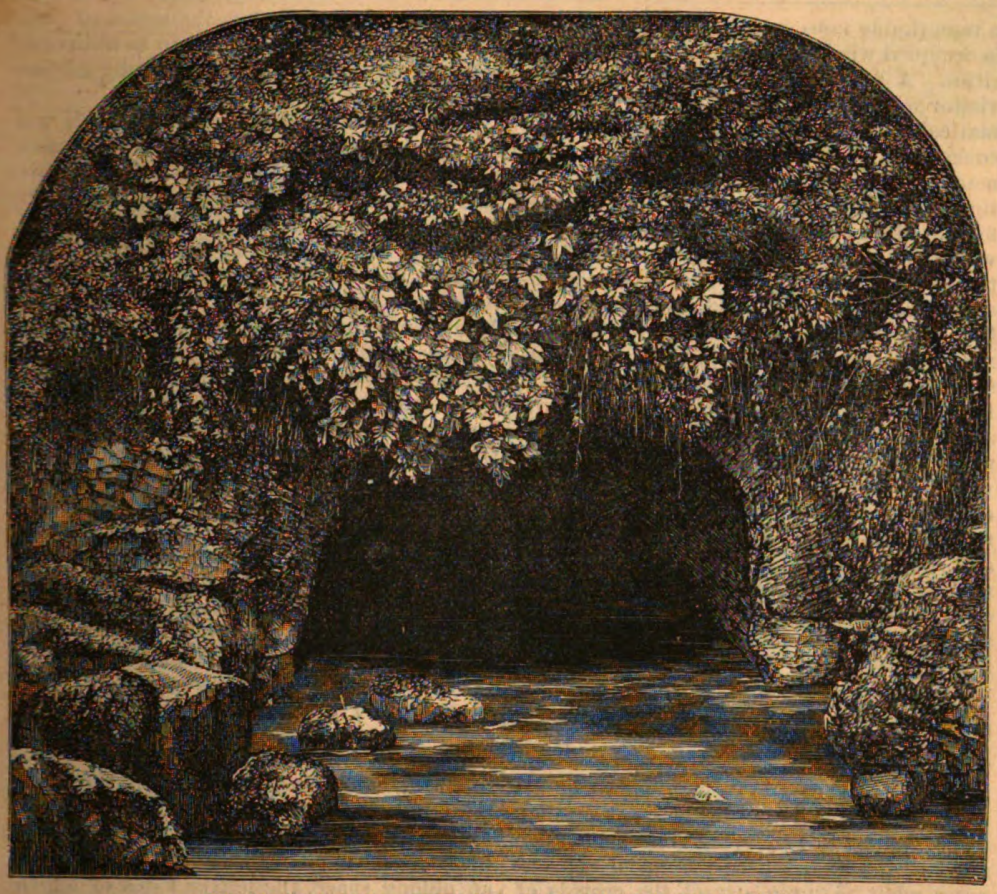
STATUE OF MARCUS AURELIUS.

perience wherewith to construct for the future?

To the Catholic, however, the fact that he stands in the midst of the reconstructed ruins of classic Rome is nothing. The grand fact is that he is under the roof which covers the sacred form of the Bambino.

The Bambino is a wooden figure made to represent the infant Jesus. We are assured that it was made from a tree of the Mount of Olives, and carved by St. Luke. I hope he was a better physician than artist; for the figure itself is artistically not widely different from such as stand in inviting attitudes at the entrances of our cigar-shops—perhaps a trifle more delicate in style. It has a side chapel all to itself. It is carefully preserved in a casket of wood. Its dress is of the finest fabrics, trimmed with lace, and it is literally covered with jewels, which are stuck all over it, as though it were a pincushion. For the Bambino, perhaps from its medical carver, has inherited a wonderful power. Better far in the eyes of the faithful than hydropathy, homeopathy, or allopathy is Bambino-pathy. In times of dire distress it is taken from its chapel, carried to the sick-bed, placed at the foot, and made the recipient of prayers for succor and deliverance. And such prayers are always heard. The jewels which cover its gaudy person are a part of the fees which it has received for these services. But they are only a part. The Bambino practice is wonderfully profitable to the priests—so profitable that there are several imitations in other

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THE CLOACA MAXIMA.—UPPER END, NEAR THE JANUS QUADRIFRONS.

cities. But the original and genuine Bambino, the gift of the medical apostle, is to be seen only in the Church of Araceli, on the Capitoline Hill, at Rome.

On the opposite end of the Capitoline Hill stands, as we have said, the ancient temple of Rome's tutelary deity—Jupiter. On either side were temples to Juno and Minerva. On the brow of the hill, looking down into the Forum below, was a gigantic statue of Jupiter, who thus surveyed the throngs of Roman politicians in all their public gatherings. Was it intended that he should symbolize the truth that their crookedest ways and most secret and sinuous dealings were known to Him with whom we have to do? If so, his presence was a failure. For Washington is purity itself compared with ancient Rome. The corruption of the modern Church is inherited from that of the ancient Capitol. Nevertheless, Jupiter's presence was not in vain, since, if we may credit Cicero, the detection of Catiline's famous conspiracy was due to this lynx-eyed statue. Here, too, in later times stood statues representing each nation in Rome, with bells hanging from their hands. Whenever any commotion or rebellion took place in any subject nation the sensitive statue took the alarm and rang out the warning with its bells.

Incredible? My dear Sir, nothing is incredible in Rome.

The temple itself, if we may credit the accounts of contemporaneous writers, was a marvel of architectural beauty. It is a singular circumstance—it is hardly superstitious to consider it a singular circumstance—that it was destroyed by fire in the same year in which the Temple at Jerusalem was destroyed by the Romans. It is as if God would protest that his own Temple was not destroyed by the power of the tutelary deity of the city which He selected to administer the divine judgments on the Jewish nation. In its subsequent restoration under Domitian (after a second burning) its magnificence was enhanced at the expense of true architectural taste. The age was one of display, and the gilding of the temple alone is said to have cost over $12,000,000. If we may believe Martial, the expenses of this restoration were such as to bankrupt not merely Domitian, but even Jupiter himself. If the emperor were to call in his debts, says the poet, though the god were to put up Olympus at auction, he could not pay a shilling in the pound.

This ancient temple is now supplanted by

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a remarkable museum. One of its galleries is occupied wholly by busts of ancient celebrities. A day of study here will give the visitor who is accustomed to read the enigmatical language of physiognomy a truer conception of Rome's departed heroes than many days spent in analyzing those delineations of their character which literature affords. Here is Cato, "a peevish school-boy with big ears, rigid, drawn features, and distorted cheeks, a grumbler and narrow-minded;" Aristotle, with "a full, complete head, like that of Cuvier;" Marcus Aurelius, "a noble, melancholy head, that of a man mastered by his intellect, a meditative idealist;" Demosthenes, the man of action, "the brow somewhat retreating, the eye keen as a rapier;" Terence, "an absent-minded dreamer, with low brow, small skull, and a melancholy, impoverished look;" Tiberius, "not a noble head, but well qualified to carry the affairs of an empire, and to govern a hundred million men;" Nero, looking "like an actor or a leading singer at the opera, vain and vicious, and diseased both in imagination and in intellect;" Vespasian, "a powerful man, firmly relying on well-poised faculties, ready for any emergency, circumspect, and worthy to be a renaissance pope."* Here, too, adjoining, is a gallery of pictures representing in succession every phase of art from the most spiritual to the most sensual, from Raphael to Titian. As one looks upon some of the scenes here portrayed—as one notes what pictures attract the crowds of gazers, both men and women—he wonders no longer that Rome is the most licentious of modern cities, and that traffic in vice is pursued with unblushing effrontery; and he forms a new resolve to do deadly battle to the influence of the same nefariously seductive art striving in painting and engraving in our own country to debauch American youth to the level of the Roman peasantry.

Let us return to the grand staircase; pass up its broad flight of stone steps, by the basalt lions guarding its base; by the two colossal statues of Castor and Pollux, that once adorned the theatre of Pompey, and that now crown the summit of the staircase; by the statue of Marcus Aurelius in the centre of the grand square which occupies the centre of the hill; by the *Tabularium*, which we have now no time to visit; and, turning to the right or to the left to pass around it, on the one side by a viaduct, on the other by a flight of steps, prepare to descend into the old Roman Forum.

But first we stop to look a moment upon the scene, and to conjure up the story of its wondrous past. "Soldiers," said Napoleon in the presence of the Pyramids, "forty centuries contemplate your actions." From Capitoline Hill we contemplate the action of centuries long gone by, yet never to be obliterated from the memory of man so long as poetry charms and history inspires.

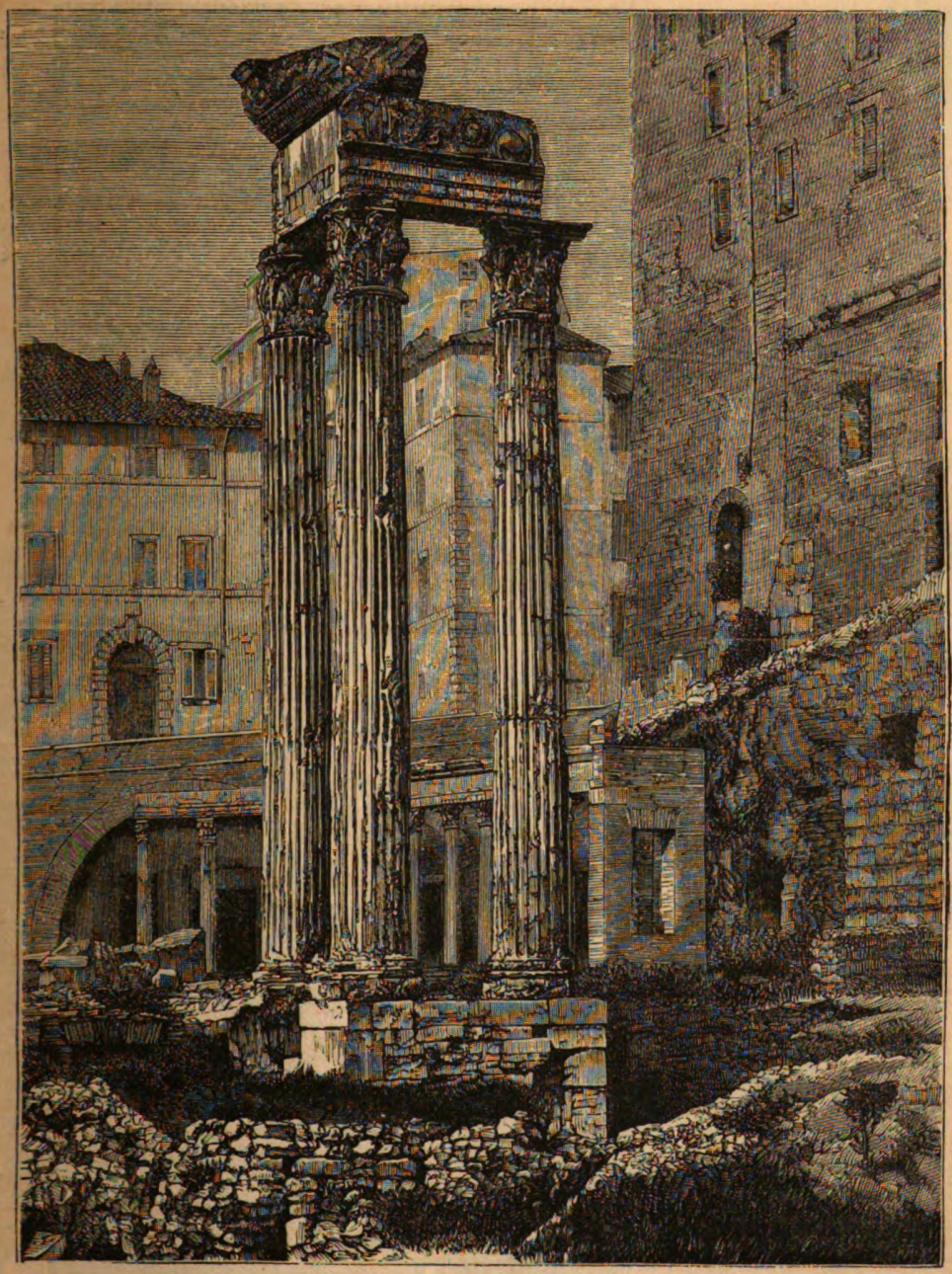
This scene of desolation upon which we are now looking contains probably more memorials of ancient history, and by its monuments more directly connects the past with the present and the future, than any space of ground of equal area in the known world. There is but one city whose historic associations are as interesting as those of Rome—Jerusalem. And the sacred sites in Jerusalem are involved in obscurity which there is but faint hope will ever be fully cleared away by research. Originally a marsh overflowed by the continual inundations of the Tiber, the valley between the Palatine, Capitoline, and Quirinal hills was available neither for purposes of business nor of habitation until reclaimed by human art. An embankment of massive stone-work was therefore constructed on the bank of the river, and drains of colossal size were built to carry off the stagnant water. Tradition declares that these improvements, or at least the germ of them, were made as far back as the days of Romulus. Part of the Tiber embankment and the mouth of the great sewer, the Maxima Cloaca, still remain.

The ground thus reclaimed from the river, lying as it did between the three chief hills of Rome, became naturally the common meeting-place of its citizens. The old Forum was an oblong space, the longer sides of which measured about two hundred yards; the shorter not far from seventy. Round this confined space were grouped the most important buildings of republican Rome—the temples of the most ancient and venerated gods, the Senate-house, the Comitium, and the Rostra. Upon it stood the statues of a legion of national heroes, and above it rose on one side the glittering temple of Capitoline Jove and the inviolate citadel, and on the other sides the mansions of the senators, or, in later times, the palaces of the emperors.

By the artist's aid the reader may stand upon the slope of Capitoline Hill and look down upon this, the most interesting spot of ancient Rome. In the foreground, upon the left, are all that remain of the once magnificent temples of Vespasian and of Saturn. Upon the right the site of the Basilica Julia is marked by recent excavations. Three solitary pillars indicate the probable location of a temple of Castor. In the distance are to be seen the Arch of Constantine and the ruin of the Coliseum. In this Forum, if we may believe the records of ancient Rome, in which myth and history are inextricably intermixed, Virginius, whose deed of doubtful heroism Macaulay has celebrated in his "Lays of Ancient Rome," slew his daughter to save her from dishonor; and from the crowd here gathered to avenge her death Appius Clau-

* The description and analysis are Taine's. See Taine's Italy, Am. ed., p. 114.

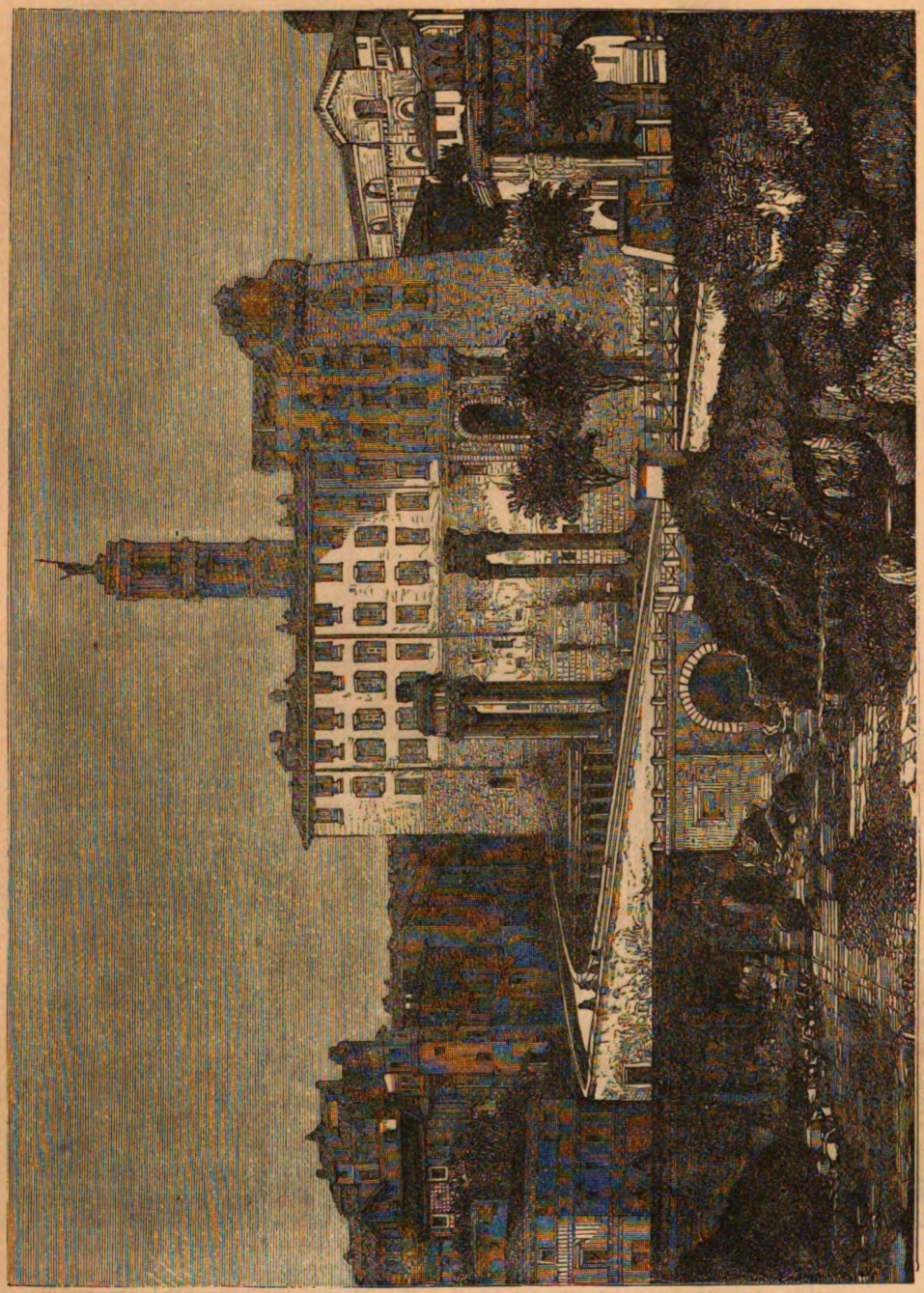
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TEMPLE OF VESPASIAN.

dius fled to the refuge in the neighboring Mount Palatine. Here, in token of the vengeance of the gods, the earth yawned into a fearful chasm, which nothing could close till into it had been cast the most precious thing in Rome; and into it rode full armed for battle Manlius Curtius, type of the Roman hero, and the vengeance of the gods was sated, and the solid earth closed again over his tomb. Up and down the middle of this Forum, in the days of Cicero, paraded the briefless barristers waiting for a cause. If antiquity gives respectability, the peripatetic advertisers who ornament our public streets are pursuing a most respectable avocation. Here stump-speaking had its birth. Hence we derive our name of rostrum, for, from wooden platforms here constructed, and decorated with the beaks of captured ships, the demagogues of ancient Rome harangued the tumultuous people. In this Forum, which, like a New England court-house, was both the site of judicial trials and of public popular gatherings, Cicero delivered those orations whose eloquence has outlived the temples of gods and the memorials of empires.

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THE TABULARIUM, FROM THE ROMAN FORUM.

Arch of Septimius Severus.

Ruins of Temples of Saturn, Concord, and Vespasian.

Basilica Julia.

Here, with grand but undeserved honors, took place the funeral of Claudius, his shameless foe. Here the horrible wars of Sylla and Marius were followed with executions yet more horrible, until the Forum ran red with blood, and the people, wearied with internecine strife, were ready to accept the comparative peace and prosperity which the empire afforded. Here Cæsar fell, victor of many battles, to be at last the victim of assassins; and this is the scene of that grand funeral occasion which Shakspeare has converted into a drama more true, because more life-like, than history itself. Up the *Sacra Via* passed those magnificent triumphal processions which characterized the reign of the emperors, and marked by their ostentation and display the decay and approaching dissolution of Rome: for he who devotes to celebrating exploits those energies which should be devoted to performing them has already ceased to be great; and this is as true of nations as of individuals. Surrounded by the temples upon whose ruins we are

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TRAJAN'S COLUMN, WITH THE BASES OF THE COLUMNS OF THE BASILICA ULPIA AND THE CHURCH OF NOME DI MARIA.

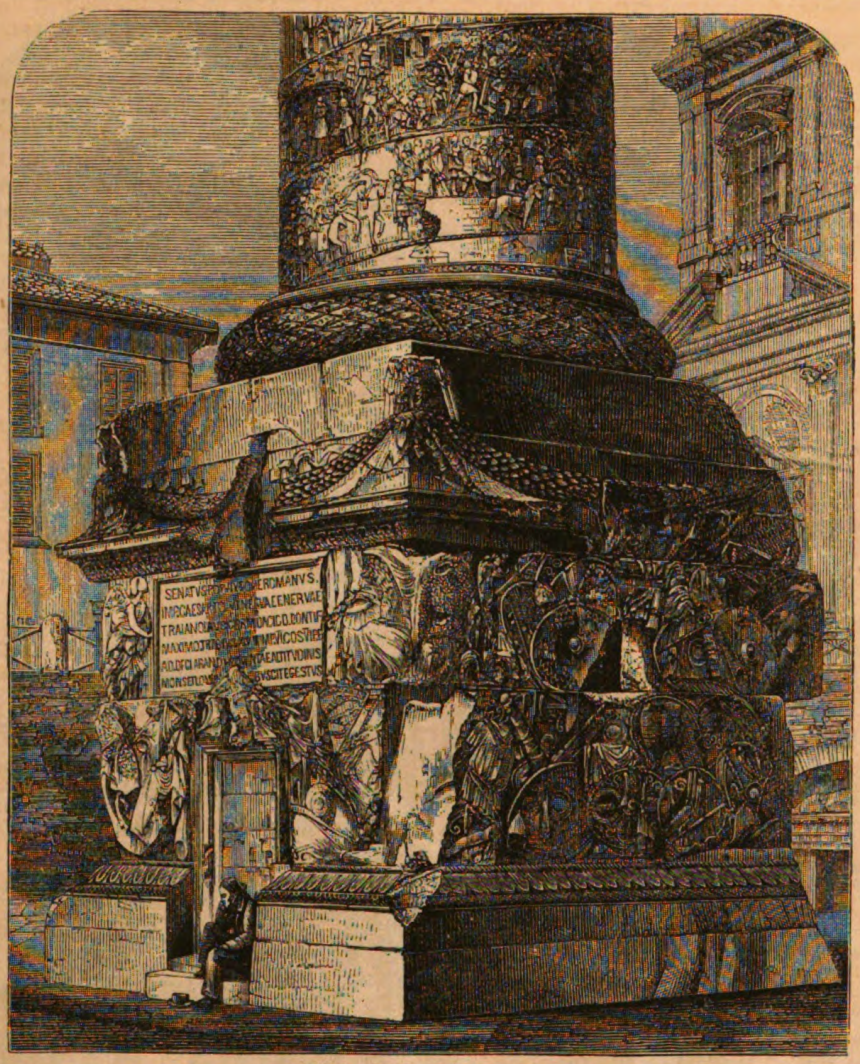
The rising ground on the right is a part of the Quirinal Hill.

looking, or within their walls, took place the trial of the primitive Christians, whose only offense against good morals was that they refused to participate in a religion which Rome's wisest philosophers, with unanimous voice, pronounced a fraud; and thus in imperial Rome grew up that spirit of persecution which the Christian Church failed to exorcise, but which, driven from the city for a season, returned to ecclesiastical Rome in sevenfold force, like the devil in the parable.

Let us take a writer's privilege, and, by an aerial flight, place ourselves at the opposite end of the ancient Forum. We have before been looking down upon the Forum. Now we reverse our position. We have been looking from the Tabularium; now we look toward it.

The débris of centuries has accumulated here. To reach the ancient pavement it is necessary to dig five, ten, fifteen feet below the level of the present city. The modern viaduct along which the traveler now descends is raised, as the reader will perceive, considerably above the ancient pavement, which is only in places exposed to

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BASE OF TRAJAN'S COLUMN.

view by recent excavations. In the foreground, on our left, is so much of the foundation of the Basilica Julia as is now uncovered, while the mound of earth upon the right indicates the nature and the depth of the deposit of rubbish which has to be removed. The arch upon the right is that of Septimius Severus; the pillars upon the left, what remains of the temples of Saturn, Concord, and Vespasian; while the great building in the centre, at the rear, is the Tabularium. The ancient walls and arches may still be seen in the foundation of the new building, which is built upon the ruins of the old. The tower belongs to one of the palaces upon the Capitoline Hill. The group of buildings upon the extreme right is a part of another of these palaces.

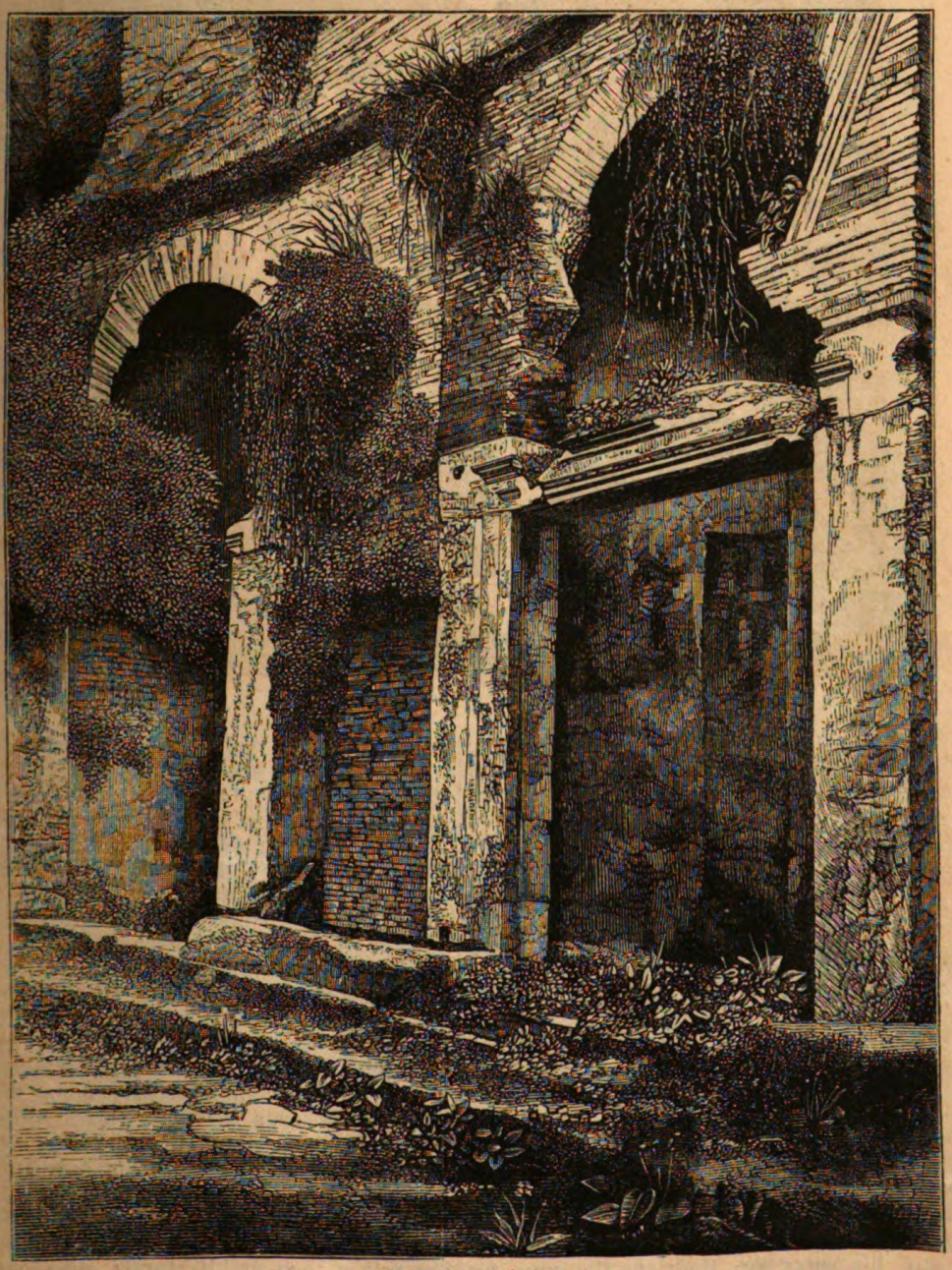
Resuming our original station, and descending more leisurely the viaduct which leads from the hill to the Forum, we will visit and study a little more in detail some of the objects of more special historic interest.

We pass down the hill by the elevated roadway seen in the engraving, leaving to our left the ruins of the temples of Saturn and Vespasian. Of both but a few columns are left standing. The identity of the latter, built by Domitian, A.D. 94, in honor of the emperor for whom it was named, is uncertain, and the columns which are supposed to mark its site are chiefly interesting as an illustration of the mutability of that human greatness which depends upon material memorials for perpetuating its renown. Born about the same time as the apostle Paul, living in the same era, and possessing the highest position to which the ambition of man could then aspire, the temple erected to his honor has fallen into such irretrievable ruin that even its identity is a matter of conjecture; while the letters of his contemporary, written with no thought of future renown,

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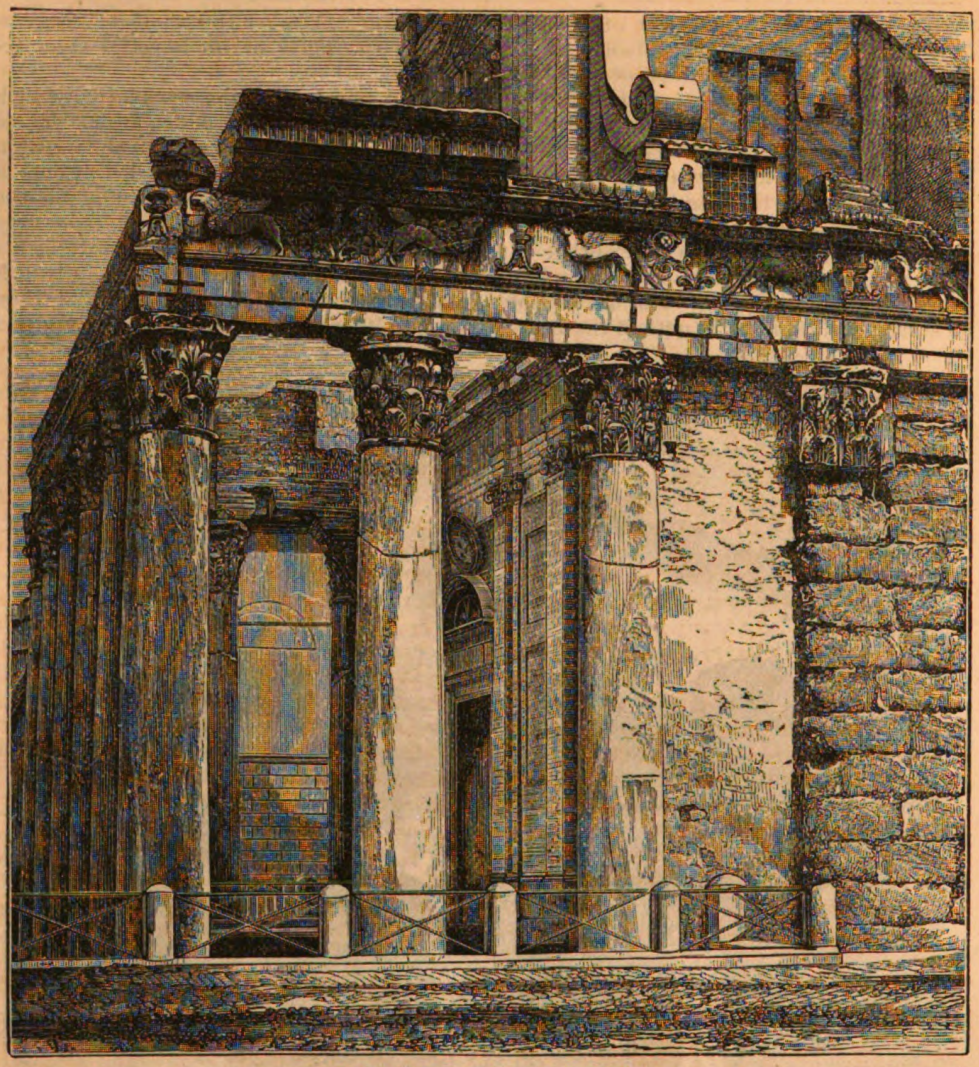
with probably no expectation of their permanent existence, are multiplied in myriad copies, and engraven imperishably upon myriad hearts. A yet more striking illustration of the perishable nature of all such material monuments will be presently afforded us as we walk down the Forum. For we shall pass by the site once occupied by an equestrian statue of Domitian, of which all that is known is the description of it afforded by Dion Cassius, who prophesies that time will be unable to injure so noble a statue, and that it will outlast the Eternal City itself. Alas for the prophet! No vestige of the horse or its imperial rider remains.

Upon our left is the excavation which marks the site of the Basilica Julia. These basilicæ, though in name Greek, were in character Roman. They afforded at once a place for mercantile exchange and for the courts of law. They were sometimes very considerable in size, the Basilica Julia being more than three hundred feet in length and over sixty feet in breadth. But they were neither very ornamental nor, despite a



SHOPS IN TRAJAN'S FORUM.

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TEMPLE OF ANTONINUS AND FAUSTINA.

certain architectural display, would they be accepted in our age as very convenient, since they rarely had a central roof, and were often without side walls. These skeleton edifices, thus composed often merely of rows of pillars, became the architectural model of the Christian church, and it is said that the Basilica of St. Peter was itself constructed by the Emperor Constantine in the first half of the fourth century. Passing the Arch of Septimius Severus and the site of the ancient Temple of Concord, we pause one moment to conjure up the scene when, from the steps of this temple, to the excited crowd thronging the Forum, Cicero delivered his third oration against Catiline. Then, leaving the Forum Romanum for the present, we pass through crooked streets to the site not far distant of Trajan's Forum.

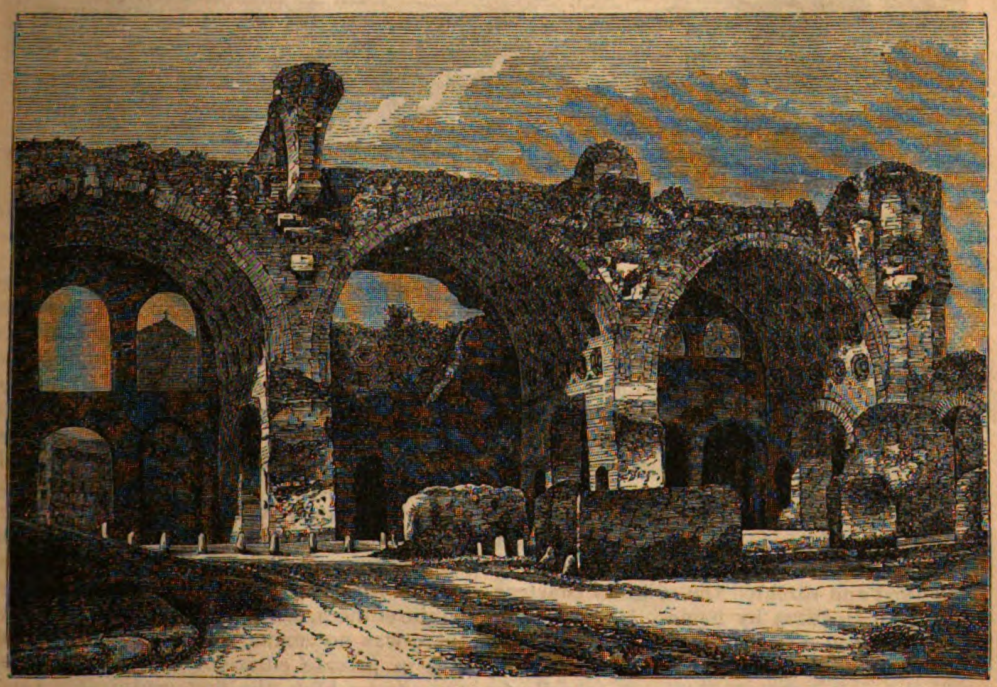
Trajan's Forum marks, in some respects, an era in Roman history; for under Trajan and his successor, Hadrian, the rage for building reached its height. His Forum, for which a space was cleared between the Quirinal and the Capitoline hills nearly equal to the area of the other imperial fora in Rome, was long one of the wonders of the world. Here stood his equestrian statue, which gave rise to the oft-repeated story of the Emperor Constantius. Visiting Rome, he expressed his astonishment at the magnificence of the city, and his despair of ever being able to rival the colossal structures of Trajan, adding that the only thing which he would dare to attempt to imitate was the equestrian statue. Thereupon an attending prince replied, "Your majesty must first build, if you can, a stable like this in which to stall the horse you propose to make, if he is to be properly lodged." Not only Italy itself, but the provinces of the remotest West and East, were, during this era, covered with huge engineering undertakings—engineering rather than architectural: aqueducts,

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bridges, viaducts, amphitheatres, and basilicæ.

Of all these varied works—indeed, of all the monuments of Rome or even Italy—Trajan's Column, still standing comparatively intact, majestic in the midst of ruins, is one of the most interesting and instructive. Originally it was hedged in with public buildings, the upper part alone being visible from the square. It appears to have been the intention of the architect, not that the column should be viewed, as we now view it, as a whole, but that the colossal statue of the emperor should be raised on high far above his splendid group of buildings. But he stands there no longer. Carried off during the robberies committed at Rome by the Byzantine emperors, A.D. 663, his statue was replaced by Sixtus V. with a statue of St. Peter, who from this lofty eminence surveys the city which, until so recently, his supposed successors ruled.

That which gives to this column its peculiar celebrity, however, is the magnificent wreath of bass-reliefs which winds around the shaft, and contains the history of two campaigns against the Dacians. The story of these campaigns is told with wonderful skill. There are said to be more than five hundred sculptured figures of men upon the column, and the higher they are placed the larger are their dimensions, that the effects of the increased distance may be counteracted. The whole carving, from base to summit, is executed with equally minute care. Bridges being constructed, Roman causeways laid, forts attacked with all kinds of military engines, the charge of cavalry, the rout and confusion of a defeated army, are all most vividly depicted. Trajan in person traverses the ranks on foot, or mounts a temporary platform and harangues his men, or receives with simple dignity the submission of the enemy, or marches with all the pomp of a Roman procession under the triumphal arch. The soldier-like simplicity and *bonhomie* of the great military emperor are strikingly portrayed. There is no silken tent, or richly decorated chariot, or throne, or canopy of state to be seen. His colonel of the guards sits beside him as an equal. In the midst of a battle the emperor tears up his robe to bind the wounds of his soldiers. He is present every where, wearing a sword and fighting in person. Nothing could be more illustrative of the state of Roman affairs in that iron age, when, as in the olden times, rough and unlettered warriors, fresh from the camp, swayed the destinies of the empire. The descriptions of Livy and Polybius, Cæsar and Tacitus, receive life and movement and interest as we look at the actual figures here sculptured—the Pretorian Guards, marked by their belts over the left shoulder; the fierce-looking standard-bearers and centurions, with their heads covered with wolves' skins, and the shaggy manes of lions streaming down their backs; the rank and file, carrying enormous stakes; the master-masons, sappers, and pioneers, with their axes and crow-bars; the lancers, the heavy and light cavalry, and the royal chargers; the Sarmatian horsemen, clothed, riders and steeds, in complete scale-



BASILICA OF CONSTANTINE.

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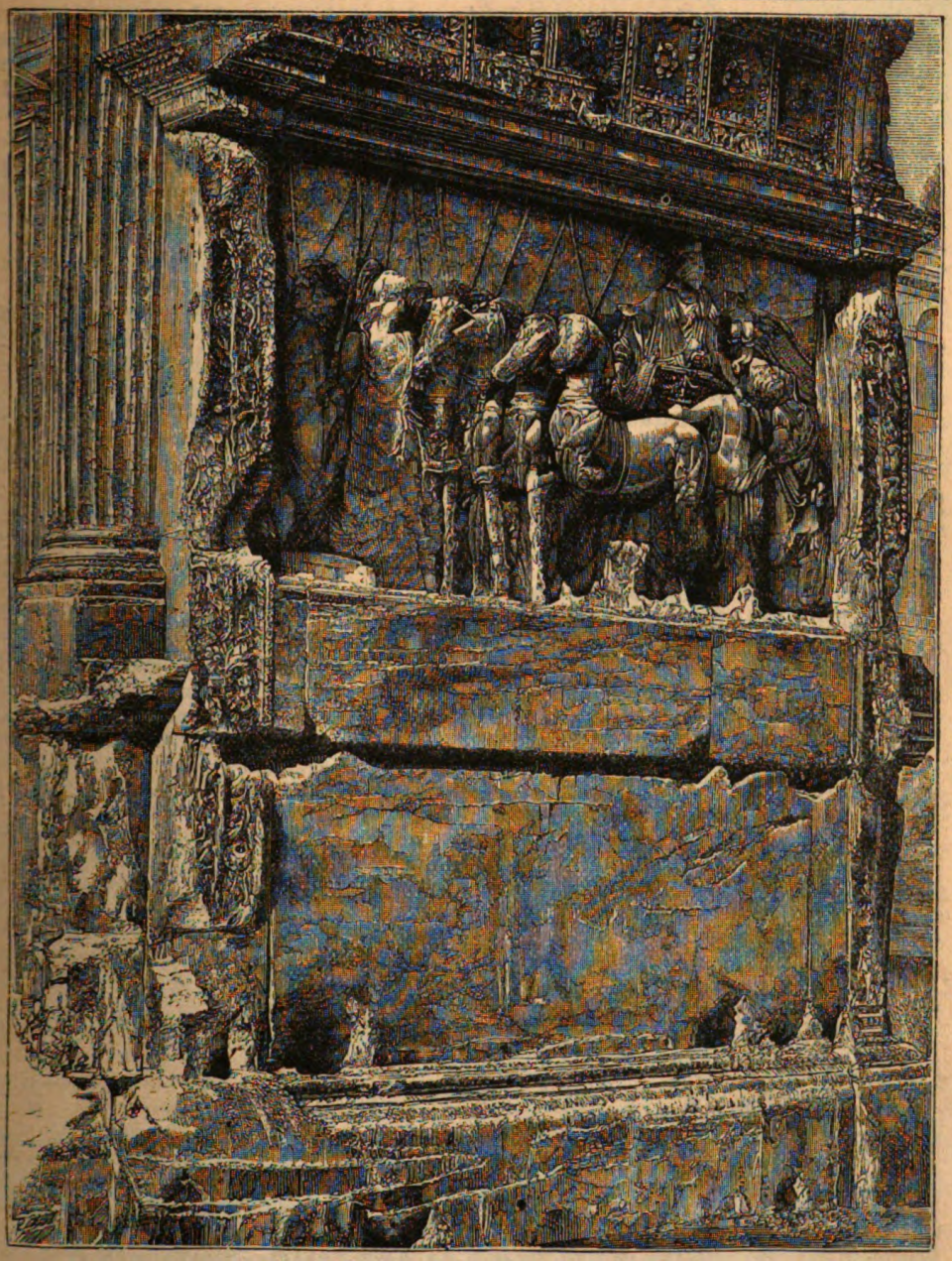
ARCH OF TITUS.

armor; and the Moorish cavalry, riding without reins. But this study can not be pursued to advantage at the column itself. The buildings whose galleries formerly afforded a good view of the column are now destroyed, and the history which Trajan's architect designed to preserve must now be read from the models and engravings in the museums.

A certain mournful interest attaches to this scene of ruined splendor in the story it recalls of the fate of the architect who planned and directed the original construction, Apollodorus by name. Hadrian, having designed a temple for Venus and Roma, sent his design to the famous architect of his predecessor's public buildings, nominally for criticism, really for applause. But Apollodorus was a better artist than courtier. He sent back word that if the colossal statues of the goddesses—which Hadrian had placed in a sitting position—wished to stand up, they would not find their house high enough. The enraged emperor was the more incensed because the caustic criticism was so just, and the unfortunate architect paid the penalty of his candor with his life.

Almost as significant as Trajan's Column are the ruins of Trajan's shops. If the one attests the splendor of his monuments and public edifices, the other equally attests that there was no commensurate regard to comfort in private edifices. A brick building two stories high, the first containing small

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ARCH OF TITUS.—TRIUMPHAL CAR AND PROCESSION.

rooms about ten feet square, the offices and shops of notaries and clerks; the second, built not upon the first, but upon the hill behind, and constituting their dwelling-houses—such were the shops of Rome, if we may judge from their dismantled ruins. And this was the Broadway and the Fifth Avenue of an age which produced a Trajan's Column and a Hadrian's Mausoleum.

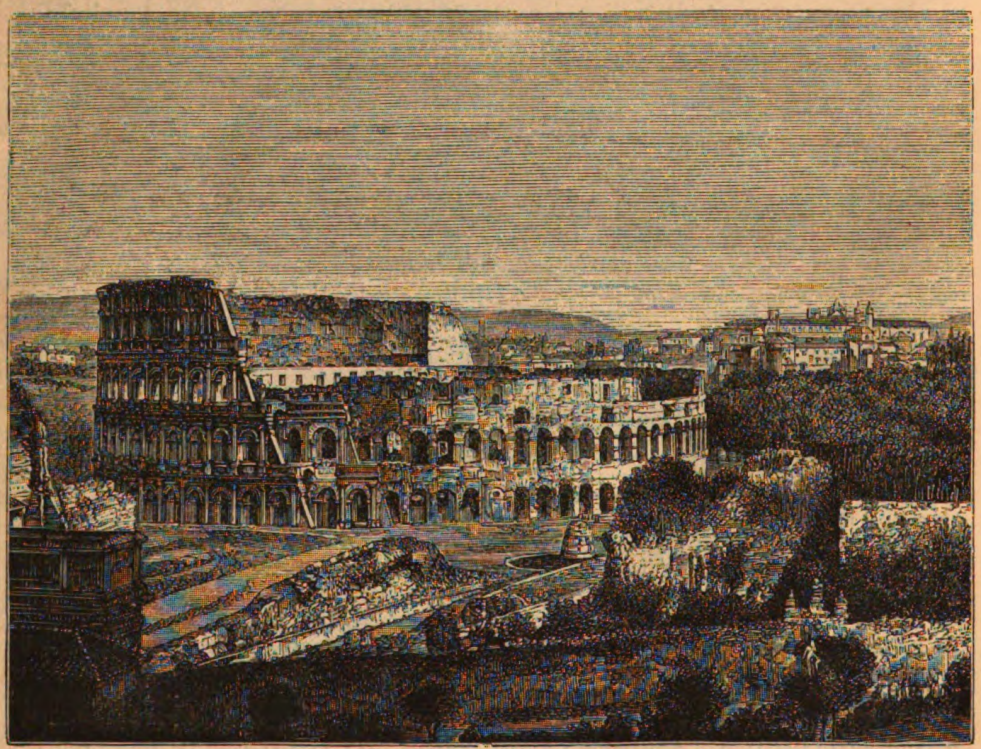
Returning to the Roman Forum, and repassing again the Arch of Septimius Severus, we stand before the Column of Phocas. But not long; for there is little in the column, and nothing in the memories it awakens to arouse our interest. Erected by a cringing courtier to a brutal emperor, it obtrudes itself on the sacred ground of the Roman Forum, while the statues and memorials of heroes, whose names are well worthy of being perpetuated, are destroyed by the combined ravages of time and Vandalism. Passing along the side of the Basilica Julia, by the three columns which remain to mark the site of the Temple of Castor, we reach the site of the rostra erected by Julius Cæsar at the southeastern end of the Forum. The old rostra were at the other end of the Forum. By separating them from their former con-

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nection with the Senate, Cæsar indicated that the appeal must henceforth be made not to a privileged class, but to the masses. For ancient, like modern, Cæsarism pretended to be based upon the will of the people. Directly opposite, and upon our left hand, are the remains of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, dedicated by Antoninus to his wife, A.D. 141, and re-dedicated after the emperor's death to Antoninus himself. The change which has been wrought in the surface of Rome by the accumulations of débris received a striking illustration at this point. Originally it stood at some height above the level of the Forum. The entrance is now sixteen feet below the surface. Within this ruined temple a Roman Catholic church has been constructed. Thus the edifice erected by the emperor who was one of the brightest lights and most earnest advocates of heathenism, and under whose reign a bitter persecution of the Christians took place, has been, we might almost say, miraculously preserved amidst ruined temples, whose site is only marked by isolated columns, that, consecrated to the worship of Christ, it may testify how puerile are the efforts of the strongest and the wisest to withstand the progress of Christianity.

Almost equally significant is the fact that the Forum and Temple of Peace, built by Vespasian after the conquest of Jerusalem to celebrate his triumph, has undergone such complete obliteration that even the exact site of it remains in uncertainty. It was somewhere between the Temple of Antoninus and the Basilica of Constantine, which, however, we do not stop long to examine; for just before us is the object which perhaps of all others in Rome possesses the greatest interest to the Christian: it is the Arch of Titus.

It was the custom in ancient Rome to award to any conqueror returning after a signal victory a triumphal procession. He entered the city bearing the trophies of his victory with him. Triumphal arches, sometimes temporary in their character, sometimes more durable, were constructed, beneath which the procession marched, and which sometimes remained as a memorial. The Arch of Titus was erected to celebrate his victory over the Jews in the capture and destruction of Jerusalem, and contains upon the interior a magnificent alto-relievo representing the triumphal procession. Upon the one side the emperor is represented in his triumphal car, drawn by four horses, and surrounded by his guards and suit; while upon the other are portrayed a number of persons carrying the spoils of the Jewish Temple in triumph. It affords the only definite representation we have of the sacred vessels described in the Scriptures, and is



THE COLISEUM, FROM THE PALATINE HILL.

On the left is the top of the Arch of Titus and the ruins of the Temple of Venus and Roma, with the Meta Sudans; on the right the Lateran Palace and Basilica; and in the background the hills of Tusculum on the right, and of Prœneste on the left.

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invaluable as a historic testimony to the truthfulness in the minutest details of the biblical descriptions of the Temple furniture.

During our walk down the Forum the ruins of the Coliseum have been most of the time in view, and toward them we have been steadily though slowly approaching. Leaving Palatine Hill, formerly covered all over with imperial palaces, behind us, we stand at last before what is the grandest ruin in this city of ruins, and architecturally the greatest curiosity in what M. Taine has well called "a grand old curiosity shop." Since no one obtains from a single visit to the Coliseum any adequate conception of its past or even present grandeur, it can not be expected that either the pen of the writer or the pencil of the artist will be otherwise than inadequate to portray it. For centuries piece after piece has been carried away, first by noble, then by priestly, and finally by itinerant robbers. Whole palaces have been constructed of its materials. It has served the purpose of a private castle, of a hospital, of a saltpetre manufactory, and of a miscellaneous quarry. Two-thirds at least of the original structure have disappeared under this long process of Vandalism, and yet it is estimated that the present value of the ruins which still remain is not less than two and a half millions of dollars. It is now consecrated to the memory of the martyrs whose blood was formerly shed within its arena.

Grand as these ruins are—grandest of all seen on a moonlight night—they afford but an imperfect hint of the stupendous character of what was unquestionably, in its prime, the grandest edifice ever erected for purposes of public entertainment. Let the reader conjure up, if he can, six acres of ground inclosed in an elliptical building 564 feet in length and 467 in breadth, the slopes of the vast concave surrounded with sixty to eighty rows of marble seats, from which 80,000 spectators look down upon the scene below. And what a scene! In comparison with the effects here wrought the most perfect scenic changes of the modern theatre sink into insignificance. To-day the arena is filled with a spacious and shady forest transplanted from neighboring hills. Beneath their shade are gathered ostriches, stags, fallow deer, wild boars, lions, leopards, bears, counted by the hundreds, and pursued in mimic chase for the amusement of the throng. To-morrow the forest is removed, and the smooth floor of the arena is prepared for some gladiatorial combat. Anon, by subterranean pipes, the level plain is converted into a wide lake, covered with armed vessels, and filled with monsters of the deep. The sublimest building in Rome was also the unmistakable monument to its degradation and decay. When Rome was no longer brave to do battle for humanity, or even for itself, it gathered here to gloat over intolerable cruelties, and to glory in massacres of unoffending Christians, or of inoffensive beasts.

The tourist will find in the Eternal City a guide-book entitled "Rome in Eight Days." When one has spent eight days in Rome he begins to realize how ludicrous is such a title. To keep pace with the explorations and archæological discoveries continually in progress there will of itself suffice to absorb all one's attention; and if in the few pages allotted to us we had attempted to give the reader any thing like an account of the entire city, we should have left him in ignorance of the whole of it. Under our guidance he has visited only the heart of ancient Rome, and looked superficially upon a few of the more important objects of interest grouped about the ancient Forum.

AN AUTUMN MEMORY.

The leaves of the maple are crimson and gold,
As here to-day in its shade I lie;
And the pearly peaks of the clouds, uprolled,
Loom up like castles within the sky.

Afar in the distance the purple hills
Are wrapped in a veil of slender mist,
That over the landscape the wide air fills
With the tint of the tenderest amethyst.

The golden reed on the hill-side grows,
Nodding its head to the winds that blow,
And the flame of the gaudy sunflower glows
In the farm-yards down in the vale below.

There the river glides on its winding way,
By fields that are crowned with the ripened corn,
Whose broad leaves shine in the sun to-day
Like the flaming banners that gild the morn.

And my thoughts, like a tide that leaves the shore
To wander out toward the open sea,
Turn back to an autumn gone before
In the golden days that were dear to me.

The maple's leaves have the same rich glow,
The same clouds float through the azure sky,
The same waves flow, and the same winds blow,
On this autumn day as in years gone by.

I can see no changes, save those in me,
Since the time when we floated down yonder stream.
Oh! I wish that the past again might be,
Which at present seems but a beautiful dream,

When we floated along on yon river's breast,
Down past the woods that are flushed with gold,
Till the sunset burned in the reddening west,
And deepened to twilight, purple and cold.

I, with a hand on each listless oar,
Just guiding our course round each silvery bend;
While alone in the stern sat Eleanor—
Can you paint me the picture, my artist friend?

With sometimes a song on those lips so rare—
The song you can't paint, I know full well—
But the exquisite face, and the falling hair,
And the love in the eyes I would have you tell.

I would have you paint well the graceful head,
And the girlish form in its crimson shawl.
Did you ask me just now if she were dead?
No; years bring changes, my friend; that's all.

Adown Life's river in daylight and dark,
Through shadow and sunshine, we're floating now;
But each of us sails in a different bark,
With different angels to guide the prow.

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THE HAUNTED LAKE.



J. Fenimore Cooper

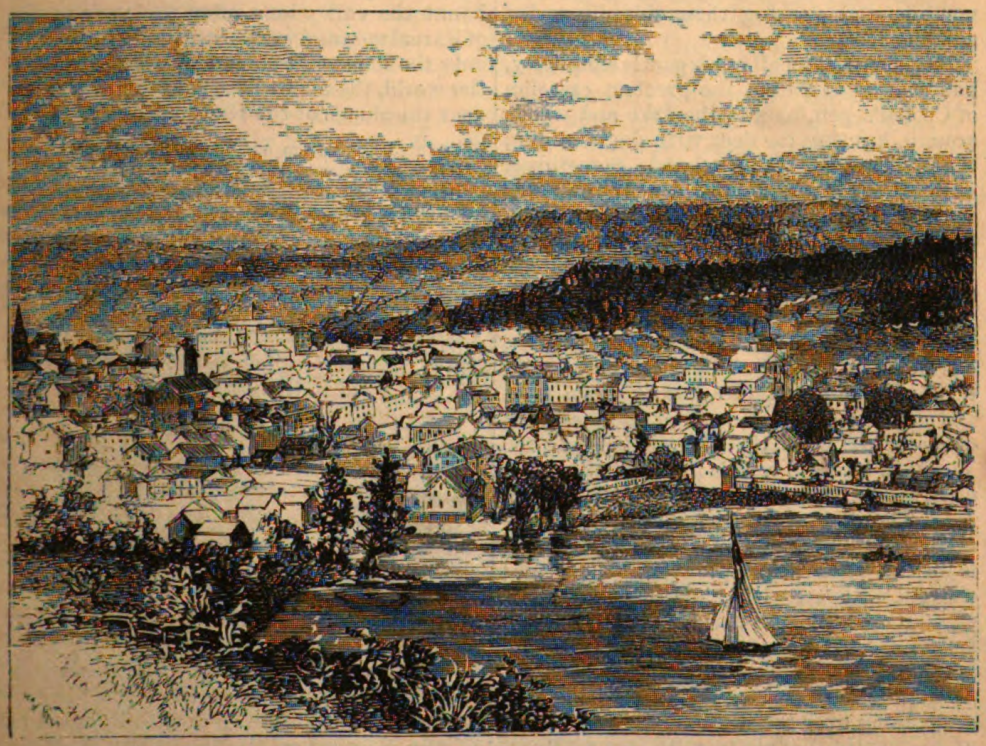
UP in the hill country of New York, far from cities, sequestered in its little valley, fed by crystal springs in its secret depths, lies the Haunted Lake—smiling, sparkling, shimmering, shining, under the clear heaven, all by itself, as fair and pure as on the radiant morning of creation's first day. In the low countries round about on every side the hills are gathering together. First a gentle swell rolls over the even surface of the green meadow, and the grain fields climb ambitiously over the rounded hills, raising their smooth heads here and there; then comes a bolder ascent, with sunny pastures stretching up its sides, ending in unfenced woodland, and the edge of rocky spurs thrown out from stony ledges, where, piled one upon another, the crags and cliffs rise higher and higher, until they reach the outlying flanks of the mountains which stand around the Haunted Lake—fair Mount Vision at the foot, turning her back upon old Crumhorn down the valley, and at the head the Sleeping Lion majestically guarding the northern pass. The trees sweep down the eastern side in almost unbroken columns, beeches and maples crowding together near the water, while higher up the dark pines close over the carpeted aisles below, and whisper from tree to tree their secret messages, until the old patriarchs standing against the sky on the mountain-top catch the low murmurs, and, shaking their heads mysteriously, sigh to each other in the passing breeze. In among their twisted roots grow the variegated mosses and the trailing arbutus, often wet with the silver spray of some little spring gently creeping along, and dropping timidly from rock to rock, until, with growing confidence, it bounds over the cliff, and goes dancing and frolicking down the mountain-side into the lake below, where wave the green rushes, and where float the great water-lilies with their golden crowns.

At the foot of Mount Vision a little river leaves the lake, and steals away under shady banks, gently and unobtrusively rippling along between the broad meadows, and grad-

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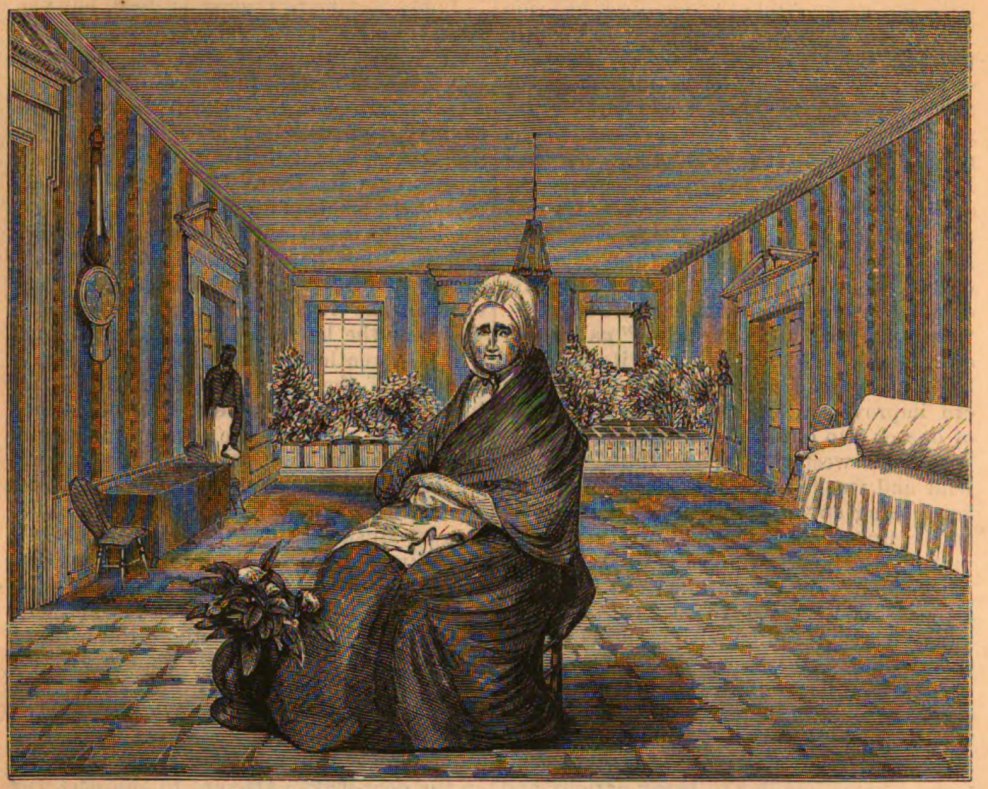
ually gathering strength from every hill-side brook as it rolls onward toward the south, through the rich farm lands, by crowded cities, over the boundary lines of great States, and across the feet of cloud-capped mountains, until, its journey ended, the mighty Susquehanna, born in the Haunted Lake, five hundred miles away, meets the salt-water where the ocean thrusts up into the land the long arm of Chesapeake Bay. But, although the river flows through a succession of lovely valleys, there is in all its course no scene so charming as its source—"Susquehanna's utmost spring," as the old song has it. The little lake, in its secluded beauty, has escaped the prosaic touch of modern improvement, and, with the exception of one or two old-fashioned farms slumbering on the western hill-side, the shores are wild and wooded, the Sleeping Lion at the head being covered with as dense a forest as the first pioneer beheld a century and a half ago. Happily forgotten in its hiding-place among the mountains, the Haunted Lake is consecrated to memories of the past. The air is filled with an unseen presence, and a spirit moves upon the face of the deep. A master mind has hallowed the scene; and as we linger on the pebbly beach the echoes seem to repeat his name over our heads, and the waters to murmur it at our feet—a name familiar to many nations and languages, but nowhere so appropriately honored or so affectionately recalled as upon the shores of Otsego Lake.

James Fenimore Cooper is dead, but the characters he created still live; and as the New World grows old they will brighten into fresher life, faithful and almost solitary representations of the primitive days of our country, and more and more prized as the progress of time rolls back the dust of obscurity over the past. The author has left us, but the magic of his genius lingers around the lake he so lovingly described. Its points and bays are haunted, and its forests are peopled with wraiths and shades. A listener under the trees on a dreamy summer day will hear the low musical laugh of Wah-ta-wah, the gentle Indian maiden, and catch a glimpse of the young chieftain, her lover, in the distance through the forest arches. Sometimes, at dusk, the camp fires of the Iroquois gleam from the gravelly points of the eastern shore; and off Hyde Bay, where the rushes wave on the shoal, the dim outline of Muskrat Castle can be traced; and the faint strains of an old-time hymn are heard strangely sweet over the water—the even-song of innocent Hetty at her mother's grave. On a moonlight night the solitary oarsman is startled by the flapping of unseen canvas, and, silently appearing from the realms of nowhere, the Ark glides slowly into view, old Hutter at the helm, and the gigantic form of Harry Hurry lounging in the door-way. Attempt to approach the spirit bark, and it vanishes in the haze, with a stentorian laugh from Harry Hurry ringing over the water, and echoed back and



COOPERSTOWN.

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MRS. WILLIAM COOPER, MOTHER OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

forth from mountain to mountain until the whole group around the Haunted Lake seem nodding and shaking their sides in weird merriment.

But, dearer than all in his gentle simplicity, honest-hearted Natty, the greatest creation of Cooper's pen, haunts the lake and woods around, hunting the deer with dog and gun, the kindliest spirit of the band. Sometimes, as the Deerslayer, he is seen near the Fairy Spring, his grave youthful face unmoved by the beauty of Judith Hutter, that alluring Lady of the Lake, whose dark eyes fascinate us even from the written page, and make us wonder at the severity of this forest Galahad. Then as Leatherstocking, the mighty hunter, advanced in years, but honest-hearted still, he is sometimes visible coming down from the cave that bears his name, gliding in his canoe across Blackbird Bay, or crossing the Vision in haste to rescue from the panther's cruel claws the fair form of Elizabeth Temple. The distant prairie, where the Leatherstocking finally disappears from our sight, is torn up by the steam-plow and locomotive; the old trapper, with his white hairs and trembling steps, has returned to the Haunted Lake; and at early dawn his bowed figure appears at rare intervals standing on Otsego Rock shading his eyes from the rising sun, and gazing over the Glimmerglass, the scene of his youthful exploits, with earnest interest. Dear old Natty, faithful, kindly wraith, the memory of thy character and deeds will haunt the valley long after the very names of its real men and women are forgotten—save only the name of the man who gave thee to the world, the man whose grave is fitly made near the shores of the Haunted Lake.

O Haunted Lake, from out whose silver fountains
The mighty Susquehanna takes its rise;
O Haunted Lake, among the pine-clad mountains,
Forever smiling upward to the skies—

Thrice blest art thou in every curling wavelet,
In every floating water-lily sweet,
From the old Lion at thy northern boundary
To fair Mount Vision sleeping at thy feet.

A master's hand hath painted all thy beauties,
A master's mind hath peopled all thy shore
With wraiths of mighty hunters and fair maidens
Haunting thy forest glades for evermore.

A master's heart hath gilded all thy valley
With golden splendor from a loving breast;
And in thy little church-yard 'neath the pine-trees
A master's body sleeps in quiet rest.

O Haunted Lake, guard well thy sacred story,
Guard well the memory of that honored name,
Guard well the Grave that gives thee all thy glory,
And raises thee to long-enduring fame.

James Fenimore Cooper was born in Burlington, New Jersey, September 15, 1789. Brought in early childhood to the source of the Susquehanna, where the manor-house, with a few log-buildings around it, stood in a little clearing on the lake shore, his first

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impressions of life and the world were derived from the unbroken forests, the rude homes of the settlers, the hunters and trappers who roamed through the wilderness in lawless freedom, and the scattered remnants of once powerful Indian tribes that still lingered around Lake Otsego. An impulsive, healthy boy, he enjoyed the companionship of the various odd characters who belong only to the early phases of pioneer life, learning from them to hunt, sail, and fish, and detecting their peculiarities with that keen observation which is an invariable characteristic of the ready writer. Those authors who write from within, and coin their own brains into words, may go dreamily through the world, their eyes fixed upon vacancy, and depending upon some patient household fairy to guide their stumbling steps; but the man who takes mankind for his subject, the man who writes to benefit and interest his race, is quick-witted and sharp-sighted, drawing upon his own observations of every-day life rather than the dusty tomes of antiquity. Thus Mr. Cooper's most brilliant tales are founded upon two phases of actual experience—his boyhood in the little settlement on Otsego Lake, and his six years at sea, part of the time a sailor before the mast. From his own memory he reproduced those scenes of frontier life which even now seem remote and strange, possessing, as they do, a peculiar charm, which many have felt without understanding that the secret lies in their literal truth—far more fascinating, could we but know it, than the wildest flights of fancy.



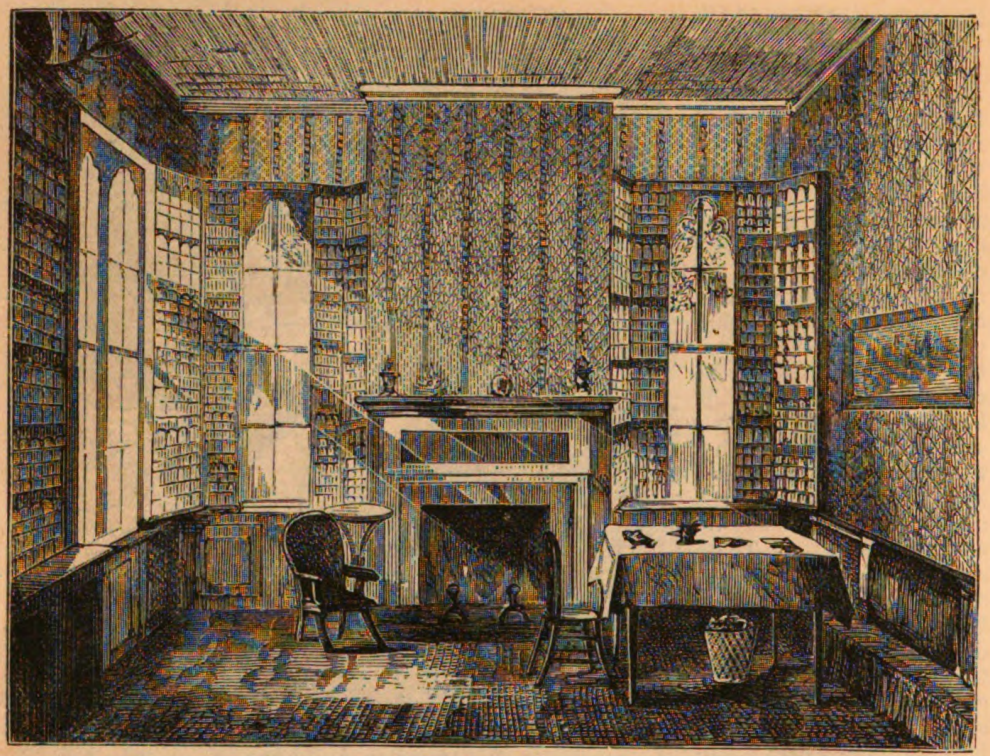
LEATHERSTOCKING FALLS.

Having spent three years at Yale College, young Cooper went to sea, and, after making two voyages to England and Spain, entered the navy as midshipman, and soon attained a lieutenancy. From these years of sailor life he drew all the sea-stories which have rendered his name famous, and given him the highest place among nautical writers, notwithstanding many imitators and successors. He delighted in the beauty of a fine ship as a lover delights in the beauty of his mistress, and in his descriptions he mingled a warm enthusiasm with a practical knowledge of the subject. Each rope and sail were familiar to his hand, and his pages exhale the genuine odor of the salt-water as the vessel glides over the white-caps, a real ship and a real ocean, although bound in the covers of a book. Resigning his position in the navy, Mr. Cooper, at the age of twenty-two, married Miss Susan De Lan-



LEATHERSTOCKING CAVE.

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COOPER'S LIBRARY IN OTSEGO HALL.*

cey, sister of the Bishop of Western New York; and now that twenty years have passed since the graves of husband and wife were made in the little church-yard under the pines, comment may be permitted, and with the more freedom since, sooner or later, the lives of eminent men must necessarily become the property of the public. Among the sad heart-histories which the biographies of men of genius are almost sure to reveal, the charming love-story of Fenimore Cooper and his wife shines out with pure radiance, an ideal picture of a happy marriage. A lovely, accomplished woman, Mrs. Cooper was blessed with the unchanging, tender devotion of her husband through forty long years; and even in death they were not separated, for within four months after the husband's departure his gentle wife followed him, a fit resident for that heaven for which her whole life had been one constant preparation. Mrs. Cooper was retiring and feminine in every movement, word, and action. Her strong, impetuous husband—massive and vigorous in frame, decided and independent in action—yielded to her a chivalrous devotion most beautiful and rare. She was his preferred companion above all others, and in his daily drives to his mountain farm, called the Chalet, he always wanted her by his side, while in the evening his favorite amusement was a game of chess with his wife as antagonist. Although children grew up around them, although the hospitable mansion was often filled with distinguished and delightful guests, although time passed and they grew old, the husband and wife never sank into the mere father and mother, but to the last they cherished for each other that fresh affection which is so seldom seen after the bloom of youth and the charm of novelty have passed away. The fair, gentle women who hover over Cooper's pages were patterned after his beloved wife, who, happily occupied in her own quiet sphere, was content to follow the old-fashioned rule of the Bible, that "the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church, in every thing."

After his marriage Mr. Cooper lived for some time at Scarsdale, in Westchester County, and here he wrote his first story, "Precaution," a tale of English life. He was reading an English novel aloud to his wife, when suddenly he threw down the book and exclaimed, "I believe I could write a better myself." Following the impulse, he immediately composed a few chapters and read them to Mrs. Cooper, who encouraged him in the work, and urged him to publish it when completed, although at this time he had no intention of appearing before the public. The manuscript, however, was at length submitted to the late Charles Wilkes,

* We are indebted to G. Pomeroy Keese, Esq., for the sketch of Cooper's Library from which the engraving on this page has been made. No illustration of this library has ever been published.—Ed. Harper.

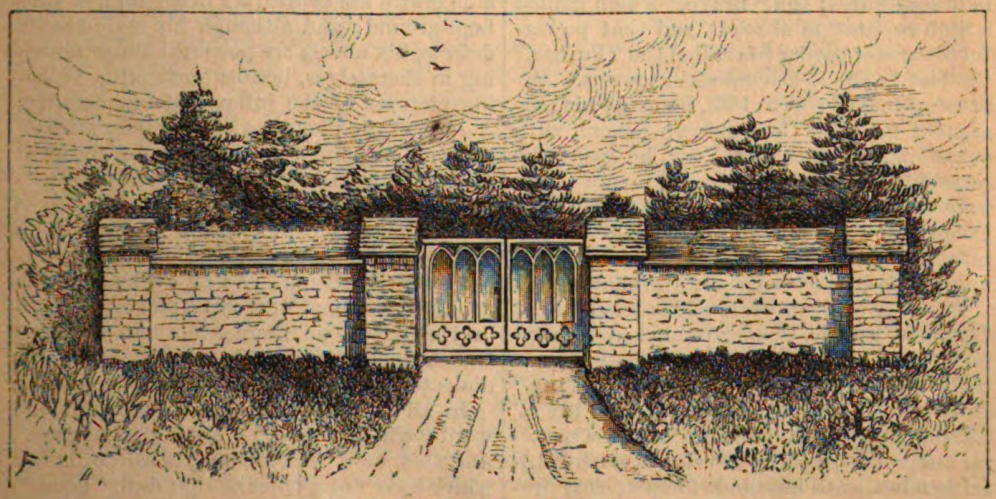
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OTSEGO HALL.

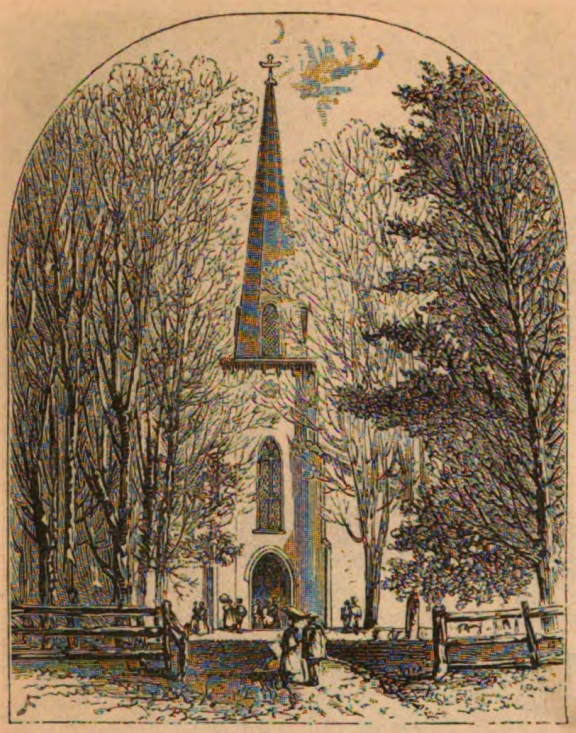
and meeting with his approval, was published in 1820, winning favorable notice both in this country and England, and showing germs of that genius which, when employed upon a more congenial and original subject, gained for the author such triumphant success. In 1821 Mr. Cooper published the "Spy," which was immediately and brilliantly successful, being the first spirited story of our Revolutionary war, and thus opening a new era in American literature. The "Spy" has been translated into all the languages of Europe, and even crossed the borders into Asia, a Persian version having appeared in 1847 at Ispahan.

From 1821 until his death, a period of thirty years, Mr. Cooper published no less than thirty-nine volumes, thirty-two being novels—an amount of mental and physical labor which justly entitles him to be called a hard-working man; for although he sometimes employed his daughters as amanuenses, still the work of composing and preparing even one book for the press is arduous, as any doubter will find if he tries it. During this time he resided for eight years in New



ENTRANCE-GATE TO OTSEGO HALL.

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CHRIST CHURCH, COOPERSTOWN.

York city, a favorite member of the literary society there gathered, numbering in its circle such men as Washington Irving, Bryant, Halleck, Bancroft, Gaylord Clarke, George P. Morris, Parke Godwin, N. P. Willis, Chancellor Kent the jurist, Jarvis the painter, Verplanck, and Morse the inventor of the telegraph. After this Mr. Cooper sailed with his family for Europe, spending seven years abroad; but amidst all the pleasures and excitements of foreign travel his industry never relaxed; and during this period he wrote no less than nine volumes, among them the "Red Rover" and the "Water Witch," two brilliant sea-stories; the "Bravo," which gained a high reputation abroad; and that powerful picture of border life called the "Prairie," the last in the Leatherstocking series. Returning to America in 1833, he made his permanent home in Cooperstown, where, with occasional visits to New York, he spent the remainder of his life in the old manor-house known as the Hall, built by his father, Judge Cooper, in 1796, and improved and altered into one of the most charming and comfortable old-fashioned houses in the country.

In the seventeen years of his residence at Cooperstown Mr. Cooper published twenty-four volumes, among them the "Pathfinder," the "Deerslayer," and "Wing and Wing." In the two first named the youthful life of Leatherstocking is described, and his peculiar character carefully developed with skillful touches, until he stands forth in clear proportions, the most original creation in American literature. In the "Deerslayer" the scene is laid on Otsego Lake, and the lovely story has thrown a fascination over the blue waters which will last for centuries. It stands alone among its companion volumes, a charming idyl of the woods, partaking of the essence of Hawthorne's legends, the most romantic and mysterious of all Cooper's productions, which generally deal with the broad light of practical reality. Returning one morning from the Chalet farm accompanied by his daughter, Mr. Cooper checked his horse and gazed long and earnestly upon the lake spread out beneath. At length he exclaimed, "I must write one more story about our beautiful lake, Susie;" and urging the horse forward, he hastened home, and, retiring immediately to his library, began the "Deerslayer." At the time of his death he was meditating still another addition to the Leatherstocking series; and no doubt the character of Natty could well bear it, judging from the power of the "Deerslayer," which, though the first of the series, was written last; but death came, and the busy brain was stilled.

"Wing and Wing" is a prose poem of the sea; the necessary *dramatis personæ* are present, but the interest centres around the graceful little *Feu-Follet*, a very fairy vessel, coming down wing and wing before the lightest zephyr, and driving the baffled Englishmen wild with its mysterious speed. Although not so widely known as the "Pilot," it is a peculiarly charming sea-story.

An extended criticism of Cooper's works is not necessary, since his place has long ago been awarded. When he began writing he stood almost alone where now an innumerable crowd are contesting every inch of vantage-ground; and although his style has its defects, his novels are powerful and interesting in themselves, besides presenting valuable pictures of the infancy of our country, the life of the pioneer, the characteristics of the Indians, and the struggle for national liberty both on land and sea. All public libraries are obliged to provide themselves with numerous copies of his works, and no private library is considered complete without a costly edition. As an evidence of his popularity abroad, it may be mentioned that in Holland alone there are three different translations of his novels into three different dialects of the country.

In all the long list, also, there is not one word "which, dying, he could wish erased." And this, be it remembered, is said of books which have not a trace of that dull, "goody" character which is generally associated with

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COOPER'S CHALET FARM-HOUSE.

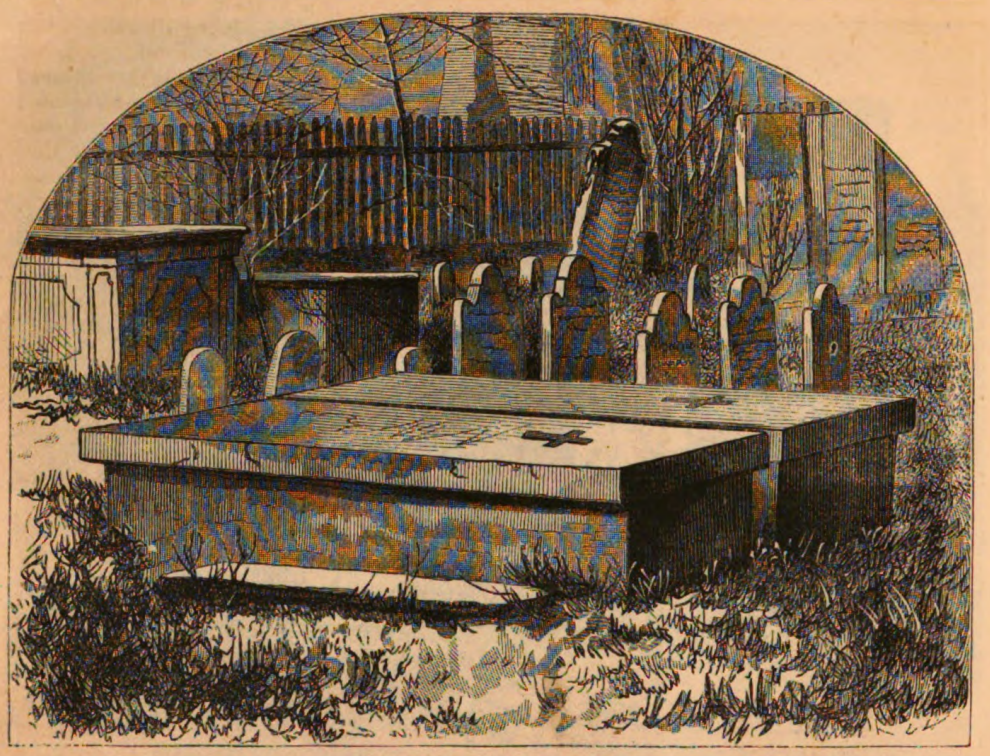
the quoted phrase: Mr. Cooper's novels were, like himself, manly and earnest, but although he was truly religious, he was not dull—a rare separation between two words so often united that they are almost synonymous.

In recalling the number of volumes that the author's pen produced it might naturally be supposed that his whole time was devoted to writing; but, instead of this, he had many other occupations. Rising early in the morning, he generally accomplished all his writing before breakfast, which took place at nine, devoting the hours in the middle of the day to his mountain farm, the Chalet, where he found out-door recreation in an obstinate contest with the stony soil, he being determined that the crops should grow, and the mountain being determined that they should not: it is said that the mountain won the day, since, during all the years of the contest, the farm only paid its expenses once! The relaxation obtained in this way, however, was heartily enjoyed by Mr. Cooper; and no doubt this constant communion with nature and this vigorous open-air exercise contributed to preserve the healthy, manly tone so conspicuous in his writings. Your morbid, unnatural authors are generally hot-house dyspeptics.

The library at the Hall—Mr. Cooper's favorite retreat—was a large room wainscoted in oak, with a southwestern exposure. Here were gathered a fine collection of books, souvenirs of travel, a large number of autographs and notes from distinguished foreigners, as well as the author's writing-table of walnut—an ancient heir-loom brought from the East, and called "Rancocus," from a creek on the New Jersey farm. In this room Mr. Cooper read and wrote; but when any thing amused him he would seek the hall—which was used as a sitting-room, and gave the name to the house—and read the passage aloud; for he was of a social nature, and in all that he did he loved to have his family with him. Late in the afternoon he would begin walking up and down the hall with his hands behind him, apparently thinking out his next chapters, and now and then nodding his head emphatically at the successful completion of some silent train of thought; so that, no doubt, this twilight hour was the real working-time of the day, when the brain drew the outlines which the hand was to fill out the next morning. Thus engaged from year to year, surrounded by an affectionate family, an active member of the Episcopal Church, Mr. Cooper spent the last years of his life, and when within one day of his sixty-second birthday, near the fatal epoch called the grand climacteric, in the full possession of all his mental powers, and firmly trusting in the mercy of his Saviour, he passed peacefully from earth. Death was robbed of its traditional terrors, and many felt, "Let my last end be like his!"

His body was laid in the old family inclosure in the church-yard; his wife is by his

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THE COOPER BURYING-GROUND.

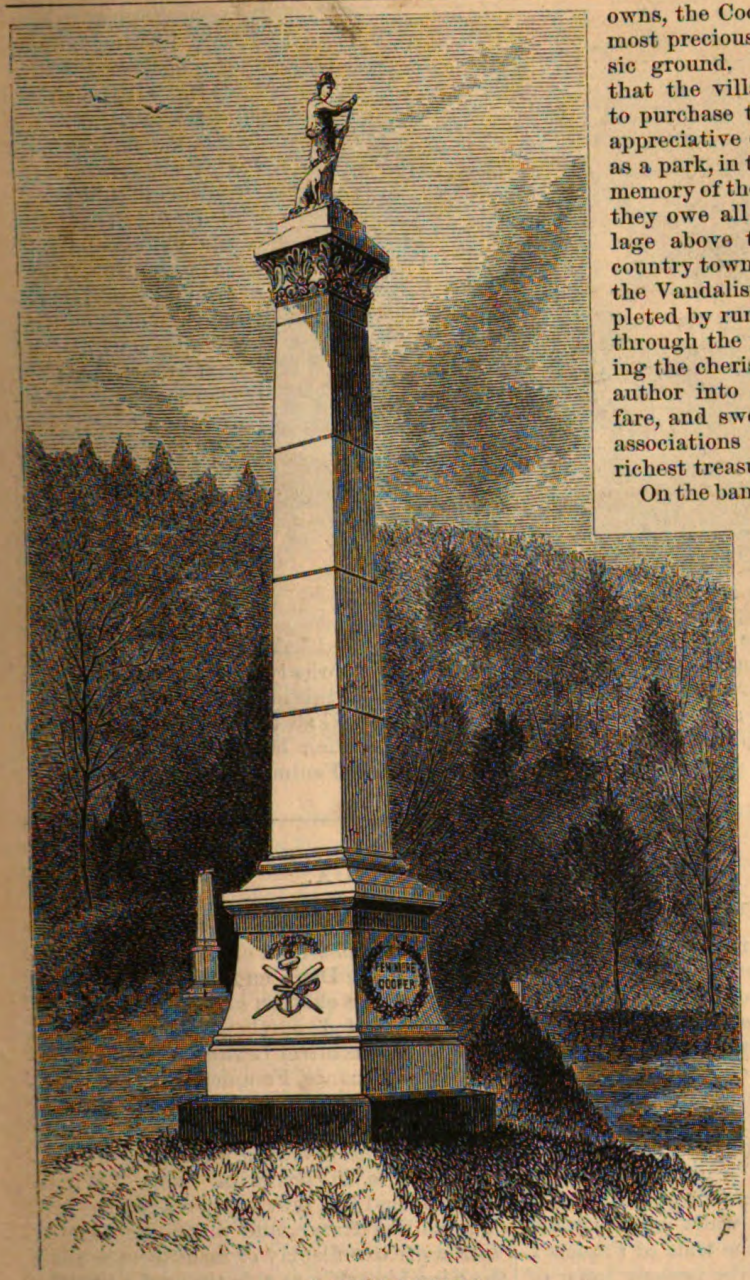
side; and a plain slab of Italian marble, containing merely their names, marks the spot. The church-yard is peculiarly beautiful, with its ancient pine-trees and broad path leading up to the church, where Mr. Cooper was so long a warden and devout worshiper; two fine memorial windows in the south transept were inserted by the children in memory of their father and mother.

The Cooper burying-ground, an inclosure by itself, is filled with graves, including all ages, from Judge Cooper, the founder of the village, who died in 1809, to young Marmaduke Cooper, Lieutenant Third New York Volunteers, who died in hospital in Virginia in 1863, and was brought home to sleep with his kindred. As Mr. Cooper's only son resides in Albany, the next generation may see the name extinct in Cooperstown, and the last grave added to the family circle in the church-yard under the pines.

On one of the slopes of Mount Vision, just beyond the site of the panther scene in the "Pioneers," stands the Cooper Monument, in the grounds of the new cemetery. It is of Italian marble, twenty-five feet high, with a figure of Leatherstocking, four and a half feet high, on the summit. Natty is represented loading his rifle and gazing off on the Glimmerglass spread out beneath him, while the hound by his side, watching his master with eager eyes, betrays the accomplished hand of Launitz in his life-like fidelity: alas, that the hand has grown cold! The die is carved with symbols in alto-relievo: on one side is the name of Fenimore Cooper, surrounded by palm and oak branches; and on the opposite face is seen the student's lamp and inkstand, with the pen borne aloft by an eagle. On the north side are the naval emblems, an anchor with crossed oars, spy-glass, and commander's sword; and on the south the Indian devices, bow and quiver of arrows, scalp locks on a lance, tomahawk, and necklace of bears' claws. Much has been said as to the propriety of placing Cooper's monument on any other site than Cooper's grave, especially when so short a distance separates them; and truly the natural place would seem to be the spot where the author's body lies. But when we inspect the marble column, with Natty standing on its summit, our thoughts turn first to the honest-hearted old hunter, who is as much a friend as though he really lived and died in the flesh, and it seems right that some memorial to his memory should stand on the hill-side where he roamed, overlooking the lake which he loved. Let Natty, therefore, have the marble column, and let Cooper sleep with his kindred in the old church-yard, needing no sculptured monument to mark the pathway to his grave, deeply worn by hundreds of pilgrim feet year after year.

The Cooper manor-house, known as the Hall, was burned down in 1853; the grounds having passed out of the hands of the family, are allowed to remain in a deplorable

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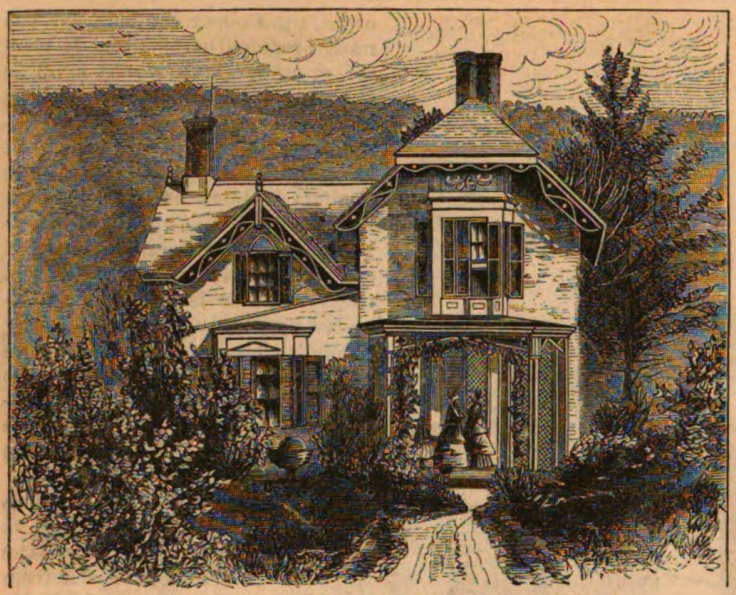
COOPER'S MONUMENT.

condition, the old stone wall crumbling away, the paths obstructed, and the garden obliterated in a growth of straggling underbrush, where a colony of old horses and cows wander at will. The lot is part of the possessions of the largest land-owner in the State of New York—a most eccentric character—who, although a gentleman by birth and education, prides himself upon his dilapidated clothes, his especial delights being a yellow cloak gathered in the back and reaching to his heels, and an umbrella which must be seen to be appreciated. In all the thousands of acres which this odd genius owns, the Cooper lot is by far the most precious, being literally classic ground. One would suppose that the villagers might combine to purchase the spot from its unappreciative owner, and lay it out as a park, in this way honoring the memory of the man to whose genius they owe all that raises their village above the common herd of country towns; but instead of this, the Vandalism is soon to be completed by running a street directly through the garden, thus converting the cherished homestead of the author into a common thoroughfare, and sweeping away all those associations which should be the richest treasure of the town.

On the banks of the Susquehanna stands a picturesque cottage built of the bricks gathered from the ruins of the Hall; this quiet retreat is the abode of three daughters of Mr. Cooper, among whom is Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper, the author of "Rural Hours" — a book which by its exquisite truthful descriptions has endeared her name to all real lovers of nature. Here, with many of the treasures from their old home, the Hall, around them, these accomplished ladies, whose youth was passed among the gayeties and charms of foreign life, spend their time, every locality being dear with associations of their beloved father. Active and generous, they devote themselves to various good works, and several of the charitable institutions of the county owe to them their existence, among others a hospital, and more recently an orphanage, which deserves the hearty support of all liberal hearts.

Cooperstown itself is a pretty village, with some handsome residences, a fine hotel —the Cooper House—an excellent school, and churches of every denomination. In the summer it is full of visitors, who wander through the forests and sail over the lake in gay flotillas, the *Nina* at the head, waking the echoes of Natty's mysterious cave, and singing together in the moonlight as they

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RESIDENCE OF THE DAUGHTERS OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

drift down from the Three Mile Point. Sometimes parties from the hot dusty cities camp out on the shore to enjoy the cool mountain air, and red and white row-boats, manned by ladies, stop at the Pirate Spring in hopes of catching a glimpse of the white-capped pirate himself lurking among the bushes.

But all the charm of the locality lies in its associations with Cooper, and it is the power of his magic pen which renders the valley and lake so fascinating. There are many pretty villages in our country, many green hills, and many clear lakes; but there is but one Fenimore Cooper, and this one village was his home, these green hills the scene of his stories, and, more than all, this sheet of blue water the delight of his eyes. Shine on, then, forever, O Haunted Lake, with all thy associations and memories! It is pleasant to think that long after this hand is cold in death thy blue waters will still be admired and loved, not only for their beauty, but also for the sake of James Fenimore Cooper.

FRENCH ROYAL CHÂTEAUX.

III.—THE CHÂTEAU AND FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

ABOUT two hours' ride by railroad from Paris, in a southeasterly direction, lies a magnificent domain of forest, covering an area of about sixty thousand acres, and inclosing a vast, rambling, irregularly built, and most picturesque château, whose story is linked with the glories and misfortunes of the rulers of France for more than three centuries back. This splendid edifice stands on or near the site of a castle erected by Louis VII. about the middle of the twelfth century, under whose walls grew up the poor hamlet which in the time of Francis I. became the nucleus of the present town of Fontainebleau. The whole region through which the route thither from the capital passes is rich in historical associations. The neighboring city of Mélun, mentioned in Cæsar's Commentaries under the name of Melodunum, recalls a long series of remarkable events in the wars of medieval and modern times, on which we will not stop to dwell. Here, also, it was that the celebrated Abelard, in the year 1102, opened a public school, where he first promulgated the principles and doctrines that awakened such interest and opposition in the Church. The city is pleasantly situated, forming a sort of amphitheatre on the banks of the Seine. Here are the historical churches of Saint Aspais and Notre Dame en l'Ile, and a different attraction, the château of Vaux, now Vaux-Praslin, situated northeast of Mélun, and built by the architect Levau for the Superintendent of Finance, Fouquet. In this sumptuous residence he spent more than eighteen million francs, the fruit of his exactions and plunder of the revenues. He gave a magnificent fête in honor of Louis XIV., to whom he had just previously offered the gift of a million francs, and whom he dazzled with a greater display of magnificence than the King himself was able to equal. Shortly after this fête Fouquet was arrested and thrown into prison by order of the King, who thus punished a minister capable of such frightful waste of the public funds, and at the same time revenged himself on a rival who had dared to raise his eyes to Mademoiselle De la Vallière.

The dépôt of Fontainebleau is near the remarkable curved viaduct of Changis, which picturesquely spans the valley with its thirty arches. Neither the château nor the city is seen from the dépôt. The latter is approached through a beautiful avenue of plane-trees, and is a place of no special importance. A statue of General Damesme or-

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THE COURT OF THE FOUNTAIN.

naments one of the public squares, while another is decorated by a fountain surmounted by a bust of the painter Decamps; there is also a square planted with exotic shrubbery. The streets are wide and the houses low. Being surrounded by the forest, it has few avenues of trade. Some of the inhabitants are engaged in quarrying sandstone, and others in the fabrication of toys cut from juniper-wood, while for some it is a quiet country town which forms a secluded and peaceful retreat—a sort of half-way house between active life and eternal repose. The presence of the court and the summer crowd of tourists bestow upon it a certain periodic animation.

Although the forest of Fontainebleau is any thing but the abode of the naiads—the city having been obliged to contract a debt to supply itself with water from the Seine—yet, according to a long-credited etymology, the name is taken from a now half-hidden spring situated in a reserved garden of the château. It was written variously on ancient maps. The form *fons Blialdi* is the oldest, *Bliadus* being a low Latin word signifying cloak, though there seems to be no explainable reason why this appellation should have been given to the spring in question. At any rate *fons Blialdi* became in French *Fontaine Bliaut*, *Bléaud*, *Blaaut*. Later this was transformed to Fontainebelle-Eau. Henri IV. sent a note to Gabrielle d'Estrées dated, "From our lovely wilderness of Fontaine-belle-Eau." But time dims tradition, and at the present day the name is generally believed to have been taken from the finely decorated fountain in an interior court. The fable of the favorite goat of St. Louis, named Bléau, which is said to have discovered the spring, may be classed among the legends of the Grand Huntsman.

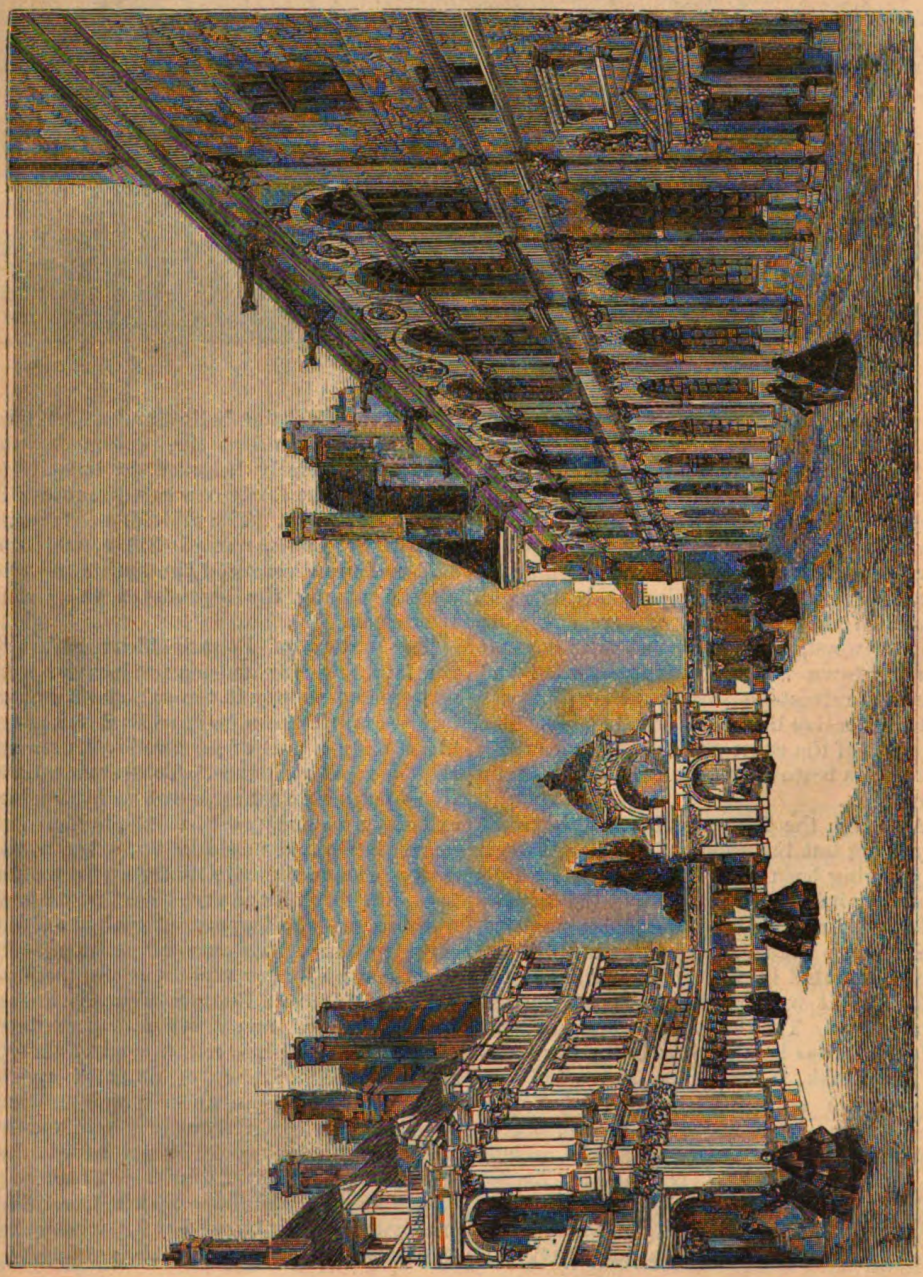
The palace of Fontainebleau, although the late Emperor and his predecessor were accustomed to pay it annual visits, has of late years become a comparatively deserted place, more a sort of geographical museum than a royal residence. To bestow animation upon this vast structure would require an immense concourse of valets, halberdiers, pages, lords, and noble ladies, a luxuriousness of rich vestments and gorgeous coloring—in short, all the varieties of court magnificence which disappeared with the eighteenth century. The sovereigns of modern times can no longer support such a retinue.

The château of Fontainebleau is an agglomeration of many separate structures grouped around as many courts. It is composed of buildings of different epochs and irregular appearance, which are impressive only by reason of their extent. The most ancient and curious part is that surrounding the Oval Court. It forms the centre of the buildings which have been successively added, and has no longer any direct communication with the outside.

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The principal entrance to the château is by the Court of Honor, for a long time known as the Court of the White Horse, because of a plaster horse in the centre, which had been moulded by Catherine de Medicis after that of the statue of Marcus Aurelius on the Place of the Capitol at Rome. It has been known as the "Court of Adieux" since it was consecrated by a great historic event of the present century —Napoleon's farewell to his soldiers on the eve of his departure for Elba. He stopped a moment at the top of the iron staircase leading to the horse, of which we give an engraving, then descended the steps, and, mastering his emotion, addressed a few last words to his Old Guard, embraced its commander, General Petit, and the eagle, and threw himself into the carriage where General Bertrand awaited him. Many of our readers will remember the admirable picture of this scene painted by Horace Vernet.

This is the largest court of the palace, being five hundred feet long and three hundred and seventy wide. It was formerly surrounded with buildings, but in 1810 Napoleon removed the row on the side next the city, and replaced it by a paling, so that the vastness of the space presented to view gives it a certain character of magnificence. Unfortu-



THE OVAL COURT AND PORTE DAUPHINE.

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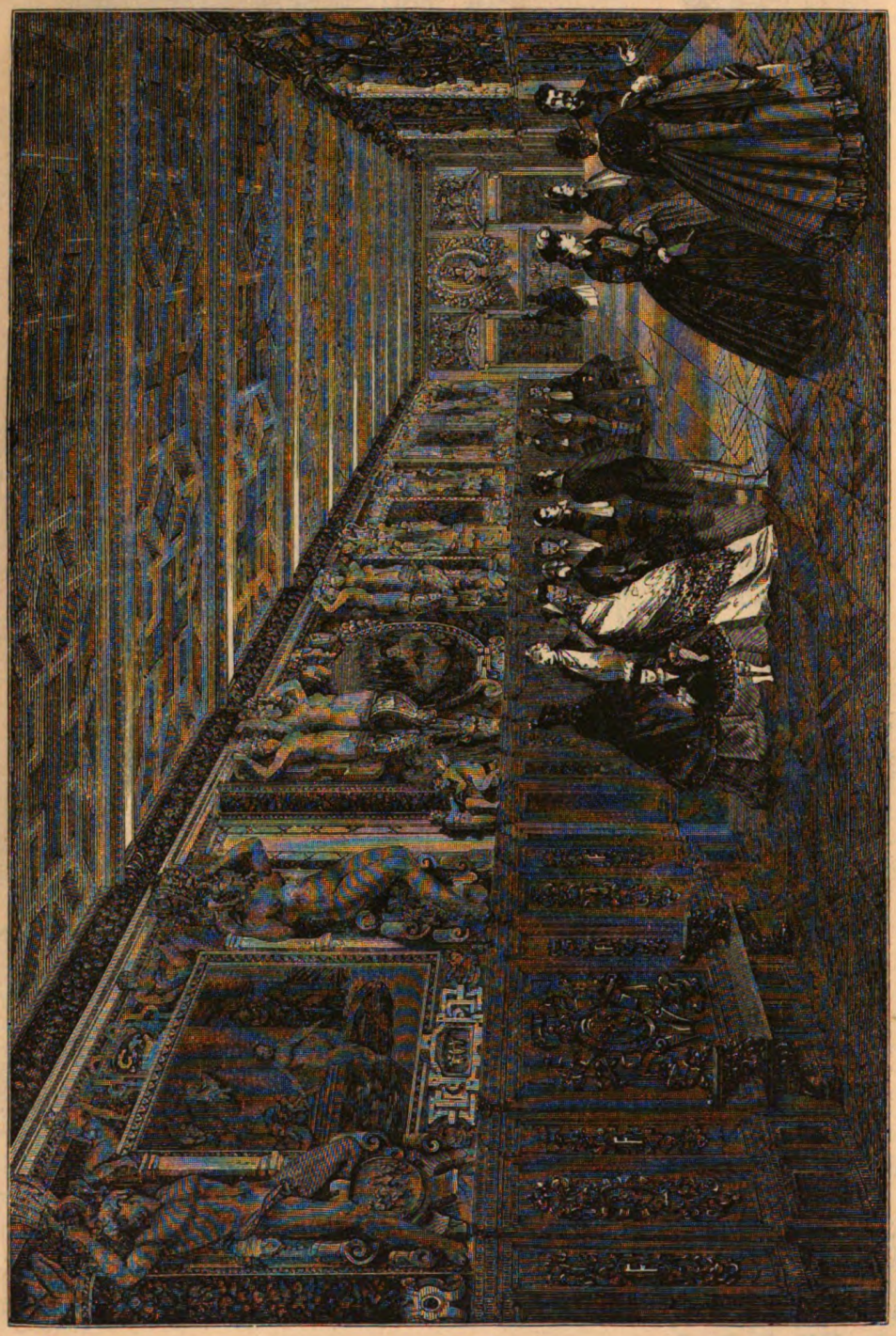
COURT OF ADIEUX, OR OF THE WHITE HORSE.

nately the Place de Solferino, which precedes it, is narrow, irregular, and badly constructed. In 1864 there was some talk of opening a large boulevard in front of the Court of Honor, which would have given an extended view over the forest; but, as the project was connected with a plan for the improvement of the imperial route from Paris to Antibes, it was abandoned as too expensive.

The front of the palace, with its five pointed-roofed pavilions joined by the main body of the building, presents only a series of characterless constructions entirely devoid of unity of style. The only thing particu-

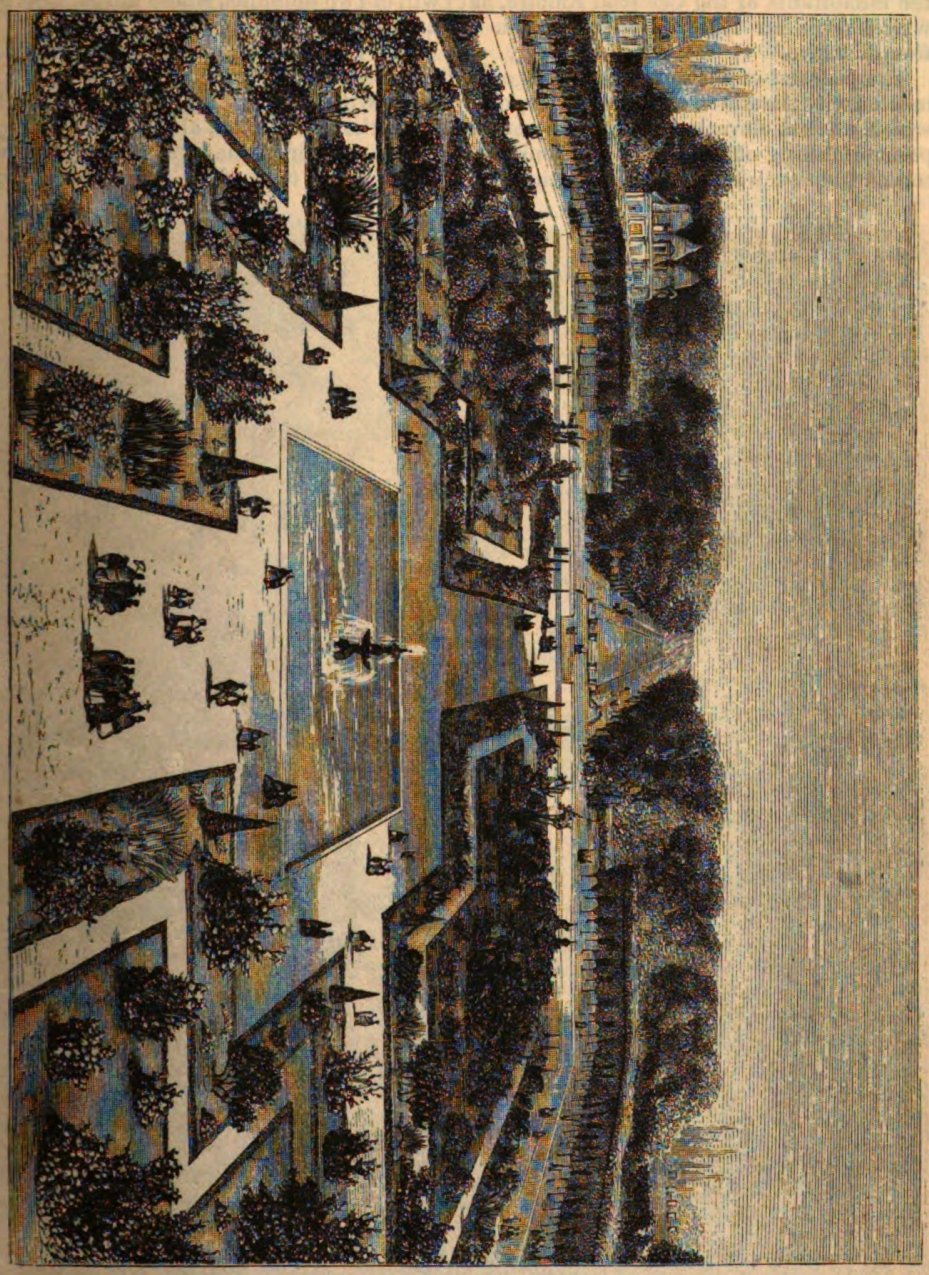
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larly worthy of mention is the celebrated iron staircase to the white horse, constructed by Lemercier, under Louis XIII., and this is much too massive for the insignificant pavilion to which it is joined. The left wing, composed of one-story buildings, the divisions plainly marked with red brick, and its chimneys ornamented with the initial of Francis I., presents at least a characteristic simplicity; but the grand right wing shows only a monotonous front, which gives the idea of a barracks or hospital. It was constructed in the time of Louis XV. upon the site of the Gallery of Ulysses, where Niccolo dell' Abate, the most talented of the artists who seconded Primaticcio, had painted fifty-eight grand compositions in fresco illustrating the history of the hero of Ithaca.



GALLERY OF FRANCIS I.

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VIEW OF THE PARTERRE.

Between the Court of Adieux and the Oval Court is the Court of the Fountain, which opens on the Carp Pond on one side, and is surrounded with buildings on the other three sides.

To the west is the wing containing the apartments occupied by Pope Pius VII. during his exile from Rome. These were constructed under Louis XV., with Doric columns in front, and balustraded attics. Opposite the pond is the Gallery of Francis I., restored under Louis Philippe. This is terraced in front, and was constructed by Henry IV. On the east stand the walls of another wing, of which the original front, with double staircase, is attributed to the architect Serlio. This wing, which contained the little theatre where J. J. Rousseau assisted at the representation of his opera, "The Village Soothsayer," was burned some years since.

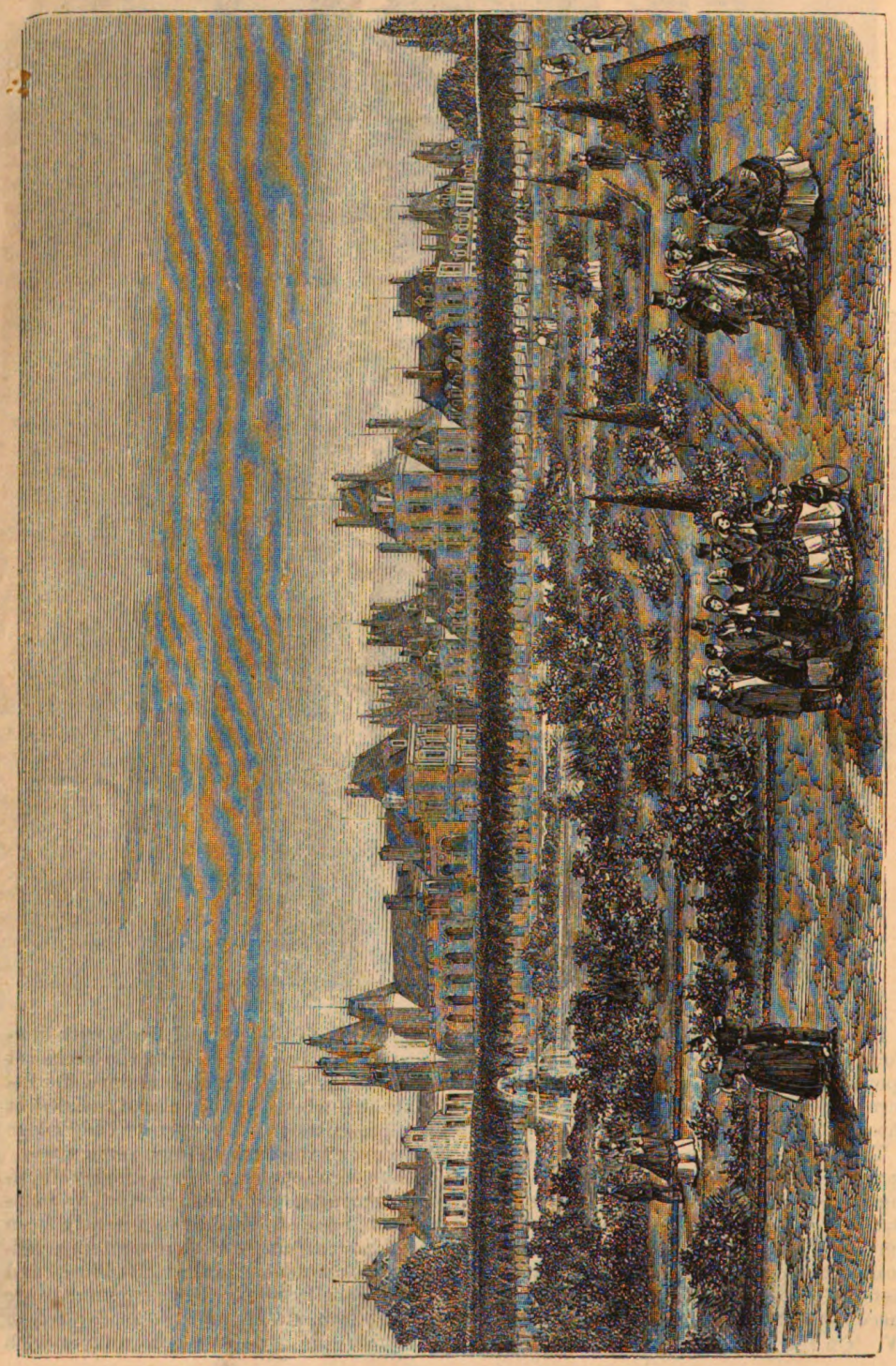
These three opposing fronts display singular incongruities of architecture. Two monstrous figures of lions have recently been placed before that part of the western pavilion where are deposited the rich Chinese and Japanese collections. These figures were brought from China, and are sculptured in that grotesque style so much in favor with

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the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, but which is as far removed from realism as from idealism.

The pedestal of the fountain is now ornamented with the statue of some water-nymph, which, at that elevation, seems to be on the point of falling off backward, and only preserved from such a catastrophe by the good-will of two dolphins, whose united tails form a seat for her.

The Court of the Fountain communicates on one side with the English Garden, on the other with the Parterre, and by a little alley with the Oval Court, also called *Du Donjon*. The perimeter of the Oval Court nearly corresponds to that of the primitive château.



VIEW OF THE PALACE, FROM THE PARTERRE.

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It was there that the old feudal manor was built in the twelfth century, with its towers and *donjons*—a veritable citadel, defended at that time by a moat, and surrounded by a close, thick forest—such as Walter Scott represents the dwelling of Cedric the Saxon, in England, at the same period. There no longer remains any trace of this feudal manor, which was inhabited by Louis VII. and his court.

The old castle was almost entirely replaced by the structure of Francis I., as is attested by his initial, F, and the salamanders sculptured in relief upon the façade of the Gallery of Fêtes, which has retained the name of the Gallery of Henri II., because it was decorated under his reign. The same pell-mell conglomeration of styles is exhibited here as in other parts of the château, but this has, at least, the merit of not being commonplace, and presents some curious examples of the architecture of the Renaissance.

The Oval Court has two monumental entrances, one of which fronts on the Avenue de Maintenon, and extends between the Parterre and the Carp Pond. This is known as the Porte Dorée, less because of the profusion of gilding in its ornamentation than on account of the paintings with which it was adorned by Primaticcio. These are, however, of little interest.

The other monumental entrance, which is designated as the Porte Dauphine, or Baptistère—because Louis XIII., then nearly five years old, was baptized under the dome which surmounts it—opens in front of the Court of Henri IV. It presents a strange and disconnected but, nevertheless, elegant appearance. The exterior façade is in the rustic Tuscan style, and ornamented with two antique white marble masks. Its severe and massive simplicity places it at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

The foundation of the château is probably attributable to Louis le Gros. At any rate, Louis VII., his successor, found a feudal manor already built, for in the first year of his reign he dated a charter from Fontainebleau—Fontem Bleaudi—which he then inhabited, surrounded by the principal officers of his crown. One of his first grants is relative to the founding of the chapel St. Saturnin, upon the south side of the Oval Court. In this he provides for the allowance of grain and wine to be furnished to the chaplain in ordinary times, to whom, with truly royal munificence, he grants an entire ration when the court is at Fontainebleau. "It is our will that whenever we or the queen are in this place the said chaplain shall have four loaves, a half septier of wine, two derniers for his kitchen expenses, and a piece of candle." This chapel, St. Saturnin, was consecrated by the celebrated Thomas à Becket, then a refugee in France, whither he had fled from the persecutions of the King of England. It has been restored at different epochs, the last time in 1834. The stained glass windows, representing St. Philippe and St. Amélie, were designed by the Princess Marie d'Orleans, daughter of Louis Philippe.

In feudal times hunting was the principal amusement of princes and nobles, and its proximity to the forests made Fontainebleau a favorite residence for the kings of France, almost all of whom had a passionate love for the chase. St. Louis one day followed a stag into the forest, lost his suit, and fell into the hands of a troop of brigands; he sounded a little hunting-horn which was suspended from his neck, and was fortunately rescued. He had a chapel erected near the spot in commemoration of this event. This was destroyed in 1701, because several hermits had been assassinated there. In 1314 Philip the Fair died at Fontainebleau, in consequence of a fall from a horse received while chasing a wild boar. The whole day was frequently spent in hunting. "The same day," said Sully, in speaking of Henri IV., "his majesty, after spending the morning in bird-shooting, hunted down a wolf, and finished the day with a stag-hunt which lasted until night, in spite of a rain of three or four hours' duration. They were then six leagues from the palace, where the king arrived slightly fatigued." This is what princes called amusing themselves!

For a period Fontainebleau was deserted by royalty. Louis XI. shut himself up at Plessis-les-Tours; Charles VIII. embellished the Château d'Ambroise, where he was born and where he died; and Louis XII. lived at the Château de Blois. But now begins to dawn the most glorious epoch of the history of Fontainebleau—the reign of Francis I. The feudal manor gave place to a palace. The breath of the Renaissance, which, even under the preceding reign, had measurably transformed Gothic art, now came to animate the interior of this palace with gay and capricious creations, due, for the most part, to the genius of Italian artists. The grave companions of St. Louis, and the rude bearded warriors of the Middle Ages, were succeeded by poets and savants, and the painters and sculptors of Italy. A host of courtiers, clothed in silk and gold embroidery, and the gay concourse of the nobility, quitted their old castles and the provinces for the enchanting court of a prince who had said, "A court without women is a year without spring-time, or a spring-time without roses."

Francis I. and Henri IV. are the two sovereigns who have done most toward the growth and embellishment of this royal residence. The money expended upon it by Francis I. from 1528 to 1547, the time of his death, amounted, according to the abstract obtained from the archives by M. Champol-

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THE OLD OAK—LE PHARAMOND.

lion Figeac, to 2,500,000 francs. Sully estimated at 2,500,000 livres the cost of the constructions, restorations, and decorations executed by order of Henri IV.

The Italians who founded in France what is called "the school of Fontainebleau" are the painters and decorators Rosso, Primaticcio, and Niccolo dell' Abate. Rosso de' Rossi, or Maître Roux, as he was called, was born at Florence, 1496, and poisoned himself in 1541, because he was not able to survive the shame of having unjustly accused of theft, and thus caused to be put to torture, the sculptor Da Pellegrino, his friend, whose innocence was subsequently recognized. He was a genius of the decadence, a sort of abortive Michael Angelo, possessed of a vigorous but erratic talent. He gave to his figures an exaggerated muscular development, even when they were women and children. The Gallery of Francis I., which is two hundred and thirteen feet long, is covered with his compositions, executed in fresco by his assistants.

A complete system of figures in relief, of caryatides composed of nymphs, satyrs, chil-

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dren, fruits, flowers, and divers animals in stucco, encircle medallions and form frames for fresco paintings. These capricious and superabundant decorations, although incorrect in design, are, nevertheless, free and spirited in conception, and serve to make this gallery one of the principal curiosities of the palace. The subjects of the paintings are either allegorical or scenes taken from fable. They gradually fell into decay, and remained many years in that condition until restored by direction of Louis Philippe.

There was a strong rivalry between Rosso and Primaticcio, who succeeded him. Francesco Primaticcio was born in Bologna in 1504, and died at Paris in 1570. He was painter, sculptor, and architect in one—a fact which was, perhaps, his strongest recommendation to Francis, to whom he was introduced by the Duke of Mantua. His name is particularly attached to three great decorations of the château — that of the Porte Dorée, that of the chamber of the Duchesse d'Estampes, and that of the Gallery of Fêtes. These works were restored under Louis Philippe.

The marvel of the palace is the Galerie des Fêtes, or the Gallery of Henri II., constructed by Francis I., and decorated by his successor. This was splendidly restored under Louis Philippe. It was lighted by ten windows, five of which open on the Oval Court and five on the Parterre. Between each pair of these last is a massive projection into the gallery, forming five deep recesses, almost separate rooms, containing many seats, from which the gallery may be seen at ease. The sixty-three mythological subjects with which this magnificent hall is decorated are painted in fresco, and were composed by Primaticcio. They had partly perished, but were restored with some talent in 1834, and repainted in encaustic by M. Allaux. Eight grand compositions occupy the spaces between the arcades of the divisions of the gallery, but, owing to their position, they are seen with difficulty. Many of these compositions consist of a great number of figures.

Primaticcio exercised a favorable action upon French art, less by the charm of his own compositions than by the statues and casts of antique statues which he brought from Italy by the order of Francis I. Among the most remarkable of these are the Apollo Belvidere, the Laocoon, the Cleopatra, the Venus de Praxiteles, etc., which now ornament the Garden of the Tuileries, and the statue of the Tiber, which was melted and coined into centimes in the second year of the republic.

On his return from Italy, Primaticcio had lively quarrels with the Florentine Benvenuto Cellini, whom Francis I. had also charged with the execution of important works. Cellini's violent and irritable temper had made him the enemy of the Duchess d'Estampes, who had given to Primaticcio the work on the fountain, which had been intrusted to the former artist. The vindictive Floren-



LONG-ROCKS.

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THOMERY, ON THE SEINE.

tine went to Primaticcio, and, unchecked by the courtesy of his reception, told him plainly that if he continued to supplant him he would kill him like a dog; and he was a man to keep his word. Happily this inconvenient co-worker finished by quarreling with the king himself, and returned to Italy without having finished any of the works which he had commenced. The accounts of his personal conflicts with the Duchess d'Estampes are pleasantly amusing. Having one day brought into the Gallery of Francis I. a silver statue of Jupiter which he had just completed, he was surprised to find collected there some beautiful antique bronze statues, and, in spite of his conceit, he could not but regard it as a trying neighborhood. The king and his courtiers praised the Jupiter in language the significance of which he probably exaggerated. But the Duchess d'Estampes, who was called the most beautiful of savants and the wisest of beauties, sarcastically exclaimed, "Truly, one would think you had no eyes. It is in these beautiful antique figures that you find the perfection of art, and not in these modern baubles." Cellini, much exasperated, found means to avenge himself by a rude jest. This resulted in a contest in which he was vanquished, and in 1545 he returned to Italy.

The grand chapel of the court, or of the Holy Trinity, together with the galleries of Francis I. and Henri II., constitutes the most interesting artistic features of the château. The pictures in the chapel were executed by Freminet, surnamed the French Michael Angelo. He was the first painter of Henri IV. He had passed sixteen years studying in Florence and Rome, and was an assiduous imitator of the great Italian. The paintings with which he decorated the Chapel of the Holy Trinity were finished under Louis XIII., and are all that remain of his great works. They were restored a few years ago.

The Gallery of Diana is the longest in the palace. It was constructed under Henri IV. Both the paintings and the structure itself were so fallen into decay that the gallery was reconstructed under the empire. After the return of the Bourbons it was decorated with the richness and commonplace taste which characterized the style of that period. Charles V. laid the foundation of the library, and employed the literati of France and other countries in order to insure the most valuable collection. Having been pillaged by the English in the time of Louis XI., that monarch reconstructed it, adding many works. Charles VIII. enriched it with the Greek and Latin collections taken from the King of Naples. Louis XII. had it removed to Blois. Having been very much reduced, it was reorganized by Francis I., under the supervision of William Bude. It was again improved in 1859. Here are preserved the sword and coat of mail of the unfortunate Monaldeschi.

Under the Gallery of Diana extends the Gallery of Stags, which was constructed in 1601, and so named on account of the stag heads and antlers which form part of the decoration. The projecting beams of the ceiling are ornamented with heads of animals and other trophies of the chase. On the walls are the plans of fifteen royal residences painted in fresco. This gallery was, under Louis XV., converted into single apartments. At the beginning of the recent war it was in process of restoration as it was in the time of Henri IV. The murder of the Marquis de Monaldeschi, the tragedy which forms the saddest association of the palace, was committed here. Christina, Queen of Sweden, having found some letters written by the marquis, her favorite, proving his treason toward her, at once determined upon his death, and carried out her thirst for vengeance with a cold-blooded firmness which will always be regarded as inexplicably shocking and cruel, even if we were not compelled to agree with Voltaire that the motive was wounded vanity, "terminating a gallantry with a crime." The Père Lebel, having been summoned by the queen at one o'clock on the 10th of November, found her in the Gallery of Stags attended by three officers of her suit, and a fourth, the Marquis de Monaldeschi, to whom she was showing some letters, at the same time calling him a traitor. "He threw himself," according to the narrative of the priest, "at the feet of the queen, asking pardon, at which the three men drew their swords, and did not put them up until after having executed the marquis. He drew the queen from one

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side of the gallery to another, supplicating her to listen to him. Her majesty denied him nothing. 'My father,' said she to me, 'be witness that I give this traitor ample time to justify himself if he can do it.' Then, after two hours' conference, the marquis not having satisfied the queen by his replies, her majesty said to me, in a loud but grave and evenly modulated tone of voice, 'My father, I shall retire, leaving this man to you. Prepare him for death, and take care of his soul.' The three men pressed Monaldeschi to his confessor with their swords, but without touching him. The lost marquis threw himself at my feet, entreating me to intercede with her majesty. I found her alone in her room, with her face as serene as if nothing had happened. Approaching her, I threw myself at her feet, with tears and sobs." The poor monk tried in vain to move her, and even to show her that she ought not to order such a murder in the palace of the King of France. Christina replied that she was queen every where, and that in her resided absolute and sovereign authority over her subjects. "I returned to the gallery," continues Père Lebel, "and embraced the unfortunate young man, who was bathed in tears. He finished his confession in French, Latin, and Italian, according as he could best express himself in one language or the other." The chief of the officers of the queen, who had again sought her presence, returned, accompanied by her almoner, and said to Monaldeschi: "Marquis, ask pardon of God, for you must die without further delay: you have confessed." Being attired in a coat of mail, the swords had little effect, and his death took place only after a barbarous scene of cold-blooded butchery. "After searching him," continues the priest, "and finding nothing of importance, the three retired, and I followed to receive her majesty's orders. She commanded me to care for his burial, and said she wished masses to be said. She sent a hundred pounds for the repose of his soul. He was interred at Avon."

Louis XIV. resided for some time at Fontainebleau. Even after having fixed his residence at Versailles and Marly he made a journey to Fontainebleau every year. He always retained around his person the splendid brilliancy of his court, every member of which was compelled to travel with him, even illness not always being considered a sufficient excuse. Louis XV. and Louis XVI. also sojourned here to enjoy the pleasures of the chase. Louis XV. was only seven years old when the Czar Peter visited Fontainebleau in 1717. "This was the first time the czar had gone stag-hunting," says M. Limon. "Not understanding this exercise, he found it too violent, and thought he should fall from his horse."

The Revolution laid waste the palace, and left it to decay. In 1798 the Black Band demanded it in order to cultivate the soil for the nourishment of the people. A committee named by the Institute made a pressing appeal to the government, and succeeded in saving it from devastation.

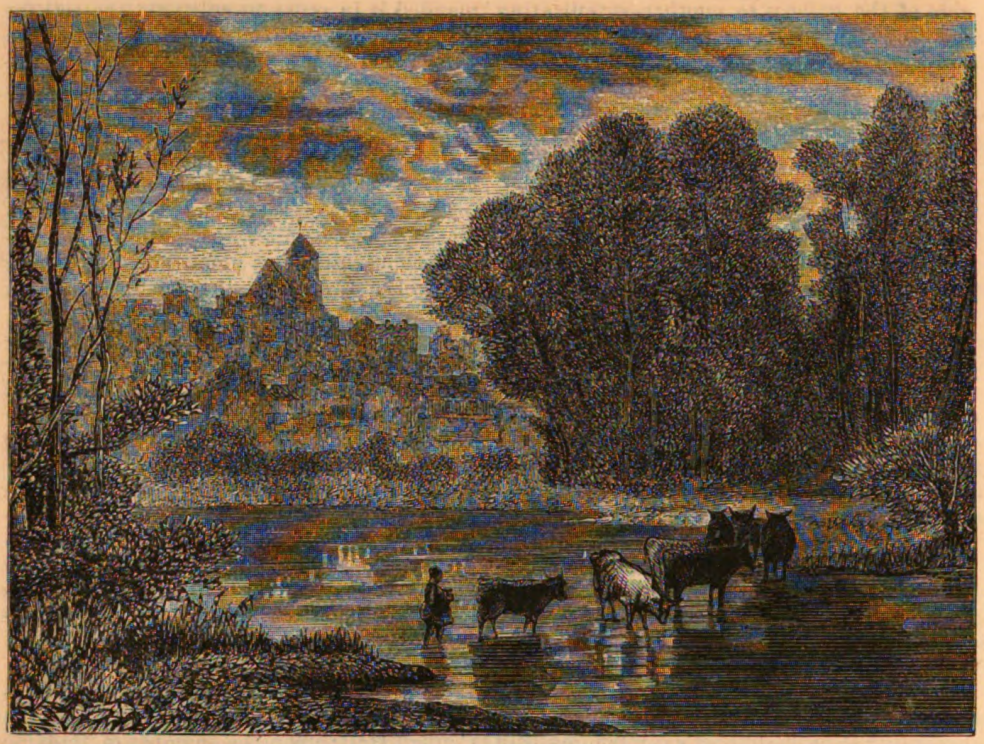
In 1804 Napoleon spent several millions of francs in repairing and furnishing the palace; but the most splendid restorations were made under Louis Philippe, who, it is estimated, spent about three million five hundred thousand francs upon the architecture, the works of art, and the decorations. On the 6th of May, 1837, the civil marriage of the Duke of Orleans with the Princess Hélène de Mecklenburg-Schwerin took place in the Gallery of Henry II., which had been restored for this occasion.

Besides these historic souvenirs of the French monarchy, and a numerous host of celebrated personages, the decorative style of a part of the apartments, and the furniture of different epochs collected in the palace, transport us to the times of which they are the rare vestiges. We look with curiosity upon the capricious artistic ornamentations in relief which belong to the reign of Francis I.; upon the magnificent gildings of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV.; upon the gracefully delicate paintings by Boucher in the Council Hall; upon the chamber of Madame de Maintenon, preserving the furniture of Boule and the tapestry which is said to have been worked by the girls of St. Cyr; and upon the boudoir and sleeping-room of Marie Antoinette, the furniture of which dates almost wholly from the reign of Louis XVI. Here is also the shabby little mahogany table on which Napoleon signed his abdication. By turning the top of this table a little copper plate becomes visible, bearing the following inscription, placed there under the Restoration, and showing another trace of its pretentious and ridiculous anachronism, "The 5th of April, 1814, Napoleon Bonaparte signed his abdication upon this table in the *king's study*." Louis Philippe had placed here a fac-simile of the autograph of this act of abdication; this fac-simile was withdrawn during the empire.

Now that the history of furniture has become a study, Fontainebleau furnishes a rich chronological series of specimens: the beautiful Flanders tapestry, the cabinets of Francis I., the bahuts of Louis XIII., the mosaic furniture of Boule, the old Beauvais fauteuils, the commodes of Marie Antoinette, from Riésener, with the foliage, the copperwork, and the beautiful carving of the celebrated Gouthières, down to the hard and angular forms of the empire, and thence to the furniture of the Restoration and of the present time.

Before quitting the palace for the forest, the visitor must not neglect the garden, which extends before the southern façade of the palace. In the illustration the build-

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MONTIGNY—SUR-LOING.

ings at the right are those of the offices built by Henri IV.; at the left, between the pavilion of Madame de Maintenon and the projection formed by the apsis of the Chapel of St. Saturnin, are seen the five arched windows of the Hall of Henri II. At the left of the Pavilion Maintenon are the buildings which surround the Court of the Fountain and the Court of Adieux.

The Parterre opens on the park, which comprises some two hundred acres, and which is partly bordered by magnificent old trees. Henri IV. had an extensive canal dug here, and Bassompière recounts that he won a wager of a thousand crowns from the king, who thought that the canal would be full in two days, whereas it required more than eight days for it to fill. In the northern part of the park is the celebrated vine arbor of the king, which is said to produce between six and seven thousand pounds of excellent Chasselas grapes in ordinary years. The stables form a considerable extent of building on one side of the park.

The Carp Pond is one of the popular attractions of the garden. None of the carps date further back than 1815; for at that period the pond was emptied and the carps stolen by the Cossacks.

The forest, which forms the great curiosity of the Seine-et-Marne, extends along the Seine, and comprises about sixty thousand acres. In ancient times it was much larger, including the Forest of Senart, which extended almost to Paris. Successive retrenchments have reduced it to its present dimensions, which yet surpass those of the forests of Compiègne or Rambouillet.

In the Middle Ages the Forest of Fontainebleau was named Bière (Bieria), a name proceeding, according to some imaginative writers, from a Danish chief, Bier Côte de Fer, who in 845 ravaged all the country between Fontainebleau and Mélun, spreading terror by his exploits. Fontainebleau has also its Robin des Bois, under the title of the Grand Huntsman. The mysterious legend has long circulated among sportsman and wood-cutters. There is, however, no very accurate description of this illusion, which was seen so often and by so many persons. According to most it was a phantom surrounded by a pack of dogs, who were seen at a distance, and their barking distinctly heard, but which always disappeared on nearer approach.

Nothing can equal the majesty of these ancient groves, such as Tillaie du Roi, du Gros-Fouteau, du Bas-Bréau. The latter was already spoken of as "very old" in 1664. It barely escaped the woodman's axe in 1830; but a general cry of disapprobation from the press saved it. The forest has, however, not always been so well defended, for several of the most magnificent groves were destroyed a few years afterward.

The most diverse landscapes are found in a single walk across the forest. At the en-

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FOREST OF BAS-BRÉAU NEAR BARBISON.

trance to the gorges of Agramont its aspect is forbidding and austere. The surface of the dry, rocky soil is diversified only by scattered conical junipers, with twisted trunks, standing out against the sky with their dark and sombre foliage; further on immense birch groves furnish specimens from the extreme northern limit of deciduous forests. Sometimes, in walking along the level crest of a hill covered with pines, a sudden turn will open up a vista over a clear space, when the bluish horizon recalls the Mediterranean Sea as seen from some height of one of the detours on the Corniche road; then from an elevated point the view embraces an immense extent of forest, and takes in only the valleys and verdant chains of hills succeeding each other to the very limits of the horizon. The monotonous grandeur of this spectacle suggests the idea of the limitless forests of our own country; and if the smoke of a wood-cutter's fire arises from some distant point, the imagination easily transforms it into a camp-fire kindled by a band of Sioux or Comanches.

Fresh streams are the only thing of which we need to regret the absence. The permeable sandy soil forms no beds suitable for their reception. It is in vain to descend to the valleys, for we nowhere find the smallest rivulet; only a few ponds scattered here and there contain the rain-water collected in the depression of a plateau or in the hollow of a rock. The absence of birds is a consequence of this aridity; and it adds to the impression of solitude that the calm and silence are not interrupted by their joyous songs.

The number of deer is now much diminished. A few years ago it amounted to two thousand. The wild boars disappeared rapidly during the empire, because that was Napoleon's favorite chase. They had, however, again become so numerous that the neighboring agricultural population complained much of their ravages, and it was determined to exterminate them. A few years ago several such attempts were made; among others, a hundred of the surrounding peasants armed themselves and turned sportsmen. This clamorous battle was, however, rather unsuccessful. The government at last devised a more efficacious means of destroying these troublesome animals—troublesome not only on account of their constant depredations, but because they compromised the safety of the numerous tourists who daily wander through the forest in all directions. The system of panneautage, successfully used in reducing surplus quantities of game, was very effectual. This consists in selecting a portion of the woods containing quantities of the animals, and surrounding it with high nets. Hunters enter this inclosure, driving the game before them. The animals become entangled in the nets, and are either killed or taken alive.

Another serious cause of destruction is the extensive quarrying of the sandstone

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THE POOL AT CORNEILLES.

rocks, which contribute so largely to the grandeur of the forest. Enormous quantities of this rock are used in paving the streets and suburbs of Paris. The proximity of the Seine, and the ease of transportation, render this an attractive field.

The devastations have already ruined too many of the most beautiful sections. A few years ago a strange defender arose, who made unceasing efforts to protect the forest, with which his existence was so closely allied that he became known as "The Lover of the Forest." This peculiar life rendered him almost a legendary personage in the middle of the nineteenth century. Had he lived in ancient times he would have passed into mythological history. "Sylvain, believed dead for two thousand years, lives yet," says Theophile Gautier, "and we have discovered him. He is known as Denecourt." The modern Sylvain of Fontainebleau made it his task to render accessible the picturesque portions of the forest. He undertook this work in 1842, and it became the object of his life; to this he consecrated the greater part of the modest fortune that he had acquired after leaving military service. In spite of the infirmities of age, he pursued his object with undeviating constancy, and to his zeal the tourist public is indebted for many paths which reveal the mysterious beauties of vast thickets before considered impenetrable. They not only render the beautiful portions of the forest easy of access, but they bring out the most curious details; rocks particularly imposing from their massiveness or interesting from their fantastic forms, and trees remarkable for age or size. Some individual trees were celebrated before his time, but many have perished, and are either forgotten or their places marked and pointed out to strangers. Among those still existing is that known as "the Charlemagne," situated in a little shady valley of the chain of Mont Ussy. It is well known to landscapists, who come to make studies of this venerable oak. It was mutilated by lightning several years ago.

But great as are the mutilations it has sustained, in spite of the loss of its rocks and its most beautiful groves, the Forest of Fontainebleau is still peculiarly rich in picturesque scenery, and must count as one of the natural beauties of France. The majority of tourists obtain only an incomplete idea of it, because they are satisfied to see it from a carriage, and coachmen take them to those places picked out by commonplace admiration, such as the Fountain of Mont Chauvet, the Rock of the Two Sisters, and the Weeping Rock, so called because of the water which oozes through the sandstone fissures from an elevated pond. This grotto, situated in the midst of wild scenery, and once interesting, is now tarnished by thousands of names, and the soil, continually trodden, has become disagreeably dusty. The forest reveals its mysteries only to those who have leisure and taste to seek them out.

WITNESSES.

Whenever my heart is heavy,
And life seems as sad as death—
A subtle and marvelous mockery
Of all who draw their breath—
And I weary of throned injustice,
Of rumor of outrage and wrong,
And I doubt if God rules in heaven,
And I cry, "O Lord, how long—
How long shall darkness and evil
Their forces around them draw?
Is there no power in Thy right hand?
Is there no life in Thy law?"

Then at last the blazing brightness
Of day forsakes its height,
Slips like a splendid curtain
From the awful and infinite night;
And out of the depths of distance—
The gulfs of purple space—
The stars steal, slow and silent,
Each in the ancient place,
Each in armor shining,
The hosts of heaven arrayed,
And wheeling through the midnight
As they did when the world was made.

And I lean out among the shadows
Cast by that far white gleam,
And I tremble at the murmur
Of one mote in the mighty beam,
As the everlasting squadrons
Their fated influence shed,
And the vast meridians sparkle
With the glory of their tread—
The constellated glory
That the primal morning saw—
And I know God moves to His purpose,
And still there is life in His law!

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A GOOD INVESTMENT.



CHAPTER I.

"Remote from cities lived a swain,
Unvexed with all the cares of gain."

FLAMING ROCK is on the easterly side of Smoky Creek, one of the many beautiful streams of the wilder and more picturesque parts of Southern Ohio. The rock rises precipitously to a height of more than two hundred feet from the level of the pool at its base. It is of bituminous slate, so abundant in combustible matter that one day it took fire near the bottom, and continued to burn until a freshet came to put out the flames, six months afterward: whence come the names of "Flaming Rock" and "Smoky Creek."

On a slight rise of ground at the opposite side of the creek stands a log-cabin, and near it are a log corn-crib and ox-stable, both under one roof. The buildings were constructed by the present owner in fee when he began to make his "clearing," but have never since then been repaired by any body. Over a large part of the level ground forming the middle of the valley the creek strays at random, its clear waters made brilliant by flowing, rippling, and dashing over an uneven bed of perfectly black slate. Between the stream and the hill on the west are two small fields, poorly fenced, bearing stunted growths of corn. Extending beyond these, and including the base of the hill up to where it becomes precipitous, is an imperfectly cleared space, partly occupied by stumps and bushes, where rattlesnakes inhabit, and partly covered with patches of blue-grass and white clover, where hogs and other cattle sometimes range. The hill beyond is, like all others of the region in question, very high, exceedingly steep, and covered with a heavy growth of timber.

Within the stable, before an empty rack and manger, a pair of lean little steers stand and chew the cud. On a stump just without the door of the cabin the proprietor of the domain, the creator of it all—if destroying the beautiful forest with axe and fire may be called creating—sits and chews tobacco.

Old Bill Hagan, lord of the soil though he be, and central figure of the scene, is dressed, to tell the truth, no better than any landless ragamuffin. Certainly no land-holder of any land where men wear clothes at all, except our own, was ever seen with hat, shirt, breeches, and suspenders such as make the costume of this one.

Nor does his wife, Betsey, as she stands in the door-way behind him, appear to any better advantage. Her haggard but erect form is covered in part by an old calico gown, faded, but not with washing; torn in many places, but nowhere patched or darned; supplemented where deficient with a red flannel petticoat, and under that with a shift, perhaps; the jupon and skirt, such as they are, being distended at the bottom with a bamboo hoop. No cap adorns or hides her tangled locks of iron-gray, and her feet are as bare as her head. In appearance a very hag, there is no reason for doubting she is really one. Had she been a saint, she could not have lived thirty-five years with Bill Hagan and borne him sons and daughters. She can scratch, bite, gouge, get drunk when she can obtain whisky, steal, whenever in that poor neighborhood she can lay hands on any thing that is a subject of theft, and has a gift for scolding such as few women are blessed with. She has been known to stand in that door-way, close behind where her husband sits, and, with arms akimbo and wagging head, storm at the man until she fell down in a vertigo. It should be added that in this she is encouraged and led on by the rock, which has an admirable echo, and always responds promptly and distinctly to whatever she says, sometimes blaspheming frightfully in doing so.

In their earlier married life Bill used to knock his wife down whenever her scolding became tiresome; but he learned by experience that she and her ally were too much for him, since they could keep up the din even

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after she was down, and he finally gave over the gentle discipline. Both of them attend all the religious meetings held in that wild and inaccessible district, and both have repeatedly "got religion" after the fashion of the country, and been several times admitted to membership in the Methodist church. Queer Christians they are, to be sure; but they are of a queer community, concerning which an old elder who once rode in that circuit said, "If it is the Lord's will to have a church on Smoky Creek, He must take the people jest as they be."

The old couple were alone together—alone and lonesome—for, two days before the opening of our story, their son Bob, sixteen years old, and the last of their surviving brood who remained at home, had run away, and, what was worse in the old man's opinion, taken with him his father's rifle, a weapon that was in some sense the same as a crutch to its owner, since, from long habit of taking it with him wherever he went, it had become almost impossible to go a hundred steps from the door without it. In fact, when he had tried on that very morning to stroll up the valley out of ear-shot of Betsey's voice and the black rock's echo, he had not been able to get any considerable distance away, so returned and resumed his seat on the stump, where he remained, saying nothing and doing it, while the sun of July mounted to mid-heaven, and the oxen, with the yoke still on their necks, waited idly in the pen.

Bob had been a real comfort to his mother and father. While he remained about home he was always doing something to furnish the one with text or pretext for a scolding; and in occasionally threshing out his wild oats with a hoop-pole, the other enjoyed a satisfaction which only a parent can know.

But Bob was gone, such as he was; gone from his home, such as it was. Though barely sixteen years of age, according to the tenth row of notches cut upon one of the house-logs, the many stories of battle he had heard told by soldiers returned from the war of the rebellion had roused up the wolf that was in his young blood, as it is in the blood of all humanity, so that he longed to be where men were killing each other, and resolved to seek the sport on the first opportunity. Very opportunely for him there came the raid of John Morgan into Ohio, which, as all know, was in the month of July, 1863. News of the movements of the raiding forces through the country lying to the northward had from time to time been brought by travelers passing down the valley, and the last report, which had come late in the afternoon of the day before the boy disappeared, was that the main body was expected to reach Piketon, a village twenty miles distant, some time during the next day.

And thus, instead of Bob's going to war, war was actually coming to Bob, and he accepted the issue. Waiting only for night to come and cover his movements, he quitted his sheetless little bed in the loft as soon as the snores of the old people acquired the proper intonation, descended to their apartment by means of three pegs driven into the logs of the house to serve the purpose of the more costly luxury of a ladder, noiselessly removed from its hooks over the fire-place a very old rifle, with its scant supply of ammunition, stole out into the night, and took his way up the creek. Considering as he went what plan of campaign should be adopted, he decided to make for a point where he would be likely to strike Morgan's line of march several miles before it reached Piketon and the level country of the Scioto Valley, his design being to hang upon the skirts of his enemy and harass his flanks. This was very good generalship, it must be admitted, and subject to only the one criticism, that it amounted to "bush-whacking," as warfare in the retail way is termed, the retailers being considered as without the merciful pale of the laws of war, and liable to be shot or hung whenever captured. After ascending the valley of the creek for a distance of five or six miles, and, in going that distance, crossing the devious stream fifty times, he struck off abruptly to the right, and mounting by a rough sled track that came down over the edge of the nose, as it were, of a spur from the hill which bordered that side of the valley, reached one of the peculiar roads which are found running along all the summits or ridges of the steep and narrow hills of that country. These "ridge roads," so important to the inhabitants, form a system of ready-made highways, furnished by nature, with the hills they render accessible, free of cost to county or township treasury. Just as they are to-day they seem always to have been. Trodden formerly by the Indians, as now by the whites, they are kept open as much by the hoofs of beasts as the feet of men. The traveler on one of them finds himself sheltered for the larger part of the way with interlacing branches of trees which border it, though occasionally he will traverse open reaches where the sun-blest ground is covered with a coarse grass, or if too poor to bear that, decked with wild flags, pansies, and roses. Sometimes he will meet with one of those almost mysterious shallow basins of water called "bear-wallows," that seem to exist without any drainage adequate to fill them. Even when the later heats of summer dry up wells, and drive the creek in the neighboring valley to hiding-places beneath its gravelly bed, the bear-wallow, though it grows narrower and shallower daily, seldom or never is found entirely empty.

Bob turned into the ridge road and kept in it until he had gone some twenty-five or thirty miles, crossing the head waters of a

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good many creeks and "runs," but without descending into any of their valleys or ravines. Though the ridge, and the road with it, crooked and turned in an amazing manner, and though branches from it led off toward every spur to the right or left, his knowledge of the habits of the hills and ways of the forest saved him from going astray, even after he had passed beyond the limits of any of his previous wanderings. And when, at length, about the middle of the forenoon, he halted on a bald summit, or "knob," that overlooked a wide and fertile well-peopled valley, such as he had never before seen, he knew perfectly well where he was, and that his objective point was reached.

There was a tall white oak near the knob, from whose top a better survey could be made than from where he stood; so, leaving his gun at the foot of the tree, he climbed till he reached the highest limb that would bear his weight, and, seating himself astride it, with his arms embracing the body, looked off.

The bird's-eye view thus obtained covered five or six miles of the creek bottom; and what he saw there soon satisfied Bob that his information had been correct, as well as his inferences thence derived—namely, that Morgan's forces must come that way, and could not be long in coming, either. The commotion of the inhabitants showed their panic to be great. Cattle and teams were being driven off in all directions but one. From the nearer parts of the valley shouts and cries came faintly up to the ear, and away in the distance, beyond reach of hearing, there could through that clear atmosphere be discerned Lilliputian people running about hither and thither, every little head of a family and all the little members of it behaving very much as they would if their house were on fire. After one or two hours the scene became quiet. The cattle had been driven away, all wheel vehicles had disappeared, and so had most of the inhabitants, though some of them still remained by their property and homes, animated by a noble resolve to face the danger they knew to be coming.

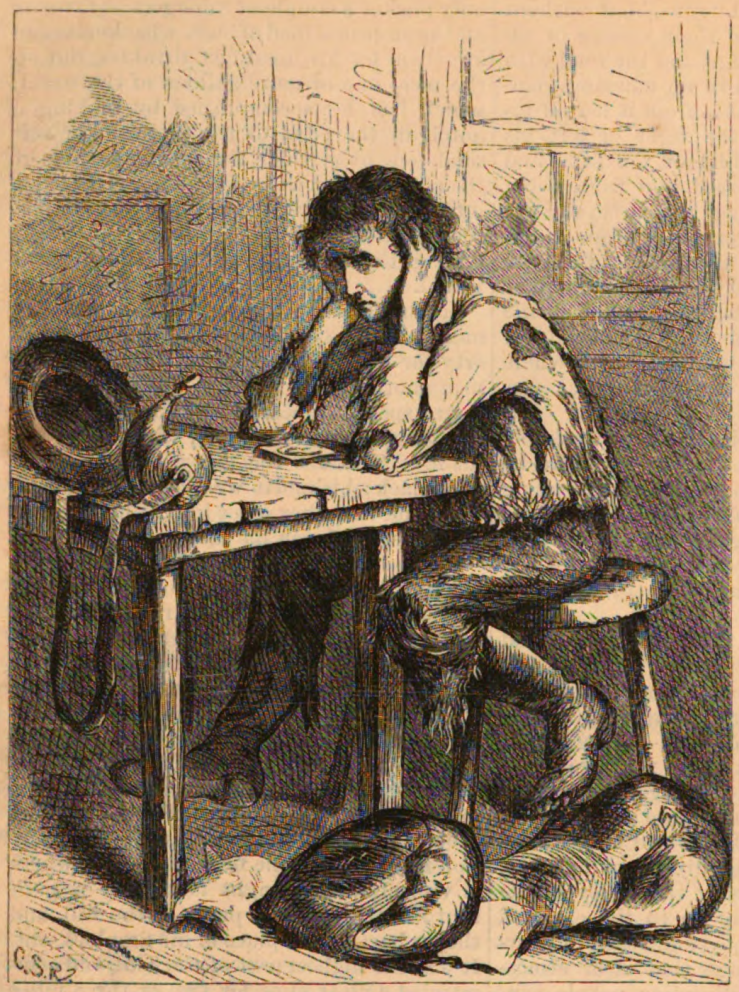
By this time the boy began to feel hunger. He slid down from his perch, resumed his gun, and descended into a "cove" at the head of a ravine whose course was toward the valley, and clambered along over great masses of rock fallen from the ledges above, and which roughly paved the bed of a torrent accustomed to roar there in times of rain, till he reached a little pool, or pocket, of water. There, seated on a square block of stone, whose covering of velvet and plush, if it had been real instead of imitation, as it was, and as were all the beautiful hangings of that chamber in the hills, might have cost a cavalryman's equipment, he took from his only pocket a couple of "dodgers"—favorite and appropriate food of bush-whackers—and ate them for his breakfast, drinking during the meal one or more gallons of the water, which last he accomplished by making a notch in the edge of the platform of soft sandstone over which the slender surplus of the pool trickled away, deep enough to draw into a single stream all the overflow, and then putting his under lip to the notch and letting the water enter his mouth as it would.

It ought to be mentioned that the element lost none of its thirst-quenching property for Bob merely because during the repast another bush-whacker of somewhat different species appeared and marched boldly up to the edge of the pool, where he drank his fill. This one was arrayed in butternut and black; his motto was "Don't tread on me;" and the other, after killing him, counted eleven rattles in his tail.

The search after water had carried the lad well down toward the foot of the hill, and on his going a little further the view opened on a cleared field, occupying a swell of ground at the base—a portion of one of the valley farms, inclosed on the nearer side by a stone and rail fence, and on the further bounded by the highway. The distance across this field was no more than a convenient rifle-shot, and the low wall of stone afforded as good a breastwork as any free-shooter could wish. Before posting himself Bob moved along the fence to a point where it was crossed at right angles by a path that led directly up a point of the hill, and thence back to the place of his first look-out. It was the highest part of the field, and commanded a clear view for two or three miles up the road. Besides this, the path would afford a most excellent way of retreat. So there, after first inspecting the condition of his piece and his resources of powder and lead, caps, patches, and grease, he took up his position; that is to say, seated himself behind the fence. He was well placed; neither Grant nor Garibaldi could have posted him better.

He looked up the valley, but no Morgan's man was to be discerned. He listened with open mouth as well as ears, but no hostile sound was heard. He fell to reflecting on the situation, and so reflecting, fell asleep. While he slept the whole scene was transformed, and when, an hour later, he woke up, astounding impressions burdened his every sense. Field, forest, and hill were fraught with life and movement. A stifled, low-toned thunder spoke from the ground; dust filled the air; a rifle-shot was heard, and then several more, and distant shouts. Then, beneath a rolling dust cloud about a mile away, the head of a column of horsemen came, advancing at a trot. A distinct sound of hoofs from the opposite hill drew his at-

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"AND WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH LYING ON THE TABLE BEFORE HIM, HE HELD HIS HEAD FIRMLY BY THE HAIR."—[SEE PAGE 52.]

tention, and roused him to astonishment and something of alarm, as he saw there a squadron of horsemen moving rapidly along its ridge road, parallel with the movement of the main body, but so far in advance of it as to have already passed the point opposite him. An instant later he became aware that a similar squadron, moving like the other, parallel to the central force, was even then trampling along the ridge back of him, and had actually crossed the junction of his path of escape with the road by which he had come, cutting off his well-planned retreat, and bringing to naught his whole art of war. Bob, my boy, the Philistines are upon you! You are outflanked, outgeneraled, outdone! Arouse! rally your forces! hold a council of war to decide quickly as a council can what next to do!

Bob couldn't.

His head grew hot, his eyes dim; his tongue and mouth became dry; his heart thumped his ribs; something choked him and stopped his breath; he reeled and fell back upon the ground, where the dead leaves rattled under his quaking limbs. The symptoms will easily be recognized as those of the "*buck fever*," with its attendant ague, such as every hunter is, once in his life, attacked with, when for the first time a deer presents itself in all its forest-born innocence, dignity, and pride to the aim of his weapon. Bob was a hunter, and once before had felt the fever; but never before had he beheld bucks such as those which now by hundreds careered down upon him, every steed in the herd a blooded animal, and nearly every rider too: dare-devil, born jockey, and natural dead-shot.

Bob couldn't.

But buck fever is an acute disease, not a chronic one, and, where the constitution is courageous, soon passes off.

As none of the horsemen on the hill at his back had passed within sight of our hero—if so the scared boy might be called—there was sufficient time before those in the valley came up for him to recover, first his senses, then his strength, and lastly, his courage and resolution; and some minutes before the foremost of the column had got abreast of the ambush he had thrust his gun half-way through an opening in the wall, cocked it, and made quite ready. No sooner, however, did he "sight," or try to sight, the horseman in question, a fine specimen of manhood by-the-way, and a perfect stranger to Bob, than the thumping against the ribs again began, and he was obliged to desist. Recovering his nerves again, a few minutes later he tried once more on another stranger, but failed; and so on for several attempts; and although he was gradually acquiring steadiness, yet by the time he got really in condition to shoot with good aim half the column had gone by. And then another difficulty arose. He had been looking into the faces of his foes as they trotted along, and had

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seen they were human faces like his own. He had been getting acquainted with them, as it were. Many of them seemed boys no older than himself; they were of his *kind*, and his heart grew averse to shooting them. In fine, he abandoned all intention of killing any body that day, and resolved to peaceably retreat as soon as it should be safe to do so. Figuratively speaking, the angel of mercy had descended, and was weeping warm tears into the powder in the pan of Bob's blunderbuss, just as is represented in the celebrated old picture of "Abraham offering up Isaac." But right here the devil must put in a word, in form of a rifle-shot that resounded from the opposite hill, about a quarter of a mile up the road, and which seemed to cause disturbance among a group of stragglers who were pressing forward their tired horses. Three or four of these at once dismounted and dashed into the woods, while a few of the others discharged their pieces in the same direction, and the rest seemed to occupy themselves with some object on the ground. Bob's attention was concentrated on the pursuit which was plainly being made after a brother bush-whacker not too soft-hearted to pull trigger. The chase lasted some considerable time, and when two of the pursuers emerged from the forest, dragging between them a poor hatless wretch, none of the raiders remained in sight except a small body, a kind of rear-guard, that had just been halted in front of Bob's position, and a few of the stragglers, who still remained opposite the place where the shot was fired. The captors brought their prisoner across the creek, and up to the officer commanding the rear-guard.

"Who have you there?" the officer demanded.

"A bush-whacker, colonel," was answered.

"Why do you bring him here then? You know well enough what to do. Take him over there" (pointing to the woods immediately behind where Bob lay), "and leave him."

The men, obedient to the command, whose meaning all understood, began to let down the bars of the field, when a young officer came galloping down the road, and suddenly pulled in his horse beside where the prisoner, whose legs were doubling under him, was being held up. Instantly dismounting, the new-comer drew a revolver and discharged it thrice at the doomed man, who dropped dead. A fourth shot was then heard, and the young officer himself fell. A whole volley scatteringly followed. The fourth shot was Bob's, and the scattering volley was all aimed at him as he sprang up the steep hill, swift as a deer. He was hotly followed, and by as agile woodmen as himself, and would hardly have escaped had he not beforehand well considered his line of retreat. Without attempting to do his running in the thickets which covered the hill-sides, or among the rocks in the beds of the ravines, he kept boldly on the beaten way which led him up to the ridge road, followed that road a short distance only, then dashed through a thicket at the head of a cove, and gained a side path on the top of a spur which he knew diverged from the main ridge a little further on; followed that till, nearing the point of the spur, its direction became obscure; then, quickly dodging round a hollow tree whose lower opening was on the side opposite the quarter whence pursuit came, and was concealed by undergrowth, he sprang into it and began to clamber upward. He might have continued till he emerged at the upper opening in the tree-top, through which, forty feet above, he could see daylight pouring in, but feared he would make too much noise in doing so, as each movement detached masses of rotten wood that fell rattling to the bottom, so contented himself with attaining a convenient resting-place ten feet from the ground. There he remained while the pursuit came up, swept by, fatigued itself, and was given over, and remained for a good while longer, in the apprehension that his enemies might still be lurking near, having only pretended to give up the search: in this overestimating his own importance, as we all are apt to do. At length he thought it safe, not to descend and continue his flight, but to mount to the top, and there see what could be seen. Elevating then from the hole only his head and arms, he hung by the elbows, with the rest of him concealed in the hollow trunk, and looked about on every side, until, perfectly re-assured at last, he scrambled out, and descending by the more pleasant outside of the tree, started on the road homeward. As he feared to return to the main ridge road, our hero, as he may now be truly called, since he has drawn blood, descended the point of the spur by a path that led into a small creek or run, and followed its course until it entered the valley of a considerable stream, whose general direction was parallel with that in which Morgan's forces were moving. Here he paused, and was looking to discover a point by which he could mount to the ridge of the hill on the further side of the stream, when the sound of horsemen approaching from up the road sent him to cover in a thicket of sumac. Lying close, and carefully avoiding to stir the bushes or breathe too loud, he was able, undetected, to observe a party of five go by, all of them evidently Morgan's men, of whom the hindmost was leading a sixth animal with empty saddle, to which was fastened a pair of old-fashioned saddle-bags. But they had hardly passed him before they halted to allow their horses to drink in a deep, clear pool at the roots of a sycamore stump.

While there, the one who rode at the head

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of the party examined his watch, then a pocket-compass, and afterward looked around him. Something there was in his features that reminded the boy of a face he had seen before, and that impressed him painfully. After making his survey the officer, for such he was, said to the man nearest him, who seemed of much rougher aspect than the rest, "Brown, have we not gone far enough on this course?"

"I think we have, lieutenant," replied Brown. "I reckon, if we take up this p'int right yer, and bear to the east, we'll come shortly on to the main ridge about seven miles below whar we left it. By pushing on smart we kin be thar before they all get by."

"How do you happen to know so much about this infernal abolition country?" asked another of the men, as the officer moved further on.

"When I lived in Cavern County, Kaintuck, I was in the horse business, and that sometimes brought me over yer."

"The horse business!—oh, I understand. Cavern County horse-dealers sell a good many more than they buy. They have a way, too, of swapping horses."

Not this remark, but the laugh of the others, caused Brown to redden, and say, "I want to know what you and John Morgan and the whole lot are doing but swapping horses?"

"Oh, this is war."

"Is it?" rejoined Brown: "then I'd like to see jest a little fighting to prove it. Since we crossed the river about all we've done has been a runnin' off horses and dry-goods. Pretty fast runnin' it's been, too."

Further criticism on the conduct of the war was interrupted by one of the men exclaiming, as he looked back, "Why, where's old Hector? Lieutenant, Hector's missing." The lieutenant made no reply, seeming to occupy himself solely with examining the path up the point which Brown had indicated, and which seemed almost too rugged for horses to ascend; but another of the party said, in rather a low tone, "Don't you know he left him to take care of the body?"

"This way, men!" cried the officer, as his horse sprang up the hill. The others followed, one by one, imitating their leader in not dismounting; and the spirited animals, jaded as they were, achieved the difficult ascent without one false step. But the led-horse, whose bridle was held by the last of the party, on reaching a place where the path was too contracted to admit of two going abreast, reared, broke loose, and, wheeling round, dashed down the hill again.

"Go back, and lead her up," said one.

"Let her alone," said another; "she'll follow of herself fast enough in half a minute, and a good deal better than you can lead her."

The last speaker was right, so far as this, that the mare halted at the foot of the hill, and was, in fact, turning again to recommence the ascent, when Bob, darting from his thicket, seized the trailing bridle, leaped into the vacant saddle, and when the raiders stopped on the summit to give their horses breath, the young bush-whacker was galloping her at full speed up the creek, more than a mile away. Fifteen minutes later he had reached a place of safety, where dismounting, he flung himself on the ground to rest until it should be dark enough for him to venture back to the spot near his first ambush, where he had dropped the rifle, and to the hollow tree, where he had concealed the pouch and horn, without which he by no means dared return to his father's house. Meanwhile, holding tightly by the bridle the mare he had adopted, though allowing her to crop what grass was growing near, he began to meditate on his two exploits—the first, emptying a saddle; the second, filling one. It is not to be wondered at that he could better bear to think on the last than the first. As the animal moved around him he could see blood spots on the leather. He recalled what the horseman had said of a negro being left behind in care of a corpse. The shadows were darkening in the forest. For the first time since the bush-whacker was born he felt averse to being alone, and for the first time, too, his imagination began to act, making the shadows of the trees take unpleasant shapes as they grew darker and darker.

CHAPTER II.

"Come see rural felicity,
Which love and innocence ever enjoy."

THE condition of things as they existed at the farm-house of Flaming Rock on the day following Bob's achievements has already been described on the first page of the preceding chapter, where it was mentioned that Bill Hagan sat upon a stump by the door and chewed tobacco. It was noon; the weather was hot, and stillness possessed the valley and all its inhabitants, from Hagan on his stump to the cricket in the woods. It was a good moment for listening, and, in fact, the dog of the family was listening, as he lay in the sunshine with half-closed eyes. Maybe Mrs. Hagan listened too, for she had held her peace during a long hour.

Suddenly the brute began to rap on the ground with his tail; then, starting to his feet, stood looking up the creek as if awaiting further information.

"That's Bob he hears," said the woman.

"Nary Bob," said the man, after one or two minutes of close attention: "a boy's feet don't make them sounds; them's the hoofs of a horse."

The dog still remained in the same position, whining, but low and doubtfully, and

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wagging his tail, but slowly and with indecision; while the mother almost whimpered, "Oh dear! I do wish the or'nary fellow would come home."

"I wish he'd get shot," growled the father; "that's what he deserves for stealing my gun. Sure as you live, if the villain ever does come back, I'll teach him how to run off in the night, to go a-cavorting round coercing sovereign States of this Union, with a hoop-pole."

"Your gun!" broke out his wife. "I hope he'll fling the dog-oned old thing into the creek. It 'ain't shot so much as a ground-squirrel for the family to eat this ten year. If it was worth shucks you'd ha' gone and traded it for whisky long ago. It would ha' gone where them hogs went that I was fattening for my winter's meat last year, and where them ten gallons of berries went that I and Bob worked two days in the sun to pick, so't I could get a little tobacco and a few notions (and almost got snake-bit at that), and you run off with after dark; and you know very well where they went: they went down that durned red gullet of yourn. Yes, there's where the hogs went, and there's where the huckleberries went, and there's where I wish the durned old rifle was rammed down this minute. Oh, you couldn't go and run off a horse, I suppose? No, no! that would be too scary a business for such a coward as you; besides, it's too much like work. A woman can love and respect a man if he does steal a horse now and then for the support of his family, but who cares for a durned sneaking huckleberry thief? But what good would it do if you stole a dozen horses? you'd drink 'em all up; you'd swallow a mare with foal."

She might have gone on at indefinite length—for she was perfect mistress of the subject—had not the loud barking of the dog as he bounded away brought her to a full stop, and left to the rock, that had faithfully echoed all she said, the privilege of being at last distinctly heard as it uttered the words, "*A mare with foal*," while the animal thus announced appeared, coming at full gallop round a turn in the road, and swiftly approached the astonished couple—astonished to see her bear triumphant on her back her own conqueror and their own boy, Bob, who sat widely astride, with extended heels and elbows, every rag of him and every hair fluttering and streaming in testimony of his identity.

With difficulty the young rider pulled up when he came opposite the ox-pen. Dismounting there he expelled the cattle and installed his steed in their place, supplied the feeding-trough with ears of corn and the rack with corn fodder, took off bridle, saddle, and saddle-bags, and then, with the bags over his shoulder, and carrying the gun in his hand, walked into the house.

"Give me something to eat, old woman, and be quick; for I'm just the hungriest and tiredest fellow you ever did see," was his only greeting, as he hung up the rifle, with its horn and pouch, and flung the saddle-bags on the floor, and himself beside them. The mother made no other reply than to go about the preparation of a cake of corn bread, while the father went and examined the condition of the gun; and on finding it correct, resumed his seat, growling, "It's well for you you fetched it back, you whelp!" In that simple dwelling, though time was as cheap as among the Bedouins of the desert, none of it was ever wasted on ceremony.

Long before the cake could be mixed and put in the spider to bake, the tired and hungry fellow was asleep, reposing on his bags, which was a pity, for each of his parents would have liked to look into them. As it was, Hagan walked out to inspect the horse. She was a beautiful bay, evidently of high blood; but little signified to him her delicate shape, her slender limbs, her silken coat covering ivory bones, her moving nostrils, and flashing eyes—proofs of a descent from a hundred generations who had eaten barley from kind and affectionate hands in the far land of Arabia, which we call barbarian; he was examining her qualifications for the plow, and these he judged to be sufficient, considering the light and friable soil of the creek farm. A thought had struck him, and at the conclusion of his examination he muttered, "She'll do; I'll sell 'em tomorrow."

Sell what? The oxen, to be sure, now rendered supernumerary by the acquisition of the horse. As to the use to be made of the money they would fetch, Mrs. Hagan has already sufficiently informed us in her statement of the case. But let us now hear the other side of that case. The truth is, the farmer of the creek had of late found himself, for the first time in his life, in straitened circumstances. Until the war came, with its heavy tax on whisky and tobacco, he had always lived in ease and comfort for all he knew to the contrary. Such portions of his leisure as he could spare to the labors of his farm or to lumbering in the hills had sufficed to procure him all the necessaries of life. If he had needs that went unsatisfied, he did not know of them. Necessity, they say, is the spur to action; out of activity comes progress, and with progress civilization, and all that kind of thing, about which Hagan knew or cared not one straw. Now he had never known other wants than what a very moderate amount of labor would supply; and Hagan was not the man to go and look up unreal and imaginary wants to spur and torment himself with. Could he have been persuaded of the real necessity of shoes and hats for children, ribbons and laces for women, cabinet-maker's furniture for houses,

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and broadcloth for his own clothing, he might have been stimulated to toil and moil from Monday morning till Saturday evening. As it was, however, he remained too much the ideal of the ancient philosopher, and practiced too faithfully the much-commended virtues of simplicity and contentment, to long after the frivolous things that bestir the progressive world. In only one respect did he resemble the progressive man, and that was in the limitation he had imposed on his own hours of labor. In every week he worked two days to procure food and raiment, drink and tobacco, and devoted the other five to consuming these and to meditation; and by force of habit those days of leisure had become as really needful to his existence as house or clothes, food, drink, or quid. But suddenly in the wane of that existence comes Congress, with its rude taxation, and makes whisky to rise in price from fifteen cents up to fifty cents per quart, and tobacco to advance in the same proportion, putting those two articles of prime necessity quite beyond the capacity of his ordinary income, and compelling resort to extraordinary ways and means; such as converting into spirits the stock hogs of the family, and sequestering for the same purpose his wife's huckleberries.

Such is the case of Mr. William Hagan, given without reservation or gloss; and, notwithstanding the one-sided statement of Mrs. H., the reader must confess it is a hard and a strong one, and will be slow to blame him for the disposition he contemplates making of the superfluous cattle.

On returning to the house Hagan found Bob occupied with his repast, and Polly engaged in rifling the saddle-bags, whose contents she had emptied on the floor. There was little of value: only a few shirts, drawers, and socks, a tooth-brush, a comb and brush for the hair, some pocket-handkerchiefs, and two towels.

"Oh, let the boy's plunder alone," said Hagan, in a tone of unusual good-humor, the result of his resolution to appropriate to his own use the principal fruit of Bob's expedition. "Let him have the things if he found 'em. Them ain't woman's plunder, nohow."

"Hold yer jaw!" replied the other. "What does he want of all these here store clothes? I'm going to have some on 'em, sure's you live," filling her lap at the same time with the chief portion of the "plunder." As she did this something fell out of the fold of one of the towels, and rolled on the floor till it came within reach of her husband, who seized it quickly and eagerly, but without saying a word.

"What's that?" cried Bob, dropping his corn bread and springing up. Then, flinging himself upon his father like a young wolf, he cried, "Now you jest give that to me. That's my pocket-book; I shot the feller that had it, and it's mine," at the same time seizing upon and struggling to wrest from his father's grip the article whose morocco case and gilt clasp had deceived them both. His efforts, though unavailing to win the prize from the resolute hold that retained it, tore apart the clasp, and disclosed to the view and disappointment of all only the photograph of a little girl.

"There, take your picter," said the elder, after holding it out at arms-length and examining the brass-work to see if it might not be gold, while holding the boy by the hair at arms-length in the opposite direction: "*I* knew what it was all along. I only wanted to devil you jest a little. It's a picter; some folks call 'em likenesses."

Whatever knowledge the man possessed of pictures and likenesses, the woman and boy did not share in it; and they both continued for some time to look at the one in question. She regarded it and its casing with mere curiosity, which having at length satisfied, she turned away and went to hide her "plunder" as well as she could in the old tumble-down corner cupboard. But Bob saw more than his mother did, and, with the photograph lying on the table before him, he held his head firmly by the hair with each hand, and, resting on his elbows, continued to look. There was something in the features and especially in the eyes of the beautiful child of ten whom the picture represented that fascinated him, but not with any pleasant effect. There was beauty there, to be sure, but no sense of Bob's appropriated that. The sense of the beautiful had never been awakened within him, so far as he was informed or believed, but lay as dormant as a possible taste for the Greek classics; and this, although he had been born and reared among delightful landscapes, daily repainted and re-illuminated by sunrises and sunsets as glorious as any skies of the round globe can show. Or if perchance a spell was working on the undeveloped faculty by the charming image that lay beneath his gaze, it was with a most vague effect.

Then what was it so fixed the attention of the untaught boy? The eyes. Mild as their expression was, it recalled, dimly at first, plainer afterward, an expression he had seen before that was not mild but terrible. Mild and sweet as they were, they made him see again the angry and almost demoniacal look of the man whom he had but lately seen put a fellow-being to sudden death, and whom his own hand, an instant later, had sent into eternity. And the more he looked, the more the eyes of the girl seemed to change into those of the red-handed guerrilla, until all the sweet radiance that first beamed from them vanished, and there shone out instead, as from burning coals,

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the untempered glare of hatred and revenge. The boy's sensations became insupportable. With an effort as if for life he closed and clasped the case, and holding it firmly in both of his convulsed hands, ran out into the air and made his way into the woods beyond the creek.

What did he mean to do with the thing? There was fire enough remaining on the hearth to consume it to ashes. The pool at foot of Flaming Rock held water enough to receive and hide it. Or he might bury it in the ground as they do dead people. But he had no thought of destroying it. He clung to it—why he knew not—by force perhaps of that strange instinct that has caused other man-slayers, whom we call murderers, to carefully preserve for years the proofs of their crimes and the very means of their ultimate detection and condemnation.

After moving aimlessly about for an indefinite time he stopped at the foot of a cliff formed by alternate layers of sandstone and clay shale, piled one upon another to the height of hundreds of feet, and there rested for a while. Presently he seemed suddenly to receive an idea, and began to climb the difficult face of the cliff, until, when nearly at the top, he reached and crawled into a hole, or low-roofed cave, formed between two ledges of stone, partly by natural disintegration of the shale, and partly by the fingers of the Hagan children, who had made it their play-house. Into one of the many niches in the sides Bob thrust his direful treasure, closed the mouth of the niche with clay so as to effectually hide it from any of the few persons who knew of the place and of the perilous way up to it, and who might chance to visit there; having done which he returned home.

CHAPTER III.

"And when his hour of joy is done,
No trouble need he steal or borrow;
A night of sleep is swiftly gone,
And he'll get drunk again to-morrow."

THE mare, on being tried, worked very well in the plow, and accordingly the oxen were driven away and sold. The money thus obtained, after paying for a sow with a litter of half-grown pigs to replace those so improvidently disposed of, proved sufficient to purchase a barrel and a half of whisky, besides a store of tobacco. The whisky was not brought home, but was hid away among the hills, in a place so secret that no discovery need be feared unless some one should have the boldness and cunning to follow Hagan when he secretly visited it with empty bottle in one hand and loaded rifle in the other. The supply lasted him considerably more than a year, for he was a prudent drinker, and husbanded his resources; that is to say, save a few bottlefuls bestowed on her in the first flush of his generosity, he gave none of it to his wife. Truth to tell, she did not deserve even thus much, for with each bottleful she got drunk, and berated him shamefully for his evil habits, and taught Flaming Rock to swear several new and strange oaths.

Two months after her capture the mare gave birth to a foal, which Hagan presented to Bob in a manner that implied its mother belonged exclusively to the generous giver. But as the son rode upon her whenever he wished, it mattered little who paid taxes for her. Every day it lived the colt grew more and more interesting, and Bob grew more and more fond of it; and so the season wore on without its occurring to him that his father's supply of whisky could ever be exhausted. But when midsummer of the following year went by, and the dog-days came, and beneath the power of the ardent sun the creek began to run dry in places, the whisky barrel went dry also; and so did Hagan—for several days, which made him nervous, and disposed to sit silent on his stump and indulge in sombre meditation. And well might the unfortunate farmer feel gloomy and disgusted for present and future. The war tax had been increased more than sevenfold within the year, and in a few months it was to be increased tenfold! At length he remembered he possessed a horse; the next day that horse and its possessor disappeared. Two days afterward he reappeared a good deal the better for liquor, and met and bore the combined reproaches of wife and son with the calmness of a real stoic.

At first Bob thought seriously of beating his father, but gave up the idea from fear he might get the worst of the battle. Then he grew sulky, and refused to work or speak; but the elder thrashed him with a hoop-pole, and forced him to come to order. Summer went, and autumn came; and winter would surely follow autumn. Meanwhile the colt, being well cared for, was growing apace, and the whisky was being daily consumed. How much of it the price of the horse had procured the boy was unable to learn; nor could he reckon how long it would last. In fact, though the horse sold for more than the oxen brought, the result, in liquid measure, was considerably less. A truly patriotic man—which Hagan was not—would have been consoled by the thought that while consuming the highly taxed article he was replenishing the national treasury, and saving the national life as effectively as if he risked his own (in another way) on the fields of war—unless he happened to know that in those days precious little of the tax found its way into that treasury, and that the millions of earnest drinkers who fondly imagined they were drinking up the

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war debt were really doing little better than Scandinavian Thor did when he tried to drain the cup which an ocean was constantly replenishing. And if, instead of sacrificing only the two oxen and one horse on the altar of his country, Hagan had offered up a hecatomb, twelve of the cattle would have gone into the war chest, twelve more to compensate the distillers, and the remaining seventy-six to fatten and encourage peculation and fraud. The horse had procured only a barrel of liquor. Unhappy America! once it would have purchased eight!

The whisky was going; and after the whisky, what? The mare was gone; and after the mare, what? What but the foal, to be sure! following the prophecy of Mrs. Hagan in her random railing. It was Bob's turn now to sit upon a stump, and reflect on all this. The resolution he adopted, after weeks of deliberation, was to get beforehand with his despoiler, and himself run off with his property. But here came the question where to run to, and how to feed and clothe himself and feed and rear the young animal. And this resolved itself into the problem he had never yet faced or considered, namely, what should he do for a living?

Work!

Like all other creek boys, he could plow and hoe, gather and husk corn, fell trees, chop logs, cut hoop-poles, peel bark, and, though not yet able to use the whip-saw, broad-axe, and frow as his elders could, knew how to maul rails and split cord-wood as well as any body. But these he had only been used to do in a desultory way—it will not do to say an idle way. By birth and from habit he was averse to all steady, persistent, long-continued exertion of body or mind, such as alone can subdue the original wildness of the human animal, and civilize and develop him. In the United States more than a million like him are to be found. They gather themselves upon hilly, mountainous, and other barren soils, where the cheapness of the land renders its ownership or possession easy to acquire, and where they can, therefore, be their own masters. More than the gypsies of Europe they spurn control and love freedom; for they have no ancient customs to trammel them, and every family loves to be both independent of and remote from every other. Their religion is usually Methodist, and their politics Democratic. They are—those of them, at least, who are found in the hill country of the Ohio—of full size, strong, and handsome in face and form. They move with erect and graceful carriage, and fight bravely, as every field of the late war can tell.

Now Bob was aware that to escape with his pet beyond the reach of danger he and it must leave the creek country and go where, if he obtained any employment, it must be on condition that he should work from morning to night, and six days in the week, like any common civilized drudge; and he was loath to submit to either the degradation or the inconvenience. He finally compromised with himself by resolving to follow a life of labor only while it should be absolutely necessary, and that, as soon as he should have grown to a man's estate and the colt to a horse's, they would both return and dwell together in the happy valley. Having thus resolved, he only delayed to catch and put a halter on the destined companion of his journey, and make of the trappings its mother had worn a bundle convenient to sling over his shoulders, and then he departed on his way without a word of good-by to father or mother. He had not, however, gone far before he stopped, as if suddenly remembering something he had left behind, flung down the bundle, tied the colt to a tree, and hastily entered the woods. When he came out again he held in his hand the photograph. He could not have gone without that. He placed it in one of the bags, and resumed his burden and his journey.

The first point he aimed to reach was the Ohio River, and though he had never yet seen it, he had learned the nearest way to go was by Churn Creek to the head of Lower Twin, and thence down the latter to the little village of Buena Vista, at its mouth. It was noon when he started off, and though the distance was over twenty miles, he would have traveled it before sunset but for the colt, on whose account he must move slowly.

JOHNNY MINGO.

JOHNNY MINGO was a black man. In making this statement, which I do deliberately and unqualifiedly, I wish to be understood literally; when I say "a black man," I *mean* a *black* man! His was no neutral tint, no mongrel, half-and-half, milk-and-molasses, coffee-colored complexion; there was no sort of sham about it, no modified compromise on Nature's part; no twilight mingling of light and darkness in his case. No! he was unmitigated *black*, and I say it not in any invidious or unkind spirit, for I liked him the better for it.

To me it was a type of his nationality, a mark of caste; it told of purity of race, of dusky aristocracy, that he was one of "the real old stock!"

And why not? Why should the Virginian boast of his "blue blood," and the honest African blush for his? Was not the vital fluid sent circling through the veins of each by the same Almighty will? And why should one be more ashamed than the other of his great Creator's handiwork?

Possibly, had I been born of African race myself, I might have learned to feel, as they appear to do, that

"One shade the more, one ray the less,"

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would have been all-important to me in making up my self-estimate; but, as an outsider (as the term is), born of Saxon parentage, and originally of Saxon fairness, I, viewing the matter abstractedly, can honestly declare that my own preference is for the darker shades.

I like things true to their kind; I like *thoroughness;* and if a man is to be a black man, I like to see him come up to the mark. A white man certainly is to my eye a type of greater beauty than a black one: *so much* I grant; but I do not see that the latter gains any thing in being half of each: a pear is a finer fruit than an apple, but who would like an apple the better for being like a very poor pear?

So, to return to Johnny (our starting-point), he was "black as the ace of spades," and I liked him the better for it.

But, while defending my dusky hero on the score of color, I regret that I can not add, that though black he was comely,

"Like the maiden of the ancient Jewish song."

No! he was not comely; he was very much the reverse. He was of a gigantic size, standing six feet, and I forget how many inches—for he seemed too vast to be computed by inches—but he towered above all other men, and was stout and burly in full proportion.

Nature had been very liberal to Johnny in regard to quantity, without much respect to quality; she had thrown together the materials for his mighty frame with an unsparing hand, but she had not stopped to finish him off with that nicety of detail which she sometimes bestows upon her mightiest as well as her minutest handiworks. She had, possibly, been getting up elephants as her last job, and could not all at once turn her hand to a new creation; so, it should seem, she finished up Johnny Mingo "à la elephant," to phrase it elegantly—that is, she gave him enormous size, slow, clumsy, unwieldy, giant strength, half ignorant of its own power, and a blind, stumbling, obedient intelligence, less than reason but more than instinct.

His hands were immense, spade-like in size and shape, but with long, horny, knobby fingers that seemed too stiff to grasp any thing less massive than the stout cane, "like a weaver's beam," with which he always walked; and his enormous platter-shaped feet, heavy and round, pressed the earth in such a flat-footed way that it seemed as if, like the wet leathern contrivance which country boys call "a sucker," they must, in being lifted up, bring up with them the very stones and gravel upon which they had been pressed.

Johnny's features, too, were not typical of beauty; I mean of mere outward, physical beauty. His were the wide, protruding lips, the flat nose, the receding forehead, the outstanding ears, the round, white, gleaming eyes.

You may think, perhaps, with all these condemning peculiarities, that Johnny must have resembled

"Some Indian idol, glum and grim."

But he did not, for he had an honest, kindly heart and a simple, childish faith; the coarse, hanging lips wore a friendly smile, disclosing the firm, snow-white, double teeth (double all round), which inclosed the great red, lisping, burring tongue, that seemed ever too large for the cavernous mouth it was meant to fill; and his eyes had a look in them—not the merry, devil-may-care look we so often see in the younger branches of the race—a look born, it may be, from ages of their aimless, reckless, hopeless, irresponsible condition; but something higher and more appealing; something of blind, dumb, waiting pathos; something that wanted words to tell how the dwarfed spirit within, ignorant of its immortal nature and glorious heritage, was calmly and humbly awaiting God's time.

Johnny Mingo's principal business was pig-raising. (You see we are not going very high in the social scale to place our hero.) His legitimate business was the rearing and keeping of pigs, for which, it is to be supposed, he had a decided talent, as his pigs always commanded a high price and a ready sale in the market; for all this, you must understand, took place long years ago, before the devil had been sent into the swine a second time, in the shape of *Trichina spiralis;* and roast sucking pig, roast pork, ham, and sandwiches kept the best society in town *then*, and were invited to the dinner-tables of the very first people.

So, as I have said, Johnny's main support came from the sale of his pigs, to procure a maintenance for which he was wont to perambulate the town, pushing before him a light hand-cart, in which he gathered from all the back-doors all the unmentionable accumulations of unthrifty cooks or thrifty housekeepers.

But as these daily peregrinations, and the diurnal applications of means to ends in the way of feeding, did not fill *all* his time, Johnny was wont to eke out his income by any odd jobs of work for which mere honest industry and brute strength would suffice.

To shake carpets, move furniture, dig drains, load or unload carts, saw and split and pile wood (for anthracite slumbered in its unsuspected wealth, and furnaces and ranges had not then begun to be)—these were Johnny's occupations, to which he was often called in preference to many a more boastful aspirant, for Johnny was always to be depended upon; and then at a raising or moving of a building his strength, with his

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sturdy, stolid inertia, counted as equivalent to two pair of oxen at the least.

Johnny was not blessed in his domestic relations. That strange instinct or *fatuity* of human nature that seems to attract in these relationships the most incongruous characters, and bids opposites meet and mingle, had drawn to Mingo's bed and board a little, sharp, weazened creature, in person like a shriveled monkey, in nature like a gadfly. Her temper was viraginous, her voice a mingled scream and chatter, and her whole mission upon earth seemed to be to furnish a "thorn in the flesh" for her ponderous husband; but if *she* was a Xantippe in temper, *he* was a Socrates in patient, domestic philosophy. She was a stinging nettle in his sleeve, a bee in his bonnet, a bur in his skirts, a perpetual blister upon his shoulders; but the man's calm immobility and stolid patience bore him up unmoved: her best-aimed shafts struck his great rhinoceros bulk harmlessly, and dropped off brokenly. As he sat at his door-step she would buzz round him like an angry hornet, flinging at her unwieldy husband vituperative words and household utensils, whichever came first to hand, and frequently the word and the blow came both together; but Johnny never answered the one or returned the other. "Poor critter!" he said once, apologetically, to a by-stander, who expressed wonder at his quietude under a running fire of names and things—"poor critter! yer see, it *amuses her*, and it don't hurt *me* none!"

But once, when Nancy flung the hot flat-irons at his head, he said to her, calmly, "Narncy! see he'ar, I'd druther you wouldn't do that are *ag'in*." And Nancy, awed perhaps by the unwonted severity of the reproof, did not venture to repeat the actual cautery application.

Johnny was not more fortunate in his children than he had been in his wife. He had three sons, but unfortunately they inherited, as is not uncommon, their father's physique and their mother's temperament. In vain Johnny tried to bring them up well, according to his light; to make them honest, steady, and respectable; but he could not do it. Strong, lazy, thievish, evil-tempered, and backed by their mother, who was always ready for mischief, they set him at defiance; and, lawless and dissolute, with a pack of useless snarling curs ever at their heels, they roamed the country round, robbing hen-roosts, orchards, and melon beds—a terror to the community; ever returning to their lair at their father's poor little home, which was invaded from time to time by the emissaries of the law, who tracked them there.

Poor Johnny appeared for them again and again, hopeful and pitiful, freely giving his poor, blundering eloquence to plead their cause when arrested, and his hard-earned money to pay their fines when convicted; but it was of no use; they were past reclaiming; their misdemeanors grew more and more serious; and at last, grieved but despairing, he shut his heart and door against them, and let the righteous law take its course.

Johnny's little home—for it was only a poor little one-storied shanty—stood upon a piece of waste land just on the outskirts of the town; and here, when not called away either to provide for the wants of his porcine family or to answer the demands of some of his many employers, might old Johnny usually be found sitting near his pig-sty, contemplating his pigs, whether envying their domestic tranquillity, as compared with his own, or estimating their market worth, I can not say; but Johnny was a true child of Ham in one respect—he did not love work; not that he ever shirked it when it came to him in the way of his duty; but he did not love "work for work's sake," as many restless Yankees do; and his *dolce far niente* was to sit in the hottest sunshine he could find, and just watch his pigs, in melting idleness equal only to their own.

But it chanced that the board fence which was the boundary of Johnny Mingo's very limited domain was also the boundary fence at the bottom of a gentleman's garden—a fair domain, fruitful and flowery, stretching up to the back of a house which fronted on the best street in the town.

This house was not a palatial residence built of granite or brown stone, with great plate-glass windows and marble steps and quaintly wrought iron balustrades (such as every body who is any body must live in now, or somebody will whisper to every body that they are nobodies!), but a large, square, wooden, three-story house, painted straw-color, with green blinds; and with wooden pilasters, and door and window cornices painted milk-white—a house with stable and barn and coach-house and summer-houses and arbors! Such a house as the richest men in the country built and were well content to live in *then*, and dreamed of nothing better! And in this house lived one of the magnates of the town—a man who, being possessed of a secure fortune of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, really believed himself a rich man! For in those days petroleum had not been struck, and California slumbered over her undiscovered gold, and the mad competition for getting and spending had not yet been kindled in town and country.

This gentleman, then, was such a blinded heathen as to be satisfied with his lot, retired from business, giving it up to younger and more needy hands, thought his house and garden good enough for any body, and really believed his Brussels and Turkey carpets, his brocade-covered chairs and sofas, and his huge richly carved four-poster bedsteads, with their gilded cornices and full

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silken curtains, were all that the heart of man could crave, or that mortal ingenuity and taste could invent (this was in the dark ages, you understand); and this fossil individual actually ate and drank in glad content, and gave hearty thanks to God for his goodness to him, and dispensed freely of his goods to the poor and distressed wherever he could find them, just as if he had been a really rich man; and what more does a modern millionaire do?

This Mr. Lawrence was a widower with two children, a fine, bright, manly boy, who was at a boarding-school, and a little fair, curly-haired, blue-eyed girl of about five years, the solace and joy of his widowed life.

Little Annie, being early left motherless, and being a rather delicate child in her babyhood, was not kept under very strict control; in fact, she was permitted to do pretty much as she pleased, having never manifested any disposition to do any thing which she ought not; so she was allowed to play at her own free-will in the spacious garden, hedged in from all possible harm, and amidst the companionship of other growing things as innocent and lovely as herself. At her own free-will and pleasure Annie climbed into the fruit trees at the bottom of the garden, and helped herself as she liked to the great white-heart cherries, melocoton peaches, and the delicious greengages, and "St. Michael" pears, that seem to have passed away with those olden days.

Here, sitting at her ease upon some fruit-laden bough, Annie often beheld old Johnny tending or contemplating his pigs; and, at once attracted by his broadly good-natured laugh and repelled by his ugliness, an acquaintance sprung up between them, confined at first to the interchange of the daily greeting of, "Hullo, old Johnny!" on the one side, and "Hi, little Miss Annie!" on the other; but it was a growing season, and the shy acquaintance thus made grew with the other growing things of the year.

Johnny had the gift of song, so almost universal among his race, and often made the air ring with the musically rendered hymns, "There is a land of pure delight," and "When I can read my title clear;" and Annie dearly loved to hear him. Strange that the poor stammering, lisping, blundering tongue that tripped and halted over the simplest speech should glide over those musical notes without an error!

Then Johnny's pigs were objects of interest between them. As their intimacy ripened, Johnny grew confidential; he told her their names and their history, their traits of character; their individual virtues and vices were revealed to her; why this one was called "Greedy Boy," and that one "Sly Boots." And thus it came to pass that Annie's little curly head, crowned by a sunbonnet in summer, and by a red and white knit cap, with worsted balls bobbing round her face, in winter (for shade hats, nubias, and fancy rigmaroles were not then invented), might be seen almost any fair day surmounting the high peaked board fence, in earnest confabulation with old Johnny Mingo. And one *memorable* day Johnny lifted up the top of the sty, and showed her what he called "about the *hansermist* sight, he guessed, she ever *did* see!"

Oh, such dear, darling little pigs!—twins, triplets, quartettes — I don't know how many: nature is bountiful to mother pigs; and there they all lay side by side, like peas in a pod, white and shining, and their cunning little tails all twisting and curling, and their dear mamma grunting in proud and happy content.

Little Annie was delighted (all children love young things; they are in sympathy with their own youth), and never, she thought, was any thing half so pretty before! There was one especial *pigling* upon which her affections seemed to concentrate. "Oh, look at that one! it is such a dear, darling of a little piggie. Oh, if she *could* only hold him a little while in her own hands!" And old Johnny, grinning from ear to ear, took up the distinguished favorite, brought him to the fence, and, first wiping his dear little cloven feet upon the sleeve of his old jacket, reached over and put him into the extended arms of the delighted child.

That even "pigs are pretty, when they are *young*," has passed into a proverb; and Annie sat down on the fresh green grass and cuddled the little thing in her lap, patted its plump round sides, examined its merry bright eyes, pretty pink snout, and lightly twisted tail, smoothed its little pointed ears tenderly in her hand, and fairly screamed with delight when piggie got one of her fingers in his inexperienced mouth and began to suck it.

But the dinner-bell rang, and Annie had to restore the borrowed treasure. "He is a dear, darling beauty of a pig!" she said, as she gave him back to Johnny in a rather exhausted condition from the close embraces of her fat arms and warm little hands; "and I think you are a very good, kind man to let me hold him, and I like you real well." And Annie skipped away, little knowing how old Johnny's great loving heart leaped with joy at her simple words.

From that time forward they were greater friends than ever. Many a gaudy tulip or gorgeous dahlia, many a rosy apple or yellow musk-melon, many a cabbage or squash, many a Thanksgiving pudding or Christmas pie, was handed over the fence to old Johnny; and many a tinted sea-shell, or bunch of tropical fruit or foreign feathers, did Johnny pick up among his sea-faring friends (cooks, or stewards, or cabin-boys) for little

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Miss Annie. And still, in and out, through all their harmony, blended the one key-note, the memory of that "*dear little pig!*"

Ah! the little pig had grown up long ago, and gone out into the world as pork and lard, as souse and bacon, but Annie did not know that. Johnny, with an instinctive delicacy of feeling that would have done honor to a gentleman, never told her that. "He had growed too big for the sty," he told her, "and so he had to sell him. He believed he had gone to sea."

He never told her that he went *piecemeal*, with a pork cask for a state-room; and Annie—little unsuspecting Annie—always thought of her early favorite as roaming at large in some fair foreign land, eating sweet acorns and chestnuts in the leafy shade of some grand primeval forest. And *why not?* Strip from life all the sweet illusions that gloss its hard realities, and who would care to live?

At length there came a change to Johnny. Nancy was taken sick, and she had a sore time of it; for the evil spirit that had possessed her "tare her" greatly before it came out of her; and Miss Annie—now growing to be a sensible little lady—sent in soups and broths and teas, all ostensibly for the comfort of Nancy, but in reality for regard to poor old Johnny, who had no rest, day or night, with her. One day he came to the place of meeting, peering over the high fence with a broad laugh upon his dark face.

"Well, Johnny; and how is Nancy to-day?" asked Miss Annie.

"The Lord he be praised, Miss Annie! Narncy she's gone, sure and sartin!"

"Gone?—gone *where*, Johnny?"

"Oh, I dunno *whar*, Miss Annie; that are ain't my business. She's gone *dead*, as sure as you're alive!" said the widower, with a loud, ringing laugh. "Yer see, I telled her last night: I sez to her, 'Narncy,' sez I, 'if *yer* don't die to-night, *I shall*, for sartin'—for yer see, Miss Annie, I was all tuckered out tending of her—and *she did*, Miss Annie; *she done it* jest as sure as a gun; and the towns-folks says they'll come this evening and bury her; and I'm resigned, Miss Annie. The Lord be praised!"

"But, Johnny, you will be all alone now, won't you?" said Annie, not just knowing how to treat the case.

"Yes, Miss Annie, thank you: the dogs is all killed, and the boys is all in the States-prison, and now Narncy's took, and there's on'y the pigs and me—thank the Lord!" And Johnny, with a degree of *resignation* that might have seemed forced and unnatural to those who did not know the circumstances, went round to give his pigs (his sole remaining family) an extra feed, probably under some latent feeling that it was a sort of thanksgiving-day.

And it came to pass that at the next annual spring cleaning, when Johnny came in to move the heavy furniture in the lower rooms, Miss Annie—now a young lady, who had just had a chamber fitted up anew for her by her father—invited her faithful and loving old follower up into her room to see a new picture she had just purchased. It was an oil-painting, and by a distinguished artist, but a strange subject for a young lady to have chosen; but Annie *did* choose it. It was a pig-sty, with the maternal pig and her little ones, just as Annie remembered them in old Johnny's sty in her babyhood. Great was Annie's pleasure in showing it, but still greater was old Johnny's pleasure in beholding it. Together they picked out the very individual little pig that Annie had held in her arms, and which Johnny said she had *kissed*. It seemed as if the old man could never leave it; and from that time the *actual* pig seemed lost in the ideal one, and all their memories of his early loveliness became enlarged and glorified.

The summer rolled on, and one hot night Johnny, who, not being an imaginative man, was seldom troubled by dreams, woke out of his sleep, which was usually one profound, unbroken slumber, with an odd sensation of being disturbed. "Seemed to him," he said afterward, in telling the story, "as if he kinder heerd a noise. For a minit he thort 'twas old Narncy cutting up and thrashing round." In another moment a flash of blinding lightning nearly took his breath away, and then came an awful, prolonged, crashing peal of thunder, that seemed as if it must bring the very skies shattered down upon the earth. "Well, *there*, now!" said Johnny, satisfied that he had found out the cause of his unusual wakefulness, "*that* was it, no *doubt on't;* I thought I kind of heered a noise. That was a buster. Shouldn't wonder if that are struck somewhar!" As Johnny, all unmoved by the tempest, turned himself over to take up his broken slumbers, a faint cry of fire rose on the air, and, turning his eyes to the window, he saw the flames breaking out of Mr. Lawrence's house.

Johnny was habitually slow, but he did not loiter now; and as his habiliments were much the same by day or night, he was soon out of the house, and made his way to Mr. Lawrence's before the firemen did.

All was in confusion. He met a servant rushing from the house, and tried to stop him. "Whar is Miss Annie?" he shouted.

"I don't know," cried the man, breaking from him. "I am going for the engine. Do not stop me."

He arrested another. "Whar is Miss Annie?"

"I am going to tell them to ring the bells. I do not know."

Johnny hurried on. Nearer the house stood two or three of the inmates, wildly huddled together in their night dresses, apparently

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bewildered with fright. Johnny rushed up to them; again the unvarying question, "Whar is Miss Annie? Tell me is she safe?"

"O Lord!" gasped the man he held by the shoulder, "I'm afraid not; I haven't seen her. The lightning struck on that side of the house, too."

Johnny uttered a great cry, and flung him aside as if he had been a snow-ball, and pushed on. There was not a moment to lose; the flames were breaking out. He pressed on; he entered the house. Ah! well that he remembered the way. The mere animal instinct of memory which he shared in common with the brute creation served him better here than intellect could have done.

He mounted the stairs; the air was stifling with smoke, and quivering with red heat; but the hungry flames lighted his way, and he never faltered. Up, up, till he reached the remembered chamber, and, with instinctive respect, knocked at the closed door.

No answer. He tried the door; it was fastened within. But the danger was near and pressing; there was no time for ceremony. With one blow of that sledge-hammer right hand, one effort of his great brute strength, he burst it open, and Annie, his little Miss Annie, was before him.

She had risen; and there, at the foot of her bed, in the middle of the chamber, she stood, dressed in her white night robes, with the spiral jets of smoke already curling up about her little naked feet.

There she stood, motionless, helpless, ghastly pale, with her despairing hands clasped above her head, and her wild eyes fixed strainingly upon the window, outside of which the red banners of flame were already waving!

There she stood, mute, bewildered, stupefied with the sudden and awful peril; forsaken, forgotten, left there all alone—*alone—to die!*

"Miss Annie!" called Johnny; but she did not hear him, for the sound of the fierce rushing flames was in her ears. "Miss Annie! little Miss Annie!" he shouted, advancing into the room. Annie heard and turned, recognized her old friend, held out her entreating arms to him, and sunk upon the floor, Johnny did not know whether dead or alive; but, hastily snatching a woolen blanket from the bed (what Heaven-directed instinct taught the poor ignorant creature that wise precaution? possibly it was only his blind, instinctive reverence for Annie's delicacy), he wrapped her in it from head to foot, and then, lifting her in his arms as easily and as tenderly as if she had been an infant, he retraced his perilous way.

Already the flames had made fearful way; already the stairs were burning beneath his tread; but his great, heavy, ponderous feet seemed literally to trample down the fire. Already the long-tongued, quivering flames reached down from above, and singed his hair, and scorched his cheek, and fastened upon his sleeve; but he never faltered! Miss Annie, his precious Miss Annie, was in his arms; and, true to the trust, he never flinched or turned from his way until at last, choking, coughing, panting, smoking, and burning, he emerged into the open air. Ah, the clouds had broken then, and a welcome deluge of rain quenched his burning garments.

Staggering from the house, Johnny stopped just long enough to fling back the blanket from poor Annie's death-pale face — *she breathed!*—and he plodded onward till he reached his home, and laid his prize, his rescued Miss Annie, still enveloped in her blanket, upon his own miserable pallet, and went for the doctor.

When he returned he found Annie quite recovered, and sitting up.

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny!" She held out her hands to him, but could say no more.

"Oh, Miss Annie! Bless yer, bless yer! And ain't yer burned, not a mite of yer? *Ain't* she burned *none*, doctor?"

"Not one bit, my brave fellow, thanks to you!" said the doctor.

"Not a bit! not a bit burned! Jest as good as new! jest as good as new!" said the delighted old man. Then, reeling as he spoke: "Yer'll scuse me, Sir, if you please, if I jest make free to sit down a bit. Yer see, it's been a kinder broken night with me—and I feel—sorter tired like." And then the iron strength gave way; and murmuring "Good as new! good as new!" he sank, fainting, into his old arm-chair.

"Why, Johnny, my poor fellow, you are badly burned yourself! See here!"

Johnny did not speak; and the doctor, carefully cutting off the coarse sleeve, showed the poor black arm—the strong right arm that had carried Miss Annie so tenderly—burned from the shoulder to the wrist.

We need not pause to tell of the skillful care of the doctor, of Annie's tender ministrations, or the substantial gratitude of her father, who was away from home on the night of the fire. How he enlarged and repaired Johnny's little shanty, and hired a respectable colored woman to keep house for him, and surrounded his last years with every possible comfort.

Mr. Lawrence's own house had been saved by the timely fall of rain and the vigorous exertions of the fire department; but Johnny never ceased to regret that he could not have saved more, particularly "the picter of them little pigs."

"I did kinder look round for them little pigs," he used often to say; "but, yer see, I wor feared for Miss Annie, and I daren't stop for the dear little critters."

Every day during the rest of his life old Johnny made his appearance at Mr. Law-

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rence's house; and every day, when she was not ill or out of town, Miss Annie went out to see him, and talk pigs with him. But gradually his simple mind failed, though his giant strength remained unbroken; and at length there came a time when their daily interview dwindled down to the single repeated question, "Miss Annie, you remember dat are pretty little pig, don't yer? warn't he a real little beauty?" At last Death came upon the good old man, stealing a march upon him as he sat at his door dozing in his old arm-chair; and he went away to that better land, where we trust it is not uncharitable to hope old Nancy was *not* awaiting him; and Miss Annie, though she could not regret his death, wept tears—real, sincere, tender tears—over the kind, simple, brave old man who had risked his own life to save hers.

Annie is a mature woman now; a wife and a mother; but she has never forgotten those early days. And often when she gathers the little ones around her, at the mother's own hour, the hour of twilight, they will ask, with childhood's love of repetition, for the oft-told story of old Johnny Mingo and the little pig.

And Annie tells them the old, reiterated story; but she never tells them how he looked (she had his photograph taken once, but tore it up; for she said she would rather remember him by the *white soul* by which she hoped to recognize him hereafter). So she has never told them of his great protruding lips, his retreating forehead, and great, lisping, burring, bothering tongue; but she tells them of his kind heart, his simple faith, his truth and bravery—of his giant strength, his pleasant songs, his love and devotion to her.

And so the children, catching the mother's enthusiasm, always think of him as "mamma's dear old Johnny Mingo!"—a dusky hero, tall and stately—a very suitable subject for a pleasant story, but not one bit like the *real* old Johnny!

Ah! *love, romance,* and *time* can deify the simplest object. Thus Johnny and Annie deified "that little pig;" and thus, in their turn, Annie's children have learned to deify old Johnny!

THE FIRST AMERICAN EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

THE origin of the first American exploring expedition is scarcely known outside of the archives of the government, and yet its bearing upon the extension and influence of our commerce, and the acquisition of scientific knowledge, has been incalculably important. For more than forty years after the adoption of our national Constitution the United States were, for all maritime and scientific knowledge, wholly dependent on *foreign* governments. We had not contributed a dollar for the promotion of scientific intelligence, we had not constructed a mathematical instrument, and our ships sailed by charts we had no hand in making. Our national vessels had sailed around the globe, but no record of a laborious scientific research existed. Our naval fleet was uselessly kept up in the Mediterranean to contract the follies and vices of European aristocracies, instead of being engaged in pointing out harbors for our seamen, to save them from captivity, shipwreck, and famine on unknown coasts. We had not spent a dollar in aid of geographical and commercial information, except in partially exploring our own territory, and we actually conducted our *prizes* into ports by the maps and charts of the people we had vanquished! The English, French, Spanish, Neapolitan, Norwegian, and Barbary powers had cheated and insulted us; they laid out their milestones and guide-boards, and kept us in leading-strings.

Our commerce had extended every where since we became a nation, but was protected nowhere! Spain even, with her exclusive system of monopoly, had shamed us by her geographical contributions. The Italians and Portuguese, the Danes and Norwegians, had all ventured into unknown seas, and planted colonies on far-off shores. The torrid zone, supposed to have only sandy deserts and a vertical sun, was found to teem with animal life and with a denser population than the temperate zone. The frigid, too, navigators had seen in its partial summer and blooming flowers. Russia had made discoveries in every part of the globe, even to the northwest portion of our continent, and into the Southern Ocean as far as the seventieth parallel of latitude. England, however, maintained pre-eminence in her scientific explorations. She had sent King to Magellan, and Owen to Southeastern Africa; had constructed charts for the almost unknown passage to the Pacific, and for three centuries had never relaxed in efforts to find a northwestern passage. Thus we stood in humiliating contrast with the whole scientific world at that day, when an American citizen appeared, to elevate by his singular scientific intelligence the character of our people, and to equalize our condition as a nation with the governments of the Old World.

James N. Reynolds, a native of Ohio, but subsequently a citizen of New York, was the projector and founder of this great national enterprise; and although the expedition was shorn of much of its original design by the treachery of incompetent government officials, it has, nevertheless, been pregnant with the most beneficial results to this country. The act of Congress authorizing the exploration, passed the 14th of May, 1835, and by the concession of Congress and the

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country, was due to arduous labors of this single man. The Geographical Society of England was in session when the news of this contemplated expedition reached Europe, and at once it awakened the deepest interest; and, seizing the vast amount of information Mr. Reynolds had brought to the attention of our government, England and France both fitted out expeditions similar to ours, and very soon the *Lion*, the *Lily*, and the *American Eagle* were seen in the same constellation, and the ensigns of France and the United States made the southern continent the same day! Mr. Reynolds had traveled around the circumference of the earth, and his experiences as a navigator were extraordinary. With an ardent love for his country and its institutions, he was grieved to find our American libraries filled with maps and charts and histories of what science had done for other nations, and nothing to show for ourselves. And at the very same time we had a tonnage greater than all Europe combined when Columbus discovered America, and a more effective navy than all the world together at that period.

The hardships endured by our early settlers very soon made them familiar with the ocean, and able to compete with England in this respect. Six years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock John Smith coasted from James River to Portsmouth, and surveyed all the islands and harbors of New England. When the Pilgrims arrived, in 1620, they went to work and built ships to survey the Southern coast, and traffic with the natives, and in less than fifty years after, the tonnage of America was great enough to excite the jealousy of England. In 1665, when Massachusetts had a militia of only four thousand, she owned one hundred and forty vessels of between twenty and fifty tons burden. So of New York: the first thing done by her colonists was to hollow a tree to cross the adjacent waters and commune with the settlers. Maritime enterprise has been the earliest characteristic of the American people, and drew the sea-farer and emigrant to the Atlantic shores. The Indians prowled around the emigrants' doors at the beginning of the seventeenth century, so that the necessaries of life were scantily raised; but expeditions were busy in ascertaining the indentures on our coast, its rivers and harbors. The *fisheries* were then the chief source of enterprise, and from them, in connection with the *fur* and *lumber* trade, this nation received its first impulse of progress, and began to develop its resources.

This maritime enterprise in America soon excited the envy of France against England, and was the primary cause of the first and second French wars, when America became the common battle-ground. The American privateers were then the pride of the mother country; and these wars were the trying ordeal by which the American people were trained for the battle of *independence*. In that struggle nearly two thousand vessels were captured by the Americans. In no other way could we have prolonged the conflict with England, because by no other means could we have obtained at that day the requisite material and munitions of war. Washington said, in the very crisis of the struggle, that but for our *privateers* he would have been compelled to disband our forces. At one time, when besieging Boston, there were but two barrels of gunpowder for twenty thousand men, when two English ships, laden with military stores, came in sight, and were captured by Captain Manly, and applied to our use.

After the war of independence we had no navy for several years, and our maritime affairs were managed by a *committee*. As colonists we evinced greater spirit in behalf of our American commerce than after we attained our nationality. From the war of independence to the war of 1812 not a dollar was expended for its advancement, with the exception of a small sum for an expedition to the Rocky Mountains. During the French revolution, when all Europe was in arms, the American people got possession of the entire carrying trade, and this gave an impetus to our greatness and wealth without a modern parallel. England and France both became jealous, and this led to exactions on our commerce in 1806, which were followed by the Berlin and Milan decrees in 1807, causing non-intercourse, and resulting in the war of 1812. Our navy, though then small, won great glory on the seas; but we emerged from the conflict with a weak commercial marine.

But, the war over, commerce again took its onward march. Our fisheries extended from our coasts to the shores of Brazil, around all the capes of the Pacific and Indian oceans to the Maldives and islands of Japan. *Cotton*, which had been introduced several years as a botanical experiment, then became an object of primary importance. From that period manufactures began to influence the national economy. The *sugar* of the South and *flax* of the West came into general use. Internal improvements soon developed new markets for all articles, and placed the necessaries of life within the reach of all. The people of the interior sought the commerce of the sea-board, while the traveler of the sea-board penetrated the interior, and thus opened up our resources.

The importance of the exploring expedition which forms the subject of this paper was first brought to the attention of Congress as early as 1826 and 1827, when Mr. Reynolds's application was seconded by memorials from seven of the States, signed by all the officers of their respective Legislatures, prominent among which was that of New

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York. A committee of Congress was appointed to consider and report on the *novel* project, as it was then called; but the press throughout the country sustained it without exception, and discussed it widely. The commercial interests, particularly those engaged in the *fishery*, *whale*, or *fur* business, supported it with zeal. The memorial from the inhabitants of Nantucket set forth with admirable force the necessity of commercial protection in the Southern Ocean.

Congress, being near the close of the session, voted a *resolution*, instead of a bill, affirming the expediency of sending one or more of our small national vessels into the Pacific and South Seas, and requesting the President of the United States to allow such facilities to the Navy Department as would make it effective. These resolutions reflected the sentiments of all the great commercial cities and the Legislatures of the States comprising more than half the population of the Union, and represented by one hundred and twenty-nine members on the floor of Congress. Hon. Samuel L. Southard, then Secretary of the Navy, did all that prudent foresight could suggest to make it a useful and honorable enterprise. The *Peacock* was fitted out, and officers of skill directed to be in readiness. Books and mathematical instruments were ordered, and scientific counsel was sought by means of correspondence. The next meeting of Congress the bill, reported by the preceding one, passed by a large majority in the House; but a discussion arising upon some of its details in the Senate, Congress adjourned before action was taken by that body.

This was at the close of President Adams's administration. Governor Branch, of North Carolina, went into the Navy Department under General Jackson, and, under the party watch-word of "retrenchment and reform," the expedition was suspended. Then it was that Mr. Reynolds went abroad and gave *five years of his life* to the circumnavigation of the globe. He confirmed, by personal investigation, all the information previously derived from others, and with a conviction that honor, interest, duty, and humanity called for this national enterprise, he returned to the United States in 1834, and renewed his labors before Congress, which were happily successful.

Our American *whalers* had for more than thirty years furnished valuable information to the European constructors of maps and charts, without ever receiving the slightest recognition or acknowledgment. It had been their custom to inform whatever vessels they might chance to meet of new reefs, new islands, or new dangers they had discovered, and the annals of no other nation show the same daring and successful enterprise that has been presented by the silent, unobtrusive action of our American fishermen. From this source Mr. Reynolds sought for information concerning the whole range of seas from the Pacific to the Chinese and Indian oceans. In like manner he availed himself of the experience of those still more adventurous and daring men at that period engaged in the *seal* trade. In the smallest vessels these brave men swept the shores of Patagonia, the islands round Cape Horn, and the whole coast of South America. They skirted the eastern and western shores of Africa, they circled the islands of the Pacific, plunged into the Southern Ocean, and were often close to the limits of the antarctic circle.

When the Emperor Alexander sent out two ships of discovery they became on one occasion involved in a fog between the South Shetland Islands and Palmer's Land. To their great astonishment, as the fog dissipated, they descried a small vessel of fifty tons burden between their ships, with the American flag at the mast-head! The Russian commander hoisted his colors, and sent an invitation to the American captain to visit his ship. The commodore inquired their present locality.

"You are in sight," said the American captain, "of the South Shetland Isles; and if you wish to visit any of them in particular, it will afford me pleasure to be your pilot."

"We were congratulating ourselves until now," said the Russian, "that we had made a *discovery;* but we must surrender to you Americans, and be content to follow you."

Captain Palmer was that American, and Stanjy Rouitsch the Russian commander, who was so highly impressed that he named the coast *Palmer's Land*, which still remains upon Russian charts, though in 1831 a British vessel touched at that spot, and substituted an English for the American name. In 1835 the danger to which so large a class of citizens were exposed from shipwreck on seas, on coasts, and among islands, with no charts to guide them, and their frequent massacres by savages for want of maritime power to enforce respect, had became very alarming.

Only a few years previous, from the want of a chart, the frigate sent by our government to rescue American citizens at Sumatra was run ashore before knowing she was in anchoring distance. Our merchants were allowed by the English and Dutch almost exclusive monopoly of the commerce of the Sunda Isles, when, at the same time, there was no chart by which to sail a United States vessel! The capture, in 1831, of the *Mentor*, belonging to New Bedford, was the result of the culpable negligence of the government toward seamen. The Pelew Islands, against which the vessel struck, were not then on any chart. Whole groups of islands, like the Galapagos, were not to be found on

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any charts; so that our whalers were continually prey for the natives. Our consul at Oahu wrote at that time to Commodore Downs that fifty or sixty Americans were confined in the fort, and not a whaler entered without mutiny and desertion.

Mr. Reynolds urged the importance of sending an enlightened body of scientific men and naval officers to remedy all these difficulties—not by merely attaining high southern latitudes, but to *explore* from the west coast of South America, running down the longitude among the islands *on both sides of the equator*, especially south, to the very shores of Asia.

At the time this exploring expedition was projected there were more than one million and a half square miles that had never felt the foot-print of man, nor had the keel of a navigator divided its waters. Captain Cook and Lieutenant Freneau had made a voyage in search of a southern continent. They got as far as sixty-eight degrees of south latitude, and retreated in pursuit of northward discoveries. Mr. Reynolds would have instructed Cook to have selected another meridian, and continued his journey south, as *he* had proved that the same ice came from larger islands east of Palmer's Land.

Cook made a second voyage in search of southern lands, but again, in 1773, was arrested by ice. He then declared that, in his opinion, the mass of ice extended to the pole!

In 1832 Briscal was sent out from London in a whaler in search of southern land, and the land he took in the name of the sovereign had been visited *fifteen* years previously, and *furs* taken therefrom, by our own navigators in the American name.

As soon as the fact was settled by law of Congress that the expedition would be undertaken, scientific men throughout the country turned their attention to it, and manifested by correspondence extraordinary zeal for its success, and urged that the best talent of the nation should be enlisted in its conduct. They insisted that the age had too far advanced to be satisfied with an amended chart; but to satisfy the expectations and hopes of the country every branch and every department of science should be appropriately investigated by the expedition.

Another problem which this first exploring enterprise was calculated to solve was the source of the aboriginal population in America. Strong hopes were entertained that some one, through these means, might explain it. Mr. Duponceau, our countryman, had already taken the prize medal at the Royal Institute of Paris for his essay on the original languages of our country. *Facts* alone were needed to bring to philology the prestige Cuvier had given to zoology, and these facts could only be had by studying the *unwritten* languages of the earth. It was a favorite theory of the late Professor Charles Anthon, of New York, that the early races of the American continent were identical with those from whence the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands have descended. The mummies found in the caves of the West, with their fabrics, strongly resembled those of the Sandwich and other islands of the Pacific; and he strongly concurred with Mr. Reynolds that the expedition might throw new light upon this most interesting question.

The bill authorizing the expedition was carried by a very large majority in the House, headed by John Quincy Adams. Professor Josiah Gibbs, of Yale College, seconded the effort to secure an anthropologist and philologist, that the moral and religious impressions of the people, as well as the sound of language, its radical words, etc., might be investigated.

The Nantucket memorialists stated that there were one hundred and fifty islands known to them, around which floated nearly forty thousand tons of shipping, that were not to be found on any chart; and that there were thousands of islands laid down *incorrectly* on the charts.

The expedition should have been equipped and ready to sail ninety days after Congress authorized it; but the preparations occupied three years. Although President Jackson favored it, his Secretary of the Navy was privately opposed to it, and threw every possible obstacle in the way of its success. Mr. Dickerson belonged to the Southern school of politicians, who *denied* the right of the national government to interpose for science and humanity. Aware of hostility from this class of Southern men, Mr. Reynolds was careful so to project it as to make its national and commercial ends of primary importance. Dickerson did his utmost to defeat the law of Congress, and created a commission thirteen months after its passage, ostensibly to devise means of carrying out the expedition, but really to thwart it. In the mean time France, acting upon the information furnished by our government, had equipped and sent *three* well-appointed expeditions to the South Seas, and was in preparation for a *fourth*, before any sincere movement had been made by our government. The Navy Department clique hold up the enterprise as an encroachment on the rights of navy officers to have a corps of scientific citizens accompanying the expedition, and called this class mere clam-catchers; and in spite of memorials, committees, remonstrances from members of Congress and the press, obstacle after obstacle was presented to defeat the object designed. Every thing was done to impress the people with the belief that an enormous expense would attend the expedition without any compensating good—that it had nothing to do with protection to commerce, but was only

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to explore high latitudes south! At length the attention of General Jackson was called to the effort of the Department to bring discredit upon the matter, and especially by the non-appointment of the civilians who were to be connected with it. He summoned the secretary, and three days after the scientific corps was duly commissioned. The secretary excused the delay on the ground of a want of funds. The President ordered an investigation, when it appeared that one hundred thousand dollars were yet unexpended. Instead of consulting men of science in this country as to the proper books and instruments required, Mr. Dickerson sent Lieutenant Wilkes as agent to Europe to procure them, and he, not having any special fitness for the trust, brought back, as the records of the Department show, two astronomical clocks, one astronomical telescope, and forty-one chronometers, when the fact was notorious that our American workmen had then arrived at as great perfection in the construction of these instruments as any to be found in the world. As to the books, there were but ten that had any bearing on the expedition. Fifteen more months then passed away before the proper books and instruments were obtained.

This being *the* maritime enterprise in which we as a nation were to make our *début*, the projector had planned it to a high degree of perfection, and was the only person capable of pointing out the places for general rendezvous; but the Department clique had resolved that he should not accompany the expedition. In 1837, taking advantage of the financial crisis, they convoked a new commission, composed of Commodores Hull, Biddle, and Aulick, to cut down its force. Without visiting the squadron, or informing themselves as to the real objects of the enterprise, these commissioners reported favorably for the secretary, and recommended the *Peacock* instead of the *Macedonia*, and a reduction of the minor vessels. This at once attracted unfavorable notice here and in Europe. Commodore Jones, who had accepted the command, became discouraged, and resigned it on the 30th of November, 1837. It was next tendered to Commodore Shubrick, but the vessels did not please him, and he declined. Then it was offered to Captain Kearney; but in the mean while the misapplication of the funds, the change in the vessels, the efforts to create discord, the delay of reports, the withholding of information from Congress, and the indecision and inconsistency shown in shelving the friends of the enterprise and rewarding its enemies, compelled the Executive to transfer the control from the Secretary of the Navy to the Secretary of War, Joel R. Poinsett, who proved to be as hostile to the movement as ever Dickerson had been. Poinsett would not permit Kearney to take the command, but appointed all known enemies of the expedition. Captain Gregory was tendered the position, but when it was ascertained that he was a friend of Mr. Reynolds, and wished him to accompany it, means were used which forced him to withdraw rather than compromise his self-respect. An insincere tender was again made to Captain Joseph Smith; but at last Lieutenant Wilkes, who from the beginning had been the "coming man" for this command, received the appointment over the heads of Captains Kearney, Smith, Gregory, Kennen, Armstrong, and Aulick; and, as though it was not enough to have so elevated him, the reason assigned was that none of the officers named had the requisite talents! A general order was issued on the 22d of June, 1838, declaring the expedition purely *scientific*, and leaving the President to select a commander without regard to previous rank. Congress was deceived by Poinsett and Company, and supposed the expedition had been reduced on economical grounds, when the documents proved that the *Macedonia*, with thirty-six guns and three hundred men, was withdrawn, and the *Peacock*, *Vincennes*, and *Porpoise*, consisting of fifty-six guns and four hundred and sixty men, placed under the command of Lieutenant Charles Wilkes.

The comparison between the *good* and the *bad* plan completely disheartened the friends of the enterprise, particularly the treatment of the eminent scientific corps, upon whom Wilkes laid his hostile hand after they had made, *under the plighted faith of the government*, every preparation to sail with the expedition. In the judgment of this commander, who acted under the direction of Poinsett and Company, several of these gentlemen were declared useless incumbrances, and were not permitted to engage in it. Among these, to the astonishment and regret of every friend of the enterprise, and in defiance of the known wishes and requests of members of Congress and the ablest scientific men in the land, Commander Wilkes declared that, for the sake of harmony, the *author* should not be allowed to accompany his expedition in any capacity, public or private; and to prevent the possibility of his doing so, the flotilla hurriedly sailed. But the triumph of Mr. Reynolds was not the less complete. He shed unfailing lustre on his country, and thereby became the beacon-light which has illumined the pathway of scientific exploration ever since. To the men of science who accompanied that great enterprise honor and praise are due, and despite all obstacles, they made an imperishable record of their fidelity to their high trusts. Lynch's exploration in the Dead Sea, Fremont's in California, Dr. Kane's and his followers' in the arctic regions, are some of the outgrowths of the first American expedition founded by Reynolds.

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THE OLD NORSE COLONIES OF GREENLAND.*



OUR OOMIAK AND CREW.

A Greenland Missionary.—A novel Boat.—Up a Fiord.—The Norse Ruins at Krakortok.—The Northmen in Greenland.—The last Man.—A disconsolate Lover.—A lively Day.—Mosquitoes.—A Sunday in Greenland.—A Greenland Parliament.—The Danish Ship.—Hopes and Fears.—A Ball and the Belle of it.

I HAVE rarely passed a more pleasant evening than one which I spent in July, 1869, with the Rev. Mr. Anthon, pastor of the mission at Julianashaab, near the extreme southern point of Greenland. The parsonage, in which we sat, was enlivened by the presence of the missionary's family, consisting of his wife, sister, and two bright children. Through the window-panes we saw the sunlight glowing on the mountain-tops, even to the middle of the night, and illuminating the solitary little town that nestles there among the barren rocks, beside the fiord of Igalliko (meaning "the fiord of deserted homes"), anciently known as Ericsfiord.

We were on historic ground, and naturally enough our conversation ran upon the events of the past; for here, to this very spot, came Red Eric, the Northman, and his followers, in the year 983, and along this very fiord, which extends forty miles in a northeasterly direction into the country, were once scattered the hamlets of the adventurous men who founded a nation on these arctic shores, and made the country famous as "the island of Greenland, the remotest boundary of the habitable globe."

But now the single modern town of Julianashaab supplies the place of numerous villages of the ancient time. A few hundreds of the descendants of a savage race, ruled by a mere handful of Danish officials, now obtain a precarious subsistence where once lived many thousands of hardy Northmen, who, after adopting the Christian faith (living undisturbed by the elements of discord which afflicted the civilized world elsewhere), maintained a peaceful existence for a period of four hundred years, when they passed away, leaving only a few meagre records of their growth and their ruined dwellings to tell of their decay.

These ruins we were desirous of visiting, and Mr. Anthon kindly offered to take us there in his *oomiak*, which is the only native boat of the country except the small canoe, or *kayak*. This latter is for one person only, and is exclusively the man's boat, while the former is the woman's, being rowed only by women, a man sometimes steering, but never taking an oar to pull.

It is not at all likely that the reader will ever have occasion to construct one of these ingenious specimens of marine architecture; but it is worth his while, perhaps, to know how, for there is nothing like it elsewhere, and it is always interesting to observe how men overcome difficulties; so I will describe the process in detail.

First you will obtain from the Danish governor's stores a great many small strips of light wood, which you will proceed to carve, and then bind and lash together, until you have constructed five poles, or rods, as nearly round as you can conveniently make them, about two inches in diameter, and, say, thirty-six feet long, provided that should be the length you have decided upon for your boat. The lashings are all made with raw seal hide, and the wood has been all brought from Denmark, for no trees worthy of the name grow in any part of Greenland.

Having secured your five rods, you proceed

* *The Land of Desolation:* Being a Personal Narrative of Observation and Adventure in Greenland. By Dr. ISAAC I. HAYES. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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upon these to form your boat. Three of them become keels, and two gunwales. To them are lashed ribs of wood or bones of animals, as the case may be, and you have an elastic, though very substantial, skeleton, over which you will draw a covering of tanned seal-skins, that the native women have sewed together for you with sinew thread in a manner which makes the seams as entirely water-proof as the hide is. This covering fits the skeleton like a glove upon the hand, and is firmly fastened to it. Not a peg or nail has been used in the construction of this novel affair; but you have a buoyant and serviceable boat, when all is done, that is thirty-six feet long, six feet in breadth of beam, two and a half feet in depth, nearly flat-bottomed, and sharp at both ends. Four men can readily lift and carry it, and when inside of it and afloat upon the water, you will see the skin bulging in between the ribs of the wooden skeleton; you will also observe every ripple of the water through the very thin covering, and you will be very likely to think, as we all did when we got into the pastor's boat, that it is rather a ticklish craft to go to sea in, for it was such a craft that Mr. Anthon brought in which to carry us up the fiord.

We were well pleased, however, after the first sensation of insecurity wore off. Our oarswomen, six in number, were not by any means unattractive in personal appearance, especially the "bow-oar," whose name was Concordia. Maria was the "stroke." We called them the "Arctic Six."

And the "Arctic Six" took us at a lively pace up the fiord, past picturesque slopes of green, relieved by frowning cliffs, above which rose snow-clad hills. The sail might have been at times tedious had it not been for the timely interference of a young gentleman of our party who had come out to Greenland to enjoy himself, and who did it accordingly. It is always pleasant to see people do what they undertake to do.

This young gentleman bore the name of Prince; but whether that name was natural to him, or whether it was, as some asserted, applied on account of some fancied resemblance to the Prince of Wales, or whether on account of his being the prince of good fellows (which is far more likely than all), is not important; but Prince he was, and like a prince he treated the bow-oar, who was a half-breed, and was very pretty. He knew that the first duty of a young man is to admire a pretty girl, and accordingly he sat beside Concordia on the thwart, which resulted in a great deal of sport between the parties immediately concerned, a great deal of amusement to the rest of our party, and a great many tokens of indignation from the other five women; for the Prince insisted upon helping Concordia at her oar, much to the confusion of Maria, the stroke, who had no similar attentions.

This would all have been very well had it not been for a youth named Marcus who accompanied us, and whose heart beat a troubled discord in the confinement of a native kayak. The unhappy possessor of this discordant heart was, like Concordia, a half-breed, and had been baptized. He was a fine-looking fellow, with brown hair and eyes, a frank, open countenance, the complexion, though not the features, leaning rather to the darkness of the Esquimaux than the lightness of the Dane. The only trouble with him was (and this appeared to distress him much) that he loved Concordia. Judging from the magnitude of his distress, he must have loved her greatly.

Marcus was a great favorite with his pastor, whom he always accompanied upon his journeys. His duty was a simple one enough, but a very necessary one, as boating is performed in the Greenland fiords. It was to paddle along beside the oomiak in the capacity of courier, if occasion made it necessary to use one, or, in case of need, to act as outrider—two functions which at once suggest the dangers of oomiak navigation. Suppose, for instance, the boat is caught in a heavy blow, and is broadside to the wind; ten to one that it will be blown over, owing to its lightness. Marcus is near at hand, and prevents a catastrophe. He pulls up quickly alongside, seizes the gunwale of the oomiak, and bears his weight upon it. Again, the oomiak runs against a sharp piece of ice, which the steersman has not seen in time to avoid. A hole is cut in the skin, and in rushes the water. The boat is headed for the land, and the pastor and his ladies get ashore with their lives. But where shall they go now, and what shall they do? They are very likely to be on an island, or, if not, they will very probably have to scale a mountain and descend again before they can reach a settlement. Marcus saves them this labor, and very likely saves their lives too, by flying away in his fleet kayak and bringing succor.

Twice during the day it seemed to me that we had met with an accident of this nature that would prove fatal to our plans, if not to our lives. The skin of the boat was cut, and the water entered, but the circumstance caused no alarm. The cuts proved to be small, and one woman only left her oar to repair them. This she did, and very speedily too, by thrusting into the cut a small piece of blubber, which answered every purpose until we reached a convenient landing-place, when the boat was drawn up on the beach far enough for the women to get at the hole with needle and thread, when a patch was quickly put over it, and the skin was as good as ever.

That Marcus was jealous of the Prince (our favorite as well as Concordia's) any body could see with half an eye. But a kayak is a most inconvenient place for a jealous lover,

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for it is only a little over a foot wide, and it does not weigh half as much as the man himself. If he meditates mischief to his rival he is in a very dangerous place, for the least indiscretion in his movements, or the imprudent withdrawal of his eyes from his cranky boat, would very likely cause him to find himself suddenly floating, head down, with his kayak, bladder-like, fastened to his heels —a position that would very speedily cure the most ardent lover in the world of the highly ridiculous passion of jealousy.

Compromising, therefore, between the impulse of jealousy and the restraints of prudence, Marcus paddled close to the forward part of our oomiak, where the Prince and Concordia were seated, as if he would overhear their conversation, and thus possess himself of some remark of the fickle lady to treasure up against her, as if thus the more effectually to destroy his peace of mind—a pastime, by-the-way, which lovers are very apt to indulge themselves in every where.

If this, however, was his design, he unfortunately failed in it, since there was no conversation audible. Like Haidee, our heroine had long since discovered that the don beside her did not understand a word she said. Yet, judging from his liveliness of manner, the Prince must have learned something agreeable to his feelings; and it was clear enough that he was being instructed after a fashion quite equal if not superior to the ordinary forms of speech; for this fair lady of the bow-oar

> "Had recourse to nods and signs,
> And smiles and sparkles of the speaking eye,
> And read (the only book she could) the lines
> Of his fair face,"

which seemed to be quite enough to satisfy her fancy—and his, too, for that matter.

The hours passed scarcely less pleasantly to the rest of the party than to the Prince, although in a somewhat different manner. At least there was no lack of lively episodes, and we all found ourselves much surprised when we discovered that we were approaching the end of the fiord.

And there before us was the most famous of all the ruined hamlets of the ancient Northmen. There was the old church of Krakortok, and the broken walls of other buildings whose foundations were laid near a thousand years ago.

Leaving the artists to their chosen task, the crew to get the boat ashore, the cooks to prepare the dinner, and the lovers to their jealousies, I set out to survey the grounds.

The hill-side upon which once stood the town of Krakortok is much broken, but there are many level patches, rich with vegetation, which seem to have been once cultivated, and which even now appear like arable lands. Small streams course through them, and along their banks there is a rich display of vegetable growth. It is said that here the old Northmen cultivated barley, and one could not view the scene without being well convinced that it were possible. Even at the present time, although the climate has grown colder steadily, so far at least as one could see, barley might grow and ripen readily. Yet the brightest day of midsummer is liable, as Mr. Anthon told me, to be followed by a severe frost, and the season is, in any case, too short for complete fruition. There is, therefore, no attempt made, even in this most mild and pleasant part of Greenland, to produce any thing more than the ordinary garden crucifera, such as radishes, peppergrass, and lettuce; and none better have I tasted any where than those which grew in the neat little gardens of the pastor of Julianashaab, and the governor, Mr. Kursch.

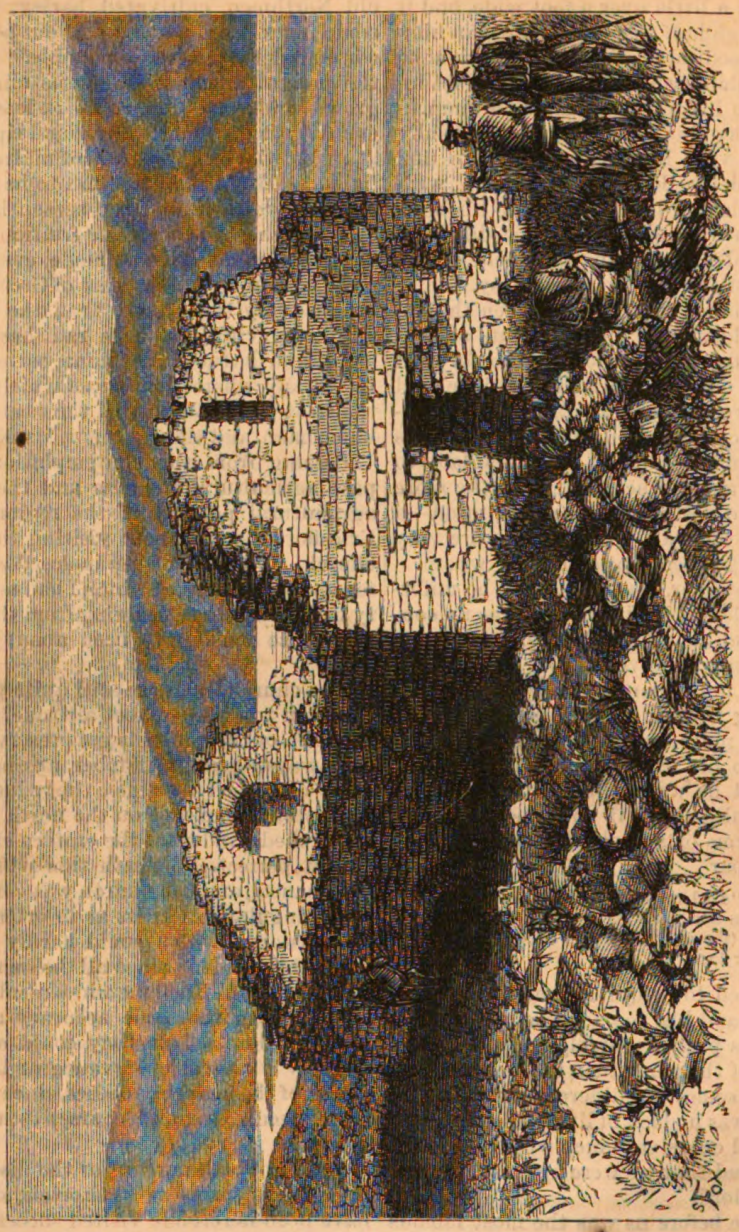
Passing from the contemplation of the past agricultural richness and the present agricultural poverty of the region around Ericsfiord, I went about visiting the ruined church. It had once been inclosed by a stone fence, the outlines of which I had no difficulty in determining. Judging from the stones, this fence must have been about five feet high.

The church walls are still quite perfect to from ten to eighteen feet altitude, and even the form of the gables is yet preserved. The door-ways, three in number, are not in the least disturbed by time, the windows are mostly entire, except on the north side, and the arched window of the eastern end is still almost perfect. Beneath this window was the chancel, and the church was constructed with singular exactness as to orientation, a circumstance which could hardly have occurred by accident, since all the sacred buildings of the old Northmen in Greenland were erected with the same accuracy as to the meridian line. This they could only have done by a careful observance of the movements of the heavenly bodies, since the magnetic needle was, of course, to them unknown.

I can not claim credit for the discovery of these Norse ruins at Krakortok, since they have been heretofore visited successively by Hans Egede, Captain Graah, and Dr. Rink, but I made the first accurate survey of them, and constructed the first complete map of the neighboring region. Aided by two friendly assistants, I staked off a base line, and by a system of triangulations and levels obtained materials for a very perfect plot; besides which, I inspected the ruined buildings carefully, and measured them to the fraction of an inch.

The walls were constructed as if they were meant to last, and they indicate that the Northmen had no idea of temporary sojourn in the country, but, on the contrary, looked forward to a permanent residence for their race, the walls of the church being four and a half feet thick, those of the other build-

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RUINS OF THE NORSE CHURCH AT KRAKORTOK, SOUTH GREENLAND.

ings from three to four. But in their construction no mortar had been used—nothing but blue clay, which served only to fill up the interstices, and did not hold the wall together, since it had nearly all washed out with time without impairing the solidity of the structure itself, except on the south side, where the wall leans a little, and threatens ultimately to fall.

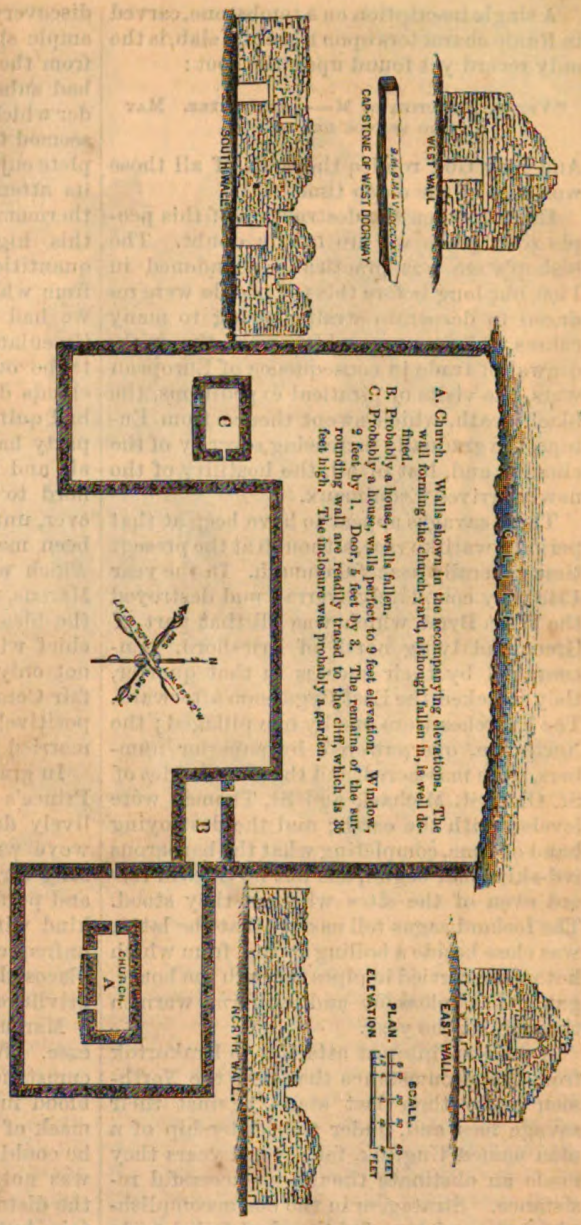
In one angle of the church-yard there had been a building that was very likely the almonry, and in another part of it was the residence of the priest or bishop; for here, and at Brattahlid and Gardar, further up the fiord, seventeen successive bishops dwelt between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries, when the colonies became extinct. The bishop was appointed by the pope at Rome, upon the advice and recommendation of the King of Norway, and was known as the Bishop of Gardar; and this Greenland see over which he presided occupied at one time a conspicuous place in the Christian world.

Outside the church wall, and not far removed from it, there was a building evidently of much pretension. It was divided into three compartments, and was sixty-four by thirty-two feet in dimensions. There was another still further to the westward, others to the east, and one on a natural terrace above the church. Altogether the cluster of buildings comprising the church estate,

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and upon which dwelt the officers who governed the country round about, and administered in this distant place the ordinances of the pope at Rome, were nine in number—a church, a tomb, an almonry, five dwellings, and a round edifice, the walls of which, like those of the church-yard, had completely fallen. The outline of the foundation was still, however, perfect. The wall had been four feet thick, and the diameter of the edifice in the clear was forty-eight feet. There had been but one door, which opened toward the church.

To call this circular building a tower, in the sense of its application to the famous round towers of Ireland, would be a great stretch of the imagination; but there is, however, a strange coincidence in the circumstance of proximity to a church; and, in fact, near all the church edifices of the old Greenland Northmen ruins of similar round structures of different dimensions are to be seen. None of them are, however, so large as that at Krakortok. Its uses are only to be guessed at. Possibly it may have been a work of military defense against the Esquimaux; perhaps it was a baptistery; there is nothing, however (except its shape), to prove that it was not a cow-house; nothing more, indeed, than there is to prove that the ancient structure at Newport, where the Northmen from Greenland are known to have resided about the year 1006, was not a mill.



GROUND-PLAN AND ELEVATION OF NORSE RUINS AT KRAKORTOK, SOUTH GREENLAND.

After completing our survey of Krakortok we visited other parts of the fiord. The ruins are very numerous hereabout, but the walls are all quite leveled with the ground, except those of the church above described, and the bishop's residence; and the places where they stood are often hardly recognizable, on account of the willow, birch, and juniper bushes which have overgrown the fallen stones.

What a wonderful change! I could but feel sad at the contemplation of this wreck of humanity. Here adventurous Icelanders, Norwegians whom tyranny had driven, like the Pilgrim fathers, from their native land, Jormsburg vikings, weary with their marauding expeditions, Danes, surfeited with their conquests in Britain, Ireland, France, and Italy, had come, tired of war and bloodshed, to find a peaceful resting-place. Here they built comfortable dwellings, and churches wherein they might worship God according to their conscience; here they had reared herds of cattle and flocks of sheep upon pastures of limitless extent. And now where are they? Those famous lines of Byron, in the "Siege of Corinth," came forcibly to my mind:

"Out upon time! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before.
Out upon time! who forever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve
O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which must be:
What we have seen our sons shall see—
Remnants of things that have passed away,
Fragments of stone reared by creatures of clay."

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A single inscription on a tombstone, carved in Runic characters upon a granite slab, is the only record yet found upon the spot:

"VIGDIS, DAUGHTER OF M——, RESTS HERE. MAY GOD REJOICE HER SOUL!"

And may God rejoice the souls of all those worthies of the olden time!

Exactly when the destruction of this people took place we are left in doubt. The bishop's see was practically abandoned in 1409, but long before this the people were reduced to desperate straits, owing to many causes, chief among which were the withdrawal of trade in consequence of European wars, the visits of piratical expeditions, the black death, which swept thence from Europe, the gradually increasing severity of the climate, and, last of all, the hostility of the newly arrived Esquimaux.

These savages appear to have been at that period a warlike race, although at the present time generally peaceful enough. In the year 1349 they completely overran and destroyed the West Bygd, which was all that part of Greenland lying north of Ericsfiord. Encouraged by their success in that quarter, they attacked the East Bygd soon afterward. The churches were one by one pillaged; the Northmen, overpowered by superior numbers, were massacred, and the monasteries of St. Olaf, St. Michael, and St. Thomas were leveled with the earth; and the destroying hand of time, completing what the barbarous red-skins had begun, has left no trace or record even of the sites whereon they stood. The Iceland sagas tell us only that the latter was close beside a boiling spring, from which hot water, carried in pipes through the house, gave it a pleasant and uniform warmth throughout the year.

A peculiar interest attaches to Krakortok from the circumstance that here the Northmen made their last stand against their savage foes, and, under the leadership of a man named Ungitok, for several years they made an obstinate though unsuccessful resistance. Stratagem in the end accomplished what persistent fighting had failed to do before; and the device to which the savages resorted was not unworthy to rank with the famous wooden horse of Troy. A fleet of boats, filled with armed men and firmly lashed together, were covered with white skins to resemble an iceberg, and drifted with the current down upon the doomed Christians. The town was fired, and those who did not perish in the flames met their death upon the spears of their assailants. Ungitok alone escaped with his young son, but, being pursued to the mountains, they both perished in the end, the last man of his race falling by the hand of the chief of the new people who had come to possess the lands of the old.

Our day at Krakortok proved in every sense a most enjoyable one, and full of profitable discovery. Our dinner was spread under the ample shelter of a tent, which screened us from the rays of the sun, and formed a not bad substitute for the protecting trees under which one picnics in other lands. There seemed to be but one drawback to our complete enjoyment, and that was the heat, with its attendant consequences. At noon the thermometer indicated 72° in the shade, and this high temperature started enormous quantities of small flies and mosquitoes, from which pestiferous insects we thought we had surely escaped when we came to Greenland. But no; this happiness was not to be ours. They attacked us in perfect clouds during the afternoon, and before we had quite completed our survey most of the party had betaken themselves to the oomiak, and hauled out into the middle of the fiord to escape their assaults. Not, however, until much sport and merriment had been made in sundry ways, not a little of which was at the expense of the unlucky Marcus, who, early in the day, had conceived the idea that our Prince was making mischief with his matrimonial prospects; for not only was Marcus dead in love with the fair Concordia, but, as rumor had it, he was positively betrothed to her, and was to be married in a fortnight.

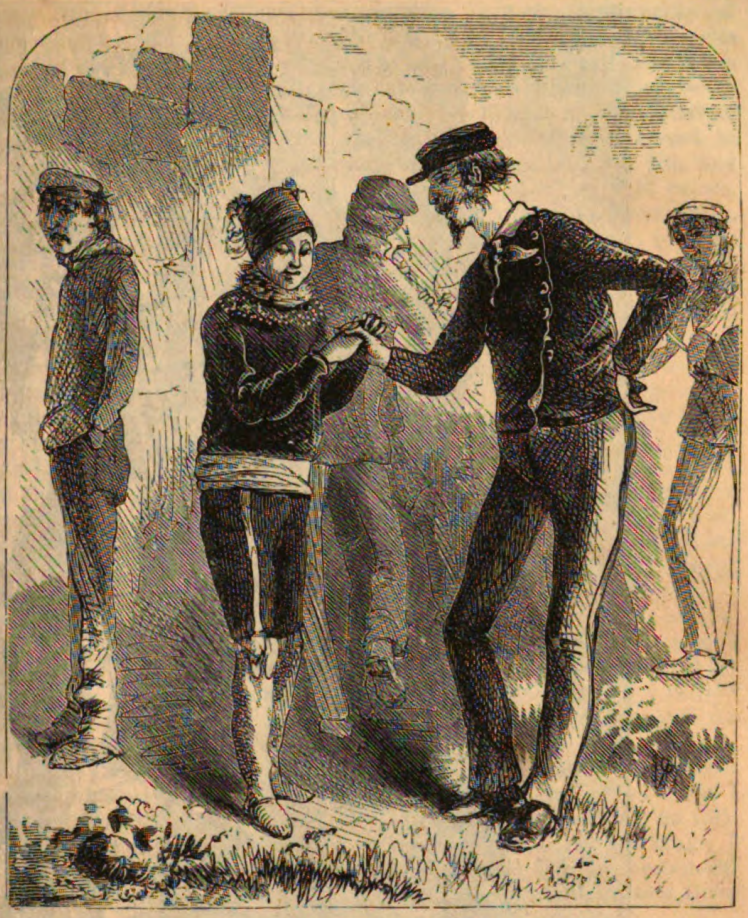
In grateful appreciation, no doubt, of the Prince's attentions to her at the oar, the lively damsel of the seal-skin pantaloons wove wreaths of wild flowers for his hat, sang for him in irreproachable Esquimaux, and performed other coquettish acts of that kind with which recognized lovers are not unfrequently, I believe, tantalized in other places than Greenland—a woman's rightful privilege the world over.

Marcus, naturally enough, was not at his ease. Who would have been under like circumstances? He had too much Danish blood in his veins to allow the Esquimaux mask of indifference to fit his face well, so he could not show himself at ease when he was not. Whether the Prince discovered the disturbed state of his feelings is not certain, but it is certain that he did not treat the matter with much attention, for he never allowed Marcus to approach the object of his affections, except once, and then Marcus was overheard to reproach her with flirting with the American. "Look at him," exclaimed the anxious and unhappy lover—"look at him, with his pockets full of beads and jewelry! Look at him, with his popgun of a rifle! Do you imagine he could shoot a seal with it? No, never! And, if he did, could he get it home? No! Can he go in the fleet kayak? Can he climb the cliffs of the kittiwake, or gather the eggs of the lumme? Can he dart the spear at the eider-duck? Can he scale the mountain-side in pursuit of the reindeer? Look at his pale face, and answer me!" By which time fair-

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ly boiling over with rage and vexation as he thus recited the Prince's negative qualities, he exclaimed, with great energy, "No! He can do none of these things." Then he contemptuously expressed his private opinion that the Prince was "good for nothing." After which he straightened himself to his greatest height, and exclaimed, with much complacency, "Look at me!"

"I don't want to," spoke the girl, with much spirit; "I won't!" which terminated the colloquy; for the Prince himself coming up at that moment, and addressing himself to the indignant lover, desired to know of him if his mother was intimately acquainted with his whereabouts. Without, however, wasting much time for an answer, the Prince called for the music (the boy who steered our oomiak had brought up a cracked fiddle), and then seizing Concordia by the waist, he whirled with her through the old Norsemen's grave-yard in a fantastic waltz, that must have made the very dry bones of antiquity fairly rattle again. Could the old priests of Krakortok, with the bishops at their head, have arisen then and there, they would doubtless have anathematized the whole party on the spot, for others were not slow to follow this lively example of the Prince and Concordia; and the dance over the defunct Northmen did not terminate until the party had gone through with several hornpipes and Greenland reels, of a kind, I dare say, never heard or dreamed of by Terpsichore, during all of which time Marcus was solemnly leaning against the old church wall, looking on in a very defiant manner, especially when the Prince and Concordia came near him, at which time he was always observed to have his fists thrust far down in his pockets, as if that were the only safe place for them.



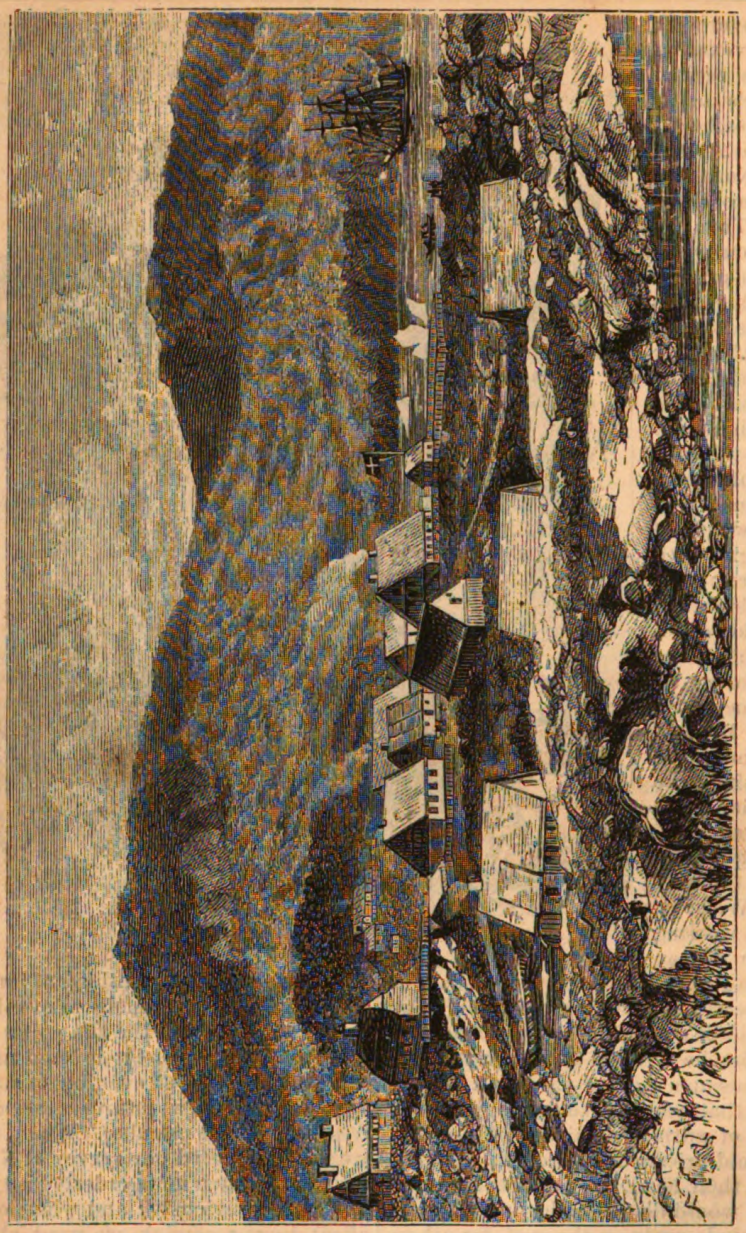
A DISCONSOLATE LOVER.

Whatever may have been Marcus's recollections of the day, certainly all the rest of us had a thoroughly good time of it. The day, however, lost something of its romantic character when the shades of evening began to trail over us, and the sun going down behind the distant glacier-covered mountains, left the chilliness of evening to succeed the warmth of noon, as fatigue succeeded to the freshness of the morning. When, therefore, we had completed our survey of Krakortok, we were a much more orderly party than we had been previously; and when once more afloat in our oomiak, we went about from place to place in the fiord, visiting other ruins with a solemnity more befitting explorers. The jealous Marcus had now less cause of complaint against the Prince; yet he never recovered his liveliness of disposition. He paddled along beside the oomiak (at his post of duty), looking neither to the right nor to the left, saying never a word, but evidently thinking very hard. When we had at length reached Julianashaab, and had thanked the good pastor, to whom we were so much indebted, and had bade goodnight to our faithful oarswomen, I took the disconsolate lover to one side to soothe him.

"Are you not," said I, "son of the headman of Bungitak?"

"Ah," said Marcus, nodding his head; and

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THE COLONY OF JULIANASHAAB, SOUTH GREENLAND.

I thought a gleam of satisfaction overspread his features at being reminded of his distinguished parentage.

"And Concordia is very pretty?" I continued.

"Ah," said Marcus, with a sigh.

"Do you know what pretty girls do in my country?" I inquired.

"Na-mick," he answered, with an appearance of curiosity.

"When the pretty girl has the chance, she always marries the son of the head-man."

And the countenance of Marcus glowed with joy, and he went his way with a smile, which clearly said that if it was not much to be Marcus, it was well to be the son of the head-man of Bungitak.

The day following our return being Sunday, we had an opportunity to see the modern, as we had before seen the ancient, Christian church of Ericsfiord.

Julianashaab is not at any time a particularly lively place; but there is sufficient activity during six days of the week to make the silence of the seventh very marked. Solemnly silent it seemed as I landed on the beach and made my way beside the little stream which flows through the town from a beautiful lake toward the temple dedicated to God among the majestic hills. The people, savage and civilized alike, had rested from their labors—the fishermen from their nets and lines, the hunters from their roaming in the valleys; the stroke of the

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cooper's hammer and the ring of the blacksmith's anvil were no longer heard. Even the voices of the inhabitants were hushed, as if awed by the presence of that divinely ordained day which we are commanded to remember every where and keep holy. The day was delightfully calm; the sun gave a pleasant autumnal warmth to the atmosphere, and altogether it was one of those peaceful Sunday mornings which one enjoys so much at home in the country.

As I approached the church the only sounds that I heard were those made by the tumbling brook, until I came very near, when sweet music from an organ rose above the voice of the glad stream. It was a most agreeable surprise, as I had not expected to find in Greenland any such artificial means of inspiring religious feeling.

When I had reached the church and looked about me I discovered, as happens not unfrequently elsewhere, that most of the congregation were women. The organ, which was of the quaint device of the last century, was played by a native with reasonable skill, and the catechist led the singing, in which the entire congregation joined, with a good, strong voice.

I have never seen a congregation pay closer attention to the pastor than these rude people paid to Mr. Anthon. They seemed eager for instruction, and drank in his every word, when he came to preach the sermon, with the greatest avidity. The sermon was well adapted to the needs of a people exposed to the dangers of the sea, as they are continually. The hymns were aptly chosen, and as an illustration of the language in which they, as well as the sermon, were delivered, I will quote the first stanza of one of them, which, no doubt, my fair readers will find no difficulty in singing for themselves. Thus it runs:

Aut nellekangitsuk
Pirsaunekangarpuk
Kuttingub attausingut
Innuit nunametut
Annau-sinna kullugit
Kingarsair karnanit.

Which, being literally translated, line by line, means,

That blood, that inestimable,
Hath a very great power.
A single drop,
The men that are on earth,
That it hath power to redeem them
From the cruel hater's jaws.

Another, which was an exhortation to all men to come to Jesus, began thus:

Krikicktorsimarsuk
Jesuse innulerkipuk.

The services ended, I went with Mr. Anthon to the parsonage, and passed the greater part of the day with his agreeable family.

It is pleasant to contemplate the change which has come over the Esquimaux of Greenland since the Christian missionaries first came among them. At the time when they overcame the Northmen, and occupied the country which a hardy Christian people had for a long while possessed in peace, they led a purely nomadic life, and dressed solely in the skins of wild beasts. Now they live in permanent communities, and have adopted the habits and, in some measure, the costume of civilized men. Unlike many savage peoples, the introduction of the forms of civilization among them has not been attended with the usual corresponding mischief —a circumstance due, in a great measure, if not wholly, to the paternal care of the Danish government, which, beginning with the first missionary, Hans Egede, in 1721, has been continued with much skill by his successors, and by none more conspicuously than Dr. Henry Rink, who has passed a considerable portion of his time in Greenland, and was, until lately, royal inspector for the southern districts.

The principal feature of Dr. Rink's administration is the parliament of natives, and in the establishment of this arrangement its author has earned as much credit for skilled benevolence as he had before acquired for scientific exploration.

The idea of an Esquimaux parliament struck me as something ludicrous when I first heard of it, but upon gaining an intimate acquaintance with its workings, I changed my mind, and became convinced that other parliaments might imitate them with advantage.

Each little town or hunting station of the district is at liberty to send up a representative to a seat in the parliament at Julianashaab, the number of representatives being twelve. The most important towns, besides the capital, are Nenortalik, Fredericksdal, Lichtenau, Igalliko, and Kraksiment.

The parliament was in session during our stay, and I visited it as a privileged guest; for, be it known, the Julianashaab parliament sits with closed doors. The parliament-house is not an imposing edifice. I should say its dimensions are about sixteen by twenty feet. It is one story high, is built of rough pine boards, lined on the inside and painted blue, and on the outside is plastered over with pitch. It has no lobby for the accommodation of people who come to the capital with axes for the public grindstone, and no committee-rooms for the better confusion of the public business.

In the middle of the one room, or hall, stood a plain pine table, with a plain bench on either side of it, and on each bench sat six parliamentarians, dressed in seal-skin pantaloons and boots, and Guernsey frocks, across which there was a very large display of suspenders. Each parliamentarian head was covered with a cap composed of the

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A GREENLAND PARLIAMENT.

brightest kind of scarlet cloth, ornamented with a broad gilt band. The royal emblems were embroidered in front, and above these there was a golden bear, with a crown on his head, standing uncomfortably on his hind-legs, to typify Greenland. There was a thirteenth cap at the head of the table, and this was worn by Mr. Anthon, pastor of Julianashaab, and president of the Julianashaab parliament *ex officio*.

The aggregate amount of dignity possessed by this parliament was something wonderful to see. To be sure, the parliamentarians were somewhat impregnated with a fishy aroma, indicative of their nationality and calling; but neither the fishy aroma nor the dignity appeared to interfere with the transaction of business; on the contrary, they seemed to be working away like beavers; and, indeed, they disposed of the matters brought before them with such an amazing degree of promptness that I fell to wondering whether dignity would not be a good thing to introduce into parliaments, congresses, assemblies, and such like things generally.

The first business was in form of a petition for relief. The petitioner stood there in person, looking the very picture of forlorn destitution. He stated that he had lost his canoe (kayak), and he produced evidence enough to show, without any swearing, false or otherwise, that it had been crushed and lost in the ice. The man, who had hardly clothes on his back to cover his nakedness, showed further that he had a wife and family who had no friends to assist them, and were entirely dependent upon himself for support. I thought it a doubtful support at best, and so appeared to think the parliament, for they voted an order for a certain daily allowance. The next case was of a young hunter, whose kayak had been crushed by the ice, and who had not the means to build a new one. They voted him a loan. A third case was an old man, who received one dollar to buy a spear with; another was partly a loan and partly a gift to a man who had a family of girls, and required materials for an oomiak. Still another made application for and received assistance to bury a dead husband.

Our short stay at Julianashaab and vicinity was altogether most agreeable. At length, however, we were prepared for departure, but the only pilot of the place was that day occupied with bringing in the Danish ship, the arrival of which has left a strong impression on my mind, since it made the isolation of the Danes who dwell there so apparent.

When the announcement was made that the ship was in the offing, the excitement was at first intense; and the hours of the day, while the ship was coming up the fiord with baffling winds, were anxious ones.

The vessel proved to be the *Tjalfe*, one of the best of the Company's vessels—a brig of three hundred tons, and taut and tidy as a man-of-war. I had a visit from the master in the morning, and was rejoiced to find in him an old friend, to whom, in 1855, when I had escaped with Dr. Kane from the abandoned brig *Advance*, I was indebted for many serviceable attentions—Captain Amondsen, one of the most tried and trusty servants of the Royal Company.

Upon going ashore in the morning with Captain Amondsen, I was pleased to learn that all the letters brought good news. We found every body in a perfect wilderness of papers, books, packages, and boxes containing every conceivable thing that thoughtful friends would think of sending to cheer and gladden lives that must be at times overwhelmed with loneliness. It was very touching to see these evidences of remembrance scattered about, and very gratifying to be partakers of the general joy. Photographs there were by the dozen; one of a little stranger that had come into the world within the twelvemonth, and sent his compliments and his picture; another of a newly married couple, who looked peculiarly happy for people who had been married nearly six months, and sent their picture in proof of it; another was from an aged mother; another from a brother who had gone into the army; another from a boy at school.

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I went from house to house, and every where it was the same. Happiness was universal; and it really seemed as if solitude might be "sweet society," if retirement brought such occasional bliss; only the retirement of a year for the sake of the emotion is a little too much for ordinary mortals.

As for the people in general, they were delighted beyond expression. Nothing but the pressure of actual starvation could possibly have induced any hunter to go out at such a time. Shouting and singing were the order of the day. The little harbor was alive with their cunning little craft, shooting hither and thither; the boatmen indulging themselves in the most ludicrous sport and gesture, by way of exhibiting their satisfaction, not only at the arrival of the Danish ship, but that two vessels were in the harbor at one time—a sight which they had never seen before. Then, to cap the climax, when evening came they must have a dance. Every body was invited, and, of course, none of the sailors of the two ships made any objection to a frolic of that nature. They did not share the people's delight in the least; they would be glad enough, on the other hand, to be any where else almost; but a dance! what sailor could resist that? And as for our officers and passengers, all were alike ready for a little fun to break the monotony of life, either as actors or spectators, and willing to take a hand in any thing that might be turning up.

I asked the governor if there was nothing to be feared from letting two ships' companies loose among the peaceful villagers when there were no police to take rude fellows into custody. "Oh no," he answered; "not in the least; let them come. If the men are rude, the women will take care of themselves, I promise you; and if not, they have big brothers plenty. Have no fear; there are no more modest women in the world than ours, and sailors are naturally quick to detect honesty, and, when found, to respect it."

So a dance was arranged for—or a "ball," as our people facetiously called it. The carpenter-shop was secured for the occasion, and a neighboring shed for the supper-room, and the preparations went on all the afternoon. The orchestra of Julianashaab, consisting of a dilapidated keg with heads of tanned seal hide, and the cracked fiddle already mentioned, was secured, and all was ready by eight o'clock, when I went down to see the opening.

The decorations of the ball-room in the way of flags and Danish and American bunting generally were astonishing to the natives. Candles were stuck around the room in reckless profusion. Maria (our stroke-oar of a previous occasion) had about a bushel of coffee, which she was roasting and boiling in the shed. The whole village was in commotion. Women in red boots, women in white boots, women in green and yellow boots, were hurrying to the ball-room from every quarter. They had all turned out in their very best, and some of the toilets were, to say the least, "stunning." Boots, beads, pantaloons, and ribbons were all of the gayest and the finest. The maidens and matrons of Julianashaab sustained the credit of their sex. And they showed, too, that they were conscious of appearing to better advantage than usual, for they looked about with less timidity than on ordinary occasions, as if to say, "Look at me *now*, and see what I *can* do when a great occasion makes it worth my while!" Several of them were pretty and quite stylish, and certainly this is saying much, for their peculiar style of costume is rather trying to the ordinary female figure. As for dancing, no costume could possibly be more suitable, and when on the floor its advantages were quite apparent, for I have rarely seen dancers that were more light and graceful in their movements. I would not, however, be understood to recommend the dress, even in the present dearth of new cuts from Paris, for general adoption outside of Greenland.

The confidence with which the ladies approached the ball-room seemed to forsake them when they got inside, and there awaited the men; for the moment they had passed the door they darted to the remotest corner, where they all huddled together as close as they could pack themselves, like a flock of frightened sheep run one by one into a pen. The men did not keep them long in this state of timid embarrassment; but they seemed, however, to be in no very particular hurry, sauntering along quite leisurely, with their hands in their pockets, and short clay pipes in their mouths. Most of them were capless, and none of them seemed to have thought of "dressing" for the occasion, except the parliamentarians, who, out of respect for their own dignity, as I suppose, wore the official scarlet on their heads—royal emblems, gold-lace, and all—a top-covering which, taken into account with their Guernsey frocks, broad suspenders, and seal-skin pantaloons coming up under the armpits, made a style of official get-up not, I fancy, to be seen in any other country. Yet the Lord Chancellor wears his frizzled wig, and why not they their scarlet caps?

The sailors came ashore from the two ships, jabbering away at one another quite frantically in Danish and English, and the officers and passengers came likewise, to take a hand in the entertainment.

But where was Concordia the while? and where was the Prince? for they were to open the ball. The question was asked repeatedly, and as often remained unanswered. Whispers began to pass around the room. Had there been an elopement? Marcus was there,

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CONCORDIA DRESSED FOR THE BALL.

trying hard to look unconcerned by smoking a short clay pipe, and keeping his fists in their usual place of safety. Every body seemed to look to him for explanation.

At length the mystery was cleared up, and very suddenly, for the Prince came bouncing into the room, holding Concordia by the hand. The arrival created a great sensation. Concordia was literally dazzling. The Prince had clearly been assisting at her toilet. She was covered with beads and jewelry. A magnificent plaid shawl, which the Prince had been sporting through the voyage, and which had two days before suddenly disappeared, now re-appeared in the shape of a jaunty jacket, trimmed with eider-down, on Concordia's graceful shoulders. And what shining pantaloons of the softest silver seal-skin! what spotless snow-white boots inclosed her dainty little feet! But the Prince! Oh, what a stunning get-up, to be sure! Sea-boots, matching Concordia's for length, if not in purity of color; a bright scarf across his shoulders and around his waist; a Scotch cap with a dissipated feather in it. What a picture for a ball-room! No wonder that Marcus grew several shades lighter in color; no wonder that his pipe fell from his mouth, and broke in pieces on the floor; no wonder that he stole out of the room, as if the place were too hot for him, and was seen no more in the ball-room that night!

"*Strike up!*" shouted the Prince, bringing down a sea-boot on the floor. "Rat-tat-a-tat" went the keg, "cr-r-r-p, cr-r-r-p, cr-r-r-p" went the cracked fiddle, and then both went in to do their best and win; but the keg having got the lead, kept it, and the cracked fiddle was nowhere. When both had got well warmed up in the race, the Prince brought down his sea-boot again, making the old carpenter-shop fairly quake and tremble; then, with a shout which was probably taken for an American war-whoop, he seized Concordia by the waist; others followed this agreeable example with their chosen partners, and never did "Pop goes the weasel" do duty before to such a whirl as followed.

The ball was opened. The Prince and Concordia had gracefully done their duty, and satisfied the public expectation. They had given countenance to the revelry, and the revelry went on. To say that it never stopped would be to exaggerate; but to say that it never would have stopped had there

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been something of what Dick Swiveller called "the rosy," might possibly be to keep the truth within proper bounds. The revelers certainly made "a night of it," if a night ever was made in a Greenland summer. As it was, the coffee had all given out, a whole box of tobacco had disappeared, the keg had resolved itself into its original staves, and the cracked fiddle had but one string left, and that had been twice tied, when the ladies, with their beautiful boots all knocked out of shape, began to drag their weary bodies off to their huts, and the sailors, with their coats on their arms, hailed for boats.

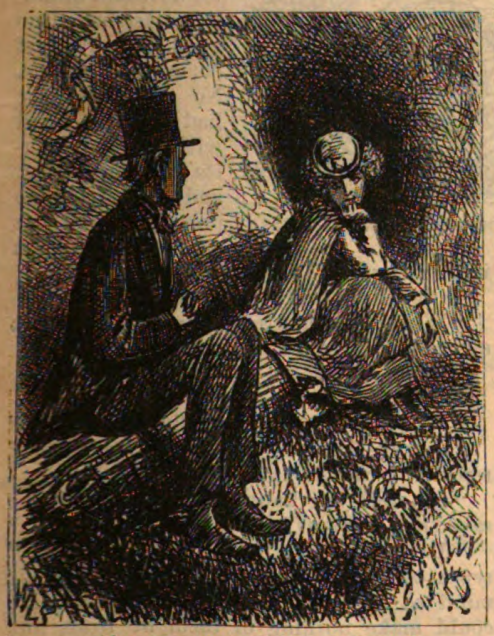
Meanwhile much consternation had been produced by a report which was set in circulation that a parliamentarian had danced himself away all but his cap, and a girl had in like manner disappeared all but a ribbon. The consternation was allayed, however, when it was discovered that the two had stolen away together, and were getting married at the parson's. Marcus never showed himself in public after his discomfiture. But I saw him crouching in the shadow of a rock where he could look through the door and catch an occasional glimpse of his lady-love as she swung round in the Prince's arms. He beckoned me to him, and whispered in my ear, pointing to the festive room from which the bright light was streaming out into the night: "He no good. Me" (pointing to his breast) "son of head-man of Bungitak." Then he smiled placidly, and drew himself deep within the shadow of the rock, and I went my way on board.

As this was to be my last visit ashore, I had bidden my friends good-by, after exchanging some little souvenirs with them. Early in the morning the anchor was tripped, and we were away. The little town in the wilderness was at our backs, and we were once more threading the winding fiord, among the islands and icebergs, rejoicing at having seen a spot of earth so full of romantic associations; had beheld its ruins,

> "Trod upon them, and had set
> Our foot upon a rev'rend history."

THE AMERICAN BARON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB," "THE CRYPTOGRAM," ETC.



"'WORSE AND WORSE,' SAID TOZER."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MINNIE'S LAST LIFE-PRESERVER.

WHEN Tozer started after Dacres he led Minnie by the hand for only a little distance. On reaching the acclivity he seized her in his arms, thus imitating Dacres's example, and rushed up, reaching the top before the other. Then he plunged into the woods, and soon became separated from his companion.

Once in the woods, he went along quite leisurely, carrying Minnie without any difficulty, and occasionally addressing to her a soothing remark, assuring her that she was safe. Minnie, however, made no remark of any kind, good or bad, but remained quite silent, occupied with her own thoughts. At length Tozer stopped and put her down. It was a place upon the edge of a cliff on the shore of the lake, and as much as a mile from the house. The cliff was almost fifty feet high, and was perpendicular. All around was the thick forest; and it was unlikely that such a place could be discovered.

"Here," said he; "we've got to stop here, and it's about the right place. We couldn't get any where nigh to the soldiers without the brigands seeing us; so we'll wait here till the fight's over, and the brigands all chased off."

"The soldiers! what soldiers?" asked Minnie.

"Why, they're having a fight over there—the soldiers are attacking the brigands."

"Well, I didn't know. Nobody told me. And did you come with the soldiers?"

"Well, not exactly. I came with the priest and the young lady."

"But you were not at the house?"

"No. They wouldn't take me all the way. The priest said I couldn't be disguised—but I don't see why not—so he left me in the woods till he came back; and then the sol-

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"HE GAVE A LOUD CRY OF JOY, AND THEN SPRANG UP THE BANK."—[SEE PAGE 83.]

diers came, and we crept on till we came nigh the lake. Well, then I stole away; and when they made an attack the brigands all ran there to fight, and I watched till I saw the coast clear, and so I came, and here we are."

Minnie now was quite silent and preoccupied, and occasionally she glanced sadly at Tozer with her large, pathetic, child-like eyes. It was a very piteous look, full of the most tender entreaty. Tozer occasionally glanced at her, and then, like her, he sat silent, involved in his own thoughts.

"And so," said Minnie at last, "you're not the priest himself?"

"The priest?"

"Yes."

"Well, no; I don't call myself a priest. I'm a minister of the Gospel."

"Well, you're not a *real* priest, then."

"All men of my calling are real priests—yes, priests and kings. I yield to no man in the estimate which I set upon my high and holy calling."

"Oh, but I mean a Roman Catholic priest," said Minnie.

"A Roman Catholic priest! Me! Why, what a question! Me! a Roman Catholic! Why, in our parts folks call me the Protestant Champion."

"Oh, and so you're only a Protestant, after all," said Minnie, in a disappointed tone.

"Only a Protestant!" repeated Tozer, severely—"*only* a Protestant! Why, ain't you one yourself?"

"Oh yes; but I hoped you were the other priest, you know. I did *so* want to have a Roman Catholic priest this time."

Tozer was silent. It struck him that this young lady was in danger. Her wish for a Roman Catholic priest boded no good. She had just come from Rome. No doubt she had been tampered with. Some Jesuits had caught her, and had tried to proselytize her. His soul swelled with indignation at the thought.

"Oh dear!" said Minnie again.

"What's the matter?" asked Tozer, in a sympathizing voice.

"I'm *so* sorry."

"What for?"

"Why, that you saved my life, you know."

"Sorry?—sorry?—that I saved your life?" repeated Tozer, in amazement.

"Oh, well, you know, I did *so* want to be saved by a Roman Catholic priest, you know."

"To be saved by a Roman Catholic priest!" repeated Tozer, pondering these words in his mind as he slowly pronounced them. He could make nothing of them at first, but finally concluded that they concealed some half-suggested tendency to Rome. "I don't like this; I don't like this," he said, solemnly.

"What don't you like?"

"It's dangerous. It looks bad," said Tozer, with increased solemnity.

"What's dangerous? You look so solemn that you really make me feel quite nervous. What's dangerous?"

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"AND AS THEY STOOD THE CLERGYMEN SLOWLY CAME OUT OF THE HOUSE."—[SEE PAGE 86.]

"Why, your words. I see in you, I think, a kind of leaning toward Rome."

"It isn't Rome," said Minnie. "I don't lean to Rome. I only lean a little toward a Roman Catholic priest."

"Worse and worse," said Tozer. "Dear! dear! dear! Worse *and* worse. This beats all. Young woman, beware! But perhaps I don't understand you. You surely don't mean that your affections are engaged to any Roman Catholic priest. You can't mean *that*. Why, they can't marry."

"But that's just what I like them so for," said Minnie. "I like people that don't marry; I *hate* people that want to marry."

"Now as to Rome," resumed Tozer: "have you ever given a careful study to the Apocalypse—not a hasty reading, as people generally do, but a serious, earnest, and careful examination?"

"I'm sure I haven't any idea what in the world you're talking about," said Minnie. "I *wish* you wouldn't talk so. I don't understand one single word of what you say."

Tozer started and stared at this. It was a depth of ignorance that transcended that of the other young lady with whom he had conversed. But he attributed it all to "Roman" influences. They dreaded the Apocalypse, and had not allowed either of these young ladies to become acquainted with its tremendous pages. Moreover, there was something else. There was a certain light and trifling tone which she used in referring

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to these things, and it pained him. He sat involved in a long and very serious consideration of her case, and once or twice looked at her with so very peculiar an expression that Minnie began to feel very uneasy indeed.

Tozer at length cleared his throat, and fixed upon Minnie a very affectionate and tender look.

"My dear young friend," said he, "have you ever reflected upon the way you are living?"

At this Minnie gave him a frightened little look, and her head fell.

"You are young now, but you can't be young always; youth and beauty and loveliness all are yours; but they can't last; and now is the time for you to make your choice —now in life's gay morn. It ain't easy when you get old. Remember that, my dear. Make your choice now—now."

"Oh dear!" said Minnie; "I knew it. But I can't—and I don't want to—and I think it's *very* unkind in you. I don't want to make *any* choice—I don't want any of you. It's *so* horrid!"

This was a dreadful shock to Tozer; but he could not turn aside from this beautiful yet erring creature.

"Oh, I entreat you—I implore you, my dear, *dear*—"

"I do *wish* you wouldn't talk to me that way, and call me your *dear*. I don't like it; no, not even if you *did* save my life, though really I didn't know there was any danger. But I'm not *your* dear."

And Minnie tossed her head with a little air of determination, as though she had quite made up her mind on that point.

"Oh, well now, really now," said Tozer, "it was only a natural expression. I *do* take a deep interest in you, my—that is—miss; I feel a sincere regard and affection and—"

"But it's no use," said Minnie; "you really *can't*, you know; and so, why, you *mustn't*, you know."

Tozer did not clearly understand this; so, after a brief pause, he resumed:

"But what I was saying is of far more importance. I referred to your life. Now you're not happy as you are."

"Oh yes, but I am," said Minnie, briskly.

Tozer sighed.

"I'm *very* happy," continued Minnie; "very, very happy—that is, when I'm with dear, darling Kitty, and dear, dear Ethel, and my darling old Dowdy, and dear, kind papa."

Tozer sighed again.

"You can't be *truly* happy thus," he said, mournfully; "you may think you are, but you *ain't*. My heart fairly yearns over you when I see you, so young, so lovely, and so innocent; and I know you can't be happy as you are; you must live otherwise; and oh! I pray you, I entreat you, to set your affections elsewhere."

"Well, then, I think it's very, very horrid in you to press me so," said Minnie, with something actually like asperity in her tone; "but it's *quite* impossible."

"But, oh, why?"

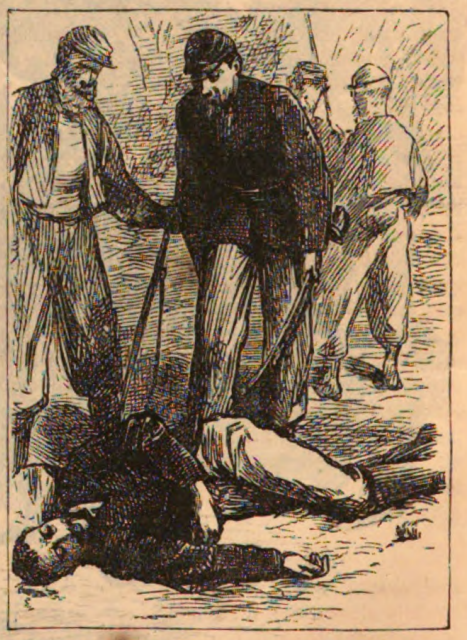
"Why, because I don't want to have things any different. But if I have to be worried and teased so, and if people insist on it so, why, there's only one that I'll *ever* consent to."

"And what is that?" asked Tozer, looking at her with the most affectionate solicitude.

"Why, it's—it's—" Minnie paused, and looked a little confused.

"It's what?" asked Tozer, with still deeper and more anxious interest.

"Why, it's—it's—Rufus K. Gunn."



"THE DISCOVERY OF A BODY ON THE SHORE OF THE LAKE."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE IMPATIENT BARON.

THE brigands had resisted stubbornly, but finally found themselves without a leader. Girasole had disappeared, and as his voice no longer directed their movements, they began to fall into confusion. The attacking party, on the other hand, was well led, and made a steady advance, driving the enemy before them. At length the brigands lost heart, and took to flight. With a wild cheer the assailants followed in pursuit. But the fugitives took to the forest, and were soon beyond the reach of their pursuers in its familiar intricacies, and the victors were summoned back by the sound of the trumpet.

It was now daylight, and as the conquer-

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ing party emerged from the forest they showed the uniform of the Papal Zouaves; while their leader, who had shown himself so skillful in forest warfare, proved to be no less a personage than our friend the Baron. Led by him, the party advanced to the old stone house; and here, drawing up his men in front, their leader rushed in, and searched every room. To his amazement, he found the house deserted, its only inmate being that dead brigand whom Girasole had mistaken for Hawbury. This discovery filled the Baron with consternation. He had expected to find the prisoners here, and his dismay and grief were excessive. At first he could not believe in his ill luck; but another search convinced him of it, and reduced him to a state of perfect bewilderment.

But he was not one who could long remain inactive. Feeling confident that the brigands were scattered every where in headlong flight, he sent his men out in different directions into the woods and along the shore to see if they could find any traces of the lost ones. He himself remained near the house, so as to direct the search most efficiently. After about an hour they came back, one by one, without being able to find many traces. One had found an empty coffin in a grave, another a woman's hood, a third had found a scarf. All of these had endeavored to follow up these traces, but without result. Finally a man approached who announced the discovery of a body on the shore of the lake. After him came a party who was carrying the corpse for the inspection of their captain.

The Baron went to look at it. The body showed a great gap in the skull. On questioning the men he learned that they had found it on the shore, at the bottom of a steep rock, about half-way between the house and the place where they had first emerged from the woods. His head was lying pressed against a sharp rock in such a way that it was evident that he had fallen over the cliff, and had been instantly killed. The Baron looked at the face, and recognized the features of Girasole. He ordered it to be taken away and laid in the empty grave for future burial.

The Baron now became impatient. This was not what he had bargained for at all. At length he thought that they might have fled, and might now be concealed in the woods around; and together with this thought there came to his mind an idea of an effective way to reach them. The trumpeter could send forth a blast which could be heard far and wide. But what might, could, would, or should the trumpeter sound forth which should give to the concealed listeners a certainty that the summons came from friends, and not from foes? This the Baron puzzled over for some time. At length he solved this problem also, and triumphantly.

There was one strain which the trumpeter might sound that could not be mistaken. It would at once convey to the concealed hearers all the truth, and gently woo them home. It would be at once a note of victory, a song of joy, a call of love, a sound of peace, and an invitation, "Wanderer, come home."

Of course there was only one tune that to the mind of the Baron was capable of doing this.

And of course that tune was "Yankee Doodle."

Did the trumpeter know it?

Of course he did.

Who does not know it?

All men know that tune. Man is born with an innate knowledge of the strain of "Yankee Doodle." No one can remember when he first learned it. The reason is because he never learned it at all. It was born in him.

So the trumpeter sounded it forth, and wild and high, and clear and far the sounds arose; and it was "Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying; and answer, echoes, answer, Yankee Doodle dying."

And while the trumpet sounded the Baron listened and listened, and walked up and down, and fretted and fumed and chafed, and I'm afraid he swore a little too; and at last he was going to tell the trumpeter to stop his infernal noise, when, just at that moment, what should he see all of a sudden emerging from the woods but three figures!

And I'll leave you to imagine, if you can, the joy and delight which agitated the bosom of our good Baron as he recognized among these three figures the well-known face and form of his friend Hawbury. With Hawbury was a lady whom the Baron remembered having seen once in the upper hall of a certain house in Rome, on a memorable occasion, when he stood on the stairs calling *Min*. The lady was very austere then, but she was very gracious now, and very wonderfully sweet in the expression of her face. And with them was a stranger in the garb of a priest.

Now as soon as the party met the Baron, who rushed to meet them, Hawbury wrung his hand, and stared at him in unbounded astonishment.

"You!" he cried, "yourself, old boy! By Jove!"

"Yes," said the Baron. "You see, the moment we got into the bushes I kept my eye open, and got a chance to spring into the woods. There I was all right, and ran for it. I got into the road again a couple of miles back, got a horse, rode to Civita Castellana, and there I was lucky enough to find a company of Zouaves. Well, Sir, we came here flying, mind I tell you, and got hold of a chap that we made guide us to the lake. Then

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we opened on them, and here we are, by thunder! But where's Min?"

"Who?" asked Hawbury.

"Min," said the Baron, in the most natural tone in the world.

"Oh! Why, isn't she here?"

"No. We've hunted every where. No one's here at all!" and the Baron went on to tell about their search and its results. Hawbury was chiefly struck by the news of Girasole.

"He must have gone mad with terror," said Hawbury, as he told the Baron about his adventure at the grave. "If that's so," he added, "I don't see how the ladies could be harmed. I dare say they've run off. Why, we started to run, and got so far off that we couldn't find our way back even after the trumpet began to sound. You must keep blowing at it, you know. Play all the national tunes you can—no end of them. They'll find their way back if you give them time."

And now they all went back to the house, and the Baron in his anxiety could not talk any more, but began his former occupation of walking up and down, and fuming and fretting and chafing, and, I'm again afraid, swearing; when all of a sudden, on the bank in front of him, on the very top, just emerging from the thick underbrush which had concealed them till that moment, to their utter amazement and indescribable delight they beheld Scone Dacres and Mrs. Willoughby. Scone Dacres appeared to Hawbury to be in a totally different frame of mind from that in which he had been when he last saw him; and what perplexed him most, yea, and absolutely confounded him, was the sight of Scone Dacres with his demon wife, whom he had been pursuing for the sake of vengeance, and whose frenzy had been so violent that he himself had been drawn with him on purpose to try and restrain him. And now what was the injured husband doing with his demon wife? Doing! why, doing the impassioned lover most vigorously; sustaining her steps most tenderly; grasping her hand; pushing aside the bushes; assisting her down the slope; overwhelming her, in short; hovering around her, apparently unconscious that there was in all the wide world any other being than Mrs. Willoughby. And as Hawbury looked upon all this his eyes dilated and his lips parted involuntarily in utter wonder; and finally, as Dacres reached the spot, the only greeting which he could give his friend was,

"By Jove!"

And now, while Mrs. Willoughby and Ethel were embracing with tears of joy, and overwhelming one another with questions, the Baron sought information from Dacres.

Dacres then informed him all about Tozer's advent and departure.

"Tozer!" cried the Baron, in intense delight. "Good on his darned old head! Hurrah for the parson! He shall marry us for this—he, and no other, by thunder!"

Upon which Mrs. Willoughby and Ethel exchanged glances, but said not a word. Not they.

But in about five minutes, when Mrs. Willoughby had Ethel apart a little by herself, she said,

"Oh, Ethel dear, isn't it dreadful?"

"What?" asked Ethel.

"Why, poor Minnie!"

"Poor Minnie?"

"Yes, another horrid man; and he'll be claiming her too. And, oh dear! what shall I do?"

"Why, you'll have to let her decide for herself. I think it will be—this person."

Mrs. Willoughby clasped her hands and looked up with a pretty little expression of horror.

"And do you know, dear," added Ethel, "I'm beginning to think that it wouldn't be so *very* bad. He's Lord Hawbury's friend, you know; and then he's very, very brave; and above all, think what we all owe him."

Mrs. Willoughby gave a resigned sigh.

And now the Baron was wilder with impatience than ever. He had questioned Dacres, and found that he could give him no information whatever as to Tozer's route, and consequently had no idea where to search. But he still had boundless confidence in "Yankee Doodle."

"That's the way," said Dacres: "we heard it ever so far, and it was the first thing that told us it was safe to return. We didn't dare to venture before."

Meanwhile Hawbury had got Dacres by himself, and poured a torrent of questions over him. Dacres told him in general terms how he was captured. Then he informed him how Mrs. Willoughby was put in the same room, and his discovery that it was Minnie that the Italian wanted.

"Well, do you know, old chap," continued Dacres, "I couldn't stand it; so I offered to make it all up with her."

"Oh! I see you've done that, old boy—congrat—"

"Pooh! wait a minute," said Dacres, interrupting him. "Well, you know, she wasn't my wife at all."

At this Hawbury stood utterly aghast.

"What's that?"

"She wasn't my wife at all. She looks confoundedly like what my wife was at her best, but she's another person. It's a most extraordinary likeness, and yet she isn't any relation whatever, but a great deal prettier woman. What made me so sure, you know, was the infernally odd coincidence of the name; and then I only saw her off and on, you know, and I never heard her voice. Then, you know, I was mad with jealousy; and so I made myself worse and worse, till

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I was ripe for murder, arson, assassination, and all that sort of thing, you know."

To all this Hawbury listened in amazement, and could not utter a word, until at last, as Dacres paused, he said,

"By Jove!"

"Well, old man, I was the most infernal ass that ever lived. And how I must have bored you!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Hawbury again. "But drive on, old boy."

"Well, you know, the row occurred just then, and away went the scoundrels to the fight, and in came that parson fellow, and away we went. I took Mrs. Willoughby to a safe place, where I kept her till I heard the trumpet, you know. And I've got another thing to tell you. It's deuced odd; but she knew all about me."

"The deuce she did!"

"Yes, the whole story. Lived somewhere in the county; but I don't remember the Fays. At any rate, she lived there; and do you know, old fellow, the county people used to think I beat my wife!"

"By Jove!"

"Yes; and afterward they raised a report that my cruelty had driven her mad. But I had a few friends that stood up for me, and among others these Fays, you know, had heard the truth of it, and, as it happened, Kitty—"

"Kitty?"

"Well, Mrs. Willoughby, I mean—her name's Kitty—has always known the truth about it, and when she saw me at Naples she felt interested in me."

"Oho!" and Hawbury opened his eyes.

"Well, she knew all about it; and among other things she gave me one piece of intelligence that has eased my mind."

"Ah? What's that?"

"Why, my wife *is* dead."

"Oh! Then there's no doubt about it?"

"Not a bit. She died eight years ago, and in an insane asylum."

"By Jove! Then she was mad all the time."

"Yes; that accounts for it, and turns all my curses into pity."

Dacres was silent now for a few moments. At length he looked at Hawbury with a very singular expression.

"Hawbury, old boy."

"Well, Sconey?"

"I think we'll keep it up."

"Who?"

"Why, Kitty and I; that is, Mrs. Willoughby and I—her name's Kitty, you know."

"Keep what up?"

"Why, the—the—the fond illusion, and all that sort of thing. You see, I've got into such an infernal habit of regarding her as my wife that I can't look on her in any other light. I claimed her, you know, and all that sort of thing, and she thought I was delirious, and felt sorry, and humored me, and gave me a very favorable answer."

"Humored you?"

"Yes; that's what she says now, you know. But I'm holding her to it, and I've every reason to believe, you know—in fact, I may as well say that it's an understood thing, you know, that she'll let it go, you know, and at some early day, you know, we'll have it all formally settled, and all that sort of thing, you know."

Hawbury wrung his friend's hand.

"See here, old boy; you see Ethel there?"

"Yes."

"Who do you think she is?"

"Who?"

"*Ethel Orne!*"

"Ethel *Orne!*" cried Dacres, as the whole truth flashed on his mind. "What a devil of a jumble every thing has been getting into! By Heaven, dear boy, I congratulate you from the bottom of my soul!"

And he wrung Hawbury's hand as though all his soul was in that grasp.

But all this could not satisfy the impatience of the Baron. This was all very well in its way, merely as an episode; but he was waiting for the chief incident of the piece, and the chief incident was delaying very unaccountably.

So he strode up and down, and he fretted and he fumed and he chafed, and the trumpeter kept blowing away.

Until at last—

Just before his eyes—

Up there on the top of the bank, not far from where Dacres and Mrs. Willoughby had made their appearance, the Baron caught sight of a tall, lank, slim figure, clothed in rusty black, whose thin and leathery face, rising above a white neck-tie, peered solemnly yet interrogatively through the bushes; while just behind him the Baron caught a glimpse of the flutter of a woman's dress.

He gave a loud cry of joy, and then sprang up the bank.

* * * * * *

But over that meeting I think we had better draw a veil.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ASTONISHING WAY OF CONCLUDING AN ADVENTURE.

THE meeting between the Baron and Minnie gave a new shock to poor Mrs. Willoughby, who looked with a helpless expression, and walked away for a little distance. Dacres and Hawbury were still eagerly conversing and questioning one another about their adventures. Tozer also had descended and joined himself to the priest; and each of these groups had leisure for a prolonged conversation before they were interrupted.

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At length Minnie made her appearance, and flung herself into her sister's arms; while at the same time the Baron grasped Tozer by both hands, and called out in a voice loud enough to be heard by all,

"You shall marry us, parson, and this very day, by thunder!"

These words came to Mrs. Willoughby's ears in the midst of her first joy at meeting her sister, and shocked her inexpressibly.

"What's that, Minnie darling?" she asked, anxiously—"what is it? Did you hear what that dreadful—what the—the Baron said?"

Minnie looked sweetly conscious, but said nothing.

"What *does* he mean?" asked her sister again.

"I suppose he means what he says," replied Minnie, with a timid air, stealing a shy look at the Baron.

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Willoughby, "there's another dreadful trouble, I know. It's very, very hard—"

"Well, I'm sure," said Minnie, "I can't help it. They all do so. That clergyman came and saved me, and he wasn't a Roman Catholic clergyman at all, and he proposed—"

"Proposed!" cried Mrs. Willoughby, aghast.

"Oh yes," said Minnie, solemnly; "and I had hard work preventing him. But, really, it was *too* absurd, and I would not let him be too explicit. But I didn't hurt his feelings. Well, you know, then, all of a sudden, as we were sitting there, the bugle sounded, and we came back. Well, then, Rufus K. Gunn came, and you know how very violent he is in his way, and he said he saved my life again, and so he proposed."

"*He* proposed! Why, he had proposed before."

"Oh yes; but that was for an engagement, and this was for our marriage."

"Marriage!"

"Oh yes; and, you see, he had actually saved my life twice, and he was very urgent, and he is so *aw*fully affectionate, and so—"

"Well, what?" cried Mrs. Willoughby, seeing Minnie hesitate.

"Why, he—"

"Well?"

"I mean, I—"

"You what? Really, Minnie dearest, you might tell me, and not keep me in such dreadful suspense."

"Why, what could I say?"

"But what *did* you say?"

"Why, I think I—said—yes," said Minnie, casting down her eyes with indescribable sweetness, shyness, meekness, and resignation.

Mrs. Willoughby actually shuddered.

"Now, Kitty," exclaimed Minnie, who at once noticed it, "you needn't be so horrid! I'm sure you can't say any thing against him *now*. You needn't look so. You *always* hated him. You *never* would treat him kindly."

"But this—this marriage. It's too shocking."

"Well, he saved my life."

"And to-day! How utterly preposterous! It's shameful!"

"Well, I'm sure I can't help it."

"It's too horrid!" continued Mrs. Willoughby, in an excited tone. "It will break poor papa's heart. And it will break poor darling aunty's heart. And it will break my heart."

"Now, Kitty dearest, this is too silly in you. If it hadn't been for him I would now be married to that wretched Count, who hadn't sufficient affection for me to get me a chair to sit on, and who was very, very rude to you. You didn't care, though, whether I was married to him or not; and now, when I am saved from him, you have nothing but very unpleasant things to say about Rufus K. Gunn."

"Oh dear, what *would* I give if you were only safe home!"

"Well, I'm sure I don't see what *I* can do. People are always saving my life. And there is Captain Kirby hunting all over Italy for me. And I *know* I will be saved by somebody if—if—I—I—if—I—if—you know—that is—I'm sure—"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Willoughby, as Minnie broke down in confusion. "It is *too* absurd. I won't talk about it. You are a silly child. Oh, how I *do* wish you were home!"

At this juncture the conversation was interrupted by the Baron.

"It is not my fashion, ma'am," said he, gravely, "to remind another of any obligations under which he may be to me; but my claims on Minnie have been so opposed by you and the rest of her friends that I have to ask you to think of them. Your father knows what my first claims are. You yourself, ma'am, know perfectly well what the last claims are which I have won to-day."

The Baron spoke calmly, firmly, and with dignity. Mrs. Willoughby answered not a word.

"If you think on your position last night, and Minnie's, ma'am," resumed the Baron, "you'll acknowledge, I expect, that it was pretty hard lines. What would you have given a few hours ago for a sight of my uniform in that old house yonder? If I had come then to save Minnie from the clutches of that *I*talian, wouldn't you have given her to me with all your heart, and your prayers too? You would, by thunder! Think, ma'am, on your sufferings last night, and then answer me."

Mrs. Willoughby involuntarily thought of that night of horror, and shuddered, and said nothing.

"Now, ma'am, just listen to this. I find

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on coming here that this Italian had a priest here all ready to marry him and Minnie. If I'd been delayed or defeated, Minnie would have been that rascal's wife by this time. The priest was here. They would have been married as sure as you're born. You, ma'am, would have had to see this poor, trembling, broken-hearted, despairing girl torn from your arms, and bound by the marriage tie to a ruffian and a scoundrel whom she loathed. And now, ma'am, I save her from this. I have my priest too, ma'am. He ain't a Roman Catholic, it is true—he's an orthodox parson—but, at the same time, I ain't particular. Now I propose to avail myself this day of his invaluable services, at the earliest hour possible, but, at the same time, if Min prefers it, I don't object to the priest, for I have a kind of Roman Catholic leaning myself.

"Now you may ask, ma'am," continued the Baron, as Mrs. Willoughby continued silent—"you may ask why I'm in such a thundering hurry. My answer is, because you fit me off so. You tried to keep me from Min. You locked me out of your house. You threatened to hand me over to the police (and I'd like to see one of them try it on with me). You said I was mad or drunk, and finally you tried to run away. Then you rejected my advice, and plunged headforemost into this fix. Now, in view of all this, my position is this—that I can't trust you. I've got Min now, and I mean to keep her. If you got hold of her again, I feel it would be the last of her. Consequently I ain't going to let her go. Not me. Not by a long chalk.

"Finally, ma'am, if you'll allow me, I'll touch upon another point. I've thought over your objections to me. It ain't my rank—I'm a noble; it ain't money—I'm worth a hundred thousand dollars; it ain't my name—for I call myself Atramonte. It must be something in me. I've come to the conclusion that it's my general style—my manners and customs. Very well. Perhaps they don't come up to your standard; they mayn't square with your ideas. Yet, let me inform you, ma'am, there are other standards of action and manner and speech than those to which you are accustomed, and mine is one of them. Minnie doesn't object to that. She knows my heart is all right, and is willing to trust herself to me. Consequently I take her, and I mean to make her mine this day."

As the Baron paused Mrs. Willoughby began, first of all, to express her gratitude, and then to beg him to postpone the marriage. She declared that it was an unheard-of thing, that it was shameful, that it was shocking, that it was dreadful. She grew very much excited; she protested, she entreated. Finally she burst into tears, and appealed to Lord Hawbury in the most moving terms.

Hawbury listened very gravely, with his eyes wandering over to where Ethel was; and Ethel caught the expression of his face, and looked quite confused.

"Oh, think, only think," said Mrs. Willoughby, after an eloquent and pathetic appeal—"think how the poor child will be talked about!"

"Well, really—ah—'pon my life," said Hawbury, with his eyes still wandering over toward Ethel, "I'm sure I don't—ah—share your views altogether, Mrs. Willoughby; for—ah—there *are* times, you know, when a fellow finds it very uncommonly desirable—runaway matches, you know, and all that sort of thing; and, by Jove! to tell the truth, I really admire the idea, by Jove! And, really—ah—I'm sure—I wish most confoundedly it was the universal fashion, by Jove!"

"But she'll be *so* talked about. She'll make herself so shockingly *conspicuous*."

"Conspicuous! By Jove!" said Hawbury, who seemed struck by the idea. At that moment Minnie began talking to her sister, and Hawbury went off to Ethel, to whom he began talking in the most earnest manner. The two wandered off for some distance, and did not return for a full half hour. When they did return Ethel looked somewhat embarrassed, and Hawbury was radiant. With this radiance on his face he went up to Mrs. Willoughby, leaving Ethel in the background.

"Oh, by-the-way," said he, "you were remarking that your sister would be too conspicuous by such a hasty marriage."

"Yes," said Mrs. Willoughby, anxiously.

"Well, I thought I would tell you that she needn't be so *very* conspicuous; for, in fact—that is, you know, Ethel and I—she told you, I suppose, about our mistake?"

"Oh yes."

"And I think I've persuaded her to save Minnie from being too conspicuous."

Mrs. Willoughby gave Hawbury a look of astonishment and reproach.

"You!" she cried, "and Ethel!"

"Why, I'm sure, we're the very ones you might expect it from. Think how infernally we've been humbugged by fate."

"Fate!" said Mrs. Willoughby. "It was all your own fault. She was chosen for you."

"Chosen for me? What do you mean?"

"By your mother."

"My mother?"

"Yes."

"She said one of Biggs's nieces."

"Ethel is that niece."

"The devil!" cried Hawbury. "I beg pardon. By Jove!"

Hawbury, overwhelmed by this, went back to Ethel, and they wandered off once more.

The Baron had already wandered off with Minnie in another direction.

Tozer and the priest had gone to survey the house.

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Seeing Mrs. Willoughby thus left alone, Dacres drifted up to her. He came up silently.

"Kitty," said he, in a low voice, "you seem sad."

By which familiar address it will be seen that Dacres had made some progress toward intimacy with her.

Mrs. Willoughby did not seem at all offended at this, but looked up with one of her frankest smiles, and the clouds of perplexity passed away. She was an exceedingly pretty woman, and she was certainly not over twenty-four.

"I'm *so* worried," she said, plaintively.

"What's the matter?" asked Dacres, in a tone of the deepest and tenderest sympathy.

"Why, these horrid men; and, what's worse, Lord Hawbury is actually encouraging Mr.—the—the Baron; and I'm *so* worried. Oh dear!"

"But why should you be worried?"

"It's *so* horrid. It's shocking. It's not to be thought of."

"But why not?" asked Dacres.

"Why, it's—it's so horrid!" said Mrs. Willoughby.

Dacres stood looking at her for a long time.

"Kitty," said he at last.

Mrs. Willoughby looked up.

Dacres looked all around. He then took her hand.

"Isn't it too bad," he said, "to let Minnie—"

"What?"

"To let her go through this ordeal alone?"

"Alone!" exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby, looking in wonder at him.

"Yes."

"What *do* you mean?"

"Couldn't *we* accompany her?"

Mrs. Willoughby snatched away her hand.

"Are you mad?" she cried. "I do believe the whole world's mad to-day."

"Mad!" cried Dacres. "Yes, I'm mad—insane—raving! Won't you be merciful again?—won't you, Kitty? Won't you 'humor' my ravings? Oh, do. Oh Kitty, dear Kitty!"

"It's positive insanity!"

"Oh, Kitty!"

"You're raving!"

"Won't you 'humor' me just this once—only this once?"

"Hush! there they come," said Mrs. Willoughby, suddenly snatching away her hand, which Dacres had somehow got hold of again, and moving a little further away from him. It was the Baron and Minnie, who were coming back again, while Hawbury and Ethel were seen a little further away.

There they all stood—there, on the spot where they had found the crisis of their fortunes; and as they stood there the two clergymen, Catholic and Protestant, slowly came out of the house.

THE END.

HENRY BROUGHAM.

THE most listless traveler by the great Lyons Railway would have turned to give a second look to the extraordinary person, attractive by his ugliness, who haunted that route for many years, like a grotesque bird of passage, seeking the milder climate of Cannes in the autumn, and returning with the spring to London fog. A spare, ungainly figure, galvanized with incessant motion, that multiplied itself in jerking wrinkles over a countenance like that a child bites out of gingerbread, a sharp, imperious voice, a negligent dress, touched with nationality by the unfailing plaid, completed a picture of eccentric force and conscious originality; and the natural curiosity that inquired his name would have been satisfied by the harmony between the appearance and the history of Henry Brougham.

For he looked precisely like what he was—a man who had done many great things without being great, had left nothing complete for want of concentration, and in his zeal for correcting others had forgotten to govern himself. Devoted in early days to reforms that needed no martyr, he sacrificed little, and won no veneration in carrying them out. His reputation, at one time great, came so soon in his long career that his later fame fell below it, and he seemed to grow but little after ripening. But his energy forbade him to retire from public life. Even if he had not loved to be talked about, he loved work too well ever to be idle. Besides, under all his passion for conflict and personal display, there lay an honest and hopeful faith in progress, and a purpose to drive it on in all ways that his energy could open. But the great occasions for his peculiar powers had all come up and been used long before those powers declined, and the latter part of his life was filled with action without effect.

It is not easy for this generation to realize how much Brougham outgrew, and helped the world to outgrow with him. At the time of his birth the horizon of human experience was about to enlarge suddenly and grandly, to take in new histories written by the French revolution, our own nation, and Napoleon; new sciences and inventions; new ideas of human rights, and of what it was possible and wise to do for advancing human happiness. It was by personal experience, not tradition, that he knew of the times when Englishmen were slave-traders and slave-holders; when government kept the greater part of the nation poor and left them ignorant; when Ireland was a province, and Scotland had scarcely a voice in legislation; when stern statutes branded a Catholic as unfit to rule, and hung a petty thief as unfit to live. The peers led the state as a powerful order, of which the pale

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mimicry now lingers; the press was but beginning to know and afraid to use its might; routine cramped the courts, corruption ruled the hustings, and tradition, in spite of the shock it had received in a neighboring country, still overawed inquiry. The few who ventured to look into the foundations of the existing order of things in church and state had little thought of rebuilding upon them. Not that Brougham early and consciously devoted himself to this very work--few men do plan their destiny—but it was the work for which his nature fitted him; and when the hour came he threw himself into it with ardor. He was impatient of control and insatiable of knowledge. And no one better understood that the freedom and the knowledge which were the life of his own being were also the urgent needs of his nation in his time, or more resolutely sought both for the sake of communicating them to his countrymen.

There was nothing in Brougham's condition of life to make him insensible to these needs, nor any thing in his education to attach him to a class whose interest lay in neglecting them. He was born a Scotchman, among the most self-dependent people under English rule—a people very much like what the New Englanders might have become if they had remained at home. His kindred were Presbyterians, and his associates among the higher ranks of the commonalty. His maternal grandmother was a sister of the historian Robertson—a woman remarkable even among Scotchwomen for her clear sense and energy of character—and his early years were passed under the influence of her strong intellect and correct judgment. There was a vague claim in the family to descent from De Burghams of the Conqueror's date, and a still more slightly grounded belief in a connection with the Norman barons De Vaux. His own memoirs, speaking of his many respectable ancestors, betray no trace of a weakness for high descent, and there was nothing in his social surroundings to nurture it. What was better than quarterings or manors he did derive by direct descent from his grandmother —her active mind and resolute will. But some freak of nature withheld the steadiness of judgment for which she was noted; and also bestowed on him, instead of her singular beauty, a rare and interesting ugliness, which grew with time only more elaborate and startling. Brougham was precocious, quick at learning, and an eager devourer of all sorts of books, as well as ready and stinging in speech, and combative from the very first. The society of Edinburgh in his youth was fitted to develop these qualities, and yet to teach their possessor due modesty. There were accomplished men in all the professions —hard-headed Scotchmen, conscientiously trained; there were teachers in the University, ardent in the pursuit of scholarship and of such science as was then known, and eagerly followed by numerous pupils; there were young men of good family depending on their brains for bread and fame, many of whom kept up an equal race through life with Brougham in their several courses. Instead of the splendor of a court and the excitements of a metropolis, there was a court of intellect that envied London nothing, and a modest equality of life favorable to the formation of solid character.

Brougham, though an unremitting student, was no dyspeptic bookworm. Vegetarians and abstinents he would have laughed to scorn, as Luther did, all his life long, for he was too healthily endowed to make his diet a conscience for his morals or his mental workings. After an evening spent among his keen-witted friends at their Speculative Society in debating philosophical or political questions, he would hold his own with some Counselor Pleydell over a potent Scotch brew, or finish a rollicking night with a raid upon the knockers and signs decorating the sea-green doors of the New Town. The interval between the end of his college studies and his serious adoption of his profession he spent in a cruise among the Hebrides—no tour of picturesque and antiquarian research, like Johnson's, but a long sea frolic, given up by day to the fatigues of hunting, and relieved by a hearty carouse at night. Neither his sense of discretion nor his digestion suffered any shock from such overflows of spirits, for at the age of eighty-eight he reflects with exultation on these pranks of his boyhood, only regretting them because they were past. Indeed, the union of Scotch toughness with English heartiness made Brougham always convivial, a leader of the revels on circuit, and a deeper drinker of claret than any of his ministerial associates at a time when, though four-bottle statesmen like Pitt were departing, yet Catos of the cabinet, such as Gladstone, had not arrived. But neither the bitter enemies nor the light swarm of caricaturists, whose mark he was for many years, ever seriously accused him of excess.

His early mental bias was strongly toward science, and his first efforts for literary distinction were made in that field. While in his teens he contributed to the Transactions of the Philosophical Society a paper on the Newtonian theory of light, and another on an obscure topic in geometry. In later days he thawed the reserve of Carnot, while at Paris, by a discussion on fluxions; he was accustomed, in the midst of political strife, to plunge every year for a few days into mathematical amusements. Later still, he was a member of the French Institute—awakened to his merit after it shone from the woolsack. He took intelligent note of the marvelous development and organization at-

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tained by human research in that direction during the long period covered by his life. But though himself penetrating and observant, it is doubtful—such was his want of patience and accuracy—whether he could ever have become a leader in scientific inquiry. A more complete and congenial distraction from the impatience besetting him in the days of his early slow progress in his profession was found in the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review*.

The time and place were both favorable to the creation of a new means of expression for liberal thought. The Northern capital had attracted so many scholars and accomplished men from the Continent, disturbed by war, that it had become one of the intellectual centres of Europe. Government was in the hands of a narrow and violent section of the Tories during Pitt's estrangement from the king on the question of Catholic Emancipation. They ruled in Scotland with insolent exclusiveness. There was no criticism of literary work except such puffs or attacks as publishers paid for and dictated. Both the repression and the perversion were intolerable to the circle of high-spirited and intelligent young Whigs among whom Brougham moved. They conceived the plan of a quarterly publication, expressly designed to attack abuses and to liberalize the tone of thought in politics and literature, letting religion alone. The first suggestion was certainly Sydney Smith's, and it is said that Brougham's co-operation was opposed on account of his rashness, and afterward invited from fear of his powerful enmity. His own account represents himself as one of the four originators, with Jeffrey, Horner, and Smith. These four wrote the whole of the first few numbers, Jeffrey acting as editor; and before long the most accomplished men of the kingdom, in all ranks and pursuits, joined its contributors. The success of the *Review* astounded its projectors, and inspired them with a dash and confidence that often ran into recklessness and arrogance. It brought together the most advanced thinkers of the time, and harmonized and diffused their views, while it provoked discussion, and raised up a host of strong competitors. It did incalculable service to the Whig party and to the cause of freedom throughout the world. On the Continent it was an authority for English state affairs—Jefferson never failed to consult it—and the government learned to heed it as the voice of the most enlightened public opinion. Its services to science and literature, too, were not less important. Its judgments were always sharp and decided, never uncertain, and though on some occasions harsh or mistaken, were yet founded on knowledge of the subjects treated, and on true canons of criticism. To the best of its ability it suppressed incompetence, and fostered rising genius; and its early blunder in assailing Byron, for which Brougham is personally to blame, though Jeffrey bore the responsibility of it, was not repeated when the time came to pronounce on the merits of Macaulay.

Whatever part Brougham may have had in the paternity of the *Edinburgh Review*, his labors in its support were immense and varied and long continued. For the first four numbers he wrote twenty-one articles, and on the first twenty his work included eighty papers, Jeffrey contributing seventy-five, and Smith twenty-three. Brougham was a capital reviewer. His constant omnivorous reading and wide acquaintance provided him with ample material, and he laid all persons and occasions under contribution. He would "swallow a book whole" in his walks on one day, and by "an exertion about midnight," among social engagements, contrive to send it down to Jeffrey depicted and commented on. His style was vehement and eloquent, but by no means correct, nor always in good taste. As his career widened, the *Review* gave him a field for discussing the public measures to which he was devoted. His serious papers, inspiring thoughtful minds with philosophic views, were an admirable complement to their enforcement by more popular arguments in his speeches in Parliament. This twofold device of unfolding as a publicist the topics which he urged as an orator doubled his party influence, and no doubt contributed powerfully to his political advancement. So that, without any personal views or interested purpose, he found in the maturity of the *Review* ample reward for the care and labor he had bestowed on its establishment.

Brougham was twenty-seven years of age when he exchanged Edinburgh for London as a residence. The only requisite for admission to practice—that of dining five days during each term in Lincoln's Inn—he had complied with for two years, and in 1805 he transferred his domicile to the Southern capital, where he was called to the bar in 1808. He cultivated close relations with the Whig peers, and attended the debates in the House of Commons oftener than the courts, diligently writing for the *Review* while awaiting practice. In society he soon became popular from his conversational powers, and a little feared for his sarcasm, "being courted both for what was pleasant and what was formidable about him." But his professional progress was very slow, and his practice limited at first to Scotch appeals. Although a favorite with the bar, as in society, he interfered little with the success of rivals there. His manner of argument is described as failing utterly in tact, wanting precision and clearness in details, and finish and unity in the whole, though displaying great compass of

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mind and much industry. But those who knew him best already foresaw that want of steadiness and discretion would mar the effect of his brilliant powers. In truth, a political career was that for which Brougham was best fitted, and by coquetting all his life long between that and the legal profession, he missed the highest reputation either in the senate or the forum. Even at this early period he deserted practice for a few months' service as secretary of a diplomatic mission to Portugal, from which he gained nothing but a closer connection with the Whig leaders. The *mot* invented for him, that "if he only knew a little law he would know something of every thing," was as unfair as it was pointed. He did know a great deal of law as a science, but he lacked the patience and concentration to organize his knowledge for effective daily work. In those larger controversies with which courts least often deal, requiring the application of legal principles to vindicate human rights or direct public policy, Brougham's ardor and fullness made him pre-eminent, but Parliament was the arena for these discussions.

He had already made his mark in the management of a great cause at the bar of the House of Lords. The merchants of Liverpool employed him to plead for the repeal of the Orders in Council forbidding exports to the Continent, which had been provoked by Napoleon's extraordinary decrees declaring the islands of Great Britain in a state of blockade, and all British goods, wherever taken, lawful prize. The discussion involved details of political economy, and covered the ground of neutral rights and of the limits to a free government's power in interfering with private interests. The effort failed, and the repeal, considered by Brougham the greatest achievement of his life, was not carried until four years later—too late to prevent the war with America, which he had deprecated as one of the evil consequences of the Orders. But the occasion fixed his fame as an orator, and assured him public distinction. Yet it was not until his impatience at the delay occasioned by want of confidence in his stability was set at rest through his nomination as member for the rotten borough of Camelford that his real career opened before him, at the age of thirty-two.

The new member astonished every one, first by keeping complete silence for a month, and then by his mild and temperate maiden speech on an unimportant motion, that might have been enlivened with personalities. But the restraint on his fluency and his sarcasm alike was soon laid aside, and for the future he was never in his place for a whole evening without taking part in debate, and never denied himself, when tempted, the pleasure of vituperation. Brougham continued in the House of Commons, with the exception of four years, until he was raised to the wool-sack in 1830. He at once conquered a commanding position, and but for doubts of his discretion and sincerity, might have become the acknowledged leader, as he was intellectually the strongest man, of the Whig party. His capacity for work was unbounded, and his energy prodigious. He took part in every debate originated by others, and brought forward constant motions himself upon subjects of every variety. His eloquence on set occasions poured forth ardent and impetuous, impressive at times, but too often turgid, and weakened by excessive elaboration. Toward his political colleagues he indulged in familiarity that bordered on disrespect; and his want of dignity, ill-matched with his frequent arrogance, aided not a little to defeat his aspirations after leadership. Though a good hater, he did not gain the credit of being a warm friend; and while his party fidelity was beyond doubt, he could be alternately cool and cordial with those of his own politics and with their opponents alike.

The grossest of those contradictions to English theories of freedom, and those anomalies in English practical life, which shocked Henry Brougham's sense of justice, and demanded his interference as a legislator, was the existence of slavery and the slave-trade. We look back at slavery as it then was through half a century of enlightenment, and through the misery we endured after conviction had failed to work repentance in ridding ourselves of the burden, and wonder how a strong and free government, not constitutionally framed in part upon the system, could ever have tolerated it. But the early English abolitionists had to awaken a dull moral sense, to convince minds by arguments almost new, and to assail interests which seemed to benefit and not endanger the state. Brougham had become intimate with Wilberforce, and closely connected with his party of "the saints," during his early days in London, and the great liberator, declining in years, surrendered to him the task of carrying out his views by effective legislation. Much had already been done. The last act regulating the slave-trade had been passed twenty years, and the first act for its abolition three years, before he entered Parliament. But the abominable traffic was still carried on by British subjects with ingenious evasions and increased cruelty. Four months after taking his seat Brougham moved an address to the crown on the law in an admirable speech, branding the slave-traders as men who drove crime, not commerce, and lived by treachery and murder. His treatment of the subject raised him at once to high distinction, and the following session he completed the suppression of the iniquity by carrying a bill declaring slave-traders guilty of felony.

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Many years were yet to pass before Parliament, delayed by fairer pleas in support of a less glaring wrong, crowned the work by abolishing slavery in the colonies. The struggle was earnest and bitter on both sides. Philanthropy spared no violence of invective, and interest no appeals to the peculiar English sense of justice toward vested rights. The phrases of such a contest are too familiar to us, who accepted at the outset of our reform principles which were then first to be established by the disputants. But the powerful arguments drawn from commercial prosperity met only doubtful answers, which even the result to the colonies has scarcely confirmed. Abstract right found it hard to meet the plea of eighteen million pounds annually drawn from slave investments in the West Indies, of which four millions went to swell the public revenue. The Parliamentary interest of the planters and the merchants depending on them long held irresistibly together. The anomalies then existing in legislative representation doubled the power wielded by these classes through their wealth and social connections. The Jamaica planter makes the same figure among his dazzled neighbors, in the plays and novels of the day, as the East India nabob did after Hastings's time. Great sums were held in mortgages upon his plantations, and he returned to his native country to enlarge his acres, to trade with seats in the House, and control appointments for the colonial service. The fate of England in Europe was supposed to be mysteriously bound up with that of her tropical islands, and these, in turn, to depend for their existence on slavery. But the combined and desperate resistance of all these interests, private and public, political and pecuniary, was of no avail against the resolution of the reformers. Brougham fought all their battles with restless energy and profuse fluency; and at length, in 1833, slavery throughout the British dominions ceased by act of Parliament, and the trained tactics and virtuous vituperation which had no longer an object at home were turned upon the United States. Brougham is fairly entitled, in spite of the sneers of his enemies at the claim, to be considered as the head in Parliament of the liberating party.

The distinction, however, cost him a fortune. In 1828 a Mr. Shakspeare Reed, a very wealthy person of Durham County, wrote to inform Brougham that, in consideration of his public services, he had made a will leaving him his property. A few years after he wrote again, appealing to Brougham, as his heir, to use his influence "to put down the political set of pretended philanthropists who were seeking the emancipation of slavery in the West Indies." Brougham replied that he had applied to the wrong quarter, and recommended to him to read a report on the subject, which he inclosed—and Mr. Reed altered his will.

Another ancient and bitter controversy, smouldering when Brougham entered the national legislature, was that upon Catholic Emancipation. On its renewal, thirteen years after he became a member, he ranged himself, with his usual ardor, among the combatants on the only side of the question it was possible that he should choose. It divided the people and the cabinet nearly equally. But neither his horror of the mass, imbibed with his Scotch Presbyterian education, nor his zeal for the spread of knowledge, to which that Church was no friend, lessened Brougham's hatred for the wrong and injustice done to great numbers of his countrymen under the excuse of their religion. He felt the inherited disgrace to the nation of disabilities that had long outlived their historical reasons. He saw with indignation men, the equals in social consideration, in virtue and patriotism, of England's best, under a ban. He feared for the explosion which Ireland, mined by intrigues fomenting just discontent, stood on the verge of. Those terrible memories left by the reaction under Mary from the Reformation had once before so far died out that Roman Catholics sat in the Parliaments of the second Charles. The new, stern restrictions confirming the settlement of Great Britain as a Protestant kingdom in 1688 had been relaxed a century later to allow Catholics to vote, to become magistrates, and enter the army and navy and the professions, so that more disabilities were removed than remained behind. But what remained were unworthy of modern enlightenment. If it was safe to yield so much, it was not only safe to yield all, but unsafe to hesitate about it. "Confidence is better than coercion," was the generous watch-word under which Brougham, in powerful speeches and frequent articles, advocated the most liberal measures for the relief of the Catholics.

The revived struggle engrossed public attention for six years. In the previous reign Pitt had staked the premiership upon the question, and resigned office when he failed to open the king's purblind eyes to his obstinate misreading of his coronation oath. George the Fourth, less honest rather than more liberal, had played with it as a scarecrow to manage his cabinets, until the game grew too dangerous. The pledge of silence on the subject given by Canning when made Secretary of State brought upon him a furious attack from Brougham, which Canning passionately answered by the lie direct. The scene of elaborate explanation that followed suggested to Dickens his diverting theory of insult given and taken in a Pickwickian sense. Canning's silence was as ineffectual as the continued hostility of the new ministry under Wellington and Peel, who saw

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themselves compelled by the dread of civil war to bring forward the measure they had hitherto violently opposed—not the first nor the last instance in English politics of statesmen occupying the popular ground pointed out by their adversaries to keep them away from it. The act for the relief of Roman Catholics passed the Lower House once in 1825, but their full emancipation dates only from 1829; nor are they to this day allowed to hold property ecclesiastically in England. Brougham gained his full share of the honors of the triumph, and counted his labors in this cause among the most important of his public services.

There came to Henry Brougham, the advocate, in the ripe vigor of his powers, and as if to crown his rising reputation, one of those rare occasions on which the greatness of the client and the cause give wide and lasting fame to the defender of innocence. The Queen of England was brought to trial by her husband, before the most august tribunal in Europe, on charges of infidelity, made in support of a bill to deprive her of her rights as queen-consort, and to dissolve the marriage. This proceeding was the culmination of a long series of cruel and unmanly persecutions, beginning with rudely expressed repugnance to a marriage imposed for state reasons, and inflicted through more than twenty years of alternate neglect and insult. The queen, as Princess of Wales, had been surrounded with spies, her correspondence violated, intercourse with her daughter denied her, and foreign powers invited to treat her with disrespect. The prince never pretended to conceal his hatred for his wife, treating her on all occasions with contumely, refusing to receive her associates, and seeking by every petty expedient to annoy her. Contemptuously careless of his conjugal duties, he succeeded in driving her to disregard hers, and to quit the kingdom for a life of travel, which offered too notorious grounds for charges of levity and indecorum, though proofs of any guilt were sought in vain. Brougham had personally known the princess for ten or twelve years, and had long been her trusted adviser, guiding her course and that of her daughter, Princess Charlotte—"Young Princy," as she was called in the clubs—with great tact and discretion throughout the difficulties forced upon them by the Regent's ill-will, and the constant quarrels among all the royal family.

While the close of the long reign of George the Third was daily expected, a commission had been employed at Milan, the Princess Caroline's residence, in collecting evidence against her. "For half the money spent on the trial," Byron wrote, "any corrupt testimony whatever might be brought out of Italy." After her husband's accession, in 1820, he threatened that if she set her foot on English ground she should be arrested, committed to the Tower, and tried for high treason. His hated wife was by any means to be got rid of. She should neither be crowned with him nor prayed for with him. The first act of the new reign was to direct, in denial of her clear right, the omission of her name from the petition for the royal family in the Liturgy. Learning this by accident from the public journals, she wrote to the Prime Minister, complaining of her wrongs, and by a detailed account of all her ill usage, created a strong sympathy in the public mind. After using her prerogative as queen by appointing Brougham her attorney-general, she came with all speed to England, landed at Dover amidst the applause of an immense multitude, and journeyed in a triumphal procession to London. The king, in great alarm, insisted on violent measures. His ministers shrank from the scandal of the investigation, the danger of public sympathy, and the certainty of recrimination. A few days of fruitless negotiation followed; the queen refused to retire from the kingdom unless her name were restored to the Liturgy; and the bill for her degradation and the dissolution of the marriage was brought into the House of Lords.

In the contest that followed power was not all on the king's side, nor right all on the queen's. She had been imprudent, familiar with questionable society, and culpably careless of her dignity. But the public voice was loud in her support; if her profligate wrong-doer accused his victim, the people would care nothing even if the case were proved, and would stand between her and her persecutor's injustice. Strong in this conviction, animated by the greatness of his cause, and excited by the eager expectation of all Europe, Brougham managed the defense with a boldness and skill that made the king tremble, and gained for himself immortal renown. His opening speech to the peers upon the manner and time of the proceedings amazed them by its defiant and sarcastic vehemence. He plainly threatened, if the trial should proceed in its present form, to drag to light the gross immorality and profligacy of the king, as defeating his right to a divorce. But his strongest argument would have been found, as he states in his autobiography, in branding the king as a bigamist. Whatever dangerous questions as to the succession to the throne that course might open, he was prepared and resolved, if driven to it, to establish the king's marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, a Roman Catholic, before he had taken Caroline as his wife. In spite of the threat the feeling of the House was in favor of proceeding, and the crew of bought and bribed witnesses for the prosecution were introduced. Brougham assailed the contemptible character of these tools, and overwhelmed their mendacity and con-

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tradictions. The chief witness, Majocchi, a postilion, was beaten into such a state of dismayed stupidity that at last his monotonous reply to all questions became the *non mi ricordo* which has passed into a proverb. Answering the assertion that the king's private character had nothing to do with the bill, which was a public measure of the government, Brougham caught adroitly the suggestion of a friend, and exclaimed, "Who, then, is the prosecutor? Who is this mysterious being

> "'that shape hath none,
> Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb?
> ....What seems his head,
> The likeness of a kingly crown hath on?'"—

declaiming the quotation with immense applause. After the prosecution had closed, an adjournment of three weeks was taken, during which time public feeling rose more and more indignantly in favor of the queen. In the interval Brougham carefully prepared his great speech for the defense, writing over the peroration seventeen times. The composition is too elaborately modeled by rule; as read in print, it smells too strongly of the midnight oil. But during the two days of its delivery the effect produced was powerful. His conclusion was solemnly impressive, in spite of its imitation in gesture of that worst school for the graces of oratory, the Scotch pulpit. The proceedings continued for several weeks longer, but the bishops and some temporal peers having scruples as to the righteousness of the divorce clause in so peculiar a case, upon the third reading of the bill the majority in its favor was reduced to nine. This was the exact number of ministers and other high officers in the House, and it would not do to pass such a measure by their votes. The bill was accordingly withdrawn by the government, and the prosecution failed even before going to the Commons, where there was not a shadow of hope for its success.

This equivocal result of the trial gratified the popular hatred of the king as deeply as an acquittal could have done. The defeat might seem to sully the royal honor, if that had not long ago ceased to be possible. Conduct that would have been dirty in the lowest of his subjects looked ineffably vile when it betrayed how, among all the royal shams, the most basely false was the claim to gentlemanhood. The king long nursed malignant spite against Brougham, and Denman, his associate counsel. He believed that the latter disguised the darkest suggestions of crime in the comparison made between his client's persecutor and Nero, while he actually fancied that the former chose the famous quotation from Milton to convey an unhandsome slur upon the symmetry of the royal legs. Both were denied for many years the promotion usual for barristers of their standing to the dignity of the silk gown, the distinguishing dress of a king's counsel. Brougham enjoyed more solid honors in his immensely increased reputation and popularity, the sudden and permanent enlargement of his practice as to all cases of public interest, and his confirmed ascendency in the House of Commons.

But the greatest of Brougham's achievements in the service of his country was yet to come. The subject of Parliamentary reform had long ago attracted his earnest study. He saw earlier and felt more deeply than routine statesmen did that the people of England were very imperfectly represented in their legislature, and that the form of government—the expression of that antiquated and heterogeneous mass of precedents and enactments known as the British Constitution—needed to be remoulded in accordance with the growing influence of the commonalty. England, in fact, knew little of popular representation. Dissenters and moderate property-holders had no votes. Great manufacturing towns, the creation of modern times, sent no representatives. More than a hundred and fifty members of the Lower House were nominated by the peers through the system of rotten boroughs which they controlled. Old Sarum, without inhabitants, sent as many members as the whole of Yorkshire. In the English counties freeholders monopolized the votes; and those of Scotland, by the abuse of an electoral fiction, were as little independent as the boroughs. The absurd and incongruous system had degenerated into so mere a mockery of representative government that no one with any pretension to political wisdom could approve it, and only the fear of change that perplexed statesmen kept it in existence.

The approaching close of George the Fourth's reign quieted party strife in Parliament during the year 1830; and so little public interest was then felt in the subject that hardly a petition upon it was presented at that session, and wise men supposed that for many years it would continue the topic for talk of eccentric enthusiasts such as Brougham.

In June the king died, and the new sovereign dissolved Parliament. In July revolution raised the Citizen King to the throne of France, and England burst into a flame for popular rights. The great county of York, the largest and most intelligent constituency of the kingdom, invited Brougham, with no property nor local connections among them, but admired for his brilliant talents and zeal for liberal principles, to represent them at Westminster. His untiring energy during the three weeks of the canvass exceeded belief. He was then attending the assizes, and employed in many cases. Day after day he would address a jury, hurry out of court to harangue the electors, return to make an argument, and post off at evening to deliver a

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speech in some town or large village, visiting all within the county. He conducted the canvass without bribery or any of the arts of the demagogue, and the unsolicited honor of his return was the proof that he was the fittest man to guide the destinies of his country.

The Duke of Wellington, then premier, had not the civil wisdom to read the signs of the times. In opening the session he pronounced the representative system to be "absolutely perfect, liable to no censure, and capable of no improvement." A ministry with such a head could not stand against the national disaffection; and a fortnight after the speech the Whigs came into power, under Earl Grey, and Brougham received the Great Seal, and took his seat as chancellor and his place as Speaker of the House of Lords. Brougham's original draft of the Reform bill, retaining the boroughs, was not acceptable to his colleagues, who introduced a more sweeping measure. It passed the Commons by a majority of only one; and another general election was resolved on. The scene of dissolution was one of immense confusion, several peers speaking at once, and looking as if ready for blows, the chancellor in a state of distraction, and the king, on his arrival, showing evident signs of anger with his refractory councilors. The new House contained an overwhelming majority for "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill." They passed it promptly, and on its second reading in the Upper House Lord Brougham supported it in a magnificent speech, displaying wonderful power of intellect, memory, and dexterity. One who reads it now fortunately escapes the theatrical trick which impaired its effect, as he knelt at the close, and remained so long in that posture that, it is said, his friends at last picked him up and set him on the woolsack again. The peers nevertheless rejected the measure, at daylight after the fifth night of debate, and the session closed, leaving the country apparently on the eve of revolution.

At the coronation of William the Fourth, which took place during the recess, the applause that saluted Lord Brougham, as he advanced to pay homage to the king enthroned in Westminster Abbey, was so loud and general as to make the vaulted roof echo. A new Reform bill passed the Commons at once on their re-assembling, and was again furiously resisted in the Lords, and again powerfully supported by Brougham. But to insure its success the Whigs were forced to threaten a novel step, of doubtful constitutionality, and certain danger to the state if it had actually been taken. They respectfully represented to the king that the bill could not pass without the creation of a sufficient number of new peers to command a majority. He shrank from the effect of a disguised *coup d'état*, and refused the demand. Earl Grey's cabinet thereupon resigned, and during its short suspension Brougham addressed all his energy to raising a storm of petitions, pamphlets, and meetings all over the island, while controlling tumults and regulating public excitement—unchaining and guiding the political elements like a very Prospero.

There had been no such crisis in England since the days of James the Second. Hundreds of thousands of men in the great provincial towns were ready to march to London and sacrifice their lives for the bill, and the danger of civil war was serious. The duke, though forced to bar Apsley House windows with iron, gallantly undertook to form a cabinet from second-rate men, the only ones, except Lyndhurst, whom he could find willing to face the storm. But an appalling explosion of popular opinion condemned the attempt, and after five days of retirement the Whig ministers resumed their places and their policy. The threat of swamping the House of Lords by extemporized peers—of whom a list to the number of fifty was actually made out—proved sufficient. The duke advised the absence of Tory peers from the House during the subsequent discussions. The bill passed in the summer of 1832 by a majority of eighty-four, and the cause of Reform had a complete triumph, of which Brougham reaped most of the glory. He had reason for satisfaction with the result that thus crowned his long and arduous efforts. The bill was a step toward democracy, that introduced the middle classes into the government, with the result of ripening into the reform, in 1868, which brought in artisan labor to a share of power.

The hybrid office of Lord High Chancellor of England, with its mixture of political and judicial functions, was well adapted to display Brougham's varied powers and employ his feverish activity. He cared little for the emoluments, but much for the immense patronage of the place. As it was the office that best suited him, so it was also the only one that his Whig friends were disposed to give him on the formation of the Grey cabinet. They feared his insubordinate and impracticable temper, but feared still more his power and enmity if excluded. After the passage of the Reform bill he expected, with apparent reason, in the total rout of the Tory party, that his own term of office, as the apostle of Liberalism, would be as long as he could desire. But sound sense almost reached second-sight in the answer of his mother, when he took the earliest occasion to visit Brougham Hall and ask her blessing: "Ah, my dear Harry, I would rather have embraced the member for Yorkshire." He held the office only one day less than four years. In 1834 the Whig ministry was dismissed, owing rather to the blunders and

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general prostration of the party than to the king's personal feelings. Yet it is certain that he did not like his chancellor. He was offended with his undignified and surprisingly disrespectful manner toward himself; he resented the nonchalance of his correspondence and talk while traveling about the country with the Great Seal in his pocket, contrary to all the traditions of state; and he is even said to have declared that "he never wished to see his ugly face again."

His own confidence in his fitness for the judicial branch of a chancellor's duties was shared neither by his friends nor the unprejudiced public; yet Brougham's genius, his general knowledge of jurisprudence, and his ceaseless industry and energy, carried him through with distinction. Though far from redeeming his boast that the decisions *tempore* Brougham should be reverenced as Lord Hardwicke's were, he commanded the respect of the bar and the public by his satisfactory disposition of the cases that came before him. Sitting in the House of Lords, his early training was of great service to him in the decision of Scotch appeals, as to which his authority was undisputed. In his own court, the late and constant sessions he pressed rather annoyed the profession, unused to such hard work in that tribunal; and his uncivil habit of reading and answering letters while on the bench cost him some sharp reproofs. On the whole, his reputation for great and varied ability rather gained by the manner in which he filled his high place as chancellor. But the estimate of his character which made his party friends hesitate in calling him to the office was justified by his undignified conduct in leaving it. He sent back the Great Seal to the king in a bag, instead of solemnly delivering it up in person, according to precedent; and he attempted to bargain with his successor, Lyndhurst, for the office from which the latter was promoted to re-occupy the woolsack.

In the disgust for his profession expressed by Brougham when entering it there was something deeper than impatience and restlessness. His intellect was too strong and clear not to be at once attracted by the science of law, and offended by the distorted and antiquated systems through which it was applied to the business of life in his own country. Official experience brought before him in striking review the cumbrous anomalies of both English and Scotch practice. The reforms he effected in his own court were only steps in a course of improvement he had long considered and advocated. The flagrant abuses in chancery had been discussed five or six years earlier, but the dubitating and deferring Eldon long staved off interference; and when a commission of inquiry was at last appointed in spite of him, it slept over the evils until Lyndhurst began and Brougham completed many needed improvements. Several years before, while in the Lower House, he had laid a vigorous hold upon the subject of general law reform, and afterward, in 1828, he treated it with his usual fullness and power in a speech, of interest now only to the professional reader, but admired then as one of his most surprising performances. He recommended the appointment of two commissions, whose reports were followed by various acts of Parliament, greatly simplifying and improving the system of English law and practice. The subject continued through his life to be one of his favorite hobbies. Session after session he introduced it in motions and speeches. In 1845 he brought in on one evening nine new bills of amendment, and so late as 1852 he was still industriously at work framing criminal codes, filling the *Law Review* with papers, and the Law Amendment Society with speeches. So many years of effort exhausted neither his topics nor his energy; new occasions were ever arising for new plans to bring the law nearer to the height proudly claimed for it in its most unreformed state, as "the perfection of human wisdom."

There was another field for labor in elevating the condition of his countrymen which Brougham may almost be said to have opened, and in which he was a constant, leading, and far-seeing worker. To the cause of education, without hope of other reward than fame and the sense of doing good, he gave his most mature reflection and sober action, free from the caprice and passion that so often disfigured his political life. When coining the famous phrase, "The school-master is abroad," first used in a speech attacking the union of civil and military powers in the Duke of Wellington, he might fairly have added that he was himself the chief instrument in sending him forth. In England, the country of class and privilege, far more than in Scotland, high mental training was a luxury reserved by the universities for the socially established members of an established Church. Further than this the advance in learning of the middle classes was no concern of the state, and the poor suffered the neglect of their minds, among other more cruel forms of neglect, without even knowing how to complain of it. Brougham was too ardent for knowledge himself, and too well convinced of its advantages in every condition of life for others, to be satisfied that a few should engross it, and even of these only a few imbibe it liberally. Whether or not all that he did in the cause he had so much at heart was wisely done—whether or not his views, as since developed by others, may have helped to diffuse that "vast and various misinformation" which satire imputed to him with more than its usual fairness—it is certain that his honest

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and constant efforts for general education have borne much fruit that England and the world have to thank him for. He began at the basis by moving in Parliament in 1816 for a committee on the state of education among the London poor. In 1819 he established the London model school, and three years later he conceived the reformation of the universities and public schools, and meditated a system of instruction for all the lower orders. But special and separate reform is impossible for the universities, which are an element in the religious governing system of England, and can only improve by sharing in its slow modification. What he could not amend he fancied he could replace, and therefore, in 1825, he effected the foundation of the London University, relieved of all religious tests and preferences. The poet Campbell declared that the idea was borrowed from him, but Brougham has the merit of bringing the mere fancy into form and life. Two years later the need of a new sphere of action for his still enlarging views led to the creation, under his presidency, of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and to the commencement of those interesting and world-famous publications, the *Penny Magazine* and the *Penny Cyclopedia*. His "Essay on the Objects, Pleasures, and Advantages of Science," introductory to the society's publications, has become a classic, and been honored by translation into all European languages. The deserved reputation that followed upon these various labors has stimulated others to continue and extend them, leading to the present state of things in England, where the education of the country is conducted by boards elected by the ballot in its most improved and approved form. And these acts of his public life above all the rest have fairly won the praise he claimed for himself when proposing law reform. "One power do I prize—that of being the advocate of my countrymen here, and their fellow-laborer elsewhere, in those things which concern the best interests of mankind."

His election for Yorkshire, the gift of the Great Seal, and the glory of the Reform bill following closely upon each other, raised Brougham, in his fifty-fourth year, to the crowning point of his public career. He was then the foremost man in England, and enjoyed greater supremacy and popularity than any chancellor since Woolsey's time had gained. His court, usually empty and dull, was crowded when he sat, admiring mobs cheered around his carriage, the freedom of corporations and testimonials were showered upon him, and plaster images of his striking face were ordered for sale faster than they could be made. The press continued to bear him up on its strong wings. The *Times* was called his organ; even the Tory journals praised him, subsidized by his patronage. For a moment he grasped power, but with too restless and unsteady a hand to keep firm hold on it. In a very few years his own eccentricities and imprudences did more than all the blunders of his party to forfeit public esteem. Before he left office the *Times* turned against him upon a personal quarrel, and for long years after assailed him with a bitter mixture of true and false charges. His attempt, on the retirement of the Grey cabinet, to bargain for an exchange of offices with his successor, Lyndhurst, brought down severe public censure. Reckless and impetuous, he had cared little for preserving the friendship of persons or classes. He could be unceremonious at a levee, and rude in Parliament. He could not resist a coarse fling at the attorneys, or a rough jest on the bishops, who, if too meek to answer, were human enough to remember. The hope of return to office with the Whigs encouraged him while they were excluded; but on regaining power, after a few months' retirement, they dropped so dangerous an ally, who would be formidable as an enemy, but certain destruction as a friend. He never forgave the slight, which seriously affected his health and mind, and devoted years to revenge. Thenceforward he belonged to no party, by turns attacking and siding with Whigs, radicals, or protectionists, while proclaiming his own consistency. Their leaders accepted his aid, as they would the irregular services of a Cossack, expecting next day to feel his lance in pursuit, yet dreading his sarcasm, and courting his unquestioned power. His stalwart frame, his keen gray eyes, and stern face, on which, as in a book, "men might read strange matters," showed like a portent, now from the ministerial benches, now from the opposition, and now from the edge of the woolsack, where, in his intervals of amity with Lyndhurst, he loved to perch. The hard aspect of the Scotch-born ex-chancellor contrasted strangely with the American-born chancellor's superbly handsome face and courtly manner. His fluency and activity seemed to grow with his years. In one session he poured out as many words as an ordinary man would utter in a lifetime, making two hundred and twenty-one speeches on fifty-six important subjects. His voice was harsh, cold, and unsympathetic; his gestures furious, almost gymnastic, his hands now plowing his hair, and now jerking at his plaid trowsers. O'Connell wrote, "I pay very little attention to any thing Lord Brougham says. He makes a greater number of foolish speeches than any other man of this generation." Lord Campbell declares that so active, adventurous, and unscrupulous an assailant was not recorded in English party history. Macaulay called him a "turbid rhetorician," and laughed at the *Broughmee* which he spoke for French. His

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extravagances displeased our stately and solid Webster, who yet conceded his power and integrity. The hostile reviews of Edinburgh styled him the great equivocator of the age, noted for cool, deliberate, rancorous insolence. He continued to be the chosen target of the press, drawing on himself the bolts of the *Times* and the needle-arrows of *Punch*. The latter reflected in cartoons and quips the public amusement with his restless displays, presenting him now as king's fool to Canute, again as Cupid in the judgment of Paris, and again as a tremendous "chose in action," going through his *poses plastiques* on the tight rope. No one less elastic than Brougham could have outlived the savage rancor of the obituary notices that followed his reported death in 1839, nor the storm of ridicule that greeted his attempt to become a French citizen, and commit political bigamy, after the revolution of 1848.

In his domestic life Brougham was affectionate and tender, reverencing his mother, who died in 1839, and strongly attached to his brothers, whom he brought into the public service without undue favoritism. He was married in 1818, and long outlived his wife and his only child, a daughter, whose memory could move him to tears, and whose name, Eleanor Louise, he gave to a property he purchased at Cannes, on the Mediterranean shore of France, in 1840. Here he spent the winters, returning for the opening of Parliament, and when it rose repairing to Brougham to entertain hospitably until the Westmoreland fogs and rains drove him again to France. He would then visit Paris, paying his respects to the Institute and to the ruler who happened to be on the throne or in the chair, and return after a few weeks to his neighbors at Cannes, who held him in high regard. In 1860 a peerage, with descent to his collateral heirs, under the title which he had taken as chancellor, was granted him "in consideration of his eminent public services." He died at Cannes on the 7th of May, 1868, having reached the extreme age of ninety.

Lord Brougham's faults were of such a kind that they injured himself rather than those they offended. With more logic of mind than of character, he wanted the steadiness of principle to increase or even to maintain the fame early gained by his genius and labors. The generation that revenged itself for his caprice and passion by depreciating his merits has passed away, and the settled judgment of his countrymen now approves the opinion recorded long ago by Romilly: "Brougham is a man of the most splendid talents and the most extensive acquirements, and he has used the ample means which he possesses most usefully for mankind. How much is it to be lamented that his want of judgment and prudence should prevent his great talents and such good intentions from being as great a blessing to mankind as they ought to be!" If Brougham had lived but half the years that fell to his lot after reaching manhood, he would still have left a name famous in the history of the world's advance. He taught Englishmen, in the several great labors of his life, to be humane, tolerant, self-dependent, and intelligent. By judicious reforms he helped the institutions of his country to express more exactly the new spirit of the age; and in such harmonious adjustment of the ways to the objects of national life consists the statesman's true secret of progress.

THE DARKNESS AND THE DAWN.

"AWAY with you, child, or you will be too late. Don't forget your basket; and here, wrap this shawl close around you, for it is a fearful night outside."

The speaker, raising himself on his straw pallet, peered for a moment through the uncurtained window. "Come, Nannie," he continued, "it is growing worse each moment. You'd better start immediately."

"Let me call Mrs. Dentmore to stay with you while I am gone, father," replied the child he had addressed, pausing a moment in her preparations for departure—"you look so very sick to-night!"

"Nonsense!" said the invalid, in a voice sharp with weakness. "Don't you know that old woman drives me nearly mad with her droning tongue? Do hurry, Nan! If you're late again, you'll be sure to lose your engagement, and then—"

"There, there, I'm gone," said the child; and pausing a moment beside the invalid, she passed her hands gently over his suffering forehead; then pressing a light kiss on the lips quivering with impatience, she ran hastily from the room and down the steps.

On the first floor she stopped a moment to knock at a door on the left of the landing. It was opened by a comfortable, fleshy old woman, in a neat cotton gown.

"Mrs. Dentmore, father seems worse to-night. Will you go up and listen once or twice outside the door? I feel so very anxious about him."

Mrs. Dentmore's tympanum must have been situated somewhere in her toes, and Nannie's voice must have traveled on an investigating tour to the remotest parts of her ample person before it made its way to the brain, for it was full a minute before she replied. The child in the meanwhile was fairly dancing with impatience.

"Eh—your father's worse? Well—you don't say so! I told Susan to-day, as I was just finishin' my bit of dinner—you know, vittles is mighty dear this winter; so I eat 'em slow and chew 'em up fine, to get my money's worth out of 'em—well, as I was tellin' Susan—"

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"Please, Mrs. Dentmore, I'm in such a hurry! Can you go up and look to father?"

"Well—yes, I—" The rest of the sentence was delivered to the rickety old staircase, for Nannie was already in the street. A gust of wind swept up the steps as she flung the door to behind her, putting out the light that Mrs. Dentmore held in her hand, and sending the old lady back into her room at the top of her speed—that is to say, at the rate of about a mile in two hours.

After several vain attempts she succeeded at last in stumbling into a chair, where she sat staring about the room for some time in a dazed way. At last the fact that her candle was out and needed relighting dimly dawned upon her. After some ten minutes of reflection on this subject she rose and began looking for the matches.

By this time Nannie was far down the street. A heavy snow was falling, and the rising wind blew the sharp crystals into her face; but the little figure breasted the storm bravely. At the corner she darted into a small fruit store. A round-faced German stood behind the counter.

"Mr. Schmidt, have you any nice grapes?" she asked, out of breath. "I want to give a bunch to father to-morrow for a Christmas gift, you know."

Mr. Schmidt nodded knowingly, and, without a word, disappeared behind the counter. He soon emerged again, however, holding a basket in his hand. It was filled to the brim with oranges, grapes, and luscious pears. Nannie stared in wonderment.

"You must not have no fear of him; he vill not bite you," said Mr. Schmidt, with a fat chuckle. "It is a leetle Christmas present for you and the father. Kriss Kringle has given him to me for you; and in de bottom of it is anoder kind of pair, what my woman she has knitted for you. You must not make no mistake and eat dem, for dey—dey schmecken nicht gut, you understand; dey do not grow onto de trees like dese oders. Ha, ha, ha!" Mr. Schmidt laughed so uproariously at his own irresistible wit that he immediately went into a prolonged choke.

"Oh, Mr. Schmidt, how can I ever thank you?"

"Don't—don't you dank me," gasped Mr. Schmidt. "I have told you it was Kriss Kringle and my old frau have done dis whole ding. Dey whisper and dey nod de heads, and dey say, 'Hush, hush!' Dey vill not let me say noting at all. I could not speak one word, not for one whole week."

This last happy hit was too much for Mr. Schmidt, and he went off into a series of snorts which would have been truly terrifying to any one not acquainted with his powers of non-suffocation.

Before he could recover his voice, Nannie, seizing one of his fat red hands, imprinted a kiss on it.

"A merry, merry Christmas to you, and your wife, and all the little ones!" With this she ran hastily from the shop, disappearing in the darkness outside.

Mr. Schmidt fixed an astonished gaze upon the hand which had been caressed. Then, with an approving nod toward it, he said, "Dat vas gut, vasn't it, old fellow? I likes dat; it makes me dink of de Vaterland." He sank back in his chair with a complacent chuckle, and continued for some time to smile approvingly at the chubby member which rested on his knee.

Meanwhile Nannie had turned the corner. The wind blew less violently from that direction, and she ran down the street at full speed to make up for lost time. At the end of the fifth square she darted into an alley, and entered the rear of a large building.

She paused a moment, as the door closed behind her, to regain her breath; then turning to the left, she wound her way rapidly through a labyrinth of passages, emerging presently in a large, bare room. A number of fairy-like creatures were floating about in various stages of the toilet. One of them, a lovely little being enveloped in masses of blonde hair, shouted to her, as she entered,

"You'll catch it, Miss Nannie Llewellyn: the curtain will go up in ten minutes."

Nannie, without making any reply, hastily retired into a corner, where she deposited the basket of fruit, carefully covering it with her shawl. The blonde fairy followed her, and furtively watched the operation.

Nannie caught her gaze as she turned.

"Sally, please don't look at me," she said, beseechingly. "Please let me alone, just to-night; I am in such a hurry, and you know I never can dress fast when you're all staring at me so."

Sally replied by shouting out to a crowd of idlers who had finished their toilets, "Come here, girls! Miss Proudie Llewellyn wants you to make a screen around her while she dresses herself."

A bevy of silver-winged angels immediately surrounded the victim, a malicious giggle on their pretty faces.

Nannie's cheeks flamed crimson as she dropped the cotton dress from her shoulders, and took off one article of clothing after another, all of them very coarse and very much patched. In vain she sought to escape by retreating further into her corner; in vain she tried to shut her ears against the whispered criticisms on her scanty wardrobe. Her tormentors only pressed the closer about her, and the whispers grew into open derision.

Nannie's self-control was giving way; her hands were trembling so she could scarcely unfasten her clothes. At last she could restrain herself no longer.

"Girls, it's wrong, it's mean, it's wicked of you!" she burst forth, pausing a moment

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to steady her voice. Then, in a quieter tone, "It's almost time for the curtain, and I am not half ready. Don't you see that I can't dress while you are all looking at me? Please, please let me alone!"

"Who's hindering you, I should like to know?" said Sally, with a loud laugh. "We'll help her dress, if that's all she wants; won't we, girls?"—catching with a sudden rude gesture at the garment Nannie was taking off.

"For shame, Sally Smith!" cried a girl on the outskirts who had been silently observing the scene. "A little fun is well enough, but this won't do. I, for one, mean to let her alone after this; she's never done any of us any harm. Come, girls, let's leave her in peace." The speaker led the way, and the greater part of the group followed her example; but Sally and her set remained.

At this moment the principal danseuse, Mademoiselle Eulalie (*alias* Kate O'Brien), appeared from an adjoining dressing-room.

"What are you imps up to? Will you leave that child alone!" she said, and, catching Sally by the shoulders, she sent her whirling into the centre of the room. The rest gave way without further warning.

"Miss Neal is sick," she continued, keenly surveying a group which began to cluster about her, "and I've come to choose some one in her place."

"Take me! take me!" they all shouted in unison.

Miss O'Brien swept them aside with an imperious wave of the hand; then, suddenly turning, she confronted Nannie.

"How old are you?" she demanded, abruptly.

"Eleven."

"Humph! small for your age. Father and mother living?"

"Mother died when I was three years old."

"Any brothers or sisters?"

"No—that is—I had a sister once."

"Is she dead too?"

"I—I don't know."

Sally here gave a malicious giggle.

"Hush, you imp!" said Miss O'Brien, in a tone which terrified even Sally. "Go on," turning to Nannie; "tell me about your father; is—is he dead too?"

Nannie shuddered. "No—oh no; he's alive. He's very sick. If I could only earn more money!—but I mustn't talk. The curtain will ring up in a minute and—" Nannie tugged nervously at the flimsy dress she was adjusting, and tore it from top to bottom.

"Oh, what have I done!" she said, in a tone of despair.

"Just done enough to get your walking papers—that's what you've done, missy," said Sally, with a short laugh.

At this moment the call-boy made his appearance, and the room was cleared immediately. Nannie, fastening her clothes as she went, was preparing to follow the rest, when she was called back by Miss O'Brien.

Her heart sank within her as she stood, trembling, before the keen blue eyes of the danseuse.

"Could you take Miss Neal's place?" said Miss O'Brien, gazing at her with a strange stare.

"I—I could try," said Nannie, with flushing cheeks. "I have danced it at home."

"Very good; we can try it once, as we do not go on until the second act. Now, then, begin."

Nannie, shivering with fear and excitement, still performed her part creditably. Her father, who had followed the stage as a profession until his health gave way, had taken great pains to train her as a dancer. From her earliest childhood she had gone through several hours of practice daily.

"You'll do, my—Miss Nannie," said Miss O'Brien, with a sudden softening of voice and manner, which quite startled the child. Then, hastily turning away, "Come, you must dress again. Miss Neal's clothes will just fit you."

Twenty minutes later Nannie emerged from Miss O'Brien's dressing-room and took her place at the wings, waiting for the curtain to rise on the second act. Sally, looking fairly green with envy, stood beside her, furtively examining her dress.

"You're a perfect fright," she whispered. "You—" The intended speech was cut short by the electric burst of trumpets which heralded the rising of the curtain and entrée of the corps. The joyous sound seemed to tingle to the very ends of Nannie's toes. The little shrinking figure sprang erect; the grave, roughly chiseled features gleamed with delight; and the dark eyes are growing black with excitement. With an impatient gesture she tosses the mass of hair from her flushed face, and stretches eagerly forward. She is gathering all her energies for the coming effort. She feels that this night may decide her father's fate. His wan features, growing feebler day by day, float before her, shutting away the gorgeous scene.

A moment more, and she must go on: a moment more, and she must front—what? A thousand cold, searching faces.

With a shudder she shrinks back; an overwhelming panic is seizing her; the lights sway before her; fear is numbing her limbs. With a passionate murmur of appeal, she raises her eyes: "Mother, mother, help me!" and the next instant she leaps, with one powerful spring, almost to the centre of the stage.

For a moment she stands lightly poised; then, as the music lulls into a lovely rhythmic measure, her supple form sways into the soft curves. The numbing fear is gone; the

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heavy heart has grown light as a feather; all her little world of suffering is merged, for the time, in an exultant sense of her own physical power: her muscular, mobile body is a delight to her. Suddenly, as the music breaks into a startled thrill, she drops upon one knee, in an eager, listening attitude, the upturned, smiling face glancing shyly over one shoulder.

Some one is stealing up behind her. It is a gallant youth, with flowing yellow locks and effeminate pink cheeks. He is close upon her, he is stealing one arm about her, he is pressing—no, she has sprung from him; her black eyes are gazing angrily through the veil of hair she has drawn about her. He is approaching again; with one agile spring she eludes his grasp; he follows in pursuit. Faster and faster comes the music, the shrill, searching crescendo of the violins seeming to urge her on. Lightly she leaps over the mimic banks and past the gleaming caves, the youth in full pursuit. One moment she is almost within his grasp, the next she is poised far above him on some overhanging rock. Every attitude, every motion is full of tantalizing grace. The stage is growing too small for them; in and out of the wings he chases her. Once he has forced her almost on to the foot-lights. Instinctively he stoops to catch her; but, with a laugh of triumph, she bounds over the outstretched arms, and while he is recovering his equilibrium she drops for a moment into a lovely swinging step with such nonchalant ease one can scarcely imagine it to be the muscular hoyden of the moment before.

The knight is close upon her again; a breathless whisper reaches her ear, "For mercy's sake let me catch you! I'm fairly worn out."

"All right," said Nannie, without looking around. The next instant the flushed and panting youth was prostrate before her, rapturously kissing the rosette on her slipper. At last he ventures to raise his head and gaze at his long-dreamed-of prize. With a cry he starts to his feet—for a hideous demon is glaring at him, and far above, floating upon a rosy cloud, soars his idol.

The curtain descended upon a burst of applause. Kate, in her knightly toggery, led Nannie before it. The shouts were renewed, and the child made a shrinking little courtesy as they withdrew.

The rest of the evening passed in a sort of maze. The manager had shaken hands with her, and spoken very kindly, while Sally and the rest of the ballet-girls looked as if they could scarcely believe their senses.

At last it was all over; she returned to the dressing-room to lay off her finery, and descend to the level of every-day life. She was just fastening the last button, when Miss O'Brien entered in street costume.

"Where do you live?" she asked, pausing a moment beside Nannie.

"Seventy-two East Street."

"That is on my way home; I'll take you with me. Here is your shawl. Bundle yourself up; it's freezing cold outside. Why, what's the matter?"

Nannie was gazing at an empty basket in the corner.

"Lost any thing?" inquired Miss O'Brien.

"Yes, oh yes! Mr. Schmidt gave me that basket full of fruit for father, and it's—it's all gone!" She choked down her sobs.

"Those imps again!" muttered the other. "After this you're always to dress in my room. Do you hear? And, by-the-way, here here are some bouquets that probably belong to you—three regular beauties; take them to your father. They'll do better than nothing!"

"Oh, Miss O'Brien! I—" The tears, which were very near the surface to-night, were rising in Nannie's eyes.

"There, there! don't make a fuss," said the danseuse, hastily. "Come, we shall be left in the dark."

As they were hurrying down the passage Miss O'Brien, suddenly turning, grasped Nannie by the shoulders, and, without uttering a sound, gazed into her face long and earnestly.

"Child," she burst forth at last, in a low, hurried voice—"child, it's Christmas to-morrow, and I shall be alone all day. There's not a body in the world belonging to me. Do you think your father would mind my coming to see you? You—you remind me so of—of my little sister that I lost. Please let me come!"

Nannie looked in speechless astonishment at the face bent close to hers. This haughty young creature, who kept her most devoted admirers at arms-length—this unapproachable being, whom even Sally feared—was looking at her with a beseeching, almost tearful gaze. Nannie rubbed her eyes, wondering if she was dreaming.

"I didn't mean to say any thing about it," continued Miss O'Brien, as Nannie still remained dumb, "but your ugly, dear little face, with that faded old shawl tucked around it, was too much for me." Then, after a pause, "If you don't want me, just say so."

"Want you! oh yes; but—" Nannie stopped in distress.

"Speak out, child; don't you be afraid of me too; my bark's worse than my bite."

"I think father would like to see you if—if you wouldn't talk quite so loud. You know he is very, very sick."

"I'll promise to adopt the manners and customs of a week-old lamb and the voice of a cooing dove, if you'll only let me in. And you know I've a regular Irish appetite; so, if you don't mind, I'll bring my *parraties*

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and buttermilk with me, and we'll have a regular jolly good time. I'll bring— Why, what's the matter, child? You look as sober as an owl."

"I don't think father would exactly like—" Nannie began.

"Taking any thing from me? that's what you mean. If you only knew how my money burns in my pocket, with nobody to help me spend it, you wouldn't hinder me. You may just rest easy; for it's a good action you'll be doing me. Oh, if I could only get away from the simpering fools and the crowd and the tinsel—just for one day! You make me think so of the old times, with your great eyes and your modest, shrinking ways; you look such a little home body, you remind me of twilights round the fire and singing tea-kettles and baskets full of stockings to darn, and voices— There!"—stopping suddenly, and clearing her throat with a violent cough—"there! the lights are all out. John's outside swearing, the horses are freezing, and I'm making a fool of myself; so come along."

A few moments later they were rolling along in Miss O'Brien's carriage. Nannie, overcome with gratitude, was trying to stammer out a few words of thanks. The other effectually stopped her by putting her hand over her mouth: "Not a word about that, if you please. You're just to lean back in the corner—so! and don't you utter a sound all the way home. You're fairly worn out, child. You'd be off in hysterics at a minute's notice!"

Nannie obeyed with a sigh of relief. Miss O'Brien gathered her quivering hand in a warm, firm grasp, and the child clutched at her as if she were drowning.

A sudden warmth was springing up in her heart toward this impulsive, strong-voiced woman, rapidly melting away all her fear. Never before had she known the luxury of being carried along by a will stronger than her own. From her earliest childhood she had had the sole charge of her father—a sensitive, despondent, weak-willed man, who had constantly drawn upon her vitality. At the age of nine, the old man's health having given way entirely, she had gone upon the stage; and from that time until the present the care and support of the invalid had rested on her young shoulders.

She had scarcely recognized what a strain it was until to-night; until she had felt the clasp of that even-pulsed hand, and yielded to the restful authority of that voice and manner. Even the touch of roughness and loudness there was about her seemed a relief after the strained quiet of the sick-room.

"Here we are," said Miss O'Brien, as the carriage stopped. "I'll be with you bright and early to-morrow, and if your father gets tired of me, I'll be off immediately. Good-night!"

Before Nannie had time to reply she was lifted to the sidewalk, and the carriage had turned the next corner.

She crept noiselessly up stairs, stopping a moment on Mrs. Dentmore's landing. All was dark and quiet. She mounted to the attic and softly opened the door; the candle was out, and the fire burned low. She listened a moment before entering, but her father did not stir. "I am glad he is sleeping so soundly," she murmured; "he will be so much better to-morrow if he has a good night." Undressing hastily, she crawled to her pallet, and her tired brain was soon drifting away into dream-land.

Swiftly the dark hours passed away, and gray dawn, with its burden of awakening thought, came creeping back. Slowly it crawled across the silent room toward the sleepers, stealing softly under Nannie's black lashes. With a sigh she turned on her mattress and half opened her eyes, still glazed with slumber. They rested for a moment on the bouquets, which she had placed in range with her pillow. With a bound she sprang toward them, startling the sleepiness from her face in an instant. The events of last night came rushing back upon her in an overwhelming flood, and she fairly gasped for breath as she remembered what had happened. It had all seemed natural enough under the glare of gas-light, but now, with the cold, common-sense chill of day upon her, it came over her almost as a myth.

She turned eagerly toward her father, longing to tell him the news; but the face was turned from her, and he seemed sleeping soundly. She felt too restless to lie down again; so, gathering up her clothes, which in her hurry last night had been dropped in a heap on the floor, she went into an adjoining closet, which served as dressing-room. She soon emerged again, her cheeks glowing from a brisk morning bath, and proceeded to make the fire and put on the kettle for breakfast. Then, creeping softly to her father's bedside, she arranged the bouquets on the floor close by him, so that his eye might fall upon them as soon as he awoke. In doing so she inadvertently touched his hand, which lay outside the covering. She drew back with a start: it was icy cold.

"Poor father!" she murmured, "you are almost frozen. Never mind; when our ship comes in I'll buy you the very thickest, woolliest blankets I can find; but till they come my shabby ones will have to do."

Drawing the covering from her own bed, she dropped cautiously upon one knee, and, stretching carefully over him, laid it upon his uncovered shoulders.

Suddenly she drew back, intently listening with parted lips. Her position was horribly like the graceful poise of last night; but no sweet, arch smile was there. Her

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face is growing stiff and white with horror. For a moment she covers her ears with her hands, then listens again. She stops breathing, and stoops over him. Not the shadow of a sound to break the awful stillness. With fixed and staring eyes she leans farther forward; but she can not see the face; it is pressed into the pillow, and partially covered with a mass of iron-gray hair.

The Dread seems driving her on. Shudderingly she draws closer, and with one terrible effort clasps his head between her hands, turning it toward the light.

Slowly the long, lean fingers of the dawn crawl across the glazed eyeballs, but they can never again reach the tired brain. It is shrouded forever.

Nannie sank crouching beside him, her stiffening fingers still clasping his head, her gaze still riveted on the ghastly, motionless face. The haunting eyes seemed beckoning her on. Slowly she bent toward them until her cheek touched the icy forehead; then, with one ringing scream of terror, she sprang to her feet, reeled toward the window, and, after vainly trying to raise the sash, dashed her hands through the panes.

The streets were still deserted. A heavy snow had been falling during the night, shrouding the earth in a cold, uniform whiteness. Miles of flat roofing stretched away in the dim light far into the distance.

The cry of fear died upon Nannie's lips as she gazed out upon the still morning. An overwhelming pain was coming upon her—a pain more searching, more terrible, than physical fear. In all this great city, in all this great, cold, white world, there was not one living soul to whom she could turn for help. In this, her great need, she was utterly alone.

Years afterward, when she had become a contented wife and mother, loving and beloved, Nannie could not look out upon a snowy winter dawn without a shuddering thought of that morning which had brought her such sudden isolation.

And now, the blow still fresh upon her, she was faint and dizzy with the sickening pain. She had come face to face with the Inevitable, and her narrow child's heart rebelled with passionate bitterness.

Would this dreary morning stretch out for ever and ever? Would she always, her whole life long, feel strange and sick and cold, just as she did now? Could there never be any more sunshine, any more cheery words, for her in this world? Would it always be like this—always so awfully, horribly silent?

She sank to the floor with a helpless moan, the snow drifting down upon her as she lay. She looked at her hands, scratched and bleeding from the broken pane, and felt a feeble exultation in her heart. She should not mind touching her father now, she thought, for she would soon, perhaps, be as stiff and cold and terrible as he was. She looked toward the corpse: the wide-open eyes were still ghastly to look upon, but now she noticed that a gentle smile was on the parted lips. With a wild gesture Nannie struggled to her feet, flinging her arms toward him; the next moment she fell heavily to the floor.

Gradually the light grew stronger, peering curiously into the silent room. Nearer and nearer came the stirring bustle of the great holiday. The Christmas chimes pealed merrily across the white roofs. The sounds of the great city grew loud and hoarse, swelling at last into one continuous roar. Even the quiet respectability of East Street was invaded. The sun rose in unclouded glory, his bright beams dancing over the glittering snow, until palace and hovel basked in the democratic warmth. Quickly they found their way to our attic, beaming through the broken window in a great smiling stream of light. They were used to a cordial welcome here, for this gush of morning sunshine was one of Nannie's pleasures; but to-day it came and went unheeded.

Hour upon hour passed, and still Nannie did not stir. Twice Mrs. Dentmore had clambered up the staircase and knocked at Mr. Llewellyn's door without receiving an answer.

"Never knew the child to sleep so before!" she muttered, as she slowly wended her way down again. "The poor thing's just worn out with her watchin' and her worryin', and no wonder; for Mr. Llewellyn is that contrairy and that obstinate he'd find fault with the Angel Gabriel himself, and say it made him nervous to hear him tootin' on his trumpet. It's my opinion it's all humbug about them nerves of his'n. I ain't got no nerves, and never did have, thank the Lord!"

Mrs. Dentmore's reflections were here brought to a close by a resounding knock. She hastened down the remaining flight of stairs, and opened the door to the visitor.

A handsomely dressed lady stood on the steps, and behind her came a servant carrying a large hamper.

"Miss Llewellyn in?" asked the intruder.

Mrs. Dentmore eyed her with a gaping stare.

"Is Miss Nannie Llewellyn at home?" repeated the visitor, in a louder tone. "My name's O'Brien. David, bring the hamper in, and tell John to wait with the carriage. On which floor does she live?" continued the lady, turning to Mrs. Dentmore.

That venerable dame still stared in speechless amazement. Miss O'Brien approached her lips to her ear, and reiterated the question at the top of her voice.

"Lord 'a mercy! why—why, she's asleep," ejaculated Mrs. Dentmore, retreating a few steps.

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"Asleep? nonsense! On which floor is she?"

"In the attic."

"Here, David, bring the provisions along. I'll see for myself."

Miss O'Brien bounded up the steps, leaving Mrs. Dentmore breathlessly staring after her. In a few moments she again made her appearance.

"My good woman," she said, hastily, "there's something wrong up there; we must force the lock."

"Force—the—lock!"

"Yes; it will be easy enough; the door is very rickety; David can easily open it. I should like you to come up, in case there is any assistance needed." And thereupon she unceremoniously seized Mrs. Dentmore by the arm, and trotted her rapidly up the steps in spite of the old lady's gasping expostulations.

The door was soon opened, and Miss O'Brien, after brief hesitation, entered the room, followed by Mrs. Dentmore and David.

For a moment the three stood transfixed at the sight which met their eyes: the next instant Miss O'Brien was kneeling beside Nannie. Raising her in her arms, she laid her ear to her heart, listening intently for a moment. "Nannie! Nannie! my baby! my precious, precious darling!" she murmured over and over again, passionately pressing the pallid face to her warm cheek. A faint sigh parted Nannie's lips.

"Don't take on so, miss; she's comin' to," said Mrs. Dentmore, advancing with a pitcher of water in her hand.

"Stand back; she mustn't be brought to her senses here," said Miss O'Brien, looking, with a shudder, toward the lifeless form on the bed. "David, tell John to go for a doctor at once; the gentleman may only have fainted, and this child must be attended to immediately. Mrs.—what is the name?—Dentmore?—Mrs. Dentmore, you must stay with Mr. Llewellyn while I carry Nannie down to your room."

"Oh, ma'am! oh, miss!" said Mrs. Dentmore, imploringly, "it ain't no use; he's dead; I know he is; he's been murdered; and me that's always been so respectable, and lived in this house for more'n forty years without so much as a cat bein' killed in it, I'm to be disgraced like this. Oh, miss, don't leave me with a dead corpse; and me that was a-scoldin' and grumblin' and talkin' about the Angel Gabriel, and him a dead man all the time. He'll rise up ag'in me in the day of judgment; I know he will. Oh, Lord 'a mercy! Lord 'a mercy on my soul!"

Mrs. Dentmore shambled down the steps after Miss O'Brien, casting terrified glances over her shoulder as she went.

Shortly afterward the physician arrived. He said Mr. Llewellyn had been dead some time—had probably died very suddenly in the earlier part of the night. He left some medicine for Nannie, who still lay in a state of semi-consciousness, and departed on his way.

Kate O'Brien made all the arrangements for the proper care of the body, leaving her man David in charge. She then returned to Mrs. Dentmore's room, took the unresisting Nannie in her arms, carried her to the carriage, and ordered John to drive home as fast as possible.

After a ten-minutes' ride the panting horses drew up before a small, handsome dwelling. Miss O'Brien, still carrying her burden, mounted the steps, unlocked the door, and without a word to the open-mouthed maid whom she met in the hall, proceeded immediately to her own bed-chamber.

Nannie was still in a stupor. Kate undressed her and put her to bed; then, shutting out all light and noise, she sat holding the quivering hand until the child fell into a profound sleep, which lasted many hours.

All night she watched by her, but toward morning she herself fell into a light slumber. On awaking she found that Nannie had risen, and was standing before her, dressed for the street.

"Why, child," she exclaimed, "where are you going? What possessed you to get up?"

"I could not lie still any longer," said Nannie. "I must go back to—to East Street, to father."

The lady looked anxiously into her face. It was quite calm, but there was a heaviness about the eyes, a patient sadness about the childish mouth, more pathetic than any demonstrative grief.

"You must not go"— this in her most decisive voice. "Every thing has been done that can be done; the doctor says any excitement might be fatal to you. Besides, I want you to be my little housekeeper. I'm obliged to go out for an hour or two this morning. Trust me"—this in reply to an imploring look from Nannie. "Now, then, to breakfast, and after that I must be off. I always do up my own room for exercise, but I'll leave the job for you to-day."

"Nothing like good hard work to cure an aching heart," thought Kate O'Brien, as she handed Nannie a broom and duster before departing on her errand.

A few hours later she returned, looking wearied and pale. "Nannie," she said, drawing the child down beside her on the sofa (then, to herself, "I may as well have the thing over at once")—"Nannie, in the first place, I have just come from your father's funeral."

Nannie started from her seat; then, dropping down again, she hid her face in the cushions, and sobbed convulsively. Miss O'Brien let her cry for some time without interruption. Then she said, softly, laying

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her hand on Nannie's throbbing forehead, "Child, are you angry with me?"

"Angry! Oh no, no! but— Oh, my poor father! I was all he had in the world. It was cruel, it was wicked of me to leave him all alone with strangers."

"I was there, Nannie."

"Yes, and you have been very good to me; but you were a stranger to him."

"No, my child; I knew your father many years ago. It is a sad story. I must—I— Oh, Nannie, Nannie!"

Kate O'Brien had fairly broken down. Her powerful frame quivered and struggled with the long-hushed grief. Setting her teeth hard together, she sprang from the sofa, and walked, with a fierce stride, from one end of the room to the other.

"Oh, don't, don't cry so!" said Nannie, startled from her own pain by the vehement sorrow of her companion. "Let me call somebody. What shall I do?" In an instant Kate was beside her.

"Don't be frightened," she said, gently stroking Nannie's hair. "Look at me; I am quiet now."

The child stared with a startled glance into the white face. The haughtily arched mouth was drooping with humiliation and misery, but the eyes had their usual steadfast look.

"I don't want my little girl to be afraid of me," she said, with a quivering smile, "until she has heard all my story. Then, perhaps, she may fear and hate me both. Nannie, let me hold your hand, and when you draw it away I shall know then that— There, don't be frightened; I'm going to begin.

"Twenty-seven years ago my father married my mother. I was born in the second year of the marriage. My father was wild, obstinate, willful, and an Irishman. I have inherited from him all these charming qualities. My mother was an angel from heaven. My father was killed, while out hunting, when I was two years old. Ten years afterward my mother married again, and moved to this country. I hated my step-father, and he hated me. When I was about fourteen a baby sister came. My whole pent-up affection was poured out upon this child. She had mother's sweet, mild disposition. Every body loved her; my step-father actually worshiped her. One day, when the baby was about fifteen months old, I had made myself even more disagreeable than usual. Every body was out of patience with me. The baby said I was an 'udly dirl.' Father threatened to whip me, and mother's wistful eyes gazed at me with a look that cut to the very heart. I felt as if every body hated me. I knew that the wild, restless devil in me was growing bigger day by day, and felt an irresistible desire to go to some place where all the people were as wicked as I was, and where nobody would ever tell me that I was 'almost a young lady;' and so—I ran away.

"The greater part of my time, for the first few months, was spent in the pleasant little occupations of starving and freezing. I traveled about for some time with wandering musicians; then I joined a strolling company, under the name of O'Brien, which I have kept ever since.

"After a two-years' absence I made my way back home. I was thoroughly tired of my hard, rough life, and had determined to return to mother and amend my ways.

"I sought out our old lodgings. The house was closed and to let. I asked for the landlord, and was ushered into a small room at the left. A few moments later he made his appearance. He was a small, nervous man, rejoicing in the name of Twitter, who was constantly rubbing his hands. I perceived, as he advanced with a series of twistings supposed to be bows, that he did not recognize me.

"'Good-morning miss modern improvements miss well-ventilated miss very respectable miss.' This speech was delivered without stopping to take breath.

"'I beg your pardon, Sir; but I am neither respectable, well-ventilated, nor have I the modern improvements.'

"'Eh?' ejaculated the little man, nearly rubbing the skin off his hands.

"'I have not come to look at the house, Mr. Twitter;' and thereupon that worthy immediately left off rubbing his hands. 'Oh!' he said, drawing his head down behind his capacious collar, like an overgrown turtle.

"'I have come to make inquiries concerning a family who lived here about two years since. I am a distant relative of theirs.'

"Mr. Twitter popped his head up, shook it mournfully, and again retired into his shell.

"'Well?' I said, impatiently.

"'Very sad, very sad story indeed, miss; highly improper for ears as young as yours.'

"'Never mind my ears.'

"Mr. Twitter, who in his heart was very fond of a little gossip, rubbed his hands and settled more comfortably in his chair, preparatory to a long story.

"'Very sad family misfortune, miss; eldest daughter, only fifteen, miss, went to the bad entirely.'

"'It's a lie!'

"'Eh?' gasped Mr. Twitter, starting from his seat.

"'Go on,' I said, looking him straight in the face. 'But if it's all the same to you, I'd like you to stick to the truth. It's hard enough in this world to keep a clean soul in one's body; but it's ten thousand times harder to keep a clean name. This girl has been fighting a hard fight for the last two years. She has been resisting sin with all

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the strength that is in her, and here you, with one breath of your puny body, are doing your best to brand her forever. You—you dried and shriveled mummy—you pretend to judge a woman who feels more in one moment than you do in ten years! I know her, and I tell you her wild Irish blood leaps in her veins as if it would burst them. But God—may His name be praised!—has given her strength to pass safely through the fiery furnace. And if you ever dare to whisper another word against her, I'll—Now, then, go on.'

"All that was to be seen of Mr. Twitter's cranium was a modicum of stray hairs standing on end with fright. He presently emerged, however, and after a few nervous gasps and much rubbing of hands he proceeded with his story.

"'A thorough but useless search was made for the young lady; and her mother, who was a very delicate woman, took her daughter's disgrace—' Mr. Twitter jumped from his chair and rapidly made his way toward the door.

"'Come back, Mr. Twitter. You meant to say her supposed disgrace.'

"'Yes,' gasped Mr. Twitter. 'Her dis—her sup— Oh dear! oh dear!'

"'She took it hard, did she?'

"'Yes, yes; very hard. She died about a year ago; and they say it was the—the supposed disgrace of her daughter that killed her. Eh? what's the matter?'

"'Nothing. Go on.'

"Mr. Twitter rose, and stood in the open door-way as he hastily finished the story. 'The father, with the remaining daughter, went away about a month ago, and the last words he uttered as he left the house were a terrible curse on the outcast. Good-day, miss.' The last words were scarcely out of his mouth when Mr. Twitter, casting terrified glances behind him, was speeding rapidly down the passage."

Miss O'Brien paused a moment. Her face was very white, and her voice had a hard, metallic sound as she proceeded, hurriedly: "I'm a coward! I am trying to put it off; but it must come. Child, you know who I am. Nannie, Nannie, I am your sister, Kate O'Connell. I killed our mother, and darkened your father's life. I was cursed by the man whom I followed to the grave to-day. His face haunts me; it will haunt me as long as I live." Then her head dropped heavily on her hands, and she remained silent for a few moments. "Child," she continued, in a low voice, "I have known you were my sister for two or three months. This winter has been one long nightmare to me. Nannie, I have sinned; but, great God! how I have suffered for it! It seemed sometimes as if my heart must break with remorse when I looked at your quiet, patient face, so like mother's. Oh, how I have longed to gather you away in my arms and tell you every thing! but I saw that you shrank from me, and I could not bend my hard pride to ask you and your father to take me back. Christmas-eve, when I heard you were in distress, I determined to go to your father and ask his forgiveness. But the good God has willed it otherwise. And now—Nannie?"

The child sat stunned; her hands had fallen limp and powerless by her side.

"Oh, Nannie!" her sister continued, almost in a whisper, "my life is so empty. I have tried to fill it with glitter and pomp. I have tried to stifle my conscience, but I can not. Nannie, you won't shut me out entirely? You'll let me love you? I know I'm a bitter, world-worn woman, and you were always good from the very beginning; but my love can't hurt you." She paused, gazing in breathless waiting at Nannie's motionless face. She leaned forward; but there was not the breath of a whisper upon the pale, close-shut lips. Slowly the minutes passed away, until the silence grew intense. Kate's strong frame was swaying and bending as if shaken by a fierce wind; her overstrained fortitude was giving way; with one great groan of anguish she sank cowering on the floor.

Nannie rose to her feet, and, raising her hands to heaven, uttered the one simple prayer of her life—"Mother, help me!" A moment she stood, her upturned face rapt and motionless; the next, she was kneeling by the prostrate form, sobbing and laughing all in a breath.

"She forgives you—mother forgives you!" Passionately she drew her sister's face close to hers. "Oh, look, look up! Can't you feel her? She is here; she is blessing you! Oh, Kate! oh, my sister!"

With an unsteady motion, painful to see in so powerful a creature, Kate rose to her feet, and lifted her face toward heaven.

"It is all shut away from me; I can see nothing," she said, in a slow, uncertain voice. "Oh, Nannie! tell me about it; help me away from myself. Could you pray for me, Nannie?"

And so this world-tossed waif crouched before the Great Unseen, groping her way in fear and trembling through the thick darkness. Softly the simple words of the inspired child fell upon her ears, telling of God-sent angels, patient, full of loving-kindness; telling of a world so close, so full of a wise tenderness, that we need never be afraid. Gradually, as she listened, the strained, quivering face fell into repose, and the heart which had tried in vain to hush its remorseful beatings through worldly excitement and worldly success grew still at last in that peace won by the poor in spirit, whose heritage is the kingdom of heaven.

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THE ARITHMETIC OF GOD.

PROBABLY there has never been a period since man began when the feeling did not prevail that new times were coming and old things were passing away. Old Eden undoubtedly had its sensations and surprises with each new aspect of nature or season of the year; and when Eden was lost, a new leaf was turned over in history, and expectations, hopes, fears, catastrophes, and deliverances came that have not been described to us in the newspapers of those days. What would we give for some fresh, graphic contemporary account of the great crises in the fortunes of our race before the historic period opened, and when men were able to tell their own story! Undoubtedly they had some way of telling their emotions before books began to be, or newspapers were dreamed of. It is startling for us now to read the inscriptions scrawled upon the walls of Pompeii just before that city was buried under the ashes of Vesuvius, and it is evident that the citizens had other excitements and agitations to think of besides those that came from the fitful fevers, groans, and vomitings of the burning mountain. Yet we moderns may be excused for thinking that we have fallen upon remarkably new times, and that things have of late been going on about us as never before on earth. What is the matter with us and the world, it is not easy to say; but it is clear that something is the matter, and that certain mighty, persistent, and irresistible forces are shaping civilization anew.

It is not easy to prove that any absolutely new ideas are at work in our time, for there is no modern thinker or reformer whose essential ideas have not been virtually held a thousand years ago, and there is no dream of the new times that can not be matched among the dreams of the old classic sages and poets, or the visions of the old Christian saints. God himself is no modern discovery, nor is his Spirit any recent invention, nor his Word any new-light manifestation. We moderns must empty ourselves of a vast deal of conceit before we can estimate ourselves and our doings wisely; and I hope that this number of our Magazine will not be burned by a mob of agitators, or put on the Index Expurgatorius of the Pope of Rome, or of that more formidable pope who wears the crown of infallible public opinion, because of the suggestion that what we call modern times comes mainly from our new tools and new tongues. For some four hundred years we have been going on at a wonderful rate, without always knowing upon what wheels we are rolling, and with no infrequent temptation, in the most garrulous and fidgety of the riders, to think that their prattle and their legs keep the train in motion. About the beginning of the sixteenth century the stirring events of the previous years began to tell upon the nations. The mariner's compass in the hands of Columbus and Da Gama had opened America and India to Christendom, and given new material and motive to industry and enterprise, while the printing-press had begun to take the whole people into the secret of thinkers, and tell them what philosophers had written and apostles had preached. Within about a hundred years the movement then started has been showing signs of its great consummation, and in the century that dates from the birth of our nation, in 1776, the new tools and tongues have been doing and recording their wonderful work, and it is easier to say what powers are at work for us than to predict exactly what results are coming from their operation. Perhaps it is better for us, however, to count the centuries as they stand, and to call the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries as three acts of the great modern drama, and to study this nineteenth century as the fourth act, which is bringing the crisis so near. It began with the lament for Washington and the jubilee for Napoleon the First, and its continuous years are counting the numbers of these two men of destiny.

In this nineteenth century two new forces have been uniting and applying all the tools known to man, and steam has been the breath and electricity the nerve of the new leviathan of mechanism that is now threatening all the old giants of our earth. These two are now our great carriers, the one carrying bulk and the other carrying intelligence, and in numberless ways bringing together all human powers. They are accompanied with two languages that are in some respects equally new—mathematics, the language of business; and music, the language of emotion or sentiment. These two languages have had much to do with mechanism; for without instruments the mathematician and the musician would have made small headway, while without the exact notation of the mathematician and the musician the telescope and microscope would have been of little use, and the organ and piano-forte would not have existed. These two languages probably have much to do with each other in securing the health of the human mind; and God, who gave us the clattering locomotive, has given us also the soothing organ; and the age that is startling the nations with electric wires is cheering and charming them with pianos—those harps in boxes that are bearing their music to every backwoods village. The two languages agree in following the same law of numbers, and a symphony, like the solar system, may be expressed in arithmetic, and Beethoven, like Newton, is master of numbers, and sings the music of the spheres, which the astronomer counts in his calculus.

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Behind all these new powers evidently we are to recognize that master-tongue of modern times, arithmetic, and it is of this, especially in its relation to the moral government of God, that I would speak in this paper. It is an old tongue, indeed; and, undoubtedly, men have counted numbers and distances ever since they had time to study their ten fingers, or to measure the relation of their own height to the rock or tree that they wished to climb, or to the man or beast that they were to fight. But in modern times arithmetic has become a new tongue by new signs and new applications. It now expresses all known masses, atoms, forces, and facts in its own peculiar way, and, annexing geometry to its jurisdiction, it has learned to bring all measure and form within its own terms and methods. Who shall presume to limit the triumphs of Kepler, Newton, and their peers in applying exact numbers to the observation of the masses and movements of the astronomic world? Who will refuse a place by the side of the great astronomers to the men who, like Berzelius and Lavoisier, have looked into the realm of atoms, and applied exact numbers to the proportions and affinities of the chemical kingdom? Nor does the conquest stop here. The facts and movements of human life have been studied with the same eye to exactness by a set of patient and sagacious men, headed by the German Süssmilch and the Frenchman Quetelet, who have looked for the numbers of God in the facts of history and the results of statistics. The German declared that God is the great arithmetician, who has not merely numbered the hairs of our head, but has also so made the whole world that every where proportion and order prevail; and the Frenchman affirms that the architect of the heavens is God of history and ruler of the intellectual and moral world, where the Divine wisdom has balanced all things; while he asks, with French enthusiasm, "But what hand shall lift the thick veil cast over the mysteries of our social system, and upon the eternal principles which regulate its destinies and assure its conservation? Who will be the Newton who will set forth the laws of this other *mécanique céleste?*"

I have no such presuming ambition as to undertake to play the Newton in this important direction, yet I may, without presumption, venture to look a little at what has been done in this way, and give a few hints as to the future of the study. It is worth noting that a German took the first serious step in this new science of moral statistics, and he, too, an unpretending theologian of the half supernaturalist, half rationalist school. Süssmilch, whose name I do not find in the great biographical dictionaries, published his first little treatise in 1742, and his complete work was published at Berlin in three volumes in 1761, under the title "The Divine Order in the Changes of the Human Race, set forth from the Birth, Death, and Propagation of the same." The German went on his plodding way of observing facts and studying averages, without making any shining mark upon the world; and it was not until over a century after his first treatise that the science of moral statistics, in its new and striking form, dashed before the public, in the famous work of Quetelet upon the theory of probabilities, in 1846. Since that date the whole subject has been freely treated, alike in its facts and in its relation to necessity and free-will. England and America have given conspicuous names to the list of writers, yet Germany still claims the lead; and I have before me from Erlangen, 1869, a volume of some 1200 pages from Professor Oettinger, of Dorpat, which is the first part of a work on social ethics founded on moral statistics. This book is a marvel of patient research and careful information, and we can not but be indebted to its pages for some of our facts and suggestions. The author, a decided Lutheran, is distinguished from other authors in this field by his decidedly religious point of view; and he shows his characteristic spirit by the slashing way in which he handles the English school of statistics, with its passion for imposing shows of figures. "No mission field can be tilled by English associations, no copy of the Bible can be printed, no Jew converted, no heathen baptized, no shilling expended on missionary work, without being set forth in some striking form of statistical tables. Am I in London, I can not pass over Waterloo Bridge without making a contribution to the statistical movement of the population. Even if I wash my hands in a hotel, I pay my part to the perhaps morally not unimportant calculation of the consumption of soap in Great Britain." The professor of theology of Dorpat goes for higher game than this counting of heads and of pennies. He looks down with a philosopher's pride upon English utilitarianism, as he looks with theological disgust upon French fatalism in the record of events and persons.

It is evident that the great truths and virtues can not be expressed arithmetically, and that all the numbers and forms of Newton and Herschel's science can not represent "Paradise Lost" or the Sermon on the Mount. Yet exact figures may help us to understand the facts and characters there set forth, and to appreciate their effect in history. The elder Herschel has wisely said that "numerical precision is the very soul of science, and its attainment affords the only criterion, or at least the best truth, of theories." We could surely be helped in our study of the Sermon on the Mount by an exact statement of the industrial, moral, and religious condition of the world when those master-truths

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were spoken, and nothing would be more startling than a precise statement of the misery produced by the neglect of its most obvious principles. Under the beatitude of the peace-makers, what a marginal note could be written from the statistics of needless war in Christendom within the last ten years, or within one year! Goethe hit the nail on the head, as he often did, when he wrote, "It is often said figures govern the world: but this is certain, figures show how it is governed." Evidently, in order to know what figures or numbers really mean, we must have enough of the raw material, or the actual matter-of-fact records, to draw general averages and relative results from; and we must put our conclusions into such tables or diagrams as to enable us to apply them conveniently and safely to our estimate of causes and our calculation of probabilities in human life and social progress. It is evident, too, that any array of crude facts is of itself insufficient for moral statistics, although it is valuable to the historian; and if, for example, we knew the actual number of marriages, illegitimate births, prostitutes, crimes, and suicides in all nations at a certain period, we do not know enough for our purpose until we have made observations so continuous and thorough as to show us the tendency of conduct and circumstances, so as to estimate the intensity as well as the extent of the evil. It is, for instance, less important to us, in moral statistics, to know whether in France sixty or seventy thousand illegitimate children are born, than to know that for every one hundred children born of marriage some seven or eight illegitimate children are born, and that this percentage varies from year to year according to season, town or country, calling or religion.

It is, of course, of essential importance to count and sift our facts and numbers in every available way, and it is remarkable what light is thrown upon them by this course. Take, for example, the gross amount of suicides in France for the years 1826–60 as they are presented in the accounts given every five years. The figures, as they stand, are thus:

1826–30	1739	1846–50	3446
1831–35	2263	1851–55	3639
1836–40	2574	1856–60	4002
1841–45	2951		

But call the first amount, 1739, the standard number, and put this at 1000, and reduce the other six sums to the due proportion, and we see at once the relative amount of suicides in these figures, 1000, 1301, 1480, 1697, 1993, 2093, 2301. We understand these figures better when we learn how many men and women relatively took their own lives during these years, and what were their ages, and the leading facts of their condition and character, and the proportion between their number and ages to the whole population.

I can not go into the details of the method of collecting and classifying various classes of numerical facts, and drawing from them the just conclusions. But it is obvious that in one respect our observations must be pursued in a way that differs from that of physical science—the science of astronomy or of chemistry, for instance. The science of moral statistics differs from chemistry in giving little room for experiment, and in requiring actual observation of facts that are independent of our will; since while the chemist has pretty much the whole world of atoms at command in his laboratory, the statistician has stubborn men and women to deal with, who are not ready to move at his word. In this respect he is like the astronomer, who observes but does not control the stars; but he differs from the astronomer in having capricious wills and impulses to deal with, instead of solid masses and fixed laws: and the movements of Jupiter and Venus in the heavens are far more easy to calculate than the movements of the Jupiters and Venuses of earthly society and kingdoms. Whatever absolute laws may be behind human caprices and conduct, those laws are not clear and simple as the law of gravitation, nor are the elements of the downfall of an empire or the ruin of a man or nation as definite and calculable as the elements of an eclipse of the sun or moon. We are obliged to await very patiently the turn of events to observe human lives and characters, and we can not be sure that our facts are reliable until we observe a sufficient number of times, and with due allowance for contingencies. Even in so simple a matter as drawing black and white balls one by one from a covered urn in which a large number are mixed in equal proportion, we find that we can not judge fairly of the proportion by drawing only a few times, but we must try many times, and may not be sure of being right until we have done so. The first twenty that we draw may be severally 9 and 11, or 8 and 12, or 13 and 7 of each kind; but if we try one hundred times the average will be 10 and 10. Human actions are subject to more contingencies, and are of more kinds, than these black and white balls. Hence the need of patient and repeated observation. Take, for example, so obvious a class of facts as the births of girls and boys. A few observations would seem to throw the subject wholly into uncertainty; for here is a family with seven girls and two boys, and there is another with six boys and three girls; here is a daughter-full house with no boys, and across the street there may be a boy-full house with no girls. But pursue the observation for twenty years, through a large population, and you reach the invariable average result of 100 girls to 105–6 boys. Hufeland has made the significant remark that, in every important matter of investigation, with 10,000 souls each year is enough, with 50,000

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each month, with 10,000,000 every day, is time enough to state and establish the law of average experience.

It is obvious that if investigations are carried in this way into every department of life, and allowance is made duly for all the shifting and constant elements of history, the science of statistics becomes very broad and complex, and calls for the most delicate and comprehensive combinations of numbers and calculations of probabilities. The more facts and relations of facts we have, the more illustration is furnished of the prevalence of law; and as the minute register of physical observations illustrates the order of the physical universe, alike in the *universal* powers of creation, the *general* characteristics of climates and zones, and the *individual* conditions of persons, so the exact observation of the facts of human history and life illustrates the moral laws of the world—alike those that belong to the universal reason and conscience, those that bear upon races and nations, and those that relate especially to individual characters and conditions. We are a long way from any such comprehensive knowledge of mankind, but we are tending toward it, and the positive science of our time is doing something to show, what Holy Writ affirms, that God governs the earth, and the ages show forth His kingdom, and declare the prevailing law of His justice. Moral and not natural selection is the rule of the Divine kingdom.

So far as I can I will try to look at the currents of modern history in this light, and especially to study out the arithmetic of God in the developments of our nineteenth century. Perhaps our thoughts and researches will have more point by considering the events that turn upon the cycle of Napoleon Bonaparte, who is in many respects the central figure of our century, and the representative man of the Latin race, and its claims to dominion over the world. Frederick the Great and our Washington stand in the foreground of the eighteenth century, with its struggle for liberty; and it remains to be seen what men will stand in the front of the nineteenth century when its work of reconciliation is done, and the second Napoleon and the Emperor William take the places which sober history is to assign them. There has been a great deal of romance and rhetoric on this drama of our age: now let us see if we can not make out a significant result from the testimony of plain facts and simple numbers. Let us try to look at the world in the most prosaic way, and consider the facts of birth, livelihood, and death in the organism of our race in a few obvious relations.

I.—The first great fact of life is birth, and population is the source of national power and human progress. Birth and population depend upon sex, and the relation of man and woman decides the existence as well as the character of the new generation. If we knew all the facts bearing on this relation in the nineteenth century, the knowledge would make us much wiser than any metaphysical essay or poetic dream. How far has the relation between the sexes been more healthful and pure in our age than the last century? what has been the condition of woman in the declining Latin races as compared with her condition in the rising Germanic races of Europe and America? and what is the present drift of marriage and home life in our Christendom? These and other like questions, if they could be definitely answered, would throw much light upon great issues now pending, and probably help us to see our way through the shadows that are gathering over the future.

The science of moral statistics is wholly on the side of morality and religion in this matter, and proves the validity of the idea of marriage of one man to one woman, which is taught in the Scriptures of our faith; and it also proves the misery, disease, and degradation that come from the infraction of the marriage law. As long ago as the time of Süssmilch, observations indicated that about one in twenty more boys than girls were born, or 105 boys to 100 girls. Recent and more thorough observations have not much changed this average, and the proportion of girls to boys among those born living is $100:105\frac{88}{100}$ (or 18 girls to 19 boys), while among still-born children the proportion of boys is larger, and among illegitimate children the proportion of boys is less. The figures differ somewhat for different years and nations, but they tend to the same general average, and to show a virtual equality in the proportion of the sexes, which assigns one man to one woman. This proportion is nearer absolute equality during the period which, according to a generous estimate, may be regarded as the period of marriage, or from the twentieth to the fiftieth year. About 25 per cent. more boys than girls die in the first year of infancy, and from the second to the fifth year about 3 per cent. more; and then the proportion of deaths is about even between the two till the fiftieth year, and the exposures of men to out-door dangers are about equal to the exposures of women to the trials of their sex from childbirth and other causes. In observations upon 80,000,000 of people in Europe the tables show a proportion of 100 men to 103–4 women, which, according to Oettinger, gives a surplus of 3 or 4 per cent. of women to remain unmarried, and to serve in sisterhoods, or as deaconesses, or in some other maidenly calling. If we count America into the list, with its surplus of men to balance the surplus of women in Europe, we find the proportion of men and women nearly equal; and a table of the population of twenty na-

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tions gives 100 men to $100\frac{77}{100}$ women. It is remarkable that there are relatively more women than men in Scotland than any where else, and there are $110\frac{3}{100}$ women to 100 men; a fact probably explained by the number of men who emigrate from Scotland without taking Scotch wives with them. The result evidently shows that in spite of all trifling variations in certain cases, on the whole, during the marriageable period especially, the sexes fully balance each other. Nor do the Oriental nations where polygamy is practiced show a contrary result, since the rich men there buy women from abroad for their harems, and the poor men find it hard to obtain even one woman for a wife.

The proportion of men to women varies considerably in times of war, as is to be seen in the very full tables of the population of France since 1800. During the great wars of the first Napoleon enormous numbers of men were killed in battle or died in hospitals; yet the wonderful law of compensation revealed itself, and the proportion of boys born rose nearly 2 per cent., and in the three years most fatal to France—1811–1813—more than 107 boys were born to every 100 girls. It is not easy to account for this upon any of the usual theories, and we must ascribe the result in part to the relation of the family to the nation, and the effect of the desire for male children to restore the balance of the sexes, and recruit the strength of the empire. The mind and heart are factors of life from the beginning, and children tell the secret sometimes that their parents never spoke to the world. Undoubtedly many evils come from the disturbance of the balance of the sexes and the necessity for this power of compensation. Standing armies are fearful enemies to the purity of society and the sacredness of marriage. When in camp or on the march they are a moral pestilence to the whole neighborhood, and gather a host of loose women about them, whose ranks are likely to be recruited by new victims of lust and violence. Then, when the armies return home, they tend to carry their bad habits with them, and garrisons are more dangerous to their own people than to the enemy. The record of the wrongs done to family life in France and to the sacredness of marriage by the military policy of the Napoleons would be a more startling sentence upon the spirit of their dynasty than any new and ingenious reading of the mystic numbers of the Apocalypse. Something of the disrespect for woman that is so characteristic of the French, even when adroitly veiled in the compliment that most flatters her when most eager for her ruin, is undoubtedly to be attributed to the surplus in the number of women during and after the great French wars, and the consequent temptation on their side to pay court to men, and to consort with them in unworthy ways. Careful observers have said that during that period more women than men died, in part because their lives were held to be of less account. The degradation of society goes with the decline of marriage; for moral and intellectual as well as physical traits are transmitted by generation, and not only disease, but folly and sin, go with the blood that flows from a union of man and woman against the Divine law and the best instincts and affections of the heart. Let nations respect duly the Divine law, and live in the sacredness of the marriage covenant, and they will find that new life is born into them; and while families fulfill their personal duties the God of nature and grace is working and bringing new powers and harmonies to all civilization. Birth will be nearer the new birth, and will help to resist that drift of wickedness which has been called the original or birth sin of the race. Oettinger waxes very warm on this topic, and in his way calls marriage "the fountain point, about which, as about a pulsating heart, all the veins and arteries of the colossal organism centre, in order to send, life-creating, the ever fresh yet ever the same blood streaming through all the limbs." Very justly he regards the whole register of the acts and results of marriage-breaking, illicit love, prostitution, criminal intercourse, as a record of sins against God, and proofs of His exact reckoning with the transgressors.

Few aspects of modern science are more startling to uninitiated readers than the attempts to measure exactly the force of the tendency to marriage. The common habit has been to estimate this tendency by its relations to certain social conditions rather than to essential human nature. Of course, vast many dispositions toward marriage have been stopped by limited means and social obstacles, yet those dispositions are none the less facts that are to be taken into the account, and likely to give signs of themselves in the long run. Many a *real* desire does not become apparent in act, and we must try in every way to note the existence of the desire. Thus, look to a very important set of observations upon marriages of an unusual kind. That very few marriages take place before the age of sixteen is explained by the absence of the necessity and the want of ability to keep house; but that more marriages are found to take place—as in Belgium in 1840–45—between persons from thirty to thirty-five years of age than between persons from twenty-five to thirty years by no means proves that the marriage tendency was greater at the former period, and it may be accounted for by prudential considerations, and the relative thrift of the parties. We are to make a fair estimate of the elements that enter into the marriage movement.

There is much truth in the saying of Mon-

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tesquieu, "that wherever a family can live at ease a marriage takes place," and this remark indicates materially the point of connection between the frequency of marriages and the prevailing social economy. The universal instinct moves according to conditions that do not depend on individual will, and yet these conditions follow a certain order, as has been very clearly shown. It is only remarkable that there is less regularity in the absolute and relative frequency of marriages than in the thousand manifold combinations in respect to the age and civil state of the parties, as well as of the season of the year of the marriage. This regularity extends to all ages and positions, and it is more certain what will be the proportion of youths and maidens, bachelors and widows, or widowers with maidens, widows for the second or third time married, early marriages between sixteen and twenty-one years, normal marriages between twenty-one and thirty years, or late between thirty and fifty years, or abnormal after fifty, sixty, or eighty years, or of young men under thirty with elderly women over forty-five, yes, even over sixty or seventy years; and of young women from seventeen to twenty-five to men of seventy years and over, which may well be called monstrous, or marriages of calculation—we say that it is more certain what proportion of such various classes of marriages will take place than what is the whole average number of marriages. Strange as it seems, it is true, that the universal proportion seems less regular than the special. But the reason is obvious, from the fact that while the whole number of marriages depends much on the times and changing lot of the people, the various classes of marriage depend more upon general causes that belong to human nature in general. A year of famine or panic will reduce the rate of marriage, but they who do marry will be likely to show the same variety of tastes, infirmities, calculation, forethought, or folly, as in more prosperous times. The tables show that in fourteen different states of Europe the lowest average of marriages was the year of famine—1847—that followed the poor harvest of 1846. In Prussia the number of marriages in 1847 was 1 to 129 persons, in England 1 to 126 persons, and in France 1 to 141 persons, in place of the larger proportion of the year before, which records 1 marriage to every 116, 116, 131, severally, in those countries.

Throughout all these changes in absolute and relative numbers, it is surprising to observe the regularity in the station of the parties. Thus, in France, during three periods of five years each—from 1836 to 1851—the proportion of bachelors and maids was 83 per cent. in 100 marriages, with only a fraction difference; the proportion of bachelors and widows was 3 per cent., with the same trifling variation; and the proportion of widowers and maids was 9 per cent., and only in the case of widowers and widows there was a falling off of about 1 per cent. in the usual average of 3 per cent. in the years 1841–45. Change the grouping of the figures for the same three periods of five years each, and we have only a fraction variation in the average number of different classes married. Bachelors average a little over 43 in 100, maids a little over 46, widowers a little over 6, and widows somewhat over 3 in 100. In eight nations the tables show, for a period of from seven to ten years, the following average numbers for every 1000 marriages: young men to maids, 811; bachelors to widows, 53; widowers to maids, 106; widowers to widows, 30.

It is interesting to note the variations of the marriage rate in the principal countries of Europe for ten years, and it is a memorable fact that Prussia takes the lead, and her rate of marriages (1844–53) is 861 to 100,000 people, while England (1845–54) gives 847; Austria (1842–51), 838; and France (1844–53), 788. Bavaria shows the smallest average, 659, but this comes from restrictive laws rather than from the degradation of the people, as the recent increase of marriages since the change of laws proves. We find that the different countries differ considerably from each other in the proportion of the classes of persons married, while this proportion is nearly constant in each country itself. As a remarkable instance of this, we have the fact that while in Denmark (1845–54) the proportion of marriages of bachelors to widows was $8\frac{2}{10}$, in France (1844–53) the proportion was $3\frac{7}{10}$, a difference of nearly 5 per cent. in favor of the superior charms of Danish over French widows in the eyes of young men, while England shows the average of $4\frac{3}{10}$, which is about 25 per cent. higher than the French, and 50 per cent. lower than the Danish. The ages at which marriages take place also show memorable variations in different countries; while each country tends to keep its own average, and England is as set in her habit in this respect as in most others. Here is a remarkable table of the rate of marriage of persons under twenty years, out of 10,000 married:

	Men.	Women.		Men.	Women.
England.....	240	1220	Sardinia.....	438	2709
Netherlands.	169	717	Norway.....	73	406
Belgium.....	234	887	France.....	245	1896
Bavaria.....	29	353			

Contrast these figures with the lists of marriages of persons over sixty and we have a different view of married life, as we learn that the numbers vary from England, which shows 99 men and 29 women married at over sixty years out of 10,000 married, to Bavaria, which shows 108 men and 22 women. Of the women married at over fifty, Norway shows 194 out of 10,000,

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France 187, and warm Sardinia, where women mature so early, 121 blushing brides of over fifty are led, on the average, to the hymeneal altar.

The influence of religion and church upon the rate of marriage is a very instructive study, and it appears that there is a memorable regularity in the proportion of mixed marriages in each province usually, yet in times of political revolution or religious agitation the rate varies. Where the ecclesiastical spirit is moderate, and the rival Catholic and Protestant confessions are nearly balanced, as in Rhenish Prussia, the rate of mixed marriages for 16 years was 410 out of 4536, while in the almost wholly Roman Catholic province of old Bavaria, there were only 76 mixed marriages out of 7361 marriages. We have some odd calculations of the influence of mixed marriages on the education of children, and there has been a great outcry from the Romish quarter because at one time in Prussia the Romish Church lost some 5458 children to her communion yearly from this cause; since from evangelical mixed marriages 115,583 children were born, and from Romish mixed marriages 132,149, while of these children 121,041 were educated evangelical, and 126,691 Romish—a loss to Rome of 5458 children. This gain of Protestant education in Prussia is owing to social causes, especially to the general spirit of the people, while in exclusively Romish provinces the Romish Church grasps at the education of the children of mixed marriages, and gets more than her due share. Yet every where these influences tend to a certain constancy; and, let men argue as they will, individual opinion does not annul the reign of law. New motives have power, yet they work according to a certain order, and the rise of the manufactory system or the spread of Methodism does not change, but carry out, the laws of the social world. There seems to be no act of life which is more free than the choice of a partner for life, and whether it is made in the free impulse of youth or the sober reflection of mature years, the man has the feeling that he proposes of his own will, and the woman accepts or declines his proposition according to her fancy or judgment, with careful regard to friends, circumstances, and character. Our Jessicas and Lorenzos, as they make love to each other in the moonlight, follow instincts as regular and mighty as the tides which the moon raises. Thus over the whole sphere of love and marriage a certain order presides; and we note a certain average rate in the age of persons married on the whole, and also in the ages of the parties to various classes of marriages. Thus in England men at marriage average $28\frac{1}{100}$, and women $25\frac{96}{100}$; and in France men average a fraction over thirty years, and women a fraction over twenty-six; while in Sardinia the men average a little over twenty-nine years, and the women about twenty-four and a half years; and in the Netherlands and Belgium the women average about twenty-nine years—a fact that should encourage the large and excellent class of ladies who are bordering on thirty, and in fear of the single blessedness which is supposed to be doomed by that period.

The statistics of divorce throw much light upon the state of society in Europe and America, and help thoughtful persons to make a due estimate of the sacredness of marriage, and the evil of slighting its authority. Yet there is a difficulty at getting at all the facts, because in Roman Catholic countries, where divorce is forbidden by the Church, it virtually takes place often by the entire alienation and separation of husband and wife, and the frequent forming of other and illicit ties, such as have been lately so powerfully set forth by Legouvé in his book on "Fathers and Sons." The German states record more divorces than the Latin states, yet married life in Germany appears to be more true, steadfast, and fruitful. The distinction between the German and the French idea of marriage seems to be this: the German marries more from personal affection and manly honor than the Frenchman, but with less recognition of conventional and ecclesiastical usage, and when the marriage proves uncongenial he seeks voluntary separation as quietly and fairly as he can; the Frenchman marries less from personal affection, and has less manly respect for woman as wife, yet he accepts the usages of society and the Church to a certain extent, and formally he keeps the bond which virtually he holds too lightly. The German needs a stronger sense of the positive and institutional authority of marriage, and the Frenchman needs something of the German's hearty affection and ideal loyalty; while the best people of England, and also in America, unite all three of the true conditions of right marriage, and marry for love, and also a proper recognition of ideal excellence with a serious recognition of the authority of the Gospel and the Church.

With divorce and all its attendant wrong to the law of God and the welfare of society the whole train of sensual perversities show themselves, and the monstrous phantom of prostitution comes in to appall us. The tables show an increase of the social evil every where; and while England has perhaps its most disgusting and obtrusive forms, France is mainly its patron country, and spreads the evil by stripping it of its odium. The French have been in this respect the corrupters of modern society; and the cycle of Napoleon—with its standing armies, theatrical temper, its worship of godless power and unhallowed pleasure, its want of profound personal religion, and its hollow deference to the pag-

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eants of priestcraft, its neglect of the home, and contempt for woman as wife and mother, and frantic worship of her exceptional beauty and genius—has been a cycle of sin. Our German professor is somewhat strong in his language as to woman's rights and free love; yet there is much truth in his word when he says: "It is, as already said, the emancipation of woman and prostitution, both closely related, which stop the prosperous increase of population." The current public opinion on these two points acts hurtfully upon France. All individual members of society stand in this respect in a relation of mutual solidarity. For the worldly culture of to-day, as once in degenerate pagan Rome, the word of Tacitus holds good: "To corrupt and to be corrupted, this is called the age."

We in America are having our full share of this corruption; and perhaps we originate too much of the evil to lay the whole or most of the blame upon France. The figures of our census are the arithmetic of God so far as they illustrate the extent and result of our growing laxity of principle and tendency to show, indolence, and pleasure. Our population is far less than we anticipated; and we train our children in an extravagance that prevents marriage, or subjects it to unworthy conditions; and facts show that in the very communities where the privileges of education most abound they who should be good wives and mothers have neither health nor heart for their mission, and wrongs are done to the unborn that startle the conscience of the moralists who are familiar with the corrupt capitals of the Old World. All these facts should be set forth, sifted, and compared, and traced to their causes, and their probable results should be shown. It is clear that they concern us all, and that the new day of human fellowship is at hand, in which we are to regard the whole race as a great partnership, whose interests are part of every individual's business.

II.—I have no space now to enter into the other branches of the subject, and show the facts and figures that illustrate the life-work and death-register of our race. We are all born, we work, and we die. That is the old story; but we are learning to tell it as never before, with the same two main factors, ourselves and our circumstances, yet with much larger observation and distinctness than ever before. The old problem of free-will and fixed fate is working itself out more clearly; and we are seeing that we are freest not when we break away from law, but when we most sagaciously discern and most earnestly apply its principles and enjoy its protection. We are as never before to recognize the reign of law over ourselves and our race, and come within the jurisdiction of the justice that is the only safe rule for men and nations, as it is the eternal order of the Creator of the worlds and the Father of our spirits.

Before our eyes evidently great things are taking place, and within a year events have occurred that have shown the necessity of our looking beyond the show to the substance, and carefully noting the exact numbers that count the wealth of nations and the fortunes of men. Within this century we have seen the ruling powers of the old civilization shaken, and we are asking what powers are to take their place. In the year 1806 the crown of the old Holy Roman Empire was taken from the head of the Austrian autocrat, and the upstart Napoleon undertook to stand in his shoes, and be Emperor of Europe and patron and vicegerent of Rome. Since then France has been, on the whole, the most conspicuous power in Christendom, and Napoleon has been the greatest name in Europe—a name that lived through the exile and tomb of St. Helena, and rose again in the adventurer who has played the part of Napoleon so as to lead the many to think the actor the equal of the hero so brought upon the stage. The actor has been driven from the stage. The empire fell at Sedan, and its fall was symbolized with derision just now by the overthrow of the triumphal column of the Place Vendôme. The emperor has disappeared, and the pontiff, too, has ceased to be temporal lord, whether of Rome or the nations. Who are to be emperor and pontiff hereafter, or what powers are to rule the consciences and the affairs of men and kingdoms? Powers there must be; for where there is life there must be law, and where there is society there must be order. King William and Bismarck seemed to be the masters of the situation, and now, as emperor and prince, they are the most prominent characters of our time. But exactly what forces are behind them who can tell? Who will presume to give an exact statement of the elements that met in the German and French war of 1870–71? Undoubtedly German science figured up the forces at command before the war began, and arithmetic had much to do with predicting the result. All the forces were counted, and the plans made in advance. Yet these calculations would have come to naught without the higher factor in the result—the heart of the German people as contrasted with the French. The German manhood went to the conflict with the French vainglory, and the strongest manhood had also the best science, art, and discipline on its side. The material elements on each side can be stated with some exactness, and put into something like an equation. There is something in the simple fact that Prussian marriages average 25 per cent. more children to a family than the French. But we must remember that figures are significant with God not by number, but position, and count units

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and thousands as they have a commanding place. With the Germanic races generally the arithmetic of circumstance counts up toward character, and the items of materials, like the parts of the human body, wait upon the head, not upon the feet. In other words, the arithmetic of God *heads up* its bills under the rule of reason and conscience, instead of *footing* them up in impulse or passion. With God heads are greater, if not more, than hands or feet in the estimate of events, and the future is to be in the line of His providence, according as we know and follow His law in a genuine personal manhood, and a loyal sense of the order of universal justice, as well as the fair claims of our country and our homes.

How time is to bring out this truth I do not undertake to say, or what men and institutions are to rule. Very likely Germany may be impatient of imperial sway as of papal infallibility, and be more ready to look for infallibility to philosophers like Humboldt, and for command to engineers like Von Moltke, or to artists like Goethe. But Providence will guide free nations through their trial, if they are only true. With loyalty to truth and justice, the eternal order will unfold itself, and write out the figures that are the Mene, Tekel, Upharsin of tyranny, and sing in the harmonies and melodies that cheer on the march of the combined and continuous forces of the coming civilization, which shall join the kingdoms of this world to the kingdom of God.

BELLA'S BEGINNINGS.

YOUNG Mrs. Cavendish that was to be, at some time in the dim future, and Miss Slatterleigh that was, and that, for all she could see, was likely to remain, betrothed to the lover of her choice, but forbidden by her father to marry till her husband could furnish his own house, was in a state bordering upon despair. Nor could she discover any way out of this slough of despond, and into the fine establishment which both she and many of her friends felt it necessary for her to have; for Cavendish was in the law, and the small returns of his practice, add them over as many times as you would, always amounted to the same sum, a sum as inadequate to their united wants in the opening and garnishing of a home as a penny token would have been.

She used to sit down and picture to herself the house she wanted and the things she wanted in it. If she could not have it in reality, it was pleasant to have it in imagination; and she would locate it and build it and furnish it and add to it and improve it on every idle occasion that she had, only to see it tumbled down again by the next hard fact that gave it all a blow. Still, while she was about it, and as it cost her nothing to speak of, she might as well have it the best there was to be had; and thus having undertaken the thing fancifully, it grew to have an actuality of its own, and it was hard to get the habit of it out of her head, until she had naturally, but rather unwarrantably, come to expect a beginning with something as superb as most people are willing to end with. As for the house itself which was erected in her imaginings for the future home, it was to narrowly miss being a palace, and was to cost a whole arithmeticful of money, to judge by the figures, while she herself was to move round in it dressed like a princess in a fairy tale, so far as magnificence went; for Miss Slatterleigh was a beauty, and knew only too well all the advantages to beauty of purple and fine linen. Her foot was to sink in the downy depth of carpets gay with all the floras of all the zones; the light that entered the rooms was to be sifted through curtains of priceless dyes; her walls were to glitter with gold underlying all soft tints, with marbles and bronzes and paintings; her rooms were to be cluttered with ormolu and majolica, and old china so hideous as to be handsome; with Elizabethan tables and Louis Quinze étagères; here an ebony chair upholstered in yellow satin, here a mother-of-pearl in crimson, here an escritoire in carved ivory; and there were to be velvet hassocks and ottomans and lounges, and gilded harps and grand pianos, and brackets and pedestals, with Apollos and Dianas, and holy Virgins and profane Venuses, in a huddle of dark, rich splendor, through which you could hardly see your way. It was of no consequence to her castle-building that in all this hurly-burly there would not be a single article having any association dear to the soul of husband or wife, or that the pair would only have stumbled round lonesomely among their possessions till they could find some little breakfast cabinet not too good to use, and to which a sea-coal fire might lend a sort of likeness to a home; that was an absurdity that never entered her head. That people could fail to be happy, or could find any thing dreary, in such a palace as she pictured, was to her mind an utter impossibility; and she said to herself that, for her part, she would rather wait for Cavendish till she was gray-headed than not have all things just as Mary Carlisle had had them, whenever she did marry him.

Meanwhile, it must be confessed, she found it weary waiting. Time was wearing on, too; perhaps her beauty would be really all gone before her wedding-day—and then, would there be any wedding-day? It is true, she had had a proposal from a millionaire no older than Mary Carlisle's husband, and much more agreeable; but she had scouted it, being in love. She meant that Cavendish should be a millionaire, or, at any

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rate, live in something next to a millionaire's house; and, of course, she knew there was not the slightest prospect of it, unless somebody would retain him on a great will case in equity, or a great railroad case any where, and *hinc illæ lacrimæ;* for her heart sank within her to see his worn, pale face; to realize that youth, with all its buoyancy, was leaving them; that she was close upon her thirtieth year, and they seemed to be no nearer together now than they did five years ago. Five years ago—what a wilderness and waste of an engagement! Neither gods nor men had any pity on them, plainly.

"I don't know that I think it at all desirable you should marry, Anna," her father had said. "With your ideas, I can't see how you will avoid driving Cavendish head over ears into debt and suicide in a year."

"Father!"

"Yes, Anna. I'm speaking seriously. I'm sure of it. A man may have all the good principles in the Koran, but when he comes to be hounded on by the woman he loves from one extravagance to another, the end isn't doubtful."

"That is too idle, father. Neither I nor any one else could make Cavendish take one step that he thought wrong, you know very well!" said Anna, with tremendous dignity.

"I know you will make him take some steps that he will think Spanish," said the old gentleman. "What right have either of you to want more than your parents had when they started up the hill? And as for him—a bird must build his nest before he fills it."

"Oh yes, father, that's all very well," Miss Anna had replied. "But if you're going to natural history, you should have your illustration correct. Both birds help build the nest. And for my part, I don't know how to do a thing. You haven't brought me up to know. I couldn't bring my bird a straw of my own picking up!" cried she, half sadly, half defiantly.

"Well, Anna, there's some sense in that. I didn't know you had so much. It is very true that things should be equal; and if I haven't taught you to do your share, then the blame and the reparation are mine. Now I'll tell you what," said the worthy old citizen, taking his coat tails over each arm out of the way of an imaginary fire: "I'll make you a fair proposal. When you can find a little house, with, let us say, a dining-room and kitchen on the first floor, a drawing-room over that, three chambers and an attic (more than your mother and I had, by a great deal, and a perfect desert for two young people and a servant to be lost in), and Cavendish thinks he can furnish it—why, then I will make you a gift of the deed of the house, and the house is at 53 Poncedeleon Place." And the worthy gentleman stepped into the hall before she could reply, tugged on his big surtout, and, with his gold-headed cane, as stout as a policeman's baton, went out on his rounds.

A little house, with dining-room and kitchen, drawing-room over that, three chambers and an attic! Her palace, her ormolu and bronzes and carved ivories, dwindled into that! Poor Anna burst into tears—why, goodness only knows, unless it was for fear that she should accept the offer. And then her cheeks were burning and her nose was red, and Cavendish was coming in the evening, and if she didn't want to have him get tired of her altogether, he mustn't see her in such a plight as that; and she ran to rose-water for relief, and then betook herself to a walk in the sunshine to restore her color and her spirits.

After all, the poor girl was not altogether a fool; she was only misled by injudicious friends and unchecked desires. As she walked on, and saw bright, contented faces of husband and wife coming from market, and met rosy little children at their play on the sidewalks, she half admitted to herself that it was possible to be happy even in such a house as 53 Poncedeleon Place must be. At any rate, it occurred to her that she would not be compromising herself if she just walked round and took a look at it.

There it was—a neat gray brick, with white facings, a bay-window, a balcony over that, a grape-vine over all; and there was quite a yard behind, in which she caught a glimpse of a pear-tree and an immense clambering sweet-brier. It wasn't her palace, to be sure; but then it wasn't so bad, after all. And just as she came to that conclusion, whom should she meet but her father, pompously swinging his cane as he paused to survey it, with a sort of pride written on his face, that said he thought if he was going to do this for his daughter, he was going to do very well for his daughter. Anna would have liked to sink into the ground; and that lofty and melodramatic method of disappearance being impossible, then to sneak down some alley-way; but there was none; and so she had to pass the old gentleman, and they quite laughed in each other's faces as they went their ways; one a good deal encouraged in his child, and the other something more light-hearted than her wont. "What in the world," thought the old gentleman, "a girl wants to marry and leave a comfortable home at all for, passes me. But, at all events, if they will marry, this looks a little hopeful. Perhaps she isn't the simpleton I've taken her for. Her mother's been filling her head with French notions this last ten years; but this looks as if there were some Slatterleigh left, after all. I don't know, if I find she's really rational, but I might do more—find the carpets, or the piano and book-cases. I've no

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notion she should suffer any more than to get rid of her nonsense needs. I've no notion a daughter of mine shall go shabby, either. Cavendish is a deuced smart fellow; I want to do the handsome thing by him—all the more because I may be taking him in a little in letting him have the girl at all. I don't know, though; this looks hopeful."

And as for Anna, she was wondering, for her part, if she accepted the house, what under the sun they could furnish it with. "I don't believe Cavendish has more than a thousand dollars in the world," she said. "For that endowment policy for his mother takes about all he could lay by above expenses. And who can furnish a house with a thousand dollars, I should like to know? Why, the carpets would cost more."

She was thinking it all over, and wondered whether she had better tell Cavendish any thing about the little house that night or not, when she found herself in Bella Vining's neighborhood. Bella, whose family had a pedigree as long as the law, but hardly a piece of silver to cross their palms with, and who, herself, had married a man with a salary not any more than equal to the sum which Mr. Slatterleigh had allowed Anna and her mother for their dress, not to speak of their flowers and perfumes and confectionery. It occurred to Anna all at once that it was high time she called on Bella, and then while she was there she would look about her and see what love in a cottage was like; not that she meant to do any such silly thing herself as Bella had done, but then it was well to regard all sides of a matter.

It was a dark and narrow street that Bella lived in, walled in loftily at either side by mansions once belonging to the old noblesse of the city, who had left them long since, however, for airier abodes; but the street ran down to the bay, and there was a delightful vista all the way through, and at Bella's house there was a slight projection which must make the vista a perpetual possession of the front parlor. And what a little gem of a house it was! As Anna turned her head from side to side of the pretty parlor she almost confessed to herself that it was really cozier and pleasanter than a palace, though she shivered immediately afterward with apprehension, as if the mere thought were half a pledge. And what a darling little maid, in white bib and tucker, not ten years old, had let her in, and now came to her side and said Mrs. Vining would be down directly! Anna could have kissed her, but for her fears of the effect of such an act upon the discipline of the household. Perhaps, she said, they had canaries trained to draw the water, and educated mice in the pantry, and learned fleas for the errands.

"Oh, Bella!" said she, as Mrs. Vining entered, and forgetting all formality, "do you believe I could find such a quaint, delightful little maid?"

"Oh, Anna!" said the other, "a hundred of them. She is only the cook's daughter, who has her living and her tiers for waiting on door and table." And then, at the simple little confession, it flashed on Anna that here was the person for her confidence and her consolation, and she would swear her to truth on the bones of all her grandmothers, and then learn if, being married on nothing, she had ever regretted it. And out came the whole of poor Anna's story; and when she had told it she blushed for shame, for, translated into plain words, there seemed to be nothing of it except that she did not love her lover well enough to do without luxury for his sake.

But Bella did not look at it in that way at all. Her heart swelled with sympathy. "Regret it?" she cried, with flushing cheeks, and quivering with eagerness to add another martyr to the fire. "Oh, regret it! Why I never knew what happiness was before—oh, never, never! And as for the nothing part, the income—why, it's just like the parable of the loaves and fishes, and Charles freely admits that there is more to spare now than there was in the old times when he only gave me gloves and bonbons and took me to concerts. He saves it in his clothes alone, my dear. Oh, you don't know! We keep house together, we do indeed, almost—yes, almost for what it cost him once to board alone. And I knit his stockings and make his shirts and re-seat his trowsers and bind his coats, and when it isn't to be done any more, sell his old clothes for ground-glass vases—"

"Oh, well, then, Bella," said her listener, in a comical solemnity, "it's of no use my talking to you, because I don't know how to knit socks and make shirts and seat trowsers; and I don't want to know, for I'm very sure it never would pay in the world, if I had to slave after that fashion."

"Slave!" said Bella. "Why, it's mere happiness—in the evening, when he's reading to me. Sometimes then, when the storm is all wild and white outside, and the air is so still and soft inside, with the shade on the gas, and I look at him in the ring of the light, and listen to his voice, and watch the smoke of his pipe curl up, and it all is so delightful, so secure, I say to myself, This is our grave; we are in heaven! Oh! how can I be telling you so much? Only that I want you to be just as happy!"

Perhaps the little creature's ecstasy softened Anna the least atom in the world more.

"Well, it may be all very nice—if you like it," she admitted. "But there! it's of no use for me to speak, even. I wonder I should make such a fool of myself! I don't suppose Cavendish has more than a thousand dollars in all the world to begin with. That might

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get a Kidderminster and an oil-cloth; but as for any thing more—"

"Now, Anna dear, as I've been so open with you, I might as well tell all the rest," cried the impulsive Bella. "Just come over the whole house with me, and let me show you every thing; and then you shall guess how much it all cost, and I will tell you the solemn truth."

So over the house the little procession walked. Not much of a walk, by-the-way, since at the top of the second staircase there was a partition; and Bella confessed to Anna that the upper stories were rented to another young family, who used the door opening on the alley, and had no more communication with them than with any other household. "You see, it saves us half the rent," said Bella, "and so we can put that by toward the rainy days," and she opened the door of the remotest room—the servant's room. Anna glanced in, and saw straw matting, painted pine, copper-plate counterpane and curtains, a lithograph of the Virgin of the Veil above the bed. Neat, if not alluring. The next room was the spare chamber. Straw matting again, with a large square of bordered Brussels in the centre, a handsome black-walnut bedstead and bureau, a great arm-chair covered with silk dimity, some straw chairs and a straw lounge, white book-muslin curtains tied up with blue ribbons, a toilet-table where some shining blue stuff was draped and fluted underneath the same muslin, a Parian copy of a grape-crowned head of Ariadne, and two or three engravings framed in passe-partout and decorated with plumes of grass—as cool and airy as some snowy cave, with all its blue-green light. "That room," said Bella—"that whole room cost me not quite one hundred and fifty dollars."

"What!" cried Anna.

"Yes, it did," said Bella, emphatically. "I will tell you all about it. I found the matting at an auction sale, though it was spick and span new; the Brussels square and the bordering were remnants, and I had them for cost. I looked at sets of furniture, and they appalled me: there was nothing decent till you came to three and five hundred dollars; but I came across a bedstead in one place that had been made to order and never taken, and an odd bureau at another. So I got my set for eighty dollars. I made my own mattresses, I and an old woman; it's perfectly easy, I assure you, with a long mattress-needle. As for the arm-chair, we made that ourselves too, out of an old hogshead; we did indeed — you needn't laugh: it's as comfortable as a throne; and we covered it with a quilt of my mother's; and we cut the engravings from an old *Art Union*, and framed them. But this is what I consider our greatest triumph," said Bella; and she ran to the toilet-table and lifted the muslin, with its quillings and ruchings and all its fluted sarcenet underneath, and disclosed an old pine packing-box.

"Bella, you are a little witch!" cried Anna.

"Am I not? Well, I do think this room is an achievement. But my room is better still. Here it is. My bedstead there, with all that beautiful white and gold lattice-work, is only an iron one, and cost almost nothing. My carpet—well, that was extravagant, perhaps, but I meant my room to be perfectly beautiful; and then I thought that pale mottle would just match the pale chintz curtains and toilet-covers and chairs; and as for the dressing-table, the ottomans, the footstools, they are all old packing-boxes again; and the easy-chair is a barrel; and that little hour-glass table, covered with the chintz, was made out of two old barrel heads and a broom handle. Of course all that took time; but then time was the only thing I had too much of. Then I bought the china sets and vases from an old-clothes man, as I told you; and there isn't any frame but the paper one, with the pressed autumn leaves pinned all round it, to that old second-hand looking-glass; and we bought little mouldings of white wood for those bright water-colors of mine; and Charlie cut the brackets out of cigar boxes, and polished and oiled them. And as for the flying Mercury, I always wanted one, and, of course, I couldn't have it, for it costs fifty or sixty dollars; so I contented myself with this plaster one painted green, with gold powder rubbed in: it looks a little like the flying Mercury, and a little like a huge grasshopper; but it brings such an aerial sense of springing strength and lightness into the room, that I am glad I have it, if I *did* pay five dollars for it."

"Oh, Bella! and to think of the fifty dollars I waste almost every week of my life!"

"Well, you have it to waste, or else you couldn't," said the practical little matron. "But about this carpet. When Charlie gave me the money for the house, I said the first thing is the carpets, and the halls and parlors and dining-room must have nice ones. So I knew Mrs. Burleigh was just going to buy new carpets, and I thought if we could get them off the same pieces we could get them at wholesale price, for she wanted ever so many hundred yards, and I wanted a good deal; and we went together to a wholesale place, and—just think!—all that carpeting for two hundred dollars!"

"Two hundred? Why, I thought carpets—"

"Yes, indeed; two hundred, and no more. Then I went to the owner of the house and fairly talked him into taking out the old fixtures and putting in new ones, perfectly plain, dark ones up stairs; but in the drawing-room these tiny gilt ones, with all their

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fine chains, just like pieces of Roman gold jewelry; and in the hall that little bronze Hindoo boat full of flowers, you remember, that the girls on the Ganges send out with a light to tell about their lovers. You don't know how much they have to do with the effect. He said, though, he shouldn't do it for every one; but he liked my pluck and my taste, and having the plain ones up stairs and in the dining-room saved them to him, as he could use the old ones in a new house, too. Then I padded the floors and the stairs, and had the carpets stretched over them, and made the hassocks myself. Isn't that crimson beautiful? And Charles had a splendid leopard-skin to lay down before the fender; and we got some light, spider-legged chairs painted black—a dollar a piece—and sewed on springs, and stuffed them, and then tacked on a bit of canvas, and over that a bit of carnation cloth with gilt-headed nails—see, you couldn't find any thing prettier in ebony. I bought a real parlor arm-chair in that same cloth—a perfect sleepy hollow—and a little bit of a marble-top, and one mirror—at an auction, to be sure. You don't know what you can do at auctions till you hang round a little; and Charlie had that lovely library table, and the low book-cases and busts, before."

"Oh, how fortunate!" cried Anna, who had forgotten all about palaces, and was quite rapt in this delight of making both ends meet. "But there were your windows, and your dining-room, and—"

"My four windows cost me just fifteen dollars. For I bought that imitation Nottingham lace, and I edged it with imitation Cluny; it looks just as pretty, and washes just as well, and I should like to know who's going to stop and examine it. And then in the dining-room, chairs and Turkey red curtains and an extension-table, cheap, but covered with a beautiful cloth—for Aunt Maria gave me my house linen, loads of it, and Aunt Jane my glass and china, as your aunts will do, you may rest easy, and more too."

"But then the kitchen?"

"Oh, pa gave me the kitchen furniture: it was all he could do, with my wardrobe too, you know. And he told me to take my piano—that cottage—and one of the old family portraits. I chose my great-grandmother, when she was a little girl, with her parrot on her wrist. And then the wedding presents came, Anna. You don't know how they eke out and fill up the chinks. Not a great deal of silver, but all those little bits of paintings—two or three from the artists themselves, who happened to be friends of Charlie's—those lovely chromos and statuettes and book-racks, and that pedestal and head. It did seem as though I had been making friends all my life with an eye to my wedding presents."

"Absurd, Bella! *I* didn't give you any."

"Why, yes, you did. Don't you recollect years and years ago giving me that china flower-pot? Here it is. I had been growing that ivy in it for all those years on purpose. Just look at it; doesn't it seem to be alive, so green and dewy? could any thing be lovelier? Isn't it the most charming, cozy room in the city?" cried the young wife, enraptured with herself. "Only one thing—my lounge—I forgot. I wanted one, of course; but they were a hundred and fifteen dollars and upward, and what I should do I didn't know. And then, just as I was ready to die with the blues, an idea struck me; and I went to a new upholsterer and I said—I must tell you—I said, 'Can I find a box here of such and such dimensions?' I forget now the feet and inches. And he said, 'Oh yes; for four dollars.' So I bought it. And then I said, 'I want to have a common, cheap spring mattress fastened upon that; how much will that be?' He thought about ten dollars. So I went away and bought my carnation cloth; that cost fifteen dollars — you know it is an immense width; and I cut off enough for my pillows, and made and covered and corded and tasseled them, and carried the rest of the cloth to the upholsterer, and asked him what he would want to let one of his men tack that on my box 'ship-shape,' and he said he guessed a couple of dollars. And when it was done he brought it home, and I put on the pillows; and he stopped and looked at it a minute, and then at me. 'Well,' said he, 'if you ain't the dashedest smart woman I ever come across! You got out of me for thirty dollars what I ask a hundred and thirty for.' And I felt as pleased as any prima-donna does when her audience applaud *her*, I can assure you. And Charlie thinks—oh, I can't tell you what Charlie thinks! But the whole furnishing of this house, Anna, cost him just six hundred and sixty-five dollars and thirty-seven cents!" And here Mrs. Bella broke off to catch the breath that had run away with her, and went to bring her guest a bit of bread and some wine, for she knew Anna must be ready to faint with listening to her nonsense; but she had wanted Anna to see how much respectability and beauty and happiness could be gotten out of how little money.

"I don't dare to think of it," said Anna, when her hostess seemed to have run down. "I can't beat down people, as you can, by just looking innocently at them. I'm thirty, and awfully dignified."

"Oh, I'll go with you."

"And as for all that machinery of packing-boxes and chintz and brass nails, what is the use of beginning so, when I should certainly break down in the first year, and cry my eyes out for a thread lace bonnet, or something I used to have and can't now?"

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"Well, to be sure," said Bella, greatly dampened for half a moment, "all that depends on whether you care most for thread lace bonnets or Mr. Cavendish."

"I wonder how it would do," said Anna, taking no notice of such a thrust as that, "to furnish one's whole house with those old-fashioned cherry-wood things—high-post bedsteads with testers, and chests of drawers with brass knockers to the ceiling—that you find in second-hand stores—buy them for old fire-wood and have them cleaned?"

"Old fire-wood!" cried Bella. "Oh, you dear little idiot! They cost ten thousand times more than the best carved rose-wood that ever was. Somebody lives on Fifth Avenue, though, that burns rose-wood altogether, but he's the only one in the world can afford such fire-wood!"

"Well, then, I don't know what is to become of me; because, you see, I haven't an atom of mechanical skill, and I never can do these things."

"Not if I come and help you?" asked the insinuating Bella.

"What would be the use of that," the other asked, "when it isn't merely beginning that way; it's keeping on that way? Suppose— Oh, dear me, what's the use of supposing? Good-by. I'm going to bring Cavendish round to see you, any way. May I? I'm so sorry I haven't been before! How good you are to me!" Kiss, kiss, and she was gone.

I'm sure I don't know what Anna is going to do about it. But I met her walking around Poncedeleon Place with Mr. Cavendish that very night, and I fancied that she must have quite forgotten about her palace. And as I know Cavendish has left off smoking, and every time he feels like taking a cigar is dropping the price of one into his strong-box, and as Anna is hoarding all the checks her father gives her for her autumn dresses and new jewelry, and is turning her old silks, I think, with Mr. Slatterleigh, that things look hopeful; and I shouldn't wonder if 53 Poncedeleon Place were furnished soon, and without much recourse to packing-boxes and sarcenet, if Mr. Slatterleigh has his way. At any rate, I met Anna going home the other day, followed by a small boy bearing an enormous plant, and as she ran up the steps to let him in I heard her gayly singing to herself,

"Oh, a rare old plant is the ivy green!"

NOT TO-DAY!

The earth is frozen beneath our weary feet,
And we would fly away!
Yet the familiar sunshine seemeth sweet,
Tempting us here to stay.
Joy so crowneth sorrow,
Let Heaven come to-morrow—
Not to-day!

APIAN PSYCHOLOGY AND SOCIOLOGY.

CERTAIN insects of the order *Hymenoptera*, to which the honey-bee has won attention, present, in evidence of their fellowship with us in the great spiritual commonwealth, a sociability ennobled by the sentiment of devotion toward their queen-mother, feminine soul of the hive, and who represents for it the ideas of the species, of corporate unity, and of the future life, attained by continuity of generations.

Anatomy, which denies sensibility to the mimosa, because no plant reveals a sensorium to the scalpel, long begrudged to the insect those attributes of self-conscious, intelligent will which in man, beasts, birds, and reptiles employ a true brain as their organ. Now, science withdraws this objection. A few years ago one of its distinguished professors, M. Felix Dujardin, of Rheims, verified in the nervous system of insects a centre of true brain, above the throat, imbedded among air tubes, salivary glands, and fat. Hardened by alcohol or spirits of turpentine, its form and structure appeared, beneath the microscope, in regular convolutions, like those of our own cerebral hemispheres, and the outside pulp removed, left nerve tracts winding into a whiter and firmer substance, like the nucleus of the white in vertebrata.

Pulpy matter alone constitutes the thoracic and abdominal ganglia, seats of instinctive functions that persist after the head is cut off, and which conduce to self-preservation, nutrition, and propagation. The more a generalizing intellect and social sentiment transcend the narrow limitations of individual life, the larger are the masses formed by the white substance in question relatively to the whole weight of the body. These, in the social bee, constitute $\frac{1}{940}$, but in moths only $\frac{1}{33000}$.

The neuter ant, incased in its shell of mail, has fewer personal wants or liabilities to injury. The cortical pulp of its brain is proportionally reduced, and its parts insulated, these little brains amounting to about half the brain substance; whereas in the social bee they compose but a fifth part of it.

This structure gives a key to those marvels of the social life of ants witnessed by Bonnet, Huber, Latreille, Lacordaire, and many others, in which they exhibit a specialized intelligence, without superfluous accessories, such as complicate the problem of human behavior with interests beyond our reach in this life, and perhaps, indeed, in any other.

For studying the ways of bees M. Dujardin used Beauvoy's hives, arranged for daily inspection. Into two of these, containing bits of honey-comb, he introduced two swarms, and placed them side by side. The

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first problem examined was whether the bee, like man, brings study to the aid of instinct in noting places and directions. When a pigeon, a swallow, or a bee is carried far away from its home in a basket, and on being let go, strikes a "bee line" to return, we ascribe to the animal a kind of geographical conscience deficient in ourselves, and which we supply by scientific instruments. But the bee seems to be heedful of the Horatian admonition:

"Ne Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus."

It does not employ its transcendent co-spherical intuitions in the small details of domestic life.

When a swarm is placed in a new hive a few come out at first, and soon re-enter; then a few more, or the same issue again, and fly but a little way off, keeping their heads turned in the direction of their dwelling, as if studying its aspect, so as to recognize it on their return from pasture; then they explore the surrounding objects, and finally take a bold flight in quest of booty.

One of the hives, ill provided with honeycombs, had no royal cells constructed as the fall advanced. Its sparse population might not withstand the winter without aid. M. Dujardin accustomed the bees to take moistened sugar and honey from his hand. They would alight on him as on a flower in the garden, and eagerly run over his hands. He then tested their power of deliberate observation and that of communicating to each other the knowledge of places and facts. About twenty-five yards from the hives he made a hole behind a vine trellis, and placed in it a saucer of moist sugar. Then, enticing with some sirup on a little stick a bee in another part of the garden, he carried it while feeding to his *cachette*, and left it on the sugar. When it had filled itself it buzzed about in the hole, then here and there before the trellis, with its head always turned toward the hole. At last it took flight for its hive, and went inside. A quarter of an hour passed without any bee coming to the hole, then thirty came in succession, exploring the locality, seeking and finding the entry to the hole, and making afterward, apparently, the same little tour of observation as the first bee.

On the following day the bees of the same hive came in still greater numbers, but none from the other hive, as was carefully verified—the flight of the first being directed exclusively between their hive and the hole in the wall, while the bees of the other hive took an opposite course over the walls to the gardens adjacent. When the sugar had become dry its privileged customers abandoned it; yet, from time to time, one would come to inspect, and whenever it had been moistened, the bee that found this out would, after sucking it and returning home, be presently followed back by many others to the saucer in the hole.

The virtual communication of facts, as well as of emotions, by the *antennal touch* is a feature of insect psychology too well confirmed to need more than mere allusion to it here. It may be the better conceived of by those who have witnessed, as we have, the intelligent touch of Laura Bridgman—sole avenue to her consciousness of impressions which in other organisms take the sense-channels of sight and of hearing. The annals of catalepsy abound in illustrations of this catholic touch;* and mesmerism has shown that, while spontaneous in its exercise, it is capable, like other faculties, of a much greater development by culture. It receives this among some species and individuals, while others neglect it under the distractions of the eye and ear.

From the little *object lesson*, so easily repeated, and which every apiarian can match with parallel instances, let us proceed to evidence of analytic faculty in the apian mind. To plaster and varnish the joints and cracks of their dwellings something *viscous* is needed, and this the bees usually get from the fragrant resins of plants; but their fragrance, as well as their color and taste, are indifferent to the purpose in view.

It puzzled our professor to guess of what substance were the little white shreds of irregular shape with which he saw his bees flying laden. At last he discovered them in the act of pulling away these shreds from a coating of white-lead upon a third hive which had been newly painted. Now stickiness was the sole point of resemblance between this white-lead and the substances usually employed by bees. They could insulate the perception of this essential quality from its accessories.

Passing now from the sphere of peaceful industry to that of military enterprise, we shall find not merely the blind courage with which self-preservation inspires individuals to resist aggression, but a reflective enthusiasm and methodical combination for movements offensive and defensive. Mr. Crèvecœur (*American Cultivator*) is the observer. One day he saw a bee-eater perched on a branch near the hive, and seizing the bees one by one, as they rose, with a snap of his pointed bill. This bird had already devoured a good many citizens, when some one, avoiding the danger, seemed to have given the alarm within the hive; for Mr. Crèvecœur soon saw a number of bees come out, flying tumultuously, as though disposed to swarm. They formed in mass, and darted like a cannon-ball against their enemy, who, frightened, with good cause, "vamosed the ranch."

* For details consult cases of Nancy Hazard, etc., Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal*, v. x., nos. 4 and 5; and New York *Medical Repository*, hex. 2, vol. i., art. 1.

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The apian phalanx, it appears, however well suited to a charge, was not adequate to a prolonged fight. The bees failed to follow up their victory, and their enemy once out of sight, they dispersed. Soon afterward the bird resumed its perch of prey, and Mr. Crèvecœur had to bring his artillery to the rescue.

In this case a rather complex idea or narrative of facts concerning the nature and direction of their danger, and of the means of averting it, must have been communicated. One or a few bees witness the aggression, note the quality of their big neighbor's affectionate interest in them, and rather object to it. They concert means of obviating this fact, of resisting this tariff upon industry, of frustrating this stratagem. Bird, they will fly at it; foe, they will fight it; monster, they will oppose to its magnitude their consolidated phalanx and devoted unison. A mutual consciousness of danger enkindles the corporate spirit of the legion, which collective friendship marshals, and the fire of indignation hurls upon their foe. Is the deliberate purpose of patriotic ambition less evident here than at Thermopylæ or Marathon?

But this enthusiasm explodes; this prowess, like most human prowess, evaporates in the vain fumes of glory. Their object escapes them; and the same injurious provocation to their civic heart meets not a second time that organized resentment which it should have met invariably were that blind notion of our conceit yclept "animal instinct" a true version of the facts, or were the bee a "machine of God" in any other sense than as we all may be. The reflection implied in this extraordinary corporate enterprise reveals, less elaborately, indeed, than their architecture, but with the improvised charm of spontaneity, the faculty of strategic combination. Here passion reasons, as there mathematics becomes sociable. Their emotional impressibility touches our sympathies more than their skill in departments where we have introduced that formidable slave of genius and despot of humanity, the machine. We may undervalue their perseverance, their geometrical constructions, and division of functions, which we carry so much farther, and apply so disastrously to the artisan or to the soldier; but we frankly admire their ability to meet new contingencies by varied devices.

The geometrical order of apian architecture is too admirable not to have been cited by the "animal machine" philosophy against the *mind* of its authors. This assuredly, they opined, was the *nodus dignus vindice Dei*. We, on the contrary, see no justice nor reason save in ascribing to each being the merit of its works. If the bee is a mathematical machine, then why not Zerah Colburn and so many others who have a special talent only in this line? To each his due.

The hive bees, moreover, like the woodborer, will forego their mechanical labors if they find empty combs or suitable holes prepared for them, and the economy of manufacturing gutta-percha combs, that may be taken out, emptied, and replaced, is now being discussed in apiarian councils. Then honey, instead of wax, will be made by the bees during the first weeks of the season of flowers. The bees do what is most convenient. This is the secret of their geometry, as Buffon guessed in watching them at work. The arrangement of the combs appears to us a much simpler affair than the hexagonal cell; but not having, like the latter, a natural measure in the apian body, the normal space of half an inch for the lane between two combs is often missed. The essential point is that two bees, walking each upon one of the combs, shall be able to pass each other without touching. This space allows of ventilation; but as too much air is worse than too little, so, if the base of a second comb proves to be too far away from the first, we find the bees shaping it obliquely, so as gradually to approach the first, as it is built up. Dr. Brown cites a case in which the centre comb of a hive, filled with honey, had swung from its fastenings and obstructed the passage. The next inspection showed two horizontal beams constructed of wax between the two combs, while honey and wax enough had been removed from above to admit passage, and the comb detached had been secured by another beam, and fastened to the window of the hive with spare wax. They next proceeded to remove the two now useless horizontal beams.

The bee cell is often spoken of as if it were a hexagon of always the same size; but besides the deviation from this model for the queen cells and the drone cells, those which are reserved for storage are deeper than the rest, sometimes eight-tenths of an inch, with a diameter of one-fifth of an inch. When the honey harvest is ample, old cells are lengthened and new ones made larger; conversely, when Huber had often interrupted his bees in their work, they shortened their cells and lessened their diameter, gradually adapting them to the moral pressure of circumstances, as, in our own *res angustias*, the mansion contracts to the cabin.

It has been averred that the bee on West Indian plantations, seduced by the favors of fortune, has renounced industry, to share with man the treasures of the sugar-house, where it becomes a troublesome guest. It may fairly be inferred from the known habits and character of the bee that superficial observers have only seen there the same accidents as occur in our sugar refineries here. Abandoned to the passion for sweets, intoxicated perhaps by their aroma, thousand after thousand alight upon the hot sirup, which is for them a crater; and apiarians, to save their

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bees, have been obliged to wire-gauze the windows of these factories. Then the bees, disappointed of their sweet death, to which the vapors of the caldron powerfully attract them, are seen buzzing with rage against the window; and for a long time, like the besotted frequenters of our dram-shops, or gamblers fanaticized by the excitement of risking all for rapid gains, remain insensible to the gentle voice of Nature recalling them to moderate and wholesome rural labors.

All artists' souls are subject to the tyranny of completeness. *Le mieux*, says the French adage, *est l'ennemi du bien*, and the ideal often kills the actual. The tension of enthusiasm is too close a neighbor of intemperance for the votaries of one not to slip sometimes into the other. The bee is no exception to this rule. It has even the same passion for certain narcotics as Coleridge or De Quincey, and many bees perish in the fields of Hindostan after their long spree over the cups of the poppy, because when it has done blooming they can not reconcile themselves to more insipid flowers—can not forego their cherished dreams. Apiarians court their favor by sprinkling them with sweetened anise-water. These refined tastes, and the odors with which they are associated, border, like the musical sense, on the regions of ideality and sentiment.

The following observations suggest that, while emotion may paralyze their ordinary faculties, they know their own weakness, and plan to avert a catastrophe which overcomes their moral force. A formidable problem for the bee is the *Sphinx atropos*, the death's-head moth, that sips in the evening the honey of flowers, and is partial to the same when already collected. Hence its plunder of the bee-hive, where, although unarmed and unmailed as to its body, it inspires such a superstitious terror that it escapes the poisoned dart. Bees have even abandoned their hive, like a ghost-haunted mansion, to this intruding moth. What can the bees, which do not hesitate to sacrifice their individual lives upon the slightest motive of resentment—what can they fear from a soft thief that can not wound or even irritate them? M. Frairière suggests the resemblance of certain sounds with their emotional association. In the evening stillness of the swarming season the queen's note is distinct and peculiar. As when at the muezzin's sound all true Mohammedans fall upon their knees, so at the first thrill of this weird chant all work is stilled in the hush of emotion.

Now, when we take hold of a *Sphinx atropos*, it usually gives forth a kind of cry or sound very like that of the young queen's, and, moreover, it produces a sort of electrical numbness by vibrating its body in a very queer way; so that to seize it, even through a fold of muslin, you must overcome squeamishness: such are its sensible means of intimidation. To the bees it is an enemy of their *species*, which borrows the voice of their beloved young queens, and those very tones which thrill their apian heart with passive emotion. Glamour and witchery await not idle hours; they attack the bee, as well as the Yankee, in the midst of multifarious industries. Nervous impressibility suffices. In order to sip honey unmolested, the sphinx needs but to utter its awful note. And yet these bees do not passively await a second or third visit from the lepidopterous conjurer. Their civil engineer corps defends the entry of the hive with waxen walls, leaving holes only large enough to admit the body of a bee. Other hives oppose little bastions that can be turned only by a zigzag course. Each apian tribe invents some indirect expedient of its own, but none dare face the music, or take the butterfly by the horns, *in propria persona*.

In 1806 the *Sphinx atropos* abounded, and broke the combs up with their heavy bodies. At first the bees seemed to be confounded and demoralized, but soon began to raise waxen bulwarks which left space only for themselves to pass in single file. This expedient was renewed in defense against the same enemy in 1809. This method also serves them against others. Mr. Jesse shows a fort built of propolis with which one of his families of bees withstood the attacks of wasps. By narrowing the entrance, a few bees could effectually defend it. Concerning the emotional effect of certain sounds, Langstroth observes (page 137) that swarming bees make a singular hissing or whispering that often causes other bees in the apiary to swarm, and this even when unprepared, as they had only miniature queens in their hive. Elsewhere he notes the queen's challenge—a quick, shrill, angry succession of sounds like *peep, peep*, to which one or more of the unhatched queens will respond in a somewhat hoarser key. These piping notes, which may be heard at some little distance from the hive, he regards as almost infallible indications that a second swarm will soon issue; generally the second or third day after, though sometimes as late as the fifth.

For the emotions, it is hardly true that

> "Segnius irritant per aures quam per oculos dimittuntur,"

although the procession of tin pans in swarming season can make but an apocryphal impression of our musical genius on the apian tympanum. M. Antoine, of Rheims, has refined upon the old plan, as follows: On May 30, 1858, at four P.M., committees of the societies of Acclimatation and Protection of Animals witnessed the experiment on a hive estimated to contain about 30,000 bees. M. Antoine approached this with certain ceremonial incantations which apiarians

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will divine, raised it in his arms, turned it round, and set it upside down in the open head of a barrel. Its inhabitants appeared to be quietly collected in the upper part of the hive, except a few at the base of the combs, and none were disposed either to fly or to sting. An empty hive of equal size, set edge to edge upon the first, was raised on one side by a block, so that the passage of the bees could be witnessed. Upon tapping with the hands at the apex of the full hive below, and then upward toward its base, the bees mounted in good order and in close groups. In eight minutes all had left the combs, and were collected in the upper hive. A breath was sufficient to prevent any of them from coming out at the opening left for the spectators.

The transfer was complete, the honey captured; not a bee had perished, or had stung, or had escaped. They allowed themselves to be freely handled by the committee. The mother hive, robbed, was put back near the new one. The working bees sped on the wings of attraction to their melliferous duties, while others, returning laden with the spoils of the garden, field, and forest, alit at either hive, and entered without hesitation either the old or the new dwelling. M. Antoine now explained to us that, after removing the straw apron, he had tapped with his bent finger gently near the top of the hive; then louder and with gradually increased frequency; then with the flat of the hand, and after half a minute with both hands together, leaving the bees no time to recover from their astonishment. Two minutes of this *crescendo* movement having sufficed to obtain their descent, he raised the hive without shock, and struck about twenty more little taps at the top, after which he reversed the hive, with the effect mentioned. His drumming was a gong that sent the bees to dinner, probably. Honey always makes them sweet-tempered; and of all the Gospel, what suits best their religious idiosyncrasy is the parable of the "loaves and fishes." Not *prona, tamen, ventri obedientia.*

The bee may have taught the Egyptian the art of embalming. Should a large, heavy snail intrude within their precincts, and, withdrawn beneath its shell of mail, defy their sting, they glue it down with resin, and it perishes immured. But if its body have been accessible to their stings, then, after killing it, and finding its bulk unmanageable, they plaster it over with layer after layer of that aromatic resin which is found upon the buds of many plants, and which they employ like the essences and aloes of the Thebaid.

In view of such varied and ingenious combinations, who will persist, with Malebranche and the old scholastics, in considering the insect as an automaton, which fatally accomplishes a series of acts predetermined by its mechanism? These Cartesians, under the pretext of reverence for God and distinction in favor of man, alone made in his image, would belittle the rest of creation to a level in principle with Vaucanson's mechanical flute-player, or with his artificial duck, which ate and digested its food in presence of spectators.

Of bee life the arcanum is the impassioned loyalty of the individual offspring to the ideas of the species and corporate unity incarnate in their queen-mother. These economical laborers, whose virtue is its own reward, spare neither space nor wax in their queen palace cells. They eat up the excess of neuter eggs like sugar-plums, but prepare for the development of numerous queens, as well as male larvæ, destined soon to perish—the queens either by infanticide or else in mortal combat, the duello being in this species an appanage of feminine sovereignty. To the worker larvæ, pittances are stingily doled out. Whine and fuss as they may in their procrustean cradles, their step-sister nurses are inflexible; and when the critical moment for sexual evolution arrives, they are fatally imprisoned in barriers, at once material and organic, that say, "Thus big, no bigger, shalt thou grow."

But let some accident, human or other, remove the queen from her adoring people, they are deeply enough versed in the mysteries of existence to know that, as the sphere, such will be the life that comes to fill it. By privation and confinement they have frustrated for neuters that luxury of passion which permits the finite individual to touch the infinite by the species. Now upon the border of a comb they pile ample materials, and build a royal cell fifty times larger than others. Into this they bear the humble larva from a worker cell, then lavish on it food more succulent and stimulating, under the influence of which its organs of fecundity appear, and it is born a queen. Our friend Toussenel finds the bee and the ant repeat, after the flowers, the lesson of ovarian pre-eminence. The bee-hive is one of the few true republics where productive labor brings prosperity to the working neuters, no farther removed from the estate of true femininity, perhaps, than our own classes of working-women in the field or the factory.

The male in the apian republic is a political myth, and is pensioned for a short term only by connivance with the interests of the *species*. The wealth and contentment of the hive, which have cost neither blood nor tears to any one outside, attest the high wisdom of a feminine policy; but the term queen, so indiscreetly borrowed from the Old-World royalties of Europe, and which savors of court fuss and feathers, derogates from the honor of maternal creation. The "queen bee" who lays 20,000 eggs this

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spring is but the first of her subjects under the constitution of Use and Charm, and those argus body-guards of hers pet, brush, adulate, and feed her—for her eggs. The hive has borrowed several ideas from the Harmonian Phalanx. Both are founded on attractive labor; both exclude idlers and non-producers.

The foresight which characterizes the bee seems, indeed, an especial attribute of maternity much more than of paternity in all creatures. No general wealth without attractive labor, no attractive labor without feminine pre-eminence: behold the formula of the bee!

Is it not well known that if the queen-mother die her republic is overwhelmed with woe and consternation; that labor ceases to attract, and the workshops suspend; that in the prolonged absence of a queen, who in herself is femininity and the species, anarchy succeeds to order, and the demoralized laborers plunder the stores of capital? Males, even males, could not do worse. We can hardly deny the advantageous results of the policy adopted by the honey-bee. Yet the males of all species may well protest against the sorry lot assigned by it to their sex. All the bee males, stigmatized as drones, are destined for the aerial harem of the sultana-mother. Three or four hundred rivals await her caprice, and the first favor granted by this royal coquette to one of her aspirants, besides being mortal to his own person, gives the signal for destroying all the others. When reproached with their indelicate procedure toward these unfortunate helots of love, the worker bees, as pitiless as sexless, reply that the males are accustomed to perish, like our Hindoo wives, when their social mission is fulfilled, and that, familiar with the idea of this sacrifice, they run to meet it, and solicit it from pure ennui and satiety. Our rulers who make war, and the politicians who accredit wars, reason not otherwise about their peoples, born material of cannon-fodder. We do not precisely advocate the philanthropy of stabbing folks to keep them from malingering, not even surplus husbands, who are sometimes so obstinately inclined to live. The lesson which the bee-hive teaches is not personal but economical, it means the *suppression of supernumerary agents in commerce and of parasites on industry.* The bee-hive is a laboratory where order reigns with liberty, equality, and solidarity; where the love of labor is carried to enthusiasm; where the enjoyment of life is made visible and audible, and happiness is proportional to feminine pre-eminence.

If these admirable results have been secured by a few sacrifices, that only shows that insects are not perfect, and that it is difficult to make an omelet without breaking some eggs. These males were unproductive consumers, inapt alike for labor and for battle, and who formed but an insignificant fraction of the population. Ah, did the men who have ridden women rough-shod, or kept them in the fetters of ignorance and prejudice so many centuries, only justify by their own welfare, as the bees do, their conduct with respect to their mothers and daughters!

The bee is a synonym for industry, and yet, irrespective of the occasional wars of hive on hive for booty, individual bees do notoriously lapse into dishonest habits. Langstroth distinguishes loafing and pilfering bees by their darker and dingier coat. Between hive and hive, as between town and town, or family and family, lie those differences of energy, of health, of morality, and of success, that foot the balance-sheet of the account between free-will and fate.

IN THE HEART OF A HILL.

I.

THERE is in Yorkshire, as most English people are aware, a certain district on its northwestern frontier which is called Craven, signifying the district of rocks. It borders upon the more famous Lake Country, and though it possesses mountains of its own, is somewhat overshadowed and dwarfed by the higher and bolder hills which are the boast of Westmoreland and Cumberland. As if in despair of competing with these neighbors in elevation or grandeur, the hills of Craven have long attracted "the British public" by an exhibition entirely peculiar to themselves, namely, by showing—at prices varying from a penny to half a crown—their insides instead of their outsides. While mountains in general plume themselves on their solidity, those of Craven take a morbid pride in advertising the fact that they are hollow—or perhaps we should more justly say that sometimes by a slight convulsion of nature, by which cracks and crannies are disclosed in their armor of rock, and sometimes by an accidental stroke of the pick of the quarryman, it is discovered that they contain in their stony bosoms undreamed of dwelling-places, caverns, halls, and passages into which has never penetrated the light of day. I say dwelling-places, because the idea that they are intended for such can not fail to strike the visitor as, torch in hand, he follows his guide through their subterranean labyrinths. In some of them, it is true, the passages that connect their stately apartments are so low that one has to stoop, or even go upon all fours; but in others you may wander for hours without having once to bow your head. A carpet of whitish sand, very like the sand and sugar which the grocer sells us as "seconds," is spread alike in corridor and chamber, and glitters in the torch-light as though the floors were strewn

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with diamonds; and though no gas is employed, water is laid on in most cases throughout the establishment. A clear and generally shallow stream moves noiselessly along, here broad, here narrow, till it either finds its way into the sunlight, and thereby betrays the secret of the cave's existence, or suddenly leaps down within the cave itself into darkness and chaos.

"We don't know whither it goes, nor how far," says the guide, throwing the gleam of his torch as far as he can upon the dark profound, and bidding us listen to the rush and fall of the vanishing stream: "some thinks as it joins the Lune in Carbrook Dale, and others as it never comes out at all." Compared in extent with such a subterranean wonder as the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, these Craven caverns are, indeed, insignificant; but they are quite large enough to be lost in—the various passages extending in some cases for miles—while they boast of beauties in stalactite and stalagmite superior to those of their colossal rival. So charmingly beautiful, indeed, are some of these objects, pendent like icicles from the lofty walls, or rising from the floor as thrones or altars, or even in shapes of frosted silver bearing some resemblance to the human form, that the wonder is how such admirable works of nature should so long have been denied to the eye of man. How many centuries—nay, how many eons—until some laborer drove his pick through their rocky casket, have these treasures wasted their wealth unseen by mortal! and how many other store-houses, equally rich, lie still inviolate and undreamed of in the hard heart of these hills! Perhaps the earth and its marvels were not, as we vainly think, made for man alone, and the magic splendors of under-ground Craven may have had, and have, their uses for other beings. Perhaps the king of the gnomes holds court there; or the fairies, vanished from their "dancing rings," where they can no longer disport themselves in privacy on account of the matutinal activity of the followers of the mushroom trade, foot it noiselessly on these inmost sands; or perhaps the ancient gods, rejected by heaven and earth, have withdrawn themselves into these rock-bound recesses to murmur against the new order of things, and the world that has forsaken them. Perhaps this accounts for the strange noises that are heard in lonely spots upon the hills in Craven, gruntings and grumblings underfoot, which the man of science explains by the roar of subterranean streams, but which may, after all, be the curses not loud but deep of discrowned gods—Jove throwing a thunder-bolt in impotent wrath, or Vulcan striking an impatient blow on a stalagmite by way of anvil. For these sounds, curiously enough, are often intermittent; there is an ebb and flow in these under-ground waters, produced, say the learned, by a sort of natural siphon. Besides these marvels, there are "pots," deep natural wells, rounded as though by the hand of man, but of solid stone, at the bottom of which are running streams; and even "boiling pots," where the dark water rises to the surface and churns over, and then returns to its deep channel to thud and gurgle as before, unseen.

It was, however, none of these natural curiosities which tempted me to Carbrook Dale one spring, but something much better and more attractive—a cordial invitation from an old friend. Frank Lorton had been at college with me ten years ago, and we had met just often enough since in London and elsewhere to keep our friendship green, and allow us to begin our occasional intercourses at the same point as where they last left off; without which opportunities, say what we will, the most constant-hearted of us become new men to each other with the changeful years, and more or less of strangers. Frank had been dependent on a certain wealthy uncle, who used to quarrel with him periodically, and made a new will every six months; but this relative had at last deceased, fortunately during an interval of reconciliation, and left Frank for the first time in his life with a roof of his own—the lord of Lorton Tower. It was a fine mansion in the sense that a plain woman is sometimes called fine, being of stately aspect, round, and of considerable extent; but its architectural features were simple to plainness, and but for the ivy which threw over them its graceful veil, would have been downright ugly. In its youth, however, it must have had attractions, since it had been laid siege to both by Roundhead and Royalist, and bore marks of the delicate attentions of both parties in the shape of shot-marks and cracked masonry.

If Frank was not very well suited to be a feudal lord in all respects—he was no sportsman, and his views were Darwinian super scientific—he had the feudal virtue of hospitality, and made his guest thoroughly comfortable. It was early spring, which is an inclement time in Craven, but the heaped-up hearths kept the cold out of the old Tower, and the wassail-bowl was pushed merrily round in the tapering shape of Clicquot. Though a bachelor at present, Frank had been given to understand that, now he had become "landed," it would be necessary to choose a wife out of one of the county families in the neighborhood, but in the mean time he enjoyed his liberty, and was content to discuss the origin of species over a cigar. He was scientific, as I have said, in a wild sort of way, and liked nothing better than to wander over those curious Craven hills, and theorize about their hidden marvels; and I was glad to accompany him in his walks, though I did not go very far with him toward his conclusions. It was not the

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time of year when the general public is admitted into the recesses of the hills: from June to September only, when the excursion trains are running, the great caverns throughout the district are lit up for the reception of visitors: but Frank had sufficient influence to unlock them for us, and we saw most of what was to be seen in the recesses of Carr and Ingleborough, though in a somewhat imperfect fashion. Carr is a hill, of course—Carbrook being the name of the town at its foot, and Carbrook Dale of the district immediately about it—and a very fine hill, but as bare as a billiard ball in the matter of foliage, and, indeed, of verdure. It towers over the village which is called after its name in almost perpendicular terraces of limestone, resembling solid masonry, and it is there that admission to its subterranean wonders is obtained. From Lorton, on the other hand, it rises by a gradual slope, and many a windy walk had Frank and I to its bald brow. Upon one occasion, just as we neared a certain rowan-tree in full flower, the only arboreal ornament in sight, he held up his hand for silence. "We are five hundred feet from the heart of the hill," said he, "and two miles from the nearest open stream, and yet I hear running water." I listened, and heard it too, though, unless he had told me what it was, I should not have recognized the sound. To my ear it was like the gasps of some strong men in the agonies of suffocation, and I said so.

"The stream is intermittent," he explained, "and its voice comes up to us through a vast speaking-trumpet. I have brought this with me"—and he pulled from his pocket an immense ball of twine—"to show you from what a depth it comes to us." He tied one end of the string to the rowan-tree, and picking up a large dark stone, which happened to have a perforation in it, attached that to the other end. "Now," said he, pointing to a crack in the ground so small that it had escaped my notice, "there can be no deception on my part: heave the lead for yourself." I put the stone into the crack, and it dropped at once, carrying the line with it, on and on and on, until the whole length was run out.

"Why, the hill is hollow!" cried I.

"A good deal of it is," returned he. "It would take us a good three miles to get down to where that stone now lies in the great Banquet Hall, as they call it, under Carr." I had been with him there last week, and remembered it, of course, quite well. Where we were standing then, the hill was in truth quite hollow.

"That was where the iguanodon was found," said Frank, "proving that these hills existed, and were the habitations of that class of reptile, before the great diluvial deposit—what the vulgar call the Flood."

Frank was very ready with his diluvial deposits, his "upheavals," and his "traces of the action of fire," and in general looked very wise and grave while he was talking about them; but on this particular occasion I caught a twinkle at the corners of his mouth, which emboldened me to remark that I didn't believe a syllable about the finding of that iguanodon.

"And quite right, too," said he, coolly; "but it was a capital story, and took in a great many good people who thought themselves sagacious. That the beast was found there, and alive, was true enough; but he had not been there for twenty thousand years, nor for twenty minutes. The fact is, that the geological people came to such positive conclusions about old Carr and his inside, that our doctor in the village, who happened to be a practical joker, grew quite zealous for the honor of his native hill, and resolved to puzzle them a little. Having visited by chance a traveling menagerie at Lancaster, which boasted among its other curiosities of a great lizard, he made overtures for its purchase, and the beast being very ill, and its proprietor in want of funds, he obtained possession of it for a small sum. The chief difficulty he had to encounter was the bringing it to Carbrook without observation, but that he also accomplished by swathing it in flannel, and affecting to treat it as an invalid gentleman come to stay with him in the bracing airs of Craven for his health, and whose humor it was to travel by night. Before morning, and with the connivance of the men who lit up the caverns, he had had the creature conveyed into the hill where the excursionists found him the next day *in situ*—as there were a hundred witnesses to prove. Nothing ever made such a sensation hereabouts since the great diluvial deposit. The local geologists were at daggers drawn over the iguanodon, which the doctor stoutly maintained it was. The rocks of Carr, it was thus proved, he said, were Wealden Bed, which was about equivalent to the declaration that Yorkshire is Sussex, because oysters are found in aviaries. But it took the people in. The mere exhibition of the unexpected saurian at sixpence a head procured two hundred pounds, which this practical joker afterward handed over to the vicar (who believed in the beast, and has not forgiven him for the deception yet) toward the restoration of the old church, while our county dinner-tables were supplied with a topic for conversation for half the summer. He never took me in, and therefore I thoroughly appreciate his stroke of humor, but the ungrateful county (including the local newspapers, who were most indebted to him of all) has looked askance at the good doctor ever since. That benefactor of his species has lost his practice by the affair altogether, except that he got patients out of the excursionists, some

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of whom were frightened into fits by coming upon the iguanodon in his lair."

We laughed over this story a good deal, and returned homeward, forgetting all about the twine, which it seemed was of some particular sort used in gardening, as I heard Frank tell his groom to send a boy on the Monday to recover it. The day this happened was the Saturday before Easter-Sunday—a date which, in connection with that twine, I shall not forget to my dying day.

II.

On the Sunday at breakfast-time the letter-bag brought certain business tidings to my host which necessitated his immediate presence for a few hours in London, and off he started the next morning, with many apologies for thus deserting me. "You will manage to amuse yourself somehow, I hope," said he; "and if you take my advice you will take a stout rod, and Peter will show you where to try your luck in Lune." The day was calm and windless, though without much sunshine, and, though the time was early for fishing, seemed to promise sport; so I took my rod and basket to the river. It being Easter-Monday, and a general holiday, I did not trouble Peter (the keeper) to accompany me—an act of unselfishness which I had afterward bitter cause to rue. No sooner had I commenced operations than the sun came out with intense vigor, and, whether from that circumstance or through my own unskillfulness, I never saw a fin. After about an hour of fruitless endeavor I became weary of throwing a fly into space, and turned my attention to other matters. I observed that the country lanes, beside which the course of the stream took me, were thickly thronged with people, and inquired of a cottager whither they were all going. His reply, which was couched in the Craven dialect, was not very intelligible, but I gleaned that there were some great doings in Carbrook which were attracting thither the local world and his wife—principally, as I noticed, in hay-carts without springs, and with the shafts tilted higher than I should have liked to see them in any vehicle used for my own riding. But they were hearty, merry folks, full of song and laughter, and in my loneliness I envied then their good companionship, and perhaps regarded them with somewhat wistful looks. At all events, as I sat on a gate taking my rod to pieces preparatory to returning home, I was hailed by a passing farmer with, "Not much sport, I am afraid, master;" and when I shook my head, he replied, "Why don't ye gi' it up, then, and come wi' us to the caves? there's plenty of room on the other side of my old woman."

I don't think he had the least expectation of my accepting his offer, for he laughed while he made it, as did his good dame also; but when I said, "Well, I'll come if you'll have me," he pulled up his horse at once (having already passed the gate), and said, "That's right," quite cheerily. So up I got into the cart, the increased weight making the shafts fly up, as though in amazement at my audacity, till they were almost as perpendicular as shafts in mines. "You're a stranger here, I reckon, mister?" said he. And when I told him that I was—without a word of my being a guest at the Tower, lest that fact should have turned his genuine hospitality into a desire to ingratiate himself with a friend of the lord of Lorton—he became my cicerone at once, pointing out this and that remarkable object that presented itself, and dwelling upon the towering mass of distant Ingleborough with a Yorkshire dalesman's pride. "And he's as fine within as without," said he; "and so is Carr, for that matter, when he's properly lit up, as he will be to-day."

Then I learned for the first time that Easter-Monday was one of those days upon which the caverns at Carbrook were illuminated, and more than ever congratulated myself that I had accepted the invitation of my jovial friend. The opportunity, he said, would not occur again till Whit-Monday, after which the excursions began, and the illuminations were pretty frequent. I had only seen the caverns of Carr in company of my friend and a couple of guides, with a corresponding number of torches, and Frank himself had told me how infinitely finer was the spectacle when lights were arranged along the rocky walls from end to end. We arrived at the village just as the holiday train came laboring in with its thousands from Preston, Crewe, and other manufacturing towns—a merry company of all ages and both sexes, but composed for the most part of young men and women.

"If you had rather gang with the lassies, as is only natural," said the farmer, good-naturedly, "than bide along wi' us old folks, my missis and I shall not be offended."

His dame, however, very properly rebuked him for this sentiment, as not only blameworthy in itself, but inapplicable to a young gentleman of my social position; and I, for my part, laughingly asserted that nothing should part old friends. Having left my rod and basket at the inn where our horse was stabled, we three repaired, therefore, to the mouth of the cavern, to which all were directing their steps. It was approached by a picturesque path cut in the side of a ravine, down which a mountain beck leaped and sparkled; and at the end were iron gates, through which the public left the sunlight and passed one by one, after paying sixpence a head to the janitor, into the heart of the hill. There was a great crush, and though I did my best to keep with them, I here lost my kind companions, and was carried in with

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the stream. The chief difficulties of the subterranean way were to be met with at first. The passage was low-roofed and narrow; one side of it was in the occupation of a shallow stream, and there were slippery rocks to climb, which needed caution, though all was made light enough on the present occasion by innumerable candles—warranted, as a printed notice informed us, to burn for two hours only. The limited time thus placed at our disposal made every body anxious to push on, and there were scores of cries from as many young ladies that they were "in want of a hand;" meaning not that they were mutilated, of course, but that they needed the assistance of their respective young gentlemen to help them over the rocks. There were two neatly dressed and modest-looking girls I noticed who, evidently unused to such rough clambering, were unprovided with a cavalier; and to these, as in duty bound, I proffered my aid. They were frank and communicative, and did not hesitate to let me know, in spite of my politeness, that they would have gladly dispensed with it in favor of the company of a certain "Jack" and "Fred," who had arranged to join them at a station on the railroad, but had been prevented doing so from the extreme fullness of the train. It was so *very* provoking, they said, and it must seem so strange to *me* to see them without an escort. I begged them to dismiss that latter idea from their minds, and did my best to make up for the absence of their legitimate protectors. Let not the uncharitable misconstrue my actions, and still less theirs. They were "engaged young persons" to Jack and Fred, as I was given to understand by the remark that those were "young men as they walked with;" and besides (though, it is true, I must have married rather early in life to have accomplished it), I was old enough to have been their papa. Finally (if there are still carpers), it must be admitted that I could not possibly make love to two young ladies at the same time. But I could not help laughing to myself at the notion of my having the *rôle* of cavalier thus thrust upon me, and looking up nervously now and then when a stout man pushed past me, lest it should happen to be my friend the farmer, who would, without doubt, have rallied me upon the responsibility I had so gallantly undertaken. As for my fair companions, they were full of innocent mirth, and enjoyed with childish delight the extraordinary wonders of the subterranean palace. I explained to them that when mortals were absent it was the abode of the king of the fairies; pointed out his throne in the hall of audience; the very elegant chandelier that sparkled in the queen's boudoir; and the pipes of the princess's organ—a row of stalactites—which, when struck by sticks and umbrellas, as they very often were, emitted such silver sounds. They listened greedily, half crediting what they heard, and only once, when I pointed out to them the picture of the heir-apparent (an arrangement of stalactites somewhat resembling a picture-*frame*) as a striking likeness of the crown prince of Fairy-land, did they break into open rebellion and disrespect. I told them also of the iguanodon, seventy feet long or so, of which they had read a still more protracted account in the local newspapers, and showed them the exact spot where its head and shoulders had been found in the audience-chamber, while its hind-legs and tail filled up the great gallery. It was like telling stories of Prince Percinet or the Princess All-Fair to an admiring nursery audience, and, for my part, I enjoyed it exceedingly. I suppose the pleasure was mutual, for my fair friends were equally astonished with myself when a cry of "All out!" was raised, and the people began to turn back toward the entrance. My watch, however, told me that there was still some time to spare, and we had not yet seen that curious spectacle called the Caldron, about which my companions had heard more wondrous tales than any thing I had told them. We pushed our way, therefore, through the retreating crowd in the direction in which, from what I remembered of my previous visit to the spot, it lay; and presently, at the end of one of the western passages branching from the Central Hall, we found it. There was not much to see, but what there was suggested weird and uncanny thoughts. The roof sloped down, and the walls narrowed to a sort of arch, through which a stream of considerable depth and volume leaped down into pitch darkness. The roar of the fall was very great, and any substance which was dropped into the water was whirled away at once, no man knew whither, and was never seen again. A venturesome guide had on one occasion attached himself to a rope, and been lowered down into the abyss below. He was a good swimmer, and had contrived to keep the torch alight that he had carried in his cap; it had been seen for many yards, but was presently extinguished; and when the rope was drawn in by those above, it brought in the too reckless adventurer senseless and almost drowned. His torch had been put out, it seemed, not by the water, but by striking against the roof of the cavern, between which and the stream there was no longer any space. It was no wonder that the simple creed of the villagers held that that sullen flood roared unchecked on to Hades. This view was shared by my companions, but combated by me. I felt it my duty to warn them against all marvelous tales that I did not tell them myself, and explained to them that, in all probability, this river found its way by some undiscovered issue into the river Lune.

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"Why, Jack lives on Lune," said one (her name was Lucy), quite beaming at the very thought of such a coincidence. "How little he thinks—and, for the matter of that, Ruth, no more does Fred—of where you and I are now standing!"

"Let us send him a line and tell him," said I, laughing; and I pulled out pencil and paper, and wrote a few absurd words at Lucy's dictation, addressed them to his lodgings, and dropped the billet-doux into the stream. I had found some difficulty in concluding this dispatch, by reason of the waning light, but not until it was sent off did it seriously strike me that the lights in the cavern were waning. On looking round, however, I saw that the candles on the walls had burned very low, and that there was no time to be lost in making our exit. Off we started; therefore—my companions being a little frightened—at a round pace, which would without doubt have brought us to the gates in a few minutes, for they were scarcely more than three hundred yards away as the crow flies. But the crow has no opportunity of flying in the subterranean passages of Carr, which are not straight, but very tortuous; and upon leaving the Central Hall, from inadvertence on my part, and perhaps from some little flurry of mind, we unfortunately took a wrong turn. It was not long, indeed, before we found out our mistake and hurried back, but by the time we had reached the Hall again the candles were all but out—mere sparks from the walls—while those in the passages, which were by their position more exposed to draughts, were already extinguished. We would have attempted them even now, but the Caldron was not the only abyss that yawned in Carr: half a dozen times on our way in had we been warned by placards, as well as by the voices of the guides, of a peril on the right hand or the left; and how would it be possible to avoid them *now*, in the utter darkness and silence which had succeeded all that glitter and noise? It was that sudden change, I think, that appalled us almost as much as our situation itself. But a few minutes ago we had been the merriest of a merry crowd in a scene of dazzling splendor; and now, alas! we were shut out from every fellow-creature, perhaps forever, in the dark and silent heart of a hill!

The first impulse of my unhappy companions was to accuse the guide, to whose impatience and inattention to their charges our misfortune seemed to be owing; but I was obliged to confess to myself that we had brought it upon our own heads, since again and again the cry of "All out!" had been raised, and the few guides that there were among so many in need of guidance could hardly be expected to give an individual warning to each person. Moreover, it might very well have happened that a guide might have come back to the Central Hall while we were engaged at the Caldron, and, seeing all clear, might have imagined that the excursionists had departed, to the last man. If we had followed the directions that were laid down for the public, we should have visited the Caldron in the first place; but I had taken upon myself the task of guide, upon the strength of my brief previous acquaintance with the place, and varied the programme, as I already began to fear, to our destruction. If Lucy had not wasted our time by causing me to write that silly letter to her lover, all, indeed, might now have been well, but I felt that I had no right to blame a foolish girl for the indulgence of a whim that I might easily have refused to gratify, and reproached myself again and again with the consequences of my vanity and rashness. The poor girls sat sobbing and wailing in the darkness beside me, and though every moan went to my heart, I did not attempt to stop them, but added to their clamor by shouting for help at the top of my voice. There was still a faint hope that the guide who closed the gates might hear our cries, even if he did not return on his own account to satisfy his mind that no one had been left behind. No such good fortune, however, befell our little party; Ruth fancied she heard the far-off clang of the iron gates, and, if so, that was all the sound that now reached us, save the murmur of the stream beside us on its way to Lune or Hades.

III.

"How long do you think we shall have to remain here, Sir?" asked the girl that was called Lucy, presently, in a fretful voice. It was plain that she was thinking of the inconvenience of our situation rather than of its peril; and I hastened to reply as cheerfully as I could, while at the same time sounding her as to what chance of relief might lie in the anxieties of her own friends.

"Perhaps to-night," said I, "perhaps not till to-morrow morning. If the gate-keeper gets much ale given to him by the holiday-makers he may sleep late, and we shall be kept prisoners even longer. But I should hope some of your own people would miss you before then, and come to seek us."

"They won't do that," returned the girl, sadly. "Ruth and I live in lodgings alone together, and are quite independent of our friends, except that we dine with them on Sundays."

"But you will be missed at work—in the manufactory where you tell me you are engaged together, surely?"

"Oh no, Sir: or at least not till Wednesday; for Tuesday is kept a holiday, like to-day. And even then there would be no fuss made; we should be only fined for absence, and we all the time starving to death, perhaps. Oh dear! oh dear!"

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Lucy was rather older than her companion, but much more child-like and demonstrative in her manners, and I thought to myself I must never tell this one the whole truth about our position, or the poor child will take leave of her senses altogether—for the words of the old farmer concerning the times of opening the cave were ringing in my ears like a knell. Not till six weeks hence—upon Whit-Monday—he had said, would there be another illumination, and unless the very unlikely chance of an early tourist coming to Carbrook and hiring a guide or two with torches, on his own account, as Frank and I had done, should occur, long before that time we should have all died a miserable death. The probabilities of our release were, I was compelled to confess to myself, very slender indeed, and depended, it seemed, wholly upon the measures that my host of Lorton Tower might take for my discovery. He was to return by the night mail, and would be at home in the early morning, when for the first time he would hear of my disappearance. I endeavored to put myself in his place, and consider what *I* should do in such a case if our positions were reversed. I had been last seen on the banks of Lune, and thither his attention would be at once directed. They would probably drag that portion of the river—an operation which must needs consume much precious time. If the farmer who had invited me into his vehicle should hear of the event, all might yet be well; but, for any thing I knew to the contrary, his house might be at a great distance, and even bad news travels in the country at no great speed. As to Frank's entertaining the idea that I had visited Carbrook, I felt that that chance was hopeless. An Easter-Monday mob of factory hands, he would say to himself, was the last thing likely to attract a man who had come from London for quiet, and whose day had gone by (he was sure to say *that*, confound him!) for the enjoyment of village junketings. No, he would as soon think of finding me locked up in the vaults of Lorton church as in the caves of Carr—which, moreover, as I had already visited them in his own company, might well be supposed to have lost all attraction for me. Nor was there, as it seemed, any hope to be placed in the exertions of the friends of my fellow-prisoners. I understood now for the first time that, among the other disadvantages of poverty, there is this one of being left entirely to ourselves; for if these poor girls had been young ladies, they would have been missed by servants, friends, or relatives within a few hours, and a hue and cry have been raised for them; whereas, until the time came round for their Sunday dinner at home, nobody would ask a word about poor Ruth and Lucy. Upon the whole, the best chance of our discovery seemed to me to lie in the fact that I had left my rod and basket at the inn; for if the landlord had heard of the Lune being dragged for a lost fisherman, he would surely be able to couple the two circumstances together, and arrive at the right conclusion. But I remembered that the inn was very full, and its proprietor exceedingly busy, and that he had put the articles in question hastily away into a cupboard, where they might lie for days, or even weeks, forgotten. A few days in our vast prison-house would probably suffice to kill us all; and frightful as was this reflection, I remember it was accompanied by the grimly humorous idea that the doctor who was a practical joker might make capital out of our bones, as he had out of the iguanodon—by asserting them to be the relics of Pre-adamite Man.

"Don't cry," said I to Lucy, cheerfully; for the poor girl was almost in hysterics. "You should take courage from the conduct of your friend. *You* are not crying, are you, Ruth?"

"No, Sir," was the quiet reply, given in a very low voice; "but I am frightened at the darkness and the silence, and I— Dear heart! what's that?"

A dull, metallic sound had fallen upon her ear, which, while it evoked a scream from both my companions, filled my own heart with gratitude and gladness. In stooping down (for I was on my legs, though my companions were seated) to catch Ruth's words the pocket of my shooting jacket had come in contact with the wall, and the concussion thereby reminded me for the first time of my possession of a luncheon box, which the housekeeper of Lorton Tower had hospitably filled with sandwiches that morning before I started for the river.

"Come," said I, joyfully, "we shall not die of starvation—at present, at all events;" and I told them what I had found.

"Thank God for that!" said Ruth, simply. "There is plenty of water, too, is there not, Sir? and the air is warm here, and the sand dry. I remember Fred lent me a book, called 'Robinson Crusoe,' where the man is cast on a desert island, and yet finds cause to be thankful that things were no worse; and he was taken off and came home in the end all safe. So let us submit ourselves to Heaven's will also, and be grateful, and hope for the best."

"You are a good girl," said I, admiringly, "and you shall yet make a good wife to Fred, my lass; and Lucy, too," added I, gayly, "shall make Jack happy. I wonder whether he has got her letter yet that went by the water post?" My tone, and this reference to her lover, somewhat raised Lucy's drooping spirits. "Ah, if Jack could only know," cried she, "he would dig through the mountain with his hands. I can't think we shall be forgotten and left to perish.

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Here's a Good-Friday bun, by-the-bye, which I saved up to divide with Jack because it has sugar on the top; and either Ruth or I have also a few gingerbread-nuts."

"Take them all into your keeping, Sir," said Ruth, putting these delicacies into my hands; "for we don't know how long we may have to stay here, and it may be necessary for us to be allowanced like shipwrecked persons. You are wiser and more prudent than us, who, if we feel hungry, may eat all we have, perhaps, at one meal."

This trustfulness touched me exceedingly, though, indeed, I suppose hardly any man could have been such a monster as not to have shared every meal to the last crumb with such helpless fellow-prisoners. Our relations with one another seemed to be completely changed. I had amused myself hitherto by playing upon their simple credulity, and treating them as playthings of the hour; I now felt as though they had been orphaned children confided to my charge in solemn trust. Joking and high spirits, of course, were to be expected in them no longer; but I noticed on their parts that they dropped the familiarity that they had originally used in speaking to me, and addressed me as a guardian or protector. Besides my luncheon case I had a brandy flask, a little of the contents of which I persuaded them to take, mixed with water; for I justly deemed that scarce at any time could they more need support than when suffering from the first stroke of such a calamity as had befallen us. The air of the Central Hall, in which we were, was, as Ruth had said, both pure and warm, and its floor was soft and dry; but what distressed us all exceedingly was the pitch darkness. The eye, it is said, soon gets accustomed to the dark; but that is only the case with reference to gloom: where there is no light at all the eye has no service to perform, but roams about in distressing impotence, only to meet blackness that seems a solid wall, and opposes movement. I had, unhappily, no wax-matches with me, but I had some cigar-lights, one of which I struck, and lit by means of it the piece of newspaper which had held the gingerbread; by help of this, rolled up in the shape of a torch, I contrived to secure one or two bits of candle-end from the wall, but they had burned out almost to the last, and could not be carried for an instant. They enabled us, however, to gain some notion of our present position, and to make our arrangements for the future.

We were on the north side of the vast Hall—the one next to Carbrook, and close to the stream, one arm of which led to the Caldron, and the other toward the exit from the caves; without doubt we could have contrived to follow the course of this latter, but it would have been most dangerous so to do, both on account of the abysses of which I have spoken, and of the depth in places of the stream itself; moreover, if even we escaped these perils, this water guide would fail us long before we reached the gates, and leave us in a situation far less convenient than that in which we were at present situated. Indeed, if I had wished to move our quarters, I could scarcely have persuaded Lucy, at all events, to put one foot before the other in that dense obscurity which shut us in on all sides.

When we had been many hours in this dreadful place—hours that seemed so long that I could scarcely believe my trusty repeater when it struck them—I proposed that we should divide the cross-bun by way of supper (it was no longer hot, but exceedingly stale, and yet it was one of the sweetest morsels I ever tasted), and then try and get some sleep.

I made my own couch on the opposite side of the Hall, though within easy hearing, for the human voice sounded loud and clear in that stately place as I have never heard it elsewhere; but though the murmur of the stream sang lullaby beside me, I could not sleep nor close my eyes.

There is little, as may be imagined, to be narrated of our life in that lightless prison. Every day, which, alas! was also night, found us weaker and more dispirited; and when Wednesday drew to its tedious close we had only one sandwich left and a few drops of brandy. Lucy, worn out with fretting and exhaustion, often fell into a deep sleep; but Ruth, like myself, was feverishly wakeful. When our companion thus forgot her cares we spoke together quite openly of our position. Hope was almost dead within us by this time, and yet this courageous girl spoke as calmly as though she were chatting over her pillow lace—for that, as I had learned, was the occupation of my companions when at home. They had told me every thing about themselves and their affairs, and I had been equally confidential to them. What did it matter? In a few hours we should be transferred from this living tomb to another world, and in the mean while such talk helped to pass the weary hours. Of late, however, probably through weakness, the girls had grown more silent, though in the solemn stillness of night I often heard them recommending themselves to the protection of Heaven, and entreating deliverance for us all.

On one occasion Ruth addressed me, while Lucy slept, in her usual quiet tone, but with something more than its ordinary seriousness.

"There is now but little hope for any of us, Sir: of that I am well aware: but there is more hope for you than for us, because you are a man, and stronger. In books that Fred has lent me, about disasters at sea or in travel, it is the women who always give in

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first, even where the men have stood loyally by them, as you have done by us, and more. God bless you for it! If"—here her poor, weak voice began to tremble—"if I should chance to see Fred no more, and your life should be spared, Sir, I beg of you to tell him that I thought of him continually while in this dreadful place, and that my last message to him was not to fret. He deserves a good wife, and I would have striven to have made him one; but there are plenty better than me, and I hope he may find one to make him happy. Of course he'd have taken up with somebody else in time, Sir; but I don't wish to make him unhappy about that on my account."

"For Heaven's sake, don't unman me, Ruth, by talking like this!" said I; and a shudder ran through me as I spoke, at the idea of being left in that living grave alone, with my two companions dead beside me. "I thought you were much too sensible to give way to hopelessness of this sort."

"I am not hopeless, Sir," said she; "but what little sense I had I fear is going. It may be merely weakness, but it also may be the beginning of the end, and that is why I have told you about Fred."

"What makes you think your wits are going, my good girl?" said I, for I had more than once during the last twelve hours felt queer and light-headed myself, and I was anxious to hear whether her symptoms had been similar to my own.

"Well, Sir, my head has been bad since yesterday; I seem to hear the noise of a bigger river than what runs through this cave; and sometimes I seem to be at home with father and mother, and sometimes I am walking with Fred; and I begin to see light at all times where there is no light."

"Where do you see light, Ruth?"

"There, Sir, there." She pointed with her arm, I suppose, but of course I could not see that.

"In what direction, Ruth? Not toward the Caldron, surely?" A faint hope began to dawn on me that there might be some undreamed-of outlet in that direction which the intense darkness had revealed for the first time.

"No, Sir; in the opposite direction. I see it now up in the roof yonder like a star in the black sky."

Then I thought that the poor girl's brain was, indeed, failing, for I could see nothing; but I rose and walked feebly toward where I imagined the spot she indicated to be, and presently, to my wonder and delight, a little speck of white appeared to *my* eyes also. There was no reason for much joy, except that it *was* light, since it came from the corner of the high roof of the great Hall, hundreds of feet above our heads, and as unattainable to us as that to which Ruth had likened it—a star. It must have been shining there every day during our imprisonment, though her sharp eyes, long accustomed to the gloom, had been the first to discover it; and yet, in my distress and despair, it seemed somehow to be a messenger of hope. That it was a cranny in the mountain roof was clear; though in what portion of the hill it might show itself I had no means of judging. Perhaps some shepherd boy was even now passing by it, little thinking of the poor wretches that were imprisoned beneath him, and taking the fresh air and sunshine as gifts of Nature not worth thanking her for, since they were never denied to any body. If I had even seen his shadow cross the chink, however, it would have availed us nothing, for he could scarcely have heard our cries for aid; and had he done so, would in all probability have set them down among the weird and unmeaning noises sent forth so often from the recesses of Carr. As I reflected thus my foot struck against a stone. Now to one who has been dwelling on sand a stone is almost as great a rarity as light to one who has been pent up in darkness, and I instantly stooped down to pick it up. Then I uttered a shrill cry, which startled my two companions, and made them cry out also in vague terror. The stone I held in my hand had a string tied round it, and I felt certain that it was the same which I had let down from the hole in the hill on Saturday, and that the other end of the string was tied fast to the rowan-tree on the top of Carr.

I lit one of my remaining cigar-lights and found this to be the case, for the black stone he had used to plumb with was easily recognizable. And now we had some connection, however frail, with the world without, if we could only use it to some purpose, and *in time*. If we had made this discovery at first, I should have felt that our deliverance was secure; but my companions had grown already very weak, and a few hours more must needs decide their fate; and if *they* died, it seemed impossible to me that I should survive them. There was not a moment, therefore, to be lost. I bade them change their place to one almost immediately beneath the cranny; and then we all took turns to pull gently but firmly at the string, exactly as though we were ringing a bell. The effect of this would be, of course, to shake the rowan-tree, which, all in blossom as it was, and standing quite alone, was a most noticeable object to any person upon the fell. My hope was that the same calm weather might still hold which had prevailed on that fatal Monday that seemed now so long ago, so that the swaying of the tree might not be attributed to natural causes; and even if it should be stormy, there was still a chance of the groom sending the messenger for the twine, as his master had directed him to do in my hearing. As it happened, this latter circum-

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stance did not occur, on account of all hands at the Tower being employed in looking for me in the wrong direction; but I had cause to bless that dilatoriness which so often accompanies the execution of orders given in the country, since, if the boy had brought that twine home *on the Monday*, we three poor prisoners of the Giant Carr would never have escaped from him alive. That very evening, however, a shepherd chanced to cross the fell, and was attracted by our signal. Never shall I forget the delirious joy of that moment when we heard him hail us —though we could not catch his words—or the eager cry for help that seemed to well up from our very heart in response. I instantly issued our last ration of sandwiches, and was about to divide the brandy between my two companions, when Ruth whispered that I should give it all to Lucy; and it was fortunate that I did so, for else I scarcely think the poor girl could have survived the suspense that followed. From the accidental absence of the guide who had the charge of the caverns, the key could not be found, and the iron gates had to be forced ere we could be released. It was past midnight before we heard the shouts of our deliverers, and beheld the flashes of their torches cleave the hateful gloom.

The experience of those three days' lodging in the heart of Carr was a profoundly serious one; but it has borne very pleasant fruit. Besides Lorton Tower there are now two other roof-trees near to Lune where I always find a welcome—the cottages of Jack and Fred, who married their respective sweethearts within a few months of their rescue. I was present at the double wedding, and had the duty of godfather in duplicate conferred upon me the ensuing year. Lucy has got the most sensible husband, and Ruth the handsomest; but the latter has got sense enough for both. When romantic people ask me whether I have ever met with a heroine in real life, I tell them "Yes." For Ruth had not only the heroism to look Death in the face, but the greater courage to contemplate the fact that her handsome lover would assuredly console himself for her loss by marrying somebody else. "Lor', and so I should ha' done," said Fred, with a grin (he is himself not a romantic person), when I revealed to him what Ruth had said: "a man's heart ain't stone, you know, like the heart of a hill."

LAST DAYS.

As one who follows a departing friend,
Destined to cross the great, dividing sea,
I watch and follow these departing days,
That go so grandly, lifting up their crowns
Still regal, though their victor Autumn comes.
Gifts they bestow, which I accept, return,
As gifts exchanged between a loving pair,
Who may possess them as memorials
Of pleasures ended by the shadow—Death.
What matter which shall vanish hence, if both
Are transitory—me, and these bright hours—
And of the future ignorant alike?
From all our social thralls I would be free.
Let care go down the wind—as hounds afar,
Within their kennels baying unseen foes,
Give to calm sleepers only calmer dreams.
Here will I rest alone: the morning mist
Conceals no form but mine; the evening dew
Freshens but faded flowers and my worn face.
When the noon basks among the wooded hills
I too will bask, as silent as the air
So thick with sun-motes, dyed like yellow gold,
Or colored purple like an unplucked plum.
The Thrush, now lonesome—for her young have flown—
May flutter her brown wings across my path;
And creatures of the sod with brilliant eyes
May leap beside me, and familiar grow.
The moon shall rise among her floating clouds—
Black, vaporous fans, and crinkled globes of pearl—
And her sweet silver light be given to me.
To watch and follow these departing days
Must be my choice; and let me mated be
With Solitude; and memory and hope
Unite to give me faith that nothing dies;
To show me always, what I pray to know,
That man alone may speak the word—*Farewell.*

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Editor's Easy Chair.

SO great a calamity as that which has befallen Chicago will become historical, like that of the burning of London and of Rome. The difference is that it was a disaster simultaneously known to the whole country, and, indeed, to the whole world. On those sad October days, even while the fire was devouring the great city of the West, every community in the land was thrilling with sympathy. The telegraph has made us all of one nerve; and no one can suffer without all suffering. It enables succor to be more instant, but it breeds panic. While Chicago burns New York trembles, and the tragedy of the West paralyzes the rest of the country. The relief from this universality of suffering was the compensation of the imperfect methods of communication in the older time. England learned gradually of the burning of London. The catastrophe was ended when it was known. But with us there was the same suspense every where that there was in Chicago, and a thousand miles away every body asked, with sorrow, "What is the last account?" as they did in the streets of the stricken city.

With the telegraph the country has but a single consciousness. In his day, nearly two centuries ago, Daniel Defoe thought that every thing was known at once; but what would Daniel Defoe say to a city newspaper of to-day? "It was about the beginning of September, 1664," he says in his history of the Plague in London, "that I, among the rest of my neighbors, heard, in ordinary discourse, that the Plague was returned again in Holland: for it had been very violent there, and particularly at Amsterdam and Rotterdam, in the year 1663, whither, they say, it was brought, some said from Italy, others from the Levant, among some goods which were brought home by their Turkey fleet; others said it was brought from Candia; others from Cyprus. It mattered not from whence it came, but all agreed it was come into Holland again. We had no such things as printed newspapers in those days to spread rumors and reports of things, and to improve them by the invention of men, as I have lived to see practiced since. But such things as those were gathered from the letters of merchants and others who corresponded abroad, and from them was handed about by word of mouth only, so that things did not spread instantly over the whole nation as they do now."

These last words seem to have no meaning, when they are spoken of England nearly two centuries ago. The calamity to which they refer was followed in less than two years by a fire which lasted for four days, destroying four hundred streets and thousands of houses, and sending two hundred thousand of the inhabitants to encamp in the open fields. But the commercial relations of a city like Chicago with the rest of the world are so different from those of London two centuries ago, that the catastrophe of such a fire is infinitely greater now than it could have been then. And if the disaster is so much greater, so much the more imposing and beautiful is the spectacle of immediate and universal sympathy. Indeed, that is the purest consolation of so vast a calamity. While the fiery tempest was yet furiously raging in Chicago, and hundreds of thousands of persons were flying from their homes for life; while the princes of the morning became paupers at evening; while the noble buildings of every kind of honorable industry were flaming and falling, and the famous city seemed to be swiftly crumbling into chaos—all over the land, while all the people shared the sorrow, they met in cities and towns and villages, and organized and swiftly forwarded relief. This is a shining fact, which no history of such an event in former times furnishes, and which will be the most cheering and inspiring of all in the annals of the Chicago fire. The loss to other cities seemed immeasurable; no great commercial fortune or house could be quite sure of its steadfastness; but all that was considered was the exposed and starving population of the smitten city, and a full hand of bounty from the whole country and from Europe was stretched eagerly out to accompany the voice of sorrowful sympathy.

As we write, the details of the catastrophe are unknown and the losses incalculable. But these few words shall be the certificate to those who read these pages hereafter that while the great fire of Chicago was a calamity unspeakable, and a terrible blow to the reviving prosperity of the country after the war, yet it revealed such humanity and generosity and sympathy that every one was prouder of his country and his kind. The spirit and sagacity that built the famous city will rebuild it. It will rise from its ashes greater than before. But neither that city nor the country will ever forget that it was a common sorrow, a common loss, and that the manner in which it was met and mastered was a common pride of Americans.

FIFTY years ago the man who should have proposed to build a road under the Alps would have been thought a more hopeless lunatic than he who should have declared his purpose of flying over them. But Dædalus and the Gnomes are only prophecies masked as poetry. The impatient Yankee who can spare only six weeks for Europe, and who must certainly be at home for the fall trade, can now go in sixty hours from Calais to Brindisi—if he wants to go to Brindisi—and in eighteen hours he can pass from Paris to Turin. That worthy Yankee, indeed, might as well travel under ground as over it, for all the moss that he will gather upon his journey; but the true traveler, who knows that the charm of travel is not to arrive, but to see, will look curiously into the tunnel of Mont Cenis as into a mine or a pyramid, but he will not desert the sublime day-long journey by the Stelvio, or the St. Gothard, or the Splugen for fifty minutes of blank subterranean darkness and an arrival at the end of it. It is pleasant to know, as a point of pride in our humanity, that we have outwitted the avalanches, as we have subdued the lightning, and whisper through the sea; but who, for pleasure, would care to make the Northwest Passage when it is discovered, or to scale Kilimandjaro, the peak of the Mountains of the Moon?

Those Yankees who flock across the ocean to travel in Europe, and whose object is pleasure, will still be the greater number, and they will

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speak well of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, and go over it. But it is invaluable as another illustration of the triumph of visionaries, as they are called, over practical men. There are indeed no greater tyrants and oppressors than the class usually called practical men—the people who insist that there is no way whatever but the familiar ruts, and who smile superior at the theorists and the visionaries. But every great practical result is the work of visionaries. It is the man whose vision goes beyond routine who destroys routine and lifts the world forward. The sensible men of his time politely sneered at that impracticable Genoese sailor who had an amusing crotchet of reaching the East by sailing West. And what, asked the committee of highly practical members of Parliament—what, Mr. Stephenson, if your locomotive meets a cow? It is easy to fancy the smug, practical disdain of the well-meaning but visionary mechanic which beamed upon the faces of the skeptical committee. "So much the worse for the coo," is the only answer of the mild maniac. And the test of practical sagacity to-day is successful gambling in the results of the visionary's plans. "I wash my hands of this fanaticism which overthrows the bulwarks of the British Constitution!" said Earl St. Vincent, leaving the House of Lords when it prohibited the slave-trade. His lordship had no patience with such wild theories. "And what," exclaimed Lord Eldon—"what will become of all those precious bulwarks, if Romilly's plan of not hanging people who steal a leg of mutton should prevail? He is a well-meaning man, but a theorist."

The Eldons and St. Vincents would be ludicrous if they were not so immortal and innumerable. In politics a man suggests a reform, which conscience and common-sense and experience warmly urge. "Pretty," says my Lord Eldon, "but visionary. Beware of theoretical politicians." But his lordship is nothing else. He assumes that Romilly is the theorist, and if he is taken at his word, his audience may agree. Romilly, indeed, does not retort the epithet upon him, because Romilly is an honest man and a statesman, and he knows that to use an epithet as an argument is intentionally to appeal to prejudice. When Earl St. Vincent washes his hands, as he says, of fanaticism, and stalks out of the House, nobody need be deceived. Nothing has happened except that his lordship, having no arguments left, says emphatically that it is not his opinion. That is, indeed, a very weighty remark to those who think his opinion of importance, but it is still not an argument, and to how many it is only the opinion of the Earl of Toots!

Eldon and St. Vincent are theorists and visionaries precisely like Romilly and Wilberforce. Their theory is that men are rascals, and will steal all the mutton in the kingdom if they are not hanged straightway when they are caught in the act. Romilly has a theory that the rigor of the laws defeats their execution. A jury will not hang a poor man for stealing a leg of mutton, and if that is the only alternative of acquittal, they will let him go. Or St. Vincent has a theory that there will be no sugar for his lordship's tea if slaves are not brought by the Middle Passage from Africa to cultivate the cane under the encouraging lash. Wilberforce has a theory, with Goldsmith, that it fares ill with a land where wealth accumulates and men decay; and he declares, as a proposition in social ethics and political philosophy, that a system of labor which is repugnant to the general moral instinct is bad economy. Here are conflicting theories. Eldon and St. Vincent may be right, and Romilly and Wilberforce wrong, but they are equally theorists. The vision of each is different, but they are equally visionaries. Moreover, the theory of Romilly and Wilberforce has been reduced to practice; and the judgment of all practical men is that the two lordships who sneered at the impracticable theories which opposed their own were a pair of impracticable old f——. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

Just as science had demonstrated, or a professor said that it had demonstrated, that a train could not pass through a long tunnel without the suffocation of the passengers, a train did pass through, and the passengers were not suffocated. So much the worse for the coo, said the impracticable Stephenson. Is a timid and inhuman theory more respectable than one which is both heroic and humane? Is a theory that men can be affected only by the most mercenary motives necessarily truer than one which allows them to be of a mixed nature, and susceptible to noble emotions and generous appeals? Those who ascribe mean motives plume themselves upon being peculiarly practical. But it is only a difference of theory. Those who believe and who constantly see that men act generously, also, are no more visionary than the others, but their vision is larger and purer.

It is in science and art, and, indeed, in every department of human activity, as it is in politics, that the impracticable men, as they are called, produce the practical results. It is the spirit of these men that has now pierced the Alps, as it has developed every where the human mastery of the globe and of the elemental forces. When, therefore, the young thinker, terribly in earnest, is accosted by the smile of complacent incredulity, and told that he means well, but that he hardly understands human nature, and, without offense, is a *leetle* impracticable and theoretical, let him remember that it is only a theorist who confronts him, and take care not to surrender to a visionary of so poor a kind. It is those who trust their vision, and who trust it the more the purer it is, who discover new worlds, and find the way to the pole, and lay speaking wires under the sea, and abolish the Alps by tunneling them; and it is the same heroic fidelity to a humane theory which reforms criminal law, lengthens human life, improves political methods, and purifies and elevates civilization. Whenever Mephistopheles, with a fine air of the man of the world and a student of human nature, sneers at you as a visionary, the most conclusive of retorts is the *argumentum ad hominem*—"You're another!"

Events in the city of New York during the past few months have suggested to every body the value of honesty, for although one of the homeliest and least romantic of virtues, it has latterly fallen into great contempt, even among those who do not profess to care for poetry. That honesty is the best policy is one of the sermons of Poor Richard which has been either generally denied or derided. It is denied by those who

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see in what a splendid house Dishonesty lives, and in what a glittering equipage it takes its evening drive, and what sumptuous feasts it gives, at which even Honesty does not disdain to sit down. The sermon is derided by those who insist that to be honest for the sake of policy, or for the advantage it brings, is not to be honest, but selfish; and that a man who is honest for the profit of it would be dishonest if the profit were greater. In "Jane Eyre" the good little girl who prefers to be an angel to something worse receives two buns, or tarts, or other toothsome morsel, in reward for her infant piety. And all the little girls prefer to be angels upon the same terms. But if the other side offered a huge plum-cake, Virtue with her two tarts would probably be deserted.

There is often a good-natured laugh at the morality of Hogarth's Industrious and Idle Apprentice. If you are good, says the homely preacher with the pencil—if you get up early and work faithfully, and save your money, and avoid the ale-house and naughty companions, and sing hymns in church with your master's daughter—you shall marry that buxom damsel, and be made a partner by your respectable father-in-law, and inherit his fortune and his business. Who would not be virtuous upon those terms? asks good-humored Skepticism; and it adds that while the picture is pretty, it is not copied from life. Come to the Central Park, says Skepticism, and if eight out of ten of the finest carriages do not belong to the idle apprentice, and if his industrious fellow is not trudging along on foot, I will own myself utterly mistaken. Or let me try to find you the greatest knave in the city, says Skepticism, and I will not go to the Tombs, but to a very different kind of mansion. Indeed, in a busy community prosperous knavery is so familiar a spectacle that the base metal is often enough forgotten in the profuse gilding.

That, indeed, is the penalty that we pay for the pursuit of money. Where money is the universal object, the possessor of money will be practically honored. The honor will undoubtedly be affected in some degree by the method of obtaining the money. If it is a pirate's method or a highwayman's, if we know that throats have been cut and bludgeons used to obtain it, or if we see the thief actually rifling his neighbor's pockets, we shall hardly invite him to dinner, and that money will not become respectable until the next generation. But if the process is more artfully concealed; if the money is not labeled offensively, but is quietly converted into satin damask and Champagne; if we do not read on the buhl and ormolu tables and cabinets an inscription stating that this beautiful work of art was taken out of the throat of a Spanish trader opened for that purpose, or upon the inlaid ebony lounge that it was extracted from the pocket of a ridiculous old widow who had nothing else—if nothing of this gross kind appears, our well-bred curiosity is not impertinent, and we sit upon the sofa and quaff the wine without further thought.

It is in this way that honesty has ceased to command that respect to which it is proverbially entitled. Indeed, to look at many a city congregation, recognizing many of the persons, and knowing their careers, and hearing the precepts of integrity and self-denial, of personal holiness, and even of martyrdom if need be, which are eloquently urged upon them, inevitably suggests the allusion of Carlyle to the hypocrisy which is so confounded when it is suspected of being hypocritical. Men measure conduct by the real esteem in which it is held. If a foul-mouthed, profane Thersites, who flings his dinner-plate upon the floor at a public hotel to express his dissatisfaction with the banquet, evidently forfeits no social consideration, profanity and ill behavior will not seem to be things to be strenuously avoided. If a sharper who gambles in stocks and cheats his neighbors airily is laughed at pleasantly as an eccentrically queer fellow, an immense impulse is given to the resolution to be eccentrically queer in the same way. If a politician with the conscience of a fox and the honor of an adder bellows his devotion to the dear people, and vociferously appeals to the moral sentiments, while his career insults them all, is thought, first of all, a confounded smart fellow who may not be too nice upon some points, but who always falls upon his feet, such politicians will abound, and public affairs falling into their hands will inevitably suffer.

All these figures are well known to us in this country; and when the eloquent preacher exclaims, "Beyond peradventure, brethren, honesty is the best policy," we all turn and look at the richest man in the congregation, whose invitations we do not dare to refuse, who leads us chained to his triumphal chariot as the Roman generals led Dacian kings, and whose money was all stolen, not earned. And near him sits another whom we should not care to invite to our houses, but for whom we vote, upon some theory that a political intriguer and briber will make good laws. And in the next pew behold the unjust judge, whose health we publicly drink in his own wine when he sends it to us at table. We see them, we meditate their careers, we consider their prosperity, and we gaze at the good preacher who repeats, "Once more, dear brethren, lay it to heart, honesty is the best policy." Might he not as profitably murmur "Mesopotamia?"

But when circumstances, as lately in New York, suddenly scatter the glamour of prosperity and reveal the naked dishonesty, then the old truth which is lodged in the very substance of things appears, that honesty *is* the best policy, and that, indeed, there is no other. The time comes when, as we seat ourselves in the dazzling drawing-room, upon the luxurious sofa, we suddenly see the inscription frightfully legible, "Stolen from poor widows." And as we rise in trepidation and move toward the buhl cabinet, the legend flashes out all over it, "Stolen from starving orphans." And in terrible light, outdazzling the dazzling drawing-room, we see blazing every where around us, "This is a thief's house, and these are his spoils." The moment that is seen the proverb is vindicated. The buhl remains, but contempt stays with it. Dishonesty has bought its prosperity at too high a price. It has bought money at the cost of every thing that makes money valuable. The prosperous gentleman at whom we all looked when we heard that honesty is the best policy is recognized and branded as a thief. Was not the preacher right? Is not the dishonesty bad policy? The great national benefit of the de-

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velopments in New York is moral. Events there have destroyed the prestige of "smartness," and have shown practically that mere money is not enough even for success, and that prosperous swindling is not good policy.

We spoke last month of the letter in which Cicero says that he hears a friend's gladiators fought capitally; and as we read we wonder at the curious inconsistency, and are amazed that so cultivated and humane and, indeed, so modern a man as Cicero, should be entirely unconscious of the enormity of keeping a band of gladiators as if it were only a band of musicians. The real pain is that he shows a want of instinctive human sympathy. Tradition and habit had made a band of trained fighters seem no more to Cicero than a leash of hounds. This is the essence of caste. It is not only inhuman, but it is organized inhumanity. The superior knows that the inferior is a man exactly like himself. "Hath not a Jew eyes?" says Shylock to the pitiless company who think him pitiless; "hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?.....If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?" Yes, the Venetian merchants know it all. But to them, and even to the noble lady, Portia, a Jew is mere offal.

How many an Englishman to-day reads the letter of Cicero, or hears the play of the "Merchant of Venice," and muses upon the strange times in which human beings were so divided by caste, unconscious that he lives in those very times, and that the house in whose spacious library he is reading Cicero, or the theatre in which he is hearing the play, is full of the same spirit? If it be strange that Cicero two thousand years ago complimented his friend upon his gladiators, and that the merchants of Venice so disdained the Jew, what is it that intelligent and cultivated England of to-day treats with the same hard inhumanity classes of its own people who are of the same race and faith, and whose office is one of the highest service? The manner in which intelligent England treats governesses, for instance, is a thousandfold more surprising, as it is more shameful, than the old Roman's feeling for the foreign gladiators or the Venetian scorn of the Jew. There is an obvious explanation of the feeling of Christendom toward the Jews, for they crucified its Master, and Christendom did not stay to reflect that Mary and Martha and the beloved disciple were of the same race. The Jew was a misbeliever, and that in the medieval ages was enough. But the governess is an Englishwoman, often gently born and nurtured, to whose care children at the most tenderly formative age are committed. She is often a clergyman's daughter, a reduced "lady" of admirable accomplishment and manners, and yet she is treated by the feeling of English society very much as Cicero treated the gladiators of his friend Atticus.

In a recent letter from England there is the following striking picture, whose fidelity is attested by the experience of all who are familiar with the subject. "In America it is honorable to teach the young idea how to shoot. Here it is disgraceful. I know a young lady who is well educated, a proficient in music and French, a helpless burden upon a small income she would be very glad to increase; but she must not teach, because it would hinder her and her sisters from getting married. The social stigma is too severe. A governess is a social anomaly, occupying a position rather less dignified than that of a lady's-maid, and rather less remunerative than that of a house-maid. The usual salary is from fifty to a hundred dollars a year; a few get two hundred and fifty dollars; and the governess is decidedly *not* treated as one of the family. Young Hopeful must not speak to her on pain of *her* dismissal; the children are rude to her, the servants snub her, and the mistress barely tolerates her presence in the drawing-room when specially required to be there. A nursery governess writes to a London paper that she had to get up at five o'clock to get her master's breakfast, because the servants would not rise so early. Then she washed and dressed the children, helped make the beds and clean the rooms, and then went to the school-room, making herself useful in this position on ten pounds a year."

It is nearly twenty-five years ago that Charlotte Brontë made England and America thrill with her protest against the situation of the governess in "Jane Eyre." Mrs. Reed and her family undoubtedly took out the new novel from Mudie's, and sympathized in a fat, sentimental way with the sufferings of the young governess, and then screwed the thumbs of their own Jane Eyre. Probably Atticus was not cruel to his gladiators. They were foreign barbarians, who fought for his pleasure and that of his guests, and he fed them well for their pains. In the case of Jane Eyre, as of Ginx's Baby, the Englishman seems to be of no higher humanity than the Athenian and the Roman.

Now the Commune, which appalls Europe as if a new descent of Goths and Huns menaced civilization, is only Jane Eyre and the gladiators ceasing to ask, plaintively, "How long, O Lord?" and saying, grimly, "No longer." If we insist that knowledge shall be diffused, we must not forget that knowledge is power. The horse, says the sagacious groom, who has once kicked a wagon to pieces is not so safe as he was before. Knowledge is power. He has learned what he can do; and his power is not only that of kicking with his heels—it is that of spreading terror and apprehension. Knowledge is power. As men come to know the actual situation of society, and reflect upon it, and see in history that God is upon the side of the strongest battalions, they ask why Lazarus should be a million and Dives one: a question which only precedes the determination that it shall be so no longer. If intelligence is to be increased, the old organization of society must be renovated, or it will break. The Goths and Huns were undoubtedly barbarians, but they did overrun Rome; and not the least valuable results of modern civilization are due to the traditions of those barbarians. The French terrorists of '93 seem often to be fiends. Even in Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," a tale written by a man whose heart beat with the poor and the suffering, their cruelty is unrelieved. But the terror of '93 was the natural growth of the age of Louis the Magnificent. The gay gardens of Fiesole can not stay the plague that desolates the city,

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and that to-morrow will begin to pluck these flowers.

The madness, the folly, the cruelty of mobs and revolutions are not all of them. A frantic Commune is not merely an illustration of the natural depravity of man, as it is called. No; it is as significant as the cloud that portends the tornado. If a man can not walk through the new city of New York, looking into its worst slums, its dreadful dens, and reflecting upon its fifty thousand human beings unhappier than brutes and as ignorant, and who multiply themselves immeasurably, without feeling that society is justly reproached, and must somehow pay the penalty, what must be his reflections in crammed and suffocating Europe? At least while "Jane Eyre" still shows the cruel force of caste in England, even in spheres far above the laboring class, and recent revelations in New York disclose the condition of our own gladiators, let us not spare horror for Cicero's curious inhumanity, but curiously observe that we are as indifferent to the barbarians as he, and that mere carelessness and contempt will not save modern society more than they saved that of Cicero's Rome.

It is singular that in the country of Jane Eyre, whose case we have just been considering, the woman's movement, as it is called, has a certain solidity which it has not yet attained in this country. Many most eminent Englishmen are not only known as friends and advocates of the political equality of women, but they have urged it upon Parliament; and while the fashionable woman, or woman of society, as she is called in America, is generally indifferent to the subject, if not openly hostile, Lady Amberley, who will, in the order of nature, soon be Countess Russell, does not hesitate to address a meeting in the country in behalf of the equality of her sex. Yet, again, the laws in England weigh more heavily upon women than in this country; and the movement for their political equality usually contemplates the voting of those who represent property.

The most significant recent event in the history of the cause in the United States is the passage of a resolution by the Massachusetts Republican Convention commending the subject to the thoughtful consideration of all citizens. The president of the Convention, Mr. Hoar, of Worcester, spoke very strongly in favor of the movement in his opening address. It is thus formally introduced into a party platform, not, indeed, as a policy, but as a consideration. The effort at recognition, which has been good-humoredly but resolutely laughed down before, has at length been successful. Such success is emphatic proof of the firm hold which the question has taken of many most practical minds, and it is not to be doubted that the subject will command constantly more attention. Yet it is one which by its associations is so easily assailed by ridicule, and is so susceptible of odious misrepresentation, that nothing is more necessary to its friends than the utmost patience and good humor. It is in itself a question of the utmost gravity both for men and women. It involves a very great change in political habits and thoughts. But grave as it is, its gravity may be readily misconceived and misstated, and, like all great causes, it may sometimes stagger, wounded, in the house of its friends.

Meanwhile a great cause is not to be judged by the follies that attend it, more than civilization by its frontiers. If any body supposes that the question which the Massachusetts Convention commends to thoughtful consideration is one of new methods of divorce, he is as ludicrously mistaken as if he imagined it to be one of a new method of computing eclipses. Yet there is no doubt that the progress of the movement has been very much obstructed by such suppositions. Questionable advocates always harm their cause. There must be such, of course, as bummers must attend an army. But if you want to understand the object of the march, it is better not to mind the bummers, but to inquire at head-quarters. If any body in England had advocated the extension of the suffrage for the reason that it would enable poor men to vote into their pockets the money of rich men, he would do precisely what is done by those who allege that the extension of the suffrage here would produce this or that direful result. It is something that nobody can know. A possibility is not an argument until you have made it an imminent probability.

Every reform has its disagreeable stages of growth, like the human system. Mumps and measles and scarlet fever must not dismay us, however, nor breed despair of the issue. Silly men and silly women, full of conceit and sentimentality, and what is familiarly known as popcock, are, unfortunately, not peculiar to any particular department of human interest and activity. If the new cause is often advocated with feebleness and intolerable illogicality by women, just think of the ill logic and the futility with which it is opposed by men! But as inanity is of no sex, and the foolish of one sex are admitted, why should the wise of the other be excluded? "Oh, dear Mr. Easy Chair," says some friend far away, "you are not *really* in favor of this *unnatural* thing! You would not have the *vine* wrestling with the *oak*, would you? Oh, let us respect the laws of *nature*." Well, well, dear madame, we will do what we can. But have you reflected upon the number of masculine vines and of feminine oaks? Shall we say that oaks only shall vote? That may be wise; but you see that in suggesting it you have abandoned sex as a basis.

Indeed, the oak and vine argument has been retired, after long and meritorious, even if painfully ineffective, service. It is plain that if the progress of the cause is to be stayed, it must be by some other argument than that women are weak and men are strong, for the simple reason that all men are not as strong as all women; and if strength is to determine the question, a great many apparent oaks will be disfranchised, and a great many vines go to the polls. There is no solid argument in that direction but that of the kind mentioned in Bret Harte's little poem, "And hosses—well, hosses is hosses." Women are to be excluded because they are women, and the advantage of the argument is that, at least, it can be stated, even if it can not be understood.

Meanwhile the real argument in the case proceeds. Here is Jane, who quietly and honestly makes her own living and supports her paralytic father and her drunken brother, and every year the father and the brother may decide the disposition of her property, and she may not so much

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as express dissent, because it is indelicate and unwomanly for women to mix in politics. Jane does not ask it. Jane has never supposed that any thing else is possible. Jane goes to no meetings, and would blush if you thought she could speak. But no John of clear head who sees her does not feel the argument. And when Julia, with the same right to speak that Jenny Lind had to sing—namely, the gift of eloquence and the wish to speak—calmly states the argument which John feels, he may muse a little, because it is very new to him. But he doubts no longer, because it is very true to him. And so the question is being answered.

Editor's Literary Record.

MENTAL SCIENCE.

WE do not wonder, on an attentive reading of HERBERT SPENCER'S *Principles of Psychology*, Vol. I. (D. Appleton and Co.), that he has refused to send his works to the critics for review. Even to state within the limits of an ordinary *critique* the extraordinary and original system which he propounds, with any thing like justice to it or its author, is not an easy matter; and to criticise it requires, if not more learning than the critic ordinarily possesses, certainly more room than he allows himself, and a higher degree of interest in abstract metaphysics than it is safe to presume his readers possess. We shall content ourselves here with simply giving very briefly a sketch of the fundamental principle of his system of psychology, referring to the book itself such of our readers as desire to see how he applies this radical but simple principle to the elucidation of the various mental phenomena which it belongs to psychology to explain. The key-note of his philosophy may be expressed in the one word, development. The result, if not the conscious aim, of his psychology, is to show that the distinction commonly made between involuntary and voluntary, instinctive and rational action, is imaginary; or rather that it is like the distinction between infancy and age, or the seed and the tree, one merging into the other, the two extremes of mental activity being connected by a regular series of acts ascending by almost imperceptible grades from the lowest to the highest. The difference between the instinctive act of certain animalculæ in seizing their prey and a scholar in solving the highest problem in natural science is, according to Herbert Spencer, a difference only in degree of mental activity. A Newton is only a highly developed polyp. The process by which he arrives at this conclusion is curious and interesting. After a fashion somewhat peculiar to himself he leads the reader along by steps so gradual, and elucidated by scientific illustrations so interesting, that it is not till the startling conclusion is reached that the student turns back to retrace his steps and seek out the flaw in the logic. Three elements, according to Herbert Spencer, enter into psychology. First, the phenomena in the outer world, or, to use his favorite expression, the environment; second, the phenomena in the inner world; third, the relations between the phenomena of the outer and those of the inner world. It is the proper understanding of this last which constitutes the key to psychology. The lowest animals possess but very little power to adjust themselves to any changes in the outer world. Thus the polyp, stationary by its very nature, is prevented from responding, except in the most limited degree, to change in its own environment, or adapting itself thereto. This power of adjustment steadily increases through all the forms of life from that of the coral to that of man, the latter possessing powers extending in space and limit, and increasing in complexity, to an extent which raises him almost infinitely above the rudimentary forms of being. Yet his power is the same in kind, the power of adjusting himself to his surroundings; it differs only in extent. Instinct is this power in a limited degree. Intelligence is this power in a higher degree. But there is no line of demarkation, so that one may say, On this side is instinct, on that reason. All powers are the result of education in the individual or the race. Certain animals seem to come into the world divinely endowed with rare instincts. These are, in fact, the result of experience, only it is an experience of long ages inherited from a remote ancestry. Will, in the metaphysician's sense of the term, has no existence. That is, there is no distinct power of choice, and, of course, no freedom of the will, if by that any thing more is meant than the freedom to do what we desire, supposing there are no external hinderances. All psychical changes conform to an inexorable law.

To this brief statement of his philosophy we shall append no criticism here. Our readers will observe respecting it two things. First, clearly, Herbert Spencer is not a materialist, if by that vague and often ill-used term is meant one who reduces all spiritual and mental action to matter and material forces: on the contrary, his whole system rests upon the assumption that there is a radical difference between the outer and the inner world. Second, that he belongs to that school of thinkers, of whom Darwin is regarded as a chief, who undertake to explain all the innumerable varieties of life upon a theory of development. Indeed, his psychology is a necessary complement to Darwin's "Descent of Man," and helps to supply the missing link in the argument of the latter. No one can account himself acquainted with the modern development hypothesis who to a study of Darwin's scientific arguments does not add a knowledge of Spencer's theories. But we think he has rendered metaphysics one valuable service. In other studies men begin with the simple, and ascend to the complex. A knowledge of arithmetic precedes the study of the higher mathematics. A study of the simpler rules of grammar is a necessary foundation to the student of logic and rhetoric. To understand the human frame the organization of lower types must be understood. But in psychology men have hitherto begun at the top. But only men of the most highly developed

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intellect are capable of cross-examining their own consciousness, and obtaining from it any clear and definite response. No answer can be obtained from the self-consciousness of children; none from that of the animals. Mental action in its simpler form has therefore not been studied; and the complex forms which have afforded the groundwork of psychology have defied investigation. No wonder that the results have been unsatisfactory, and that men have come to regard psychology as made up of conflicting theories, concerning the truth of which no one could arrive at any just conclusion. If Spencer's studies in comparative psychology shall result in making the latter a recognized science, and in sending the metaphysicians to the bottom round of the ladder as the condition precedent of their reaching the top, the world will owe to him a real debt of gratitude, even if it should never accept his premises, his methods of reasoning, or his startling conclusions.

We have given considerable space to this statement—too brief, however, to be perfect or even adequate—of Herbert Spencer's doctrine of psychology, because he may properly be regarded as the ablest advocate, not of materialism—which he is often, but unjustly, charged with maintaining, unless the doctrine that all our ideas are derived from the material world can be called materialism—but of the development hypothesis applied to mind. It is perhaps enough to say of Professor BASCOM'S *Science, Philosophy, and Religion* (G. P. Putnam and Son), that it is one of the ablest critiques on and replies to this philosophy. The author does not concern himself with the outworks—he aims for the citadel. He does not content himself with criticising subordinate points, but he undertakes to show that Herbert Spencer assumes, and so unconsciously demonstrates, the existence of intuitive ideas in the very argument which he employs to disprove their existence. Professor Bascom points out that the sensationalists, in claiming that all mental action is caused by changes in the external world, recognize an intuitive idea of cause and effect which can not be the result of, since it underlies, experience. He shows that in claiming that there is a constant resemblance between the phenomena in the outer and those in the inner world, Herbert Spencer assumes that the idea of resemblance exists universally, and itself underlies mental growth. At the same time he points out as the fatal defect of all such philosophy that, since it maintains that all mental life is developed from the external world, it denies to the mind all power to lay hold of unseen verities. "If we attempt, in religion, to set up this ladder of like and unlike, and climb into the heavens by it, we find it lamentably short." According to it we can neither know nor be assured of immortality. So, though this philosophy is not in form materialistic, for it denies the identity of matter and spirit, it reaches practically a materialistic conclusion by a longer road, since it denies that the soul can take cognizance of any thing but matter and material forces. Professor Bascom, starting out with this denial of the corner-stone of Herbert Spencer's philosophy, meets its conclusions at every point. We shall not attempt here to follow this argument or to estimate its value. It is enough to say that we know of no better way for the student to acquaint himself with the present aspect of the discussion in philosophy between the sensational and the intuitive school than by reading Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Psychology," especially Parts III. and IV., and then reading Professor Bascom's Lowell Lectures on "Science, Philosophy, and Religion," in reply to it.

The success of Professor, now President, PORTER'S work on the "Human Intellect" has led him to give in a condensed form from that work the *Elements of Intellectual Science* (C. Scribner and Co.). As a text-book it is admirable, if the office of the study is to acquaint the student with psychology as it exists in the books—or, rather, in the orthodox books. The work is characterized by knowledge rather than by power, is scholastic rather than original, sends the student to the books to study rather than to himself or to the phenomena of life about him. Its excellences are those of a comprehensive knowledge of books, and a clear statement of what is to be found in them, rather than those of an original and independent investigation into the sources of all knowledge of psychology, self-consciousness, and the testimony of life in the external manifestations of mental phenomena.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

To the scholar Dr. ARNOT'S work on *The Parables of our Lord* (Robert Carter and Brothers) will be less valuable than Trench's somewhat analogous yet dissimilar work. And yet, for the practical use of the teacher as well as of the individual reader, we are not sure that it will not prove more valuable. The very scholasticism of Trench's work, and the multiplied and diverse interpretations which he affords the reader, deprive it of all spiritual power. After one has finished the comments, and deduced his own conclusion, he must forget his teacher, though not his lesson, and, by personally pondering the original parable in the light of the suggestions, must come into that sympathy with the parable itself which is the first condition of rightly understanding it. Dr. Arnot's book, on the other hand, awakens from the first a living sympathy with the story itself, and without perplexing the mind with discussions concerning minor points, brings out with force and beauty the essential teaching which lies more or less hidden in the parable. It will prove exceedingly useful not only to the clergyman and the Sabbath-school teacher, but equally so to the individual student of those immortal pictures painted by Jesus for the world's instruction.

If we were required to say why it is that Rev. T. L. CUYLER is one of the most popular religious writers in America, we should be puzzled. Other men excel him in pulpit power, but there is no other man who speaks to the heart with the pen more effectually. We warmly welcome a little collection of his fugitive pieces, *Heart Life* (American Tract Society), not for any novelty in thought, or any peculiar beauty in language, or any strange lighting up of old truths, but for the mystic and inexplicable power which they possess, not through the mind, or the imagination, or the fancy, or even the sentiments, but directly over the heart and conscience.—Professor FREDERIC GARDINER presents three books to the student of the New Testament: a *Harmony of the Four Gospels in Greek*, a *Harmony of the Four Gospels in English*, and a *Life of our*

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Lord in the Words of the Gospels, all of them being published by W. F. Draper. The last, founded on the others, is of considerable popular value, because it disregards the division into chapters and verses, and gives the reader the life of Christ in a connected form, and yet in the words of Scripture, in a manner which renders it fresh as a narrative, and which, though unaccompanied by any comment, yet throws light on many circumstances and incidents rendered obscure in our ordinary version because not placed there in their appropriate connection.

POETRY.

THE one radical fault of JOAQUIN MILLER'S *Songs of the Sierras* (Roberts Brothers) is its lack of truth; for truth is the first condition of genuine poetry or romance, as it is of history or philosophy. As a law regulates the seemingly free flight of birds, so law regulates the seemingly wild flights of genuine imagination; and a lawless imagination, though it may startle and entertain for the moment, is never the basis of any thing permanent in literature. The charm of Mr. Miller's poetry is that it introduces us to a wild and roving life among the mountains of the Pacific coast. It has carried our English cousins by storm, because the life itself is all so novel and strange to them. Its fatal fault is that in its portraiture of American character it sacrifices truth to the poet's conceit. Let us take, for example, "Kit Carson's Ride," one of the shortest and also one of the best poems in the volume. Kit Carson and his "stolen brown bride" and old Revels lay in the grass, forty full miles from the Brazos, waiting for dusk to make good their flight from the "red Camanches." Suddenly old Revels's practiced ear detects danger in the distance:

"For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,
And feet of wild horses hard flying before
I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore,
While the buffalo come like a surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three,
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire."

Then follows the fierce ride for life:

"Twenty miles!....thirty miles!....a dim distant speck,
Then a long-reaching line and the Brazos in sight."

Meanwhile the fire gains upon them. And just before it,

"To right and to left the black buffalo came,
A terrible surf on a red sea of flame."

Old Revels goes down, his horse exhausted and unable to continue the flight. Then the Indian girl's horse begins to falter.

"I looked to my left then, and nose, neck, and shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs;
And up through the black, blowing veil of her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvelous eyes
With a longing and love, yet a look of despair,
And a pity for me as she felt the smoke fold her,
And flames reaching far for her glorious hair.
Her sinking steed faltered, his eager ears fell
To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell
Did subside and recede, and the nerves fall as dead.
* * * * * * *
And now as she fell
From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire,
The last that I saw was a look of delight
That I should escape—a love—a desire—
Yet never a word, not a look of appeal,
Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay heel
One instant for her in my terrible flight."

And so Kit Carson rides into the Brazos all alone on the horse that belonged to his "stolen brown bride," having left her to perish in the flames without one manly effort to rescue her. There is rhythm in the lines; there is poetic genius in the apt and condensed metaphors, there is unmistakable graphic power in the almost melodramatic description. But it is a libel not only on Kit Carson, but on the chivalric body of uncouth but never cowardly border huntsmen of whom he is a type, to represent him riding away into safety on his bride's horse, leaving her to perish without reaching a hand, or staying "one instant for her in his terrible flight." We might possibly pardon such a false portrait if we found it in but a single poem; but it occurs again in the Arizonian who leaves his Indian love to perish in the flood, with never an effort to rescue her; and yet again in "Nicaragua;" and it is formally defended by the author in a subsequently published letter, on the ground that as the Indian race is dying out, his Indian heroes and heroines must die. Perhaps. But this did not render it necessary to belie the chivalry of America, and to represent its heroes as poltroons and cowards. Apart from this inherent vice, which constantly leads Mr. Miller to sacrifice truth to dramatic effect, there are very evident elements of unmistakable power in his poems. But it is a wild power, and, like an untrained vine, the very exuberance of his life impairs somewhat the value of his fruitage. The critics say that he needs cultivation. But it is by no means certain that cultivation will not ruin him. At present he is a lion, as Kit Carson in his trapper's suit might be a lion, in the drawing-rooms of London. When he puts off his uncouth dress, and attires his thoughts in respectable habiliments, it is at least a serious question whether their charm will not vanish, and he himself be discovered to be no lion at all, but only a clever and pleasing but by no means wonderful poet.

There is something inexpressibly touching in the modesty with which Mr. WILLIAM C. BRYANT depreciates his own work in the opening paragraph of the preface to his translation of the *Odyssey of Homer* (James R. Osgood and Co.). "The task of translating verse is not, it is true, merely mechanical, since it requires that the translator should catch from his author somewhat of the glow with which he wrote;" but "a great part of the fatigue which attends original composition long pursued is avoided; and this gentler exercise of the intellectual faculties agrees better with that stage of life when the brain begins to be haunted by a presentiment that the time of its final repose is not far off." For many years one poet after another has undertaken to interpret the father of poetry to English readers, and not one has succeeded. It is not too much to say that Mr. Bryant is the first one who has really produced a Homeric version of Homer. And having achieved a victory which alone had been sufficient to give him undying fame wherever the English tongue is spoken and classic poetry is admired, he intimates that his task does not demand the highest talent or the most arduous labor, and half apologizes for essaying it, on the ground that the time for his more arduous labors has passed away! The Odyssey is a far more attractive poem than the

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Iliad. Its romance is more in accord with modern life and feeling. We sicken of the perpetual slaughters recorded in the one; weary of the bombast and the cruelty of its heroes; weary of its heathen and savage chivalry; weary of its sensual deities. On the other hand, the world will never weary of reading the story of Ulysses's weird adventures and Penelope's faithful love. Until our modern pseudo-reformers have taught us to disesteem fidelity and courage in man and woman, this story of life and love will be read with undiminished interest. As to Mr. Bryant's execution of his self-imposed task, we have nothing to add to what we have heretofore said of his Iliad. It is not only the best translation of Homer which has ever appeared; it is so incomparably best that there is no rival worthy to be placed beside it. It is first; there is none second.

We have already expressed our approval of both the design and the execution of Mr. WILLIAM J. ROLFE'S admirable edition of Shakspeare's plays. The second volume, *The Tempest* (Harper and Brothers), is quite equal to the first. In an introduction the editor gives us critical comments on the play from some distinguished critics—Coleridge, Schlegel, Mrs. Jameson, Hazlitt, and others. The text is printed in a clear and legible type, the notes are exceedingly condensed, the illustrations are good, and the small size of the volume renders it convenient for the reader; and, in a word, the whole edition is admirably adapted not only to schools and seminaries, but also to parlor readings. A Shakspearean reading affords an admirable entertainment for a social evening. Parents who want to provide an enjoyable and, at the same time, useful recreation for the family or the social gathering, could hardly fail to find it in providing half a dozen copies of either of these volumes (from which all objectionable passages have been expunged), and allotting a character to each member of the household, thus reading the play in character. If there be even one dramatic reader in the circle to incite the rest, such a reading is as much more entertaining as it is more instructive than tableaux or games, or the ordinary gossip and chitchat of a miscalled social gathering.

At Jesus' Feet is a very pleasant collection of sacred poetry, arranged so as to give one hymn for every day in the year. Each piece of poetry is accompanied with a prayer and a promise, each consisting of a single text of Scripture. The book is published by the "Episcopal Society for the Promotion of Evangelical Knowledge;" but it is not at all denominational in its character, and contains nothing inconsistent with its catholic dedication to "All who are striving to follow in the footsteps of our loving Saviour."

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

W. P. FETRIDGE'S book on *The Paris Commune* (Harper and Brothers) is a valuable addition to history. It is not a compilation, but an original work, prepared by one who was in Paris during all the scenes which he describes; by one, too, whose professional experience as editor of "Harper's Hand-Book" admirably fits him for the work of gathering and recording the facts in such a case as this. The popular ideas of the Commune have been gathered chiefly from the imperfect and often contradictory reports of those who could only gather up and transmit rumors and reports, and who often contradicted to-day what they had written yesterday. Even those reporters who were nearest to the scene of action were generally ignorant of those political complications a correct comprehension of which was indispensable to an understanding of the campaign. The organs of the government complained bitterly of the unintentional misrepresentations of M. Thiers which appeared daily in the English journals. "The English reporter," said *Le Temps*, "shrinks from no fatigue or even danger to obtain information for the paper which he represents; but he necessarily remains outside the political world; he sees only the external and military side of events; and the same individual who might have been well placed for the siege of Paris by the Germans is completely bewildered by the events now passing on the same theatre." Even the best-informed French journals were untrustworthy. "Three days in succession," says Mr. Fetridge in his preface, "three different first-class Paris journals gave the last dying words of General Dombrowski, one of the chiefs of the insurrection, all entirely different." Mr. Fetridge gives us the means of correcting the erroneous impressions produced by these imperfect and often positively false reports. He does not, indeed, inquire into the causes of the Communist rebellion. Such an inquiry would involve a philosophical treatise on modern civilization, and a careful and candid consideration of those impulses toward reform which are inspiring the peoples of Europe—impulses whose development into action is often wild, unregulated, and perverted by selfish men for selfish ends. Mr. Fetridge is an indifferent historian. He makes no attempt to conceal his detestation of the excesses perpetrated by the Commune in the name of liberty. But he guards his pages from partiality and prejudice. They bristle with official documents and proclamations. Every act, every utterance, of the Commune is given in its own words. By the history it has itself written it is judged. If Mr. Fetridge had written more dramatically, if he had given to his narrative something more of his own personality, he would have made, perhaps, a more interesting volume, or, rather, one more entertaining. But he has done us a greater service by introducing us into the city, and enabling us to read its history of shame and dishonor from its own open pages, as recorded there by the Commune itself. It is a sad history, but one full of significance to America, and well worth her patient study. For the spirit that broke out into flames in Paris smoulders in New York; the rampant radicalism which is stopped by no scruple in the attainment of its ends, which suppresses the press in the name of free speech, violates the elections in the name of universal suffrage, desecrates the churches in the name of liberty of conscience, and murders the innocent and unoffending without cause and without trial in the name of humanity, exists in America, though it manifests itself as yet only in empty bombast and frothy demagogism. We have journals that only lack favorable circumstances to become a *Mot d'Ordre*—journalists that only lack the opportunity, and perhaps the genius, to become a Rochefort.

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It is not ordinarily the highest kind of literary talent which seizes on a popular subject, and makes a book out of it because it is popular. Men that write for the market rarely make great books. Our readers will hardly expect, therefore, to find in R. SHELTON M'KENZIE'S *Life of Sir Walter Scott* (James R. Osgood and Co.) a great book. Despite the statement in his preface that the subject had been on his mind for many years, there are unmistakable indications that the volume was prepared with special reference to the Scott Centenary, if not suggested by it. It is in effect a compilation from Lockhart, and sustains about the same relation to a complete life of Scott that the same author's "Life of Dickens" does to the yet unwritten story of Dickens's life. Nevertheless, for the great mass of readers it will prove the best biography of the great Scotch romancer. It is painstaking and apparently accurate in statement, despite the haste with which it has been prepared for the press. It is written *con amore* by one who wrote, indeed, for the market, and yet with an unmistakable admiration for the subject of his memoir, and an unmistakable enthusiasm in writing it. To those that have been themselves enthusiastic admirers of Scott, and students of his life and character and work, it will afford, of course, but little new information; but for the great mass of the reading public it is the best possible letter of introduction to the "Great Unknown."

SOME JUVENILE BOOKS.

WE believe that either our friends the publishers have some commiseration on the unhappy condition of the book critic, who would otherwise be condemned to read all the sloppy literature which is every year offered to our children, chiefly through the Sunday-school library, and hence send us not all the "milk for babes," but only the cream, or else the innumerable protests which have been uttered against these cheap novelettes is beginning to have an effect, and the juvenile literature is itself improving. We select from a legion only a few that are really worthy, for one reason or another, of some commendation.—The *Judge's Pets* is a series of very entertaining "stories of a family and its dumb friends." The interest does not lie in the apocryphal feats of wisdom and moral excellence performed by the "dumb friends." The stories are, on the contrary, remarkably natural for stories of animals. Nor are they natural history in disguise—a very thin sugar-coating of stupid story over a very big pill of doubtful science. They are just simple, natural stories, whose charm lies in the sympathy they are sure to awaken in the young reader for the animal creation.—The *House in Town*, by the author of the "Wide, Wide World," is only a little fragment of a story. It breaks off so suddenly as to produce an impression that the last chapter might have been omitted by the binder. The fraction we get here is natural and interesting, and if the children have patience to wait for what is to come, and persistence to search for what has gone before, they will get a very fair story. But is it not enough to torture grown persons with serials in newspapers, without putting the infant mind on the rack with serials in a continuous series of books?—*Grandfather's Faith*, by JULIA A. MATHEWS, is better reading for the grandfathers than for the children. A very bad boy is saved by his grandfather's faith that, despite his wickedness, he will be redeemed at last for the sake of his mother's virtues. It is very well for the grandfathers to have faith that their protégés will be saved at last, but it is doubtful whether it is best to teach the bad boys that their mothers' virtues or their grandfathers' faith will save them.—There is a peculiar charm for the little folks in every thing which JOANNA H. MATHEWS writes, as the many readers of the "Bessie Books" found out long ago. It characterizes *Lilly Norris's Enemy*, which was procrastination, and was conquered at last, though not without a hard battle and some sad experiences.—In *Jessie's Parrot* the moral, "a haughty spirit goeth before a fall," is exemplified in the experience of the little heroine, whose ambition and pride make her a scandalous little liar, till her final disgrace effectually reforms her of falsehood by effectually humbling her pride.—The *Stories of Vinegar Hill* receive a hearty encomium from our juvenile critics, who beg us to proclaim them very interesting. They are; and their moral influence is good. We should like them better if the writer did not in the endeavor to be natural give her young readers so much slang and bad grammar.—*The Rift in the Clouds* is a little collection of thoroughly religious stories, by the author of "Memorials of Hedley Vicars;" stories not merely with a good moral in them, but of distinctively religious experience.—Mother Goose has left behind her a large brood of goslings who inherit her passion for nonsense in poetry without possessing her odd genius for producing it. Of her literary descendants we do not remember to have met one whose nonsense was more relishable than that which we find in *Little Folk Songs*. Some of the verses are exceedingly pretty; all are not nonsense; even those that are so are not vapid nonsense; the pictures are very well designed and executed; typographically the book is admirable; and on second thoughts we are not sure that ALEXINA B. WHITE has not done better for the children than Mother Goose herself.—It is perhaps enough to say of *David Lloyd's Last Will* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.) that it is by the author of "Jessica's First Prayer" and "Max Krömer." It is, however, less a children's story and more a novel than any preceding work from the same pen. The plot is more elaborate, the characters more fully developed, and more of them, and the whole book a larger and fuller conception. As some very good captains break down when intrusted with the command of a thousand men, so some very good story-tellers prove very poor novel-writers. But our authoress justifies her right to be accounted among the successful novelists of the day. Her book is not less characteristically Christian than its predecessors. In her delineation of Christian character and experience she has a field nearly to herself, and occupies it well. The mystic but mistaken piety of David Lloyd's wife, and the equally mistaken piety of Mark's unconsciously self-righteous philanthropy, are set out in admirable contrast; nor less admirably conceived and drawn is the educative process by which each is made to see that neither walking humbly with God, nor doing justly and loving mercy, but the combination of the two, constitutes true religion. It is a capital story, one to interest parents as well as children.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

APPROPRIATE to the approaching Christmas holidays comes CHARLES KINGSLEY'S latest book, *At Last: A Christmas in the West Indies* (Harper and Brothers). Those of our readers who have read in our pages last month some account of what he saw and experienced there will need no other attestation of the interest of his narrative. For those who have not done so we may give its characteristics in a very few words. In subject-matter it is out of the usual course traversed by books of travel; in manner it is simple and unaffected, natural, but written by one who has a poet's nature; in descriptions of natural scenery it is graphic; in its portraiture of social life it is minute without being tedious; in its whole tone and spirit it is invested with an individuality, transfused with the author's own personality, and rendered entertaining by narratives of personal adventure, without ever becoming disagreeable and wearisome by reason of any egotism. It is, in a word, a capital book of travel, and its interest and value are greatly enhanced by its numerous illustrations.

NAST, who is the prince of caricaturists, sends us an *Illustrated Almanac* (Harper and Brothers), which we hope is to be an annual visitor. If we had merely Nast's incomparable pictures to laugh over it would be enough; but we have also, illustrated by his pencil, contributions by John Hay, Mark Twain, G. P. Webster, Josh Billings, S. S. Conant, and others. We venture the prophecy that Nast's Almanac, if continued, will become the comic almanac of America. The illustrations of "Sam Weller's Moral Tale" inspire the wish that he would give us an illustrated edition of Dickens's works—something, at least, to outlive the almanac and the newspaper.

Editor's Scientific Record.

CUTTING GLASS AND STONE BY SAND BLAST.

AT a meeting of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, held on the 16th of March, an interesting paper was presented by Mr. James Hamblett, upon Tighlman's process for etching upon glass and cutting stone by a blast of sand. For this purpose the glass or stone is simply covered with paper, cut or perforated in the desired pattern, and then exposed to the sand blast, which cuts the material wherever the surface is entirely exposed in a very delicate and well-defined manner, the elasticity of the paper apparently preventing the action of the sand on the covered parts. We have not room for the details of the process by which the sand is directed against the glass; but there seems no doubt that the method promises an important revolution in decorative and constructive art. In eight seconds a pane of common window-glass can be ground or roughened, while ordinary sunk letters in marble, an inch and a half long, can be cut out in less than a minute.

Attention was called by Dr. Kneeland to the agency of a similar principle in nature, and reference made to the observations of Mr. Blake upon the action of the drifting sand on the granite at San Bernardino Pass, in California. According to Professor Wyman, glass windows on Cape Cod sometimes have holes worn in them by the drifting sands blown by the winds. Similar agencies exist in Australia on a large scale, and specimens of hard rock cut into fantastic shapes are not unfrequently found in mineralogical collections.

EXTRACTION OF COPPER FROM REFUSE PYRITES.

The copper-mining industry of Cornwall is said, according to the *Athenæum*, to be suffering from a new form of competition. Iron pyrites, it is stated, is now imported in immense quantities from Sweden and Norway for the manufacture of sulphuric acid; and, after the sulphur is extracted, is operated upon for the two per cent. of copper which it contains. About 4000 tons of metal were obtained in 1869 from this source, while the entire yield from the native ores the same year was only about 8000 tons.

POISONOUS ANIMAL EMANATIONS.

In a late communication of M. Chauveau to the Academy of Sciences of Paris upon the pretended virulent volatile emanations, and upon the condition in which the virus is thrown into the atmosphere by subjects laboring under contagious maladies, he endeavors to show that the contagious peculiarity in virulent humors does not depend upon the substances dissolved, but upon the solid particles which these humors hold in suspension. From this he concludes that the forms of virus improperly called volatile are incapable of spreading into the atmosphere, and that the elements endowed with virulence can exist in the atmosphere only in the condition of emanations from diseased subjects; that is to say, that they assume the form of solid particles held in suspension.

METALLIC SOAP.

Metallic soap in linseed-oil is highly recommended for coating canvas for wagon covers, tents, etc., as being not only impermeable to moisture, but remaining pliable for a long time without breaking. It can be made with little expense, as follows: Soft soap is to be dissolved in hot water, and a solution of copperas (sulphate of iron) added. The sulphuric acid combines with the potash of the soap, and the oxide of iron is precipitated with the fatty acid as insoluble iron-soap. This is washed and dried and mixed with linseed-oil. The addition of dissolved India rubber to the oil greatly improves the paint.

ARTIFICIAL PORPHYRY.

Messrs. Sepulchre and Ohresser have lately published an account of a method of treating furnace slag so as to obtain a kind of artificial porphyry scarcely inferior in durability or strength to the natural substance. For this purpose they dig furrows in the slag pit having the shape of an

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inverted truncated cone, and from twelve to fifteen feet wide, so as to receive the entire amount of slag produced in one or more furnaces at any one drawing off. The melted slag is to be emptied in this by means of suitable channels, and the cavity can be divided up by partitions, so as to cast the mass either in one continuous block, or in a number of blocks of any given shape. Care must be taken to have the slag run under the thickened glassy covering which forms at the beginning of the operation, the object of such a coating being to retain the heat; and it is even necessary sometimes to protect the mass against too rapid cooling by a covering of ashes, as this cooling should occupy several days, varying with the amount of the slag. When the operation is completed a dense homogeneous block or blocks will be found underneath this glassy covering of the character of natural porphyry, as stated.

This material has been tested by suitable methods, and has been found to bear a pressure of about 700 pounds to the cubic centimeter (a cube of about four-tenths of an inch), while for complete crushing a pressure of about 1100 pounds was required. In other experiments with this artificial stone, fracture never occurred under a pressure of less than 600 pounds, and complete crushing only with a pressure of 1000 pounds, while some blocks resisted a pressure of 1300 or 1400 pounds.

PELOUZE METHOD OF PRESERVING MEAT.

In a late number of the *Comptes Rendus* M. Pelouze announces his rediscovery of a process for the preservation of meat invented during the last century by Vilaris, of Bordeaux, animal substances being preserved, even when exposed to the air, for several years, without showing by either taste or smell the presence of any preservative agent. The actual details of the process itself are not presented in the communication, but have been placed in a sealed package and deposited, with appropriate samples, with the secretary of the French Academy of Sciences.

METACHLORAL.

Dr. Richardson, of London, has lately been experimenting upon metachloral, a substance possessing mild narcotic properties, isomeric with chloral, and produced when chloral hydrate is brought into contact with sulphuric acid. Chloral is also changed spontaneously into metachloral when kept for a long time in a stoppered bottle, or when a quantity of water insufficient to produce the hydrate is added to it. Heat converts metachloral into the liquid chloral, which becomes the hydrate on the addition of a sufficient quantity of water. Dr. Richardson also calls attention to the fact that chloral, from its affinity to water, is a caustic, and that its use may, perhaps, sometimes be advisable in this connection, in view of its after soothing effects.

REMOVAL OF GREASE SPOTS.

In removing grease spots from fabrics by means of benzine or petroleum it often happens that a colored and stained outline of the portion moistened is left. This can be prevented by the application of a layer of gypsum extending a little beyond the moistened region. When dry, the powder is to be shaken and brushed off, when no trace of the spot will remain.

POISON SERPENTS IN INDIA.

It was stated some time ago by one of the India papers that a great many deaths were occurring in that country from the bites of poisonous serpents; and statistics were given on this subject which were discredited by various writers. We learn, however, by official records, that the number of persons who have died from this cause may be safely estimated at 40,000 per annum. The low condition of the treasury is given as the reason which prevents the government from renewing its former offer of reward for killing these serpents. A list of the bounties paid for destroying this class of noxious animals in a very small district showed that poisonous serpents were brought in at the rate of 1200 a day; and in the course of a couple of months the payments, at the rate of from six to twelve cents each, amounted to $50,000.

ANIMAL ORIGIN OF PETROLEUM.

As a counterpoise to the suggestion of some geologists that petroleum and asphaltum are of vegetable origin, it is now maintained that these substances are derived from animal remains. This latter view is thought to be substantiated by the fact of the absence of iodine, which would have been present if derived from sea-weeds; and also, on the other hand, by the presence of ammonia, which does not belong to the vegetable kingdom. Furthermore, asphaltum and bitumen frequently occur in strata which are rich in animal remains, from which they may have been derived by the action of intense heat with great pressure.

KEEPING FISH FRESH WITH SUGAR.

A method adopted in Portugal for preserving fish consists in removing the viscera and sprinkling sugar over the interior, keeping the fish in a horizontal position, so that the sugar may penetrate as much as possible. It is said that fish prepared in this way can be kept completely fresh for a long time, the savor being as perfect as if recently caught. Salmon thus treated before salting and smoking possess a much more agreeable taste, a table-spoonful of sugar being sufficient for a five-pound fish.

EXTRACTION OF ANILINE DYES FROM FABRICS.

Among the problems connected with the art of dyeing, one of much importance is the best method of extracting aniline colors from cloths without injuring the fabric, especially those which it is desired to dye anew; and to solve this Dr. Reimann, an eminent authority on these subjects, publishes a detailed paper in his *Dyer's Journal*.

For this end several methods present themselves, the first referred to being the use of chlorine, which, however, is only applicable to cotton—this agent, whether in the form of gas or of chloride of lime, being excluded when we have to deal with substances consisting principally or partially of wool. The simplest method of accomplishing the object in this instance consists in digesting the fabrics for a sufficient length of time in alcohol of 90 per cent., which usually completes the decolorization in a short space of time. The same alcohol can be used several times in succession, and can afterward be puri-

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fied by rectification or redistillation, so as to involve but little loss. The work is best done in a well-covered copper kettle, which is to be set in boiling water. A little hydrochloric acid may be added if the articles are not too delicate, thereby increasing the solubility of the aniline colors.

Still a third method is based upon the fact that all the aniline colors pass into given uncolored combinations when brought into contact with hydrogen. Thus fuchsin red is almost immediately decolorized when hydrogen is developed in its solution—the same taking place with violet, blue, and green. This principle has long been applied in the so-called etch printing, in which the aniline colors are extracted in particular parts of the pattern by means of the hydrogen. This is done by laying on a sheet of metallic zinc, with water and the proper sizing. Water consists of hydrogen and oxygen; the metallic zinc takes the oxygen from the water, and the hydrogen developed renders the aniline tints colorless. After this it is only necessary to rinse out the fabric in order to extract the colorless combination.

Again, by saturating the substance to be deprived of its aniline dye with a feeble acid, such as vinegar or much-diluted hydrochloric acid, and sprinkling the whole with powdered zinc, the color will be removed, especially if the fabric be slightly heated. This process is, however, much too complicated; and instead of it we can better use liquids which will give off hydrogen, and thus have a reducing influence. Such a liquid we find in the solution of chloride of tin, usually known as the salt of tin. This must be of the very best quality to be efficacious, and in external appearance should be of a white color, and composed of clear, dry, and tolerably transparent crystals. A solution of such a salt of tin should be placed in a stone vessel and diluted until it can not injure the fabric (about one to two degrees B. of strength), and some leaves of tinfoil placed at the bottom of the vessel. The fabrics, previously rendered perfectly free from dirt or grease, are to be placed in the solution and the vessel covered, the whole being then heated by immersion in boiling water.

As soon as the decolorization has been accomplished the cloth is to be taken out and rinsed in clean water, previously warmed. Generally a new fabric should be left in the hot solution from a quarter to half an hour, and the vessel then be set aside to cool; after which the color will be found to have vanished completely.

There still remain instances, however, in which even this efficient method does not entirely accomplish its object; and the last resort, which is absolutely certain and never-failing, is to the cyanide of potassium. This, however, is a deadly poison even in a very small quantity, and the utmost precaution must be adopted in using it. The operator must be certain that he has no sore or cut on the hand, as contact with the liquid in that case would be extremely dangerous, although while the skin remains perfectly sound no evil effect will be produced by contact. A stone vessel is to be selected, in which a small quantity of cyanide of potassium is to be introduced, and hot water poured upon it, so as to make a solution of one-half to one degree B. Care must be taken not to inhale any of the vapor of the solution. The whole is to be stirred well with a long and strong glass rod, and the operation conducted in the open air, so that no harm may result from the condensation of the vapor. The fabric in question, previously well cleaned, is now placed in the vessel, and pushed under the liquid with the glass rod, and the top of the vessel laid on.

It will be advisable to adopt some method to keep the solution warm, such as immersing the stone vessel in a wooden tub properly supplied with steam or hot water. Should the vessel crack and the liquid leak out, it would in this instance become diluted with the surrounding water, and thus be less dangerous. After a short time the lid should be removed by taking it off at the end of a long handle, allowing the vapors to pass off before the operator comes near. By means of the glass rod the cloth is to be lifted, and if not entirely white, is to be replaced and the process continued still longer. When finished the cloth is to be transferred by means of the glass rod to a large vessel containing hot water, and stirred around for a time, then removed and rinsed off. The solution of the cyanide of potassium can be used several times without losing its power, especially if a solution of sulphate of iron be stirred in occasionally, producing a deposit of Berlin blue.

We give only an abstract of the article of Dr. Reimann, referring our reader to the original for further details. Throughout the whole paper injunctions are continually laid upon operators to avoid very carefully the inhaling of the fumes of the solution, or touching it in any way except through the intervention of the glass rod.

COST OF ARTIFICIAL ICE.

In Dingler's *Polytechnic Journal* we find a careful comparison of the cost of the production of ice by means of the best-known machines for manufacturing it now in use in Europe. One of these—that of Carré—was found to be capable of producing forty-eight hundred-weight of ice in twelve hours, at a cost of fourteen cents per hundred-weight; while the expense of manufacturing the same quantity by the Windhausen machine amounted to nearly eighteen cents, thus showing a decided advantage in favor of the first-mentioned apparatus.

PHOTOGRAPHING MAGNETIC CURVES.

Professor Mayer, of Lehigh University, has lately devised an ingenious method of fixing, photographing, and exhibiting the magnetic spectra. For this purpose he takes a clean plate of thin glass and coats it with a film of shellac, formed by flowing over it an alcoholic solution of this substance, just as the photographic print is coated with collodion. After the plate has remained a day or two in a dry atmosphere it is placed over a magnet or magnets, with the ends resting on slips of wood so that the under surface of the plate just touches the magnet. Fine iron filings are now sifted uniformly over the film of lac by means of a fine sieve. The spectrum is then produced on vibrating the plate, by letting fall vertically upon it, at different points, a light piece of copper wire. The plate is now cautiously lifted off the magnet, and brought quite close to the under surface of a cast iron plate which has been well heated. Here the shellac is softened uniformly, and the iron fil-

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ings sink into the film, and are fixed. The heat should be allowed to continue until the metallic lustre of the filings has disappeared by sinking into the shellac, and the film appears quite transparent. After the plate is cooled, any superfluous filings are knocked off by inverting and gently tapping it. These plates may then be used either as permanent objects of exhibition, or as negatives from which to print, in the usual way, an accurate representation of the foci, lines of direction, etc. They can also be used as slides for a magic lantern.

EFFECT OF COLD ON IRON AND STEEL.

For many years it has been almost an axiom among civil engineers that great cold tended to produce a brittle condition of iron and steel, and that by this hypothesis might be explained the alleged increase in the percentage of railway accidents by the breaking of tires and axles during the cold season as compared with the warm. A recent communication before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, by Mr. Brockbank, maintained the view just stated; but in the discussion which followed several eminent engineers entered their protest against it, and adduced facts which tend to an entirely opposite conclusion. According to Dr. Joule, numerous experiments by himself and others proved that, so far from iron and steel being weakened by cold, they are actually made positively stronger, resisting shocks and strains before which they yielded when brought to a higher temperature. While not denying the fact of the greater frequency of fractures during the cold weather, Dr. Joule refers these to the increased hardness of the ground by freezing, by which the iron is subjected to a greater strain or shock than under ordinary circumstances.

PREPARATION OF ALBUMEN FROM BLOOD.

The preparation, on a large scale, of albumen from blood is, we learn, carried on successfully at establishments in North Germany and Hungary, and it is furnished at one-half the cost of egg albumen, although equal to it in all respects except color. It is said that three thousand pounds of blood will yield one hundred and ten pounds of albumen; and it is thought that, by proper care of the immense quantities of blood every day wasted, an ample supply can be furnished, which is not the case at the present time, compared with the extent to which albumen is required for refining sugar, sizing goods, etc.

THEORY OF CHOLERA.

Mr. Alpheus Cholmeton, of the department of the Gard, in France, republishes his theory in regard to cholera. This, he thinks, is occasioned by the development of animalcules arising from dead bodies that have not been properly buried. These animalcules, in floating through the atmosphere, are inhaled by mankind, which results, under certain circumstances, in producing disease. We are especially advised, therefore, in cholera times, particularly when in attendance on cholera patients, to wear a veil of a very thick texture, and perhaps to breathe through cotton, so that the parasites can not pass. He maintains that these organisms can be seen in the atmosphere as a visible column, especially at about the time of the rising and setting of the sun. One conclusion to which he arrives is that it is very important that dead bodies be buried to a sufficient depth, and that it would be still better to resume the practice of burning the dead, as was done to so great an extent by the ancients.

DYEING WOOL ANILINE BLUE.

The following method is recommended for dyeing aniline blue upon wool. The quantities given are sufficient for twenty yards. Three-quarters of a pound of Marseilles soap are dissolved by boiling, and when cold and sufficiently diluted with soft water, the goods are soaked in the liquid and well wrung. They are then placed in a bath of hot water acidulated with sulphuric acid, to which the coloring solution is added in accordance with the shade required. This solution consists of an ounce and a half of aniline blue in a pound and a half of alcohol of 90 per cent. Rinsing, drying, pressing, and, when found suitable, sizing with a little glue, finish the process.

DIFFERENCE OF MEAN TEMPERATURE AT VARIOUS HEIGHTS.

The announcement has lately been made by Mr. Glaisher, the eminent British meteorologist, that the monthly mean temperature of the air at twenty-two feet of elevation is higher than at four feet at all hours of the day and night in January, February, November, and December; in the afternoon and during the night hours in the months of March, April, August, September, and October; and in the evening hours and during the night in the months of May, June, and July. He also states that the mean monthly temperature of the air, at twenty-two feet and at fifty feet, is higher during the evening and night hours through the year than at the height of four feet, and also higher night and day during the winter months.

COMBUSTION OF COAL DUST.

An enormous amount of coal in the form of dust and small fragments is every year wasted in our coal mines; and although many propositions have been made to utilize it by consolidating it into bricks, it has been found that the expense of this is greater than that attendant upon the extraction of large coal, and consequently the waste has still continued. It has been ascertained, however, that by taking fine coal dust and placing it in a furnace, with the exact quantity of air which is requisite to effect the combustion of the coal, a mass of flame is obtained of the highest temperature, which does its work effectually, and emits no smoke whatever from the chimney. The results promised from this method of using fuel are so striking as almost to render it probable that when dust can not be obtained, the coal itself will be reduced to powder for the purpose before being placed in the furnace.

EXTIRPATION OF SERPENTS IN THE WEST INDIES.

The great abundance of poisonous serpents in Saint Lucia and other adjacent West India islands has given rise to inquiries as to methods of exterminating them, on account of their having become a serious impediment to the proper cultivation of the island and to the reclamation

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of the wild lands of the interior. Among other means suggested for this purpose is the introduction of the mungoose, the secretary-bird of Africa, and the kingfisher of Australia. Specimens of the first-named animal have been forwarded to Saint Lucia for the purpose of trying the experiment; and reports of encounters between the mungoose and serpents have been since noted, in all of which the former invariably came off successful. In several instances the animal appeared to have been bitten in its encounter, but with no injurious result.

It is probable, as already suggested by several persons, that the object in view would be completely attained within a reasonable time by allowing hogs to run wild and multiply in the islands. Their powers in destroying rattlesnakes in North America are well known; and it is not at all unlikely that they would be as effective in the West Indies, although, from the great abundance of serpents, quite a long time might be needed before any appreciable effect would be manifest.

A NEW CINCHONA ALKALOID.

A new alkaloid has, it is said, been detected in the mother liquor obtained in the manufacture of sulphate of quinine, distinguishable from the cinchona alkaloids by the solubility of its salts, which renders it very difficult of separation from the uncrystallizable quinoidin. It has not yet been determined whether it is contained in all the species of cinchona, or, if not, in which of them; nor have its physiological properties been experimented upon.

INDUSTRIAL NOVELTIES IN THE LONDON EXHIBITION OF 1871.

In a late article we referred to the poverty of the International Exhibition at South Kensington, with the exception of the departments of pottery and of woolen manufactures; but we have since learned that this is in accordance with the plan of the committee having matters in charge. It is proposed to have a similar exhibition annually, in which the great strength of effort shall be expended on the exhibition of one or two classes in their most complete form; although, incidentally, contributions in other departments will not be refused. The exhibitions are to be held in permanent buildings erected along the east and west sides of the gardens of the Horticultural Society.

Among the articles in the wool department upon which much commendation is bestowed is an arrangement for washing sheep to cleanse the fleece. For this purpose the sheep is placed inside of a cage of water pipes, perforated throughout, and connected with a head of water, through which, on turning a cock, innumerable jets of water pass with considerable force, all playing from every direction upon the animal. The washing is much more thorough than could be done by hand labor, and the aid of the man usually required to hold the sheep is thereby saved. Another machine is intended for shearing the sheep, which it does in the most satisfactory manner.

Among the miscellaneous articles of the museum, Admiral Inglefield's steering gear is mentioned with approbation, and it is stated that this has been applied to some of the larger iron-clad ships with great success. In rough weather from thirty to forty men are required at the tiller of these huge monsters, and even then the force of the waves will sometimes be too much for them. The gear in question utilizes the great hydrostatic pressure due to the twenty or thirty feet of water in which the ship swims; the water being allowed to come into cylinders and to work pistons within them, much after the manner steam would do in an ordinary engine, and thus a motive power is secured equal to one thousand pounds to the square inch, in small hydraulic rams attached to the tiller. A single man can by this method steer the largest ship in the roughest weather.

Another machine exhibited is a model by Mr. Tommasi for utilizing the tides as a source of power for machinery. This, however, is considered rather curious than useful, as long as coal is held at any thing near its present price. Some of the other articles mentioned are Thomson's road-steamer, with India rubber tires; Hodgson's wire tramway, with the saddles of the buckets clinging on to the wire rope by simple adhesion; Girdwood's copper wire steam-packing, the condensation of water within which forms the lubricant; Siemens's electrical pyrometer, for measuring the degrees of very high temperatures; Michele's cement-testing machine, in which the bent lever is most ingeniously applied; Captain Scott's selenitic cement; and other practical inventions worthy of close investigation and consideration.

CHLORAL HYDRATE AND COD-LIVER OIL.

An Italian pharmaceutical journal contains the announcement that by the addition of hydrate of chloral to cod-liver oil this substance will be rendered much less nauseous, while at the same time preventing the night sweats of the patient, inducing sleep, and creating an appetite. The formula given consists in adding ten grains of the crystals of pure chloral hydrate to one hundred and forty grains of the cod-liver oil, and digesting them in a sand-bath at a gentle heat. The dose is to be six table-spoonfuls daily.

ASEPTIN.

A substance called *aseptin* has recently been introduced into trade by a Swedish dealer as a preservative material for milk, meat, etc. This is said to be simply boracic acid, or borax; the double aseptin consisting of two parts of borax to one part of alum. Putrefaction is said to be prevented by the addition of this preparation, but mouldiness in animal substances is not. Although a very short time has elapsed since aseptin has been brought into notice, thousands of pounds are now sold almost daily in Scandinavia and Germany.

HABIT OF HORNED TOAD.

At the January meeting of the Zoological Society, in London, a communication was presented from Mr. John Wallace upon a hitherto unobserved peculiarity of the horned toad, or *Phrynosoma*, of California. This animal, according to his statement, under certain circumstances (apparently as a mode of self-protection) squirts out from one of its eyes a jet of bright red liquid very much like blood. This he observed three times, in as many different individuals, although

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others did not present any peculiarity. They generally use this means of defense when first captured, the liquid being squirted a distance of six inches in one instance. This statement, if it be really a fact, has, as far as we know, no confirmation by any corresponding observation on the part of any of our American naturalists, and we commend the consideration of it to such as reside where this animal can be obtained. The species is not indicated, but the observations were made in the vicinity of Stockton, California.

HYDROBROMATE OF CODEIA, ETC.

Few substances of the vegetable kingdom furnish so extensive a field for investigation as opium, and we seem even yet to be far from having determined all its simple constituents, to say nothing of the combinations which these are capable of forming with one class of bodies or another. In the course of an elaborate inquiry by Dr. Wright upon the action of hydrochloric and hydrobromic acids upon codeia and morphine, two of these opium bodies, it was ascertained that the salts thus formed produced a very peculiar physiological action upon animals, whether administered by subcutaneous injection or by the mouth; this application to adult cats developing in a very few minutes a condition of great excitement, almost amounting to delirium, and accompanied by a copious flow of saliva and a great dilatation of the pupils. This appeared to be due, in part, to increased sensitiveness to noise, and partly to an impulse to rush around. When the same tests were made with kittens, though there were the same general effects produced, the stage of excitement, which in adults passed off gradually in a few hours, was followed by a condition closely resembling that of alcoholic intoxication, especially in the want of coordination of muscular movements. Rabbits, on the contrary, appeared to be affected but little, or not at all. Vomiting was not observed in any of the cases experimented upon.

AN EIGHTH RIB IN MAN.

Mr. Perrin makes a communication to *Nature* in regard to the occasional occurrence of an eighth true rib in man; although it has been generally considered that seven form the absolute limit. This eighth rib is sometimes found on one side only, still more rarely on both sides, and it is suggested by Mr. Perrin that cases of this abnormal character possibly occur more frequently than has been suspected. The maximum normal number of sternal ribs appears to be ten, but in the higher primates the tenth, ninth, and eighth are successively lost in the transition from their lower to the higher forms. In the carnivora the sternal ribs are usually nine, although the Esquimaux dog, the arctic wolf, and the *proteles* have only eight. The common badger of Europe has ten true ribs.

ACETATE OF ZINC A PRECIPITATE OF HÆMIN.

Gunning has discovered in acetate of zinc a reagent that precipitates the slightest traces of the coloring matter of blood from solutions, even where the liquids are so dilute as to be colorless. Blood washed from the hands in a pail of water can readily be detected in this way. The flocculent precipitate thrown down by acetate of zinc must be washed by decantation, and finally collected on a watch-glass, and allowed to dry, when the microscope will readily reveal hæmin crystals if any blood be present.

MIND IN LOWER ANIMALS.

Dr. Lander Lindsay, in an essay just published, which has excited some attention, takes the ground that the mind of the lower animals does not differ in kind from that of man, and that they possess the same affections, virtues, moral sense, and capacity for education, and are liable to the same kinds of mental disorders.

BARYTES WHITE.

Mr. Pfundheller informs us that the most beautiful white known to dyers may be obtained by the following method: For each hundred pounds of wool, three pounds of alum, one pound of cream of tartar, and two pounds of sulphuric acid are to be combined with one-eighth of an ounce of soluble iodine violet, and the wool immersed in the solution at a temperature of 122 degrees Fahr., and stirred round for an hour at this temperature. Another bath is to be made in the mean time, in a fresh kettle, with three pounds of chloride of barium, and the whole immersed in this, and kept at a temperature of 122 degrees Fahr. for two hours. By this process the sulphate of barytes, the most beautiful of whites, will be thrown down in the fibre of the wool, which has been saturated in the first bath with the sulphuric acid, and it will gain about eighteen per cent. in weight.

TEETH OF THE STURGEON.

To those who are accustomed to consider our American sturgeon as a comparatively worthless fish (large numbers, indeed, when captured, being thrown away as of no value), it may be a matter of surprise to know that a small European species, the sterlet, is among the kinds of fish most highly esteemed in Russia. Efforts are now being made to introduce this species into Great Britain by transporting the ova, and about two hundred young fish have already been turned out on the estate of the Duke of Sutherland. A very interesting fact was observed during the development of these fish—namely, that immediately behind the lips of the sterlet, just escaped from the egg, were found eighteen pretty strong curved teeth, with which they fought each other quite ferociously.

WAS THE PRE-GLACIAL HEAT CAUSED BY A METEORIC BODY?

A French savant, M. De Latterade, has communicated to the Académie des Sciences the remarkable theory that during the period which preceded the glacial epoch, when the temperature of the northern hemisphere was far higher than it is at present, as evidenced by the fossil remains of the European and American tertiary formations, this accession of temperature was caused by the proximity to the earth of a very powerful star or second sun, which gave to the earth an immense quantity of heat, and which has since receded into the abysses of celestial space. M. Latterade contends that this supplementary sun did not disturb the elements of the planets, because its attractive power was less than its heating power. He states, moreover,

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that the heating power does not vary with the mass, like the attractive power.

COPYING PICTURES BY COLLODION.

According to Mr. Kleffel, if a glass plate be coated with collodion in the ordinary manner, and, after the liquid has set, a piece of printed paper be pressed lightly upon the surface by the hand, a very exact reproduction of the letters or figures will be found impressed upon the collodion when the paper is removed, the design remaining perfectly visible after the complete drying of the film. It is suggested that this may be the germ of some important applications in the way of the reproduction of printed matter, without injury to the original.

HYDRAMYLE.

The new anæsthetic, hydramyle, to which we have already referred, continues to grow in promise of value, having now been administered quite frequently by Dr. Richardson with much success. It seems especially adapted for short operations, such as the extraction of teeth, and is so rapid in its action that in one instance the patient was rendered insensible, a molar tooth extracted, and recovery completed in the space of fifty seconds. For the extraction of a tooth Dr. Richardson allows the patient to inhale for twenty to twenty-five seconds, and then, although still conscious, the vapor is withdrawn, and afterward a deep but brief period of unconsciousness comes on, during which the operation is performed. The delay in the production of anæsthesia is due to the insolubility of the hydramyle, time being required for the blood to take up the narcotic and carry it to the nervous centres after the lungs have been charged with the vapor.

EXTINCTION OF THE MOA.

The question of the antiquity of remains of giant birds, found in New Zealand and known among the natives as the moa, received a few years ago an additional zest by the discovery of a skeleton containing portions of the ligaments, skin, and feathers still attached. This forms one of the treasures of the museum at York, and was found in the interior of the province of Otago.

Dr. Hector, in a late communication to *Nature*, announces the discovery of a second specimen of the same character, being the cervical vertebra of the moa, apparently of the largest size, upon the posterior aspect of which the skin, partially covered with feathers, is still attached by the shriveled muscles and ligaments. He also informs us that all the facts connected with the discovery of this moa in New Zealand tend to show that their extermination was due largely to human agencies, and that there seemed to be a special class of natives, known as moa-hunters, who were occupied in their pursuit. Numerous localities have been discovered where the bones of the moa remain in immense profusion, all more or less mutilated, split, or charred, as the result of human agency, and usually accompanied by native implements of stone, some of which are of great perfection of finish. In addition, however, to the destruction of these birds by the natives, another cause that tended to their extermination has doubtless come into play—namely, that of the forest fires that so frequently occur in New Zealand and elsewhere. On numerous occasions masses of moa bones, belonging to large numbers of skeletons, have been found in localities where the birds seemed to have been hemmed in so as to be unable to escape. These places consist mainly of spurs of the hills, jutting to a considerable distance out into the lakes, where it is probable the birds congregated to escape the flames, which by approaching near them destroyed them by suffocation, in consequence of their unwillingness to enter the water. Dr. Hector himself found at the southwest extremity of a triangular plain, by the side of the Wakatipu Lake, no less than thirty-seven of such skeleton heaps, situated precisely as just indicated.

COCCOLITHS OF VEGETABLE, NOT ANIMAL ORIGIN.

The question of how the lowest forms of animal life which abound in the deep sea obtain their food where no vegetable life is present has long presented great difficulties to naturalists. Mr. H. J. Carter, in a paper in the "Annals and Magazine of Natural History," cuts the Gordian knot by the hypothesis that the coccoliths and coccospheres found in such enormous numbers in deep-sea dredgings, and recently identified by Gümbel and others as entering largely into the composition of some very ancient rocks, are not, as held by Professor Huxley and others, animals of low organization, but are referable in fact to the vegetable kingdom. His conclusion has not, however, been generally accepted by naturalists.

ARE FROZEN PLANTS KILLED IN FREEZING OR IN THAWING?

The question whether a plant killed by frost is destroyed while freezing or during the subsequent thawing is one that has excited considerable interest on the part of physiologists, who have, however, in vain endeavored to answer it. Quite unexpectedly a method has been placed at the command of experimenters that enables them to solve the problem satisfactorily. In some tropical countries plants of the genus *Phajus* and *Galanthe* have long been known to contain indigo; this, while they are living, being in the form of indigo-white, or indigotin, the blue color exhibiting itself only after death. If, for instance, the milky white flowers of the *Galanthe* be crushed in the hand, they become instantaneously blue, furnishing an excellent opportunity of showing the relationship between indigo and indigotin. If, now, these flowers be frozen, they immediately assume the blue color of indigo, appearing at first a pale blue, then darker, the pollen masses alone retaining their natural yellow color throughout. The cold air supplies the place of a reagent, and is, indeed, more sensitive than any other that chemistry can produce. The flower stems with their white bracts are also changed into blue. These experiments, more or less modified, have been applied repeatedly to the plants mentioned, and to others allied to them, and always with the definite result of proving that death occurs during the freezing, and is not deferred until the thawing out. Similar changes of color are produced on these plants by such chemical agencies as cause death in whole or in part, as by immersion in sulphide of carbon, ethe-

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real oil, ether, etc. Concentrated solutions of hydrochlorate of morphia and nitrate of strychnine do not, however, cause this change, showing that they have comparatively little noxious influence upon plants.

ELECTRO-ACUPUNCTURE OF THE ARCH OF THE AORTA.

Among the novelties of surgical science may be mentioned the use of electro-acupuncture, for the relief of aneurism of the arch of the aorta, as practiced in Italy. Experiments in this direction have been quite successful, involving no danger, and giving the patient relief from great suffering.

CALVERT ON SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

In a late paper Mr. Crace Calvert, well known for his researches upon protoplasmic life in its different conditions, has recently instituted a series of inquiries as to whether the germs existing or produced in a liquid in a state of fermentation or of putrefaction could be conveyed to a liquid susceptible of entering into these states, and he has just presented the first results of his inquiries to the Royal Society of London, as reported by the *Chemical News*. In the course of his experiments he was astonished to find how rapid the development of germ life may be under certain circumstances. Thus, if the white of a new-laid egg be mixed with water (free from life), and exposed to the atmosphere for only fifteen minutes in the month of August or September, it will show life in abundance. For this reason he was misled in many of his earlier experiments in not being sufficiently careful to avoid even momentary exposure to the atmosphere. To the want of a knowledge of this fact he ascribes all the erroneous conclusions arrived at by several persons who have devoted their attention to the subject of spontaneous generation. Referring to the paper itself for details, we may say that a positive conclusion against the truth of the theory of spontaneous generation was reached by Mr. Calvert, ranging him thus on the side of Professor Huxley, Professor Tyndall, and others, as against Dr. Bastian and his confrères. One of his experiments tended to show that although oxygen appears to favor the development of germs, it does not appear to favor their reproduction, and that the increase of life in an albumen solution is not due to reproduction merely, but to the introduction of fresh germs from the atmosphere.

MR. WILLIAM THOMPSON ON DARWINIANISM.

Mr. William Thompson, in his address before the British Association at Edinburgh, takes occasion to give in his adhesion to the Darwinian views of evolution, and not only expresses his belief that all the higher organisms now covering the face of the earth have most probably developed themselves from lower ones, but suggests also that these were most likely derived from meteoric stones and other matter fallen from the planets.

M'DONALD'S THEORY OF NERVOUS ACTION.

Dr. Robert M'Donald has presented a new theory of nervous action to the Royal Irish Academy, this being expressed in the words of the author as follows: "I conceive that the various peripheral expansions of sensitive nerves take up undulations or vibrations, and convert them into waves, capable of being propagated along nervous tissue (neuricity, as it has been named). Thus the same nerve tubule may be able to transmit along it vibrations differing in character, and hence give rise to different sensations; and, consequently, the same nerve tubule may, in its normal condition, transmit the wave which produces the idea of simple contact, or that which produces the idea of heat; or, again, the same nerve tubules in the optic nerve which propagate the undulations of red, may also propagate, in normal vision, those which excite the idea of yellow or blue, and so for other senses. I advocate this undulatory theory of sensation in preference to the theory of distinct conductors: first, because it is simple; second, because it is strongly supported by analogy when compared with wave propagations in other departments of science; third, because it appears to be in harmony with a large number of recognized physiological facts, which seem inexplicable upon the theory of distinct conductors."

PHYSICS OF ARCTIC ICE IN SCOTLAND.

Mr. Robert Brown, in a paper upon the "Physics of Arctic Ice," especially as relating to Scotland, sums up as follows: First, after the tertiary period the country was covered over with a great depth of snow and ice, very much as in Greenland at the present day, but possibly some of the mountain-tops appeared as islands. During this and the subsequent period glaciers plowed their way down from the inland ice, and icebergs broke off and reached the sea through the glens, then ice fiords. Second, after this the country sank gradually, as Greenland is now sinking, to the depth of several hundred feet; and during this period most of the laminated fossiliferous clays were formed. During this period boulders were deposited from the icebergs, and other floating ice drifted both from the north and south, as was also the case during the former period. Third, the country seems then to have emerged from the water, but no doubt slowly, until the glaciers finally left the country. Fourth, by this time the country was much higher than now, and the land being connected with the continent, the bulk of the present flora and fauna crept into it from various quarters, though the Alpine plants still kept possession of the higher mountain regions during a great portion of this epoch. Fifth, a depression now took place, and the estuarine beds, or *carses*, of the Scotch rivers were formed. Much of the fossiliferous boulder clay, formed as he has described it, is now under the sea, off the coast remains of its fauna being continually dredged up. Man had also by this time got into the country. Sixth, the land after this seems to have risen, in all probability, to its present altitude, for we have no certain evidence that since the dawn of history there were any oscillations of level.

SCARCITY OF REMAINS OF THE UPPER JAW OF MARSUPIALS.

A large number of fossil mammals are only known from the teeth and bone of the lower jaw, these being preserved when no other trace (of the head at least) remains. This is especially

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the case with the small marsupial mammals, found in the mesozoic rocks of Great Britain, where, out of ten genera and twenty-five species, based upon numerous specimens, not more than half a dozen series of teeth of the upper jaw have been discovered, and no crania.

VERTEBRATES OF AUSTRALIA.

According to Dr. Krefft, the well-known curator of the Australian Museum at Sydney, the vertebrate fauna of Australia, recent and fossil, foots up 133 mammals, 670 birds, 150 reptiles, 42 batrachians, and 440 fishes; making a total of nearly 1500 species. Of the mammals, 110 are marsupials, and 30 are rodents. Of parrots, 60 species are enumerated; no woodpeckers, humming-birds, or trogons being met with. Reptiles are abundant, embracing one species of crocodile, which often attain a length of thirty feet. Of 80 known species of serpents only five are poisonous, and those not so dangerous as the common English viper, and much less so than the American rattlesnake or copper-head.

CLEANING DIATOMS.

An improved method of cleaning and bleaching diatomaceæ is stated by Dr. Maddox to consist in dissolving forty grains of crushed chlorate of potassa in water, with the addition of one and a half drams of hydrochloric acid, the whole to be placed in a three-ounce vial, and closed with a wax cork. The diatoms are to be immersed in this for a suitable length of time, and subsequently washed out with clean water.

FUNGI IN POTABLE WATER.

Professor Frankland has lately been renewing the experiments of Dr. Heisch in regard to the development of fungi in drinking-water, in the course of which he found that when sugar is added to waters contaminated with sewage a fermentation ensues, with a rich growth of fungi. Meeting some unexpected exceptions, however, in the course of his investigations, to the result indicated above, he instituted a series of experiments, and finally deduced the following general results, according to the *Chemical News:*

1. Potable waters mixed with sewage, urine, albumen, and certain other matters, or brought into contact with animal charcoal, subsequently develop fungoid growths when small quantities of sugar are dissolved in them, and they are exposed to a summer atmosphere.

2. The germs of these organisms are present in the atmosphere, and every water contains them after momentary contact with the air.

3. The development of these germs can not take place without the presence of phosphoric acid, or a phosphate, or phosphorus in some form of combination. Water, however much contaminated, if free from phosphorus, does not produce them.

ASPHALT FOR PAVING.

The subject of the best material for paving streets is, of course, one of great importance to all the larger towns and cities, and the favorite at this time in London seems to be asphalt. The London *Mechanic's Magazine* is inclined to believe that experiments now being made in London will have a satisfactory result, although it thinks that a heavy bed of concrete, of at least six inches or more in thickness, should be first laid in the more frequented streets of the city. Over this a thickness of two or three inches of asphalt is thought to be sufficient. For small towns both the layer of asphalt and of subjacent concrete may be considerably less in thickness; perhaps not more than half of that suggested.

TEST FOR BENZOLE.

For distinguishing genuine benzole, or that made of coal tar, from that prepared from petroleum, Brandberg recommends us to place a small piece of pitch in a testing tube, and pour over it some of the substance to be examined. The genuine will immediately dissolve the pitch to a tar-like mass, while that derived from petroleum will scarcely be colored.

APŒNITE, A NEW BUILDING MATERIAL.

A new building material, called *apœnite*, has lately been introduced into the market, as manufactured by the Patent Concrete Stone Company, at East Greenwich, England. This, an artificial granite or marble, is concreted in a mould by the action of chloride of calcium and water-glass, combined with a body of Derbyshire spar or other material. It hardens quickly, and attains an ultimate crushing strength of three tons per square inch, equaling that of granite. It exhibits perfect sharpness and delicacy of moulding, besides admitting an exquisite degree of polish. It is also said to be unaffected by exposure to the weather or by acids, and to be produced at a less cost than scagliola or enameled slate. The same company manufactures a silicious paint, consisting of water-glass, or silicate of soda, combined with steatite, clay, or other incombustible element, and a coloring medium. This dries quickly, with a hard surface and good, clear body color, and possessing extraordinary power of resistance to fire. In one experiment the boarding and roofing of the wooden structures, which were set on fire, had been covered with the silicious paint, which was exposed to the full force of the flames twenty minutes; and though the paint blistered and perished, it effectually preserved a large extent of wood-work from injury.

PINCUS ON HAIR DISEASE.

Dr. Pincus, of Germany, has just published the results of ten years' observation upon the rise and progress of the chronic diseases of the human hair. Among other conclusions, he informs us that in most cases all these diseases begin with a shortening of the typical length of the hair, this generally taking place in such a manner that in each single cluster of hairs (hair circle, as he calls it), whenever one hair is attacked by the disease the other hairs in the group follow at a greater or less interval. If the hair first attacked is shortened to the amount of one-half its original length, a thinning of the hair immediately follows. In single cases, especially at the beginning of an attack of sickness shortly after puberty, both a shortening and thinning of the hair may occur simultaneously. This period of the course of the disease, in which the hair only fails in typical length, Dr. Pincus calls the first stage of chronic hair sickness. This first stage has hitherto remained completely unnoticed, and disease of the hair has only been appreciated when a considerable falling out

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or a reduction in the diameter of a portion of the hair has taken place.

In the treatment of chronic diseases of the hair, examination of the daily loss furnishes the most important means of determining whether the evil is increasing or diminishing. Without this guide it is difficult to appreciate the changes, excepting at intervals of three months, while the daily fall of hair furnishes an indication from week to week.

According to our author, the principal constants, from the practical examination of which satisfactory deductions can be made of the rise and progress of chronic disease of the hair, are, first, the daily falling out, especially the number of hairs, and their length; second, the number of these that exhibit a distinct tip; third, the number in which a distinct root is wanting; fourth, the number of hairs with thinner and lighter roots; fifth, the number of hairs in which the diameter is less than the average. In the case of a lady of thirty-five, of average health, the daily loss of hair was found to amount to about 73, or 220 in three days; of which 162, or 74 per cent., exhibited distinct tips. In 10 hairs there was no distinct root; and the ends of the root were unchanged in color and thickness in 27 hairs under six inches in length, and in 37 over six inches long.

SILK-WORM REARING IN CALIFORNIA.

Parties in California have for some years found it to their interest to engage in the production and exportation of silk-worms' eggs, for the purpose of supplying Italy and France with healthy worms; as, until quite recently at least, the worms hatched from Californian and Japanese eggs were less liable to the many diseases that had rendered the cultivation of native eggs in Europe so uncertain. It seems, however, that, owing to the interruption of the silk-worm industry caused by the war, there is little demand for these eggs, and that dealers have a large stock on hand, for which, at present, they find no market. There is said to be a similar surplus in Japan, for the same reason. The California papers are, therefore, urging upon the citizens of the State to undertake the rearing of the worms themselves, and the production of silk.

CŒRULEIN, A NEW COLORING MATTER.

A new coloring matter, named cœrulein, is announced by Baeyer as obtained from crystals of gallein, first produced from pyrogallic acid. If this substance be dissolved in sulphuric acid it furnishes an olive brown color, with aniline a rich indigo blue, and with alkalies a fine green. These colors are readily taken up by cloth, and are quite durable.

RATS IN THE LACCADIVE ISLANDS.

We have already referred to the efforts made in the French West Indies to exterminate or reduce the numbers of poisonous serpents abounding in those islands, principally by the introduction of the mungoose, and by allowing the common hog to run wild. A similar attempt at antagonizing an inconvenient development of animal life, in the form of droves of rats, has lately taken place in the Laccadive Islands, a group situated in latitude 12° north and longitude 2° east. These are coral islands, in which the rats were not indigenous, but were introduced by their escaping from certain vessels wrecked on the shores. They have now multiplied to an enormous extent, and have become most inconvenient pests. On one of the islands, where a few years ago thirty or forty thousand eggs of gulls could be gathered in a few hours, the birds have been entirely exterminated or driven away by their four-footed enemies.

The use of dogs being inadmissible on account of the religious prejudices of the native inhabitants, the experiment was made of transporting fifty mungoose, which were placed on some of the islands, and fifty East Indian snakes, which were introduced on others, the two not being brought together on account of their mutual antipathy. It is expected that both will multiply in the course of a few years so as to thin out or exterminate the rats; and as the serpents are perfectly harmless, it is not believed that their presence in any number will be at all injurious, especially as in the absence of abundant prey they would starve out in a short time. The mungoose, again, being a conspicuous animal, can be easily reduced in number or entirely destroyed when their services cease to be of use, their habits also being such as to keep them more readily under the eye and control of man, thereby enabling him to destroy them at pleasure.

PARKES'S IMPROVEMENT IN THE MANUFACTURE OF STEEL AND IRON.

Since the improvements made by Martin, Siemens, Bessemer, Heaton, and others in the methods of purification of iron and the manufacture of steel, much ingenuity has been expended in perfecting the various processes; and among others engaged in such experiments is Mr. Parkes, the discoverer of the substance known as Parkesine. This gentleman has just patented a process the special object of which is to purify iron from sulphur and phosphorus, which is accomplished by injecting into it, when melted, compounds of chlorine or fluorine. By melting the wrought iron with carbon, together with some chlorides and alkalies, it is converted into steel. It is stated that the method is one that promises valuable results in its application to use on a large scale.

PRIZE FOR RHEA FIBRE MACHINES.

According to *Nature*, the time for the trial of machines for separating the fibres of the rhea plant, which are to be sent in for competition for the prize of $25,000, offered by the Indian government, has been postponed till April, 1872. It is requested that notice of intention to compete be given. Arrangements have been made to supply those who propose to become competitors with some of the plant for experiment.

PRINTING ON TIN.

A method of printing on tin is now used very largely for labeling boxes and other vessels, so as to avoid the necessity of affixing paper labels, which are so liable to come off. The colors adhere with such tenacity that the tin may be wrought into any desired shape after the printing has been accomplished. The establishment where this printed tin is worked up also has a method of lining tin canisters with a solution of silica, which produces a coating favorable for the preservation of fruits or articles that contain acids.

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Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record is closed October 25.—The Massachusetts Republican State Convention, at Worcester, September 27, nominated William B. Washburn for Governor. Washburn obtained 607 votes and Butler 460. Among the resolutions adopted was the following:

Resolved, That the Republican party of Massachusetts is mindful of its obligations to the loyal women of America for their patriotic devotion to the cause of freedom; that we rejoice in the late action of the State Legislature in recognizing the fitness of women for public trusts; and that, in view of the great favor which the movement has received from many of the Republican party, the subject of suffrage for women is one that deserves most careful and respectful consideration.

The New York Republican State Convention met at Syracuse September 27. On the 28th G. Hilton Scribner was nominated for Secretary of State, N. K. Hopkins for Controller, Thomas E. Raines for Treasurer, and Francis C. Barlow for Attorney-General.

The New York Democratic State Convention met at Rochester October 4, and on the 5th nominated Diedrich Willers for Secretary of State, A. P. Nichols for Controller, W. H. Bristol for Treasurer, and M. B. Champlain for Attorney-General.

The Democratic State Convention of Illinois, at Springfield, October 4, nominated S. S. Hayes for Congressman at large.

The elections in Texas, early in October, resulted in a decisive Democratic victory, by a majority of 40,000.

The October elections, with the exception of those in Texas, resulted favorably to the Republican party. In the Connecticut town elections the Republicans secured increased majorities, and carried large cities which have hitherto been regarded as Democratic strongholds. The Ohio election, October 10, resulted in a majority of over 25,000 for E. F. Noyes, the Republican candidate for Governor. Last year the Republican majority was nearly 14,000. In Pennsylvania, October 10, the Republican majority was 10,000. The election was for Auditor, Surveyor-General, and members of the Assembly. The majority for Stokely, the Republican candidate for Mayor of Philadelphia, was over 8000. In Iowa, the same day, the Republican candidate for Governor, C. C. Carpenter, was elected by a large majority.

On the 9th of October the people of Rhode Island voted upon three proposed amendments to their Constitution. First, to remove the real estate qualification from foreign-born citizens; second, to abolish the registry tax; and third, to prohibit the appropriation of public money to sectarian schools. All these propositions failed—the first and second being rejected by large majorities; and the third, although it received a majority of the votes cast, lacked the necessary three-fifths, and was consequently defeated.

Brigham Young was arrested in Salt Lake City, October 2, for polygamy.

The Hon. W. H. Seward returned to this country from his travels around the world October 3.

The Hon. Sylvester Mowry, of Arizona, author of "The Geography and Resources of Arizona and Sonora," died at London, England, October 17.

DISASTERS.

A fire in San Francisco, September 23, destroyed eight stores on Market Street, involving a loss of a million dollars.

On Saturday night, October 7, a fire broke out in Chicago which proved to be the most destructive conflagration in the history of this country. The fire devastated a district of four and a half miles in length by a little over a mile in breadth, covering between two and three thousand acres, including the main business portion of the city, and involving a pecuniary loss of between $200,000,000 and $300,000,000. About eighteen thousand buildings of all descriptions were destroyed, of which fifteen hundred were large and substantial business houses. Over one hundred thousand people were rendered homeless and destitute. Governor Bross says: "It is safe to say that all that remains of Chicago is not worth half as much as the fire has destroyed. All our banks; all our largest and best hotels, and a score or two of lesser note; all our largest and leading grocery, jewelry, dry-goods, hardware, clothing, and other business houses; all of our newspaper offices; most of our churches and school-houses; our Historical Society's building, with all its valuable treasures, the Library Association containing, among other works, some three thousand volumes of the Patent-office reports of Great Britain; thousands of dwellings; the homes of the rich, filled with priceless treasures, and with heir-looms of hundreds of years; and the abodes of humble poverty by the ten thousand—all, all have been swept as by the fell besom of destruction from the face of the earth. Only a single house on the north side of the river—that of Mahlon D. Ogden, Esq.—is left standing; and probably seventy-five thousand people spent the morning and most of Monday crouching in Lincoln Park, or half immersed in the waters of the lake, to save themselves from the heat and the showers of burning cinders driven upon them by the tempest." There can be no accurate estimate of the number of lives lost. Within ten days after the fire over five million dollars were subscribed for the relief of the suffering.

Scarcely less memorable as regards the loss of property, and far more horrible in the destruction of human life, are the fires that since the beginning of October have raged in Northern Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota. Over fifteen hundred men, women, and children have been burned to death in Wisconsin alone. Seven counties in that State were thus in great part desolated. Not only did the inhabitants lose their houses, barns, lumber-mills, and crops, but the very soil was burned. The fate of Peshtigo, Wisconsin (October 8), was simply terrible. The little town was utterly destroyed, and between 600 and 700 people, unable to escape, perished in the flames. The same night the flourishing town of Manistee, Michigan, was almost obliterated, involving the loss of a million

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dollars above insurance, and the destitution of hundreds of the inhabitants.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

Advices from Mexico announce the election of Juarez for President by Congress, he receiving all the votes cast—118 in number.

A telegram from Kingston, *via* Havana September 26, announced the wreck of a cooly vessel from India for Martinique. Two hundred bodies had been washed ashore at Martinique.

EUROPE.

The elections of members of the French Chambers have resulted in a victory for the present government. The radical republicans carried the great cities of Lyons, Marseilles, and Toulouse. The conservatives were successful in Paris. The Bonapartists secured a small delegation, and succeeded in electing Prince Napoleon. The Orleanists elected the Duc d'Aumale. Gambetta, Picard, and Forcade were defeated.

The sentence of Henri Rochefort, in whose behalf M. Victor Hugo appealed to M. Thiers, has been commuted from penal servitude for life to banishment from French territory.

The Alsace-Lorraine customs treaty between France and Germany was signed October 13. By this treaty Germany cedes back to France a small strip of territory. It provides for the payment of the remainder of the war indemnity (three and a half milliards of francs) in specie bills—eighty millions every fortnight, beginning January 15, 1872. It provides also for the evacuation immediately of six French departments now occupied by German troops. Thirty thousand German troops are to remain in France pending the liquidation of the indemnity; but it is agreed that if the terms of the convention are faithfully carried out, this number will be materially reduced at the expiration of six months from the signing of the treaty. The convention regulating customs provides that the product of Alsace-Lorraine shall be permitted to enter France, and those of France to enter Alsace-Lorraine, free of duty for the next twelve months.

The second session of the German Reichstag was opened October 16 by the Emperor in person, who in his speech recommended a change of coinage, and the establishment of a direct communication with Italy through Switzerland by means of the proposed St. Gothard Tunnel.

In the Bavarian Parliament, October 14, the Minister of Public Worship and Instruction, in reply to the large number of interpellations which had been placed on the books of the deputies regarding the actual state of the relations which exist between the government and the Holy See, said that "the state had at all times the right to make changes in the laws relating to the church. The church having declared a change of principles, and infallibility being a doctrine dangerous to the state, the government had resolved to protect any and all of its citizens who could not accept the infallibility of the pope as an article of faith. The government would still consider such persons as Catholics, and it would oppose any encroachment by the church upon the principles of the civil constitution." The minister also declared that "the sentiment of the king and the Council of State favored a separation of the religious and political branches of the government, and the complete independence of each."

A London telegram, October 17, reports, through advices from Odessa, that eight hundred buildings in the town of Bogoozlav have been burned by incendiary fires, believed to be the work of fanatical native oppressors of the Jews.

An explosion of fire-damp in one of the mines in the canton of Grisons, Switzerland, September 28, resulted in the death of thirty persons.

The London *Army and Navy Gazette* of September 2 published the following summary of the military forces of Europe, the estimate being for the actual force of each nation in time of war:

Russia.—47 divisions of infantry and 10 of cavalry, 8 brigades of rifles and reserve, 149 regiments of Cossacks, 219 batteries of artillery, and 50 of mitrailleuses, making altogether 862,000 men, 181,000 horses, and 2084 guns. (This includes the troops in the Caucasus, Siberia, and Turkestan.)

Germany.—18 corps, including 37 divisions of infantry and 10 of cavalry, and 337 batteries of artillery. This force numbers 824,990 men, 95,724 horses, and 2022 guns.

Austria.—13 corps, including 40 divisions of infantry and 5 of cavalry, and 205 batteries of artillery and mitrailleuses. The total force is 733,926 men and 58,125 horses, with 1600 guns and 190 mitrailleuses.

England.—Army in process of reorganization.

Turkey.—6 corps of Nizam (regulars), 12 corps of Redifs (reserves), and 132 batteries; 253,289 men, 34,835 horses, and 732 guns.

Italy.—4 corps, with 40 infantry and 6 cavalry brigades, and 90 batteries. Total force, 415,200 men, 12,868 horses, and 720 guns.

France.—10 corps, with 32 infantry and 12 cavalry divisions, and 140 batteries. Total force, 456,740 men, 46,995 horses, and 984 guns (including mitrailleuses).

Belgium.—145,000 men, 7000 horses, and 152 guns.

Holland.—35,383 regulars, 87,000 militia, 5200 horses, and 108 guns.

Switzerland.—160,000 men, 2700 horses, and 278 guns.

Roumania.—106,000 men, 15,675 horses, and 96 guns.

Servia.—107,000 men, 4000 horses, and 194 guns.

Greece.—125,000 men, 1000 horses, and 48 guns.

Sweden (including Norway). — 61,604 men, 8500 horses, and 222 guns.

Denmark.—31,916 men, 2120 horses, and 96 guns.

Spain.—144,938 men, 30,252 horses, and 456 guns.

Portugal.—64,390 men, 6320 horses, and 96 guns.

From the above data it appears that the total of the forces available for war purposes in Europe—taking the English disposable force at 470,779 men and 336 guns—is 5,164,300 men, 512,394 horses, 10,224 guns, and about 800 mitrailleuses.

Charles Babbage, the great mathematician and philosophical mechanist, died in London October 20, aged seventy-nine years.

Sir Roderick Murchison, of London, one of the most eminent scientists in Europe, died October 22, in his eightieth year.

ASIA.

A dispatch from Calcutta, *via* London September 25, announced the wreck of a steamer on the coast of India, and that 138 natives lost their lives.

In addition to the sufferings endured by the people of the province of Khorassan, Persia, from famine—the loss of life from hunger in a single month amounting to 8000 persons—the Afghans have made a military raid into their territory, and carried 40,000 of the inhabitants away to slavery.

Three thousand lives and an immense amount of property were lost by recent storms and floods in China.

The Japanese government has abolished the order of the Daimios, reducing the members of the order to a common level with the people, and confiscating their estates.

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Editor's Drawer.

THE following puts the matter of "calls" in a fresh light. A good Scotchwoman, Janet Halliday, was much distressed when she heard that her parish minister, the Rev. George Barclay, was to remove from Hutton to the charge at Haddington. Meeting him one day, she said,

"Oh, Maister Barclay, what for are ye to leave the folks o' Hutton, wha wad sae fain keep ye?"

"I am obeying a call of Providence," said Mr. Barclay.

"Aweel, aweel!" said Janet, "and Providence is unco kind to ye a', for He never ca's ye to a waur stipend!"

THE Rev. Sir Henry Moncrief was collector for a charitable society in Scotland, known as the Ministers' Widows' Fund. Having reproved a Highland minister for being considerably behind in the payment of his rates, he was met with the retort, "Sir Harry, if you're an anointed minister of the Word, you have been anointed wi' vinegar."

THE recent arrival here of the son of the Emperor of all the Russias recalls an anecdote of a Scotchman on the advent in that country of another royal Russ. While surveying the west coast of Scotland, Captain Robinson had received on board his ship the Grand Duke Constantine. As the duke could only remain a very short time, the captain resolved to show him as much as possible during his brief stay. Accordingly he steamed to Iona on a Sunday, believing that day especially suited for pointing out to his royal visitor remains associated with religion. Landing on the island, he waited on the custodian of the ancient church with the request that he would open it.

"Not so," said the keeper; "not on Sunday."

"Do you know whom I have brought to the island?" said the captain.

"He's the Emperor of a' the Russias, I ken by the flag," responded the keeper; "but had it been the Queen hersel', I wadna gi'e up the keys on the Lord's day."

"Would you take a glass of whisky on the Sabbath?" inquired the captain.

"*That's a different thing entirely*," said the keeper.

THE following, from a Scotchman, by way of illustrating the kindly consideration evinced by the Scottish peasantry toward the domestic animals, especially the shepherds to their dogs, which consequently become their attached companions. A minister calling to visit one of his flock found before the fire-place three dogs, apparently asleep. At the sound of a whistle two rose up and walked out; the third remained still.

"It is odd," said the minister, "that this dog does not get up like the others."

"It's no astonishin' ava," said the shepherd; "for it's no his turn; he was oot i' the mornin'."

A gentleman staying in the family of a sheep-farmer remarked that daily as the family sat at dinner a shepherd's dog came in, received its portion, and soon after disappeared.

"I never see that dog except at dinner," said the visitor.

"The reason is," said the farmer, "we've lent him to oor neibour, Jamie Nicol, an' we telt him to come hame ilka day to his dinner. When he gets his dinner, puir beast, he gaes awa back till his wark."

A FRESH and good thing of Carlyle's.

Traveling north during the past summer in a cart, comfortably, with aristocratic traveling companions, conversation turned upon Darwin and his theory. The ladies argued the *pros* and *cons* in a womanly manner, looking to Mr. Carlyle for approval. He gave every *faire ladye* the same kindly nod and smile, no doubt remembering Josh Billings's saying, "Wooman's influoence is powerful—espeshila when she wants enny thing." One of the party, after she had *given out*, said,

"What do you think, Mr. Carlyle?"

His cool reply was,

"Ladies, you have left nothing to be said."

"Oh yes! but what is *your* opinion? you have not given us that."

Carlyle was too far north to be sold. His pithy reply was,

"For myself, I am disposed to take the words of the Psalmist, 'Man was made a *little* lower than the angels.'"

A BOSTON medical man sends us the verdicts of coroners' juries in two cases, as evidence that even in the near vicinity of the modern Athens men may be found who are liable to what may be called "temporary confusion of intellect:"

No. 1.—"We find that John Wilson came to his death from some cause to the jury unknown; but, from the evidence, the jury are of the opinion that his death was accidental."

No. 2.—"The jury find that Mary Jones came to her death from blows inflicted by her husband, John Jones, and partly from the excessive use of intoxicating liquors; the first mentioned cause operating, in our opinion, to cause a fatal result, partly in consequence of the second."

FORTY years ago there was born in the city of Philadelphia a child who, from that time forth, has been known to the Western world as Ignatius Donnelly. After graduating at the High School of his native city he studied law, was admitted to the bar, emigrated to Minnesota, and was elected Lieutenant-Governor. In 1862 the people sent him to Congress, where he served three terms. Having bolted from his party, he was relegated to private life; but a few weeks ago, having returned thereto, and having fresh political aspirations, he aired a speech, from which we quote this paragraph:

"A good deal has been said about my returning to the Republican party. I do not feel that I ever was out of that party. I may have got one leg over the traces, but I was in the harness all the while. [Great laughter.] If there was any crime in kicking that leg out of the traces, my defense will have to be that of the boy who went fishing on Sunday. A preacher saw him sitting on the river's bank. 'My son,' said he, 'don't you know you are committing a great sin to fish on the Sabbath-day?' 'Wa'al,' said the boy, 'it can't be no great sin, for I hain't kotched

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nuffin.' [Uproarious laughter.] I ran upon 'the platform of Ignatius Donnelly.' I still regard it as a good, sound, substantial platform, but there isn't enough of it to make a party out of. [Tumultuous applause.] In fact, my friends, I found that the temperature was increasing at the rate of one degree for every fifty-four feet I descended. It got so hot I concluded I was going to the devil. [Laughter.] Now I don't think that a man ought to go to the devil simply to prove that he isn't afraid to go to the devil. So I took the back track. I came up like a half-drowned gopher." [Tremendous outburst of laughter.]

THE missionaries of the American Sunday-School Union, in their exploring and pioneer work, meet with some queer experiences, and encounter some strange opposition, as recent numbers of the Drawer have recounted.

One in Indiana was urged by Judge S—— to visit G—— Township, in which there was not a single Sunday-school; but advised, at the same time, that it was at the risk of his life. He visited the place and addressed the people. One man replied, "I'm one of them fellers that's opposed. The Sunday-schools has tore the government to pieces, and I'd like to tear them to pieces." A young man, hearing that the missionary was kicked by his horse, said, "It's a —— pity the horse hadn't killed him, and saved me the trouble." The missionary established a school there, and these men are now his fast friends.

A respectable physician told the missionary that when he first visited G—— with his wife, after calling in vain at four houses for refreshment, his wife suggested that if denied at the fifth he should ask "if there were any *Christians* in the place." He did so, and was answered by an old lady who sat smoking in the chimney-corner, "There was two young fellers come over here from Kentuck that had it, *but they both got well.*" There are now seven flourishing Sunday-schools in that township.

Some oppose mission Sunday-schools from political suspicion: "It's just an abolition scheme to 'lect old Grant ag'in." One man proved it would "come to somethin' bad, because down in Martin County, where his brother lived, they got up the same kind of a school, and the last one that tuk hold of it was a Knight of the Goolden Circle; and he just believed the missionary was goin' round startin' up them Goolden Circles ag'in to bring on another war."

Some oppose from anti-temperance hate. A mother said: "I'd like mighty well to have a Sunday-school for my young uns, but my old man's afeered of it, because somebody asked the missionary to drink whisky at the still-house, and he wouldn't tech it. He says he don't like to give up his liberty, 'cause he likes to take a little his self onst in a while."

IN an English magazine we find the following anecdote, which will be appreciated by readers of the Drawer: A certain widow was one day in spring seen by the clerk of her parish crossing the church-yard with a watering-pot and a bundle.

"Ah, Mistress Mactavish," said the clerk, "what's yer bus'ness, wi' sic like gear as that y'are carryin'?"

"Ah, weel, Mr. Maclachlan," replied the widow, "I'm just goin' to my gudeman's grave. I've got some hay seeds in my bundle, the which I'm goin' to sow upon it; and the water in the can is just to gi'e 'em a spring like!"

"The seeds winna want the watering," rejoined the clerk; "they'll spring finely o' themselves."

"That may well be," rejoined the widow; "but ye dinna ken that my gudeman, as he lay a-deeing, just got me to make promise that I'd never marry agin till the grass had grown aboon his grave. And, as I've had a good offer made me but yestreen, ye see, I dinna like to break my promise, or to be kept a lone widow, as ye see me!"

The minister's aid-de-camp looked on the widow indeed with a mirthful expression.

"Water him well, widow," said the clerk; "*Mactavish aye was drouthy!*"

SOMETHING of the same nature occurred nearer home quite recently: A certain goodwife who had been lecturing her husband for coming home intoxicated became incensed at his indifference, and exclaimed:

"Oh, that I could wring tears of anguish from your eyes!"

To which the hardened wretch hiccoughed,

"'Tai-'taint no use, old woman, to bo-bore for water here!"

HOW gratifying it must have been in Mons. Louis Le Petre, "Violinist and Prompter," to be able to put his best foot forward, and inform his many acquaintances and the dancing public generally, through the columns of the Chicago *Tribune* of September 24, "that, having recovered from the temporary illness occasioned by the *brilliant and eminently successful surgical operation on his right leg*, performed by Dr. Bolus, he will continue to furnish music for balls, parties, etc., at the most reasonable rates *compatible with excellence!*"

COURT-ROOMS are almost daily the scene of some pleasantry of Court or counsel. In a bankrupt case recently, where a merchant named Homer petitioned for a discharge from his liabilities, the following epigram was made:

> That Homer should a bankrupt be
> Is not so very Odd-d'ye-see,
> If it be true, as I'm instructed,
> So Ill-he-had his books conducted.

THINK of the man who could plant little shrubs on the grave of his wife, and then write a verse like this!

> I plant these shrubs upon your grave, dear wife,
> That something on this spot may boast of life:
> The shrubs may wither, you in earth must rot;
> They may revive, but you, thank God, can not.

JUST now, when there is so much appearing in print about the mental and physical state of the Queen, and so much said about the Prince of Wales, it comes pat to reproduce a witticism that was got off at the table of Barham, author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," on the christening of the Prince, on the 25th of January, 1842. Barham had been to see the illumination, and remarked that at almost every window he noticed the letters "A. E."

"Ah!" replied a gentleman, "he'll make ac-

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quaintance with the other three vowels before he comes of age."

Unlike some of his royal predecessors, the witticism has not, in the Prince's case, proved true. Whatever else may be laid to his charge, he has not called upon Parliament to pay any of his little bills.

In these days of frequent divorce it may not be malapropos to quote from a recent English book a good anecdote of Opie and Godwin. Opie was divorced from his first wife, and Godwin was an infidel. They were walking together near St. Martin's Church.

"Ha!" said Opie; "I was married in that church."

"Indeed!" said Godwin; "and I was christened in it."

"It is not a good shop," replied Opie: "*their work don't last.*"

One of the pleasantest of later biographies is that of Sir David Brewster, by his daughter. Probably the idea of writing poetry was as far from him as it could be from an Iroquois. Yet there is a single instance recorded of his soaring into poesy, at the age of eighty. A charming young lady, Miss Phœbe L——n, begged that he would contribute some lines to her album. In vain did the philosopher protest that verse-making was not his forte. The lady would admit of no excuse; so Sir David snatched a pen and wrote thus:

Phœbe,
Y'be
Hebe.
D. B.

The Drawer is quite sure that the following letter from "a child of nature," who dwells in Tennessee, will be read with pleasure by young ladies and gentlemen just entering into society. That no one's feelings may be injured, we alter names. Otherwise we publish verbatim:

"Dear Annie,—I received your letter not long since it was received with great joy. I had almost concluded you had forgotten your friend Susie but was convinced *you* had not forgotten Bob. I have no nues that is interesting. I have enjoyed my—self finely sinc school. though my pleasure is sometimes mingled with pane, If I do not get to meet my sweetheart *every week* it near bouts breaks my heart. Annie I have a very *nice* time I go a fishing and to see my sweetheart you know. I was at picnic the 4 of July. I enjoyed myself in company the most *ex-quis-itely well.* Annie I must confess that I met *those* on the said occasion. their was *one* yong gentleman their which I took a *particlier* fansy. I will describe him then, I *no* you will not blaim me. he is Just at the age of 19. in his continance inteligence is *deeply deplaced.* on his cheeks the peach blossom buds its coloring. around his nec awburn har falls in great profuseion. his form is that of a Venus Medica: his sweet voice which was *indeed* anuff to enchant eny one, accompany by the gitar mode of music fit only for angles. I have *toled you anuff* about *my* sweetheart. And now about *your* sweetheart Bob. You neednt have eny fears about Loiza Burbanks cuting *you* out. No *sir*-ree. I must tell you a big thing about Bob. he has professed religion. they had a grate time. Annie you do not know *how* he has changed. he dont look like the same boy. he looks like he never did eny harm in his life and toled me this morning he loved you better than *eny person on earth. You bet.* Thair is a tiptop meeting goin on in the villeg. it has been goin on a week and thay dont no when it will clothes, they have about 30 morners and agrait meny has professed. Jim Watson, Lou Toles, Sandy Weatherberry, Fan Stickney, and Ellick Smith has professed. Thay went for Joe Harberg and fetched him the first pop. I liked to forget that Frankie Simpson and *I* was morners. I heard from Miss Barnes to-day. she is flying a round at a grate rait. Since Euphemy Powers has gone to school she feels ellivated to the exstream of humman happiness. I havent pascience to write eny more. but dont you never go back on this child thats all. Your tru friend Susie.

The author of "Ginx's Baby" was recently retained by the Aborigines Protection Society and the Antislavery Society, of London, to visit Demerara and examine into the condition of the fifty thousand coolies and Chinese who had been imported there as laborers by British landowners. The result of his investigations he has recently published in a volume entitled, "The Cooly." On board the vessel on the voyage out were several odd characters; among them an honest, quaint fellow from Lima, who told the following:

"Last time I came out—eh? there were three bishops and about twenty ecclesiastics—eh? going to the council. There was great fun—eh? The Archbishop of ——— was one—eh? He was a comfortable little man—eh? He liked well his glass—eh? One Sunday morning there was a service, and he was to preach—eh? I happened to go down to the saloon, and the archbishop and one of his priests, his secretary—eh? were sitting, taking something out of a bottle—eh? I spoke to him, and he said, 'This is a most delicious drink; I have never tasted it before.' I said, 'What is it?' 'Whisky.' 'Oh,' I said, 'whisky; I know it very well.' They were drinking it neat—eh? I called for *another* bottle, and mixed some for them—eh? and we finished the bottle. You should have seen the archbishop—eh? He could scarcely stand up for the service, and when the time came to give the sermon, he had to take hold of the bench and go along, so—eh? He could only say a few sentences—eh? He went to his cabin, and we never saw him again during the voyage—eh? The captain was a jolly fellow—big, fat, full of fun; and every morning he used to say to the ecclesiastics (he talked Spanish well), 'Ah! his grace the archbishop, how is he to-day? Is his grace still *mareado*—eh?' You know *mareado* is Spanish for *seasick;* but then it also means sometimes what you call *tight*—eh?"

Not long before the flight of Napoleon III. from Paris, his cousin, Prince Napoleon, who bears a marked resemblance to the first Bonaparte, and who was always jealous of the Emperor's good luck, said to him, petulantly, "Come, now, you have nothing of your uncle about you!" To which Louis Napoleon promptly and sarcastically replied, "Pardon! I have all his family on my hands."

Apropos of the recent session of the General Convention of the Episcopal Church at Baltimore is this: The Scottish peasant will faithfully obey his master, who must not, however, interfere with his religious belief. A Northern landowner had erected on his estate a place of worship for members of the Episcopal Church, and had thereby unconsciously excited among his people some unpleasant misgivings. Soon afterward, on inspecting a newly erected sheep-pen, he remarked to a peasant who attended him that it was too extravagantly ornamented.

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"'Deed is it, Sir," was the reply. "*It's owre Episcopal-chapel-lookin'!*"

THE "Art of Putting Things" is the title of one of the cleverest essays of "A Country Parson;" but quite as clever, in its way, is the art of paragraphing, which the reporters, the "personal" and the item men, seem to have adopted to give zest to their paragraphs. In a publication devoted to the great moral work of urging upon business men the importance of, and the great rewards that ensue upon, advertising, a few characteristic pleasantries are strung together, such as:

A Chicago hair-restorer agent went out into the suburbs, stuck his posters all over a church pulpit, and then asked the minister to call attention to them.

Here is a pleasant reference to an undertaker in Illinois:

An elegant stock of neat and nobby shrouds, warranted to give satisfaction to the most particular.

In a description of a Western tornado it is mentioned that

Some of Mr. Quinn's hens were subsequently discovered miles away, part of them entirely stripped of their feathers by the force of the hurricane.

Having occasion to call upon a wealthy "Southern lady of African descent," an interviewer observes that "as the lady entered the apartment she made a most impressive sweep of her ample train as she courtesied in her own elegant manner." Then he mentions what *he* did:

Recognizing the importance of the occasion, I made my best bow, *à la* Brummel, and my tired extremities swerved gracefully to the edge of a costly and sumptuous chair.

Here is a sample of incredible disrespect to our Vice-President:

Having determined to leave public life, and engage extensively in the manufacture of corrugated calico coal-hods, Mr. Colfax is able to look without personal prejudice at the political situation, and his judgment is consequently valuable.

Brief description of a prize-fight: "They met—they mauled—they mizzled."

They mauled and mashed and mangled,
And wrung and wrenched and wrangled;
They bullied, busted, basted, bled;
Their eyes were blackened, noses red;
But still they banged and bunged and bited—
These horrid-sighted pugs, benighted—
And kicked and gouged and gashed and gored,
Till from the ring one pug was bored.
Oh! I was glad when that last lunge
Made flat-nosed Bill throw up the sponge.

And here is a railway accident:

The Old South Railroad Bridge got discouraged, and lay right down with a train on it.

The manner in which a respectable man, of defective vision, came to his end is thus mentioned:

John Garder was blind of an eye, and in a moment of confusion he stepped out of a receiving and discharging door in one of our warehouses into the ineffable glories of the celestial sphere.

And how a country gentleman was startled:

Mr. M'Elsey was struck by lightning a few days since. He describes the sensation as "lying crosswise on a red-hot stove and unable to get off."

To conclude with an editor who wanted a dog, and advertised:

I will take a good dog in payment for one year's subscription.

The next day forty-three dogs were sent to the office. The day afterward, when the news had spread out into the country, four hundred farmers sent two dogs apiece by express, with eight baskets full of puppies, all marked C.O.D. The offer found its way into neighboring States, and before the end of the week there were eight thousand dogs, tied with ropes, in the editor's front and back yards. Government tax, at $1 each, $8000.

THE following, from a paper published in Seneca County, Ohio, shows the possibilities of poetic fancy, in that region, when spurred on by arrangements of a nuptial character:

LILLY—BERRY.—On the 27th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. Mr. Buxton, Frank Lilly, of New Bedford, Ohio, and Ida Berry, of Republic.

It is not often that we find
A Lilly and Berry so combined
That, taken together, they form but one;
But this in Republic has been done.

Apropos of this, we see in another paper a love-inspired versifier, who, under circumstances perhaps somewhat similar, evolved the following:

I clasped her to my heart—my own!
My ecstasy no tongue could speak—
That moment I'd have scorned a throne;
When in my ear
My love, my dear,
Said, "What's your wages, Bob, a week?"

Too many stories having the name of Dr. Boggs, of Wayne County, Illinois, associated with them are in circulation "out West" to make necessary an apology for introducing him herein by name. The Doctor is a Kentuckian of the better class, and values above all things what he calls "fair play." In his younger days he was an enthusiastic fox-hunter, and many impressions then received are held by him yet, as this anecdote will show. During the summer just passed Dr. B. was chosen moderator of a religious debate in this (Wayne) county, between Elder H——, who affirmed that Joseph Smith was a true prophet, and Rev. Mr. Y——, who championed the orthodox view of the question. Rev. Mr. Y—— was closing the debate, when Brother B——, who deems himself "gifted in speech" and "powerful in Scriptur," being of opinion that the "side of the Lord" had not been ably represented, sprang to his feet and demanded of the moderator permission to be heard.

Dr. B., knowing the audience to be wearied, and that Brother B—— was an endless talker, said to him, "Brother B——, I shall not, of course, deny you the right to address this people if they manifest a desire to hear you; but if I am allowed to decide the question, I shall rule you out on the ground that it is too late in the chase to let in a fresh dog."

The congregation "manifested" itself by speaking right out in meeting in support of the ruling of the moderator; and Brother B—— ought to have been mollified by a subsequent decision in favor of the "side of the Lord" on the merits of the discussion.

MR. DRAWER,—You have given "hard-shell Baptists" many a niche in your valuable Magazine; a Baptist with *no shell at all* now gives you a veritable incident in his history, as follows:

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When I was a theological student it was expected by my teachers, and demanded by churches and pastors, that I should occasionally officiate as a preacher for some destitute church or some pastor who, for the time, might lack a prepared sermon, or be so destitute of the spirit of his calling as to wish to avail himself of a substitute, even if it were but a poor one.

It was my privilege to be visiting a venerable pastor's family where there was a lovely young daughter, a friend of my boyhood. Her father insisted I should preach for him, which I did. The congregation, as usual, was very numerous, and mostly composed of well-to-do farmers and their families. All who knew the Rev. Edward Barber, of Union Village, Washington County, New York, knew it was not his fault if his hard-working hearers sometimes took a soothing nap during the delivery of his one-hour-and-a-half sermon.

Having but little to preach, and determined to be brief, and, if possible, have the credit of preaching to a wide-awake people, and get through with the embarrassment which was so inevitable both from my extreme youthfulness and having to officiate before the eminent pastor and the flock that had become renowned for their intelligence in the Scriptures under the instructive and eloquent ministry of a preacher whose praise was in all the churches, I commenced by taking for my text those appropriate and very familiar words of my Master, where he says, "Come unto me," and discoursed on the kind invitation as well as I could.

The aged pastor rose in his pulpit after I sat down, and said to me, "Give me your watch." I complied with his request. Holding the watch before the people, he said, "Brethren, the young man has spoken only twenty minutes: will you hear me half an hour?" Many nods of the head by way of assent came from the pews; and, as the old pastor was quite deaf, he understood the significant sign, and spoke as follows:

"'If ye will deal kindly and truly with my master, tell me: and if not, tell me; that I may turn to the right hand, or to the left'"—the words of Eleazar, Abraham's servant, to the friends of Rebecca, whom he was soliciting to become a bride for Isaac. The good old man then said: "Our young brother is here this morning in search of a bride, and has made his errand known in the discourse he has just ended." Turning his mild eyes directly toward the pew on the right side of the pulpit, where his daughter and three other young ladies were, he added: "My dear young friends, will you go?" Pausing for half a minute, he repeated, "Will you go?" and after another pause, inquired—his eyes yet fixed on the same group—"Will you go?" After another, and to them and myself an unconscionably long pause, and an earnest look upon them and other similar feminine clusters, and with additional emphasis and fervor, he repeated, "I say, my young lady hearers, our young brother has come here to-day in search of a bride: will you go?" About this time the female group had bowed their heads very low, but whether it meant assent to the good pastor's proposal or devotional feeling I never fully ascertained. After another long pause, and an emphatic clerical ahem! raising his kind eyes toward the galleries, filled with youth, he repeated: "I say, my young friends, our brother has come here this morning in search of a bride, and I desire to know who among you are willing to go. I say he is here in quest of a bride;" and after another pause, he added, in suppressed tones of voice—"a bride, I say, he wants—*yet not for himself*, but for his Master. Will you go?"

This explanation somewhat relieved me from embarrassment; and, venturing to raise my eyes and look over the assembly, I found relief had come to others besides myself. From this point of suspense the "old man eloquent" proceeded to state the claims of the Master upon their affections and confidence with a power of words and forcefulness of appeal and appropriateness of illustration and application that I do not remember to have heard excelled in all the preaching to which I have listened during an experience of more than forty years.

I will only add that if any think on reading this that it bordered too much upon the ludicrous to be becoming in an aged pastor in reference to a young man's preaching, and the adaptedness of the quaint appeal to the young ladies of his charge, it will be because I can not present a true picture of the solemn gravity and benign dignity of manner of the grand old patriarch, and his unrivaled power to go so near the line of pulpit propriety, and yet never lose the faculty he possessed of holding every thought and emotion of his attentive hearers in absolute subjection to the force of solemn truths. A. D. G.

The Reverend Mr. ——, a good preacher, a zealous pastor, and devoted Christian, was in charge of the Baptist church, "endurin' of the war," in the pleasant little city of Griffin. During a protracted meeting he became deeply concerned, and urged upon all the necessity of a change of heart and life; and as an earnest of their desire therefor, if not as a means of grace, pressed them to come up to the "mourners' bench." There was much serious feeling, and many went forward in response to his invitations. As each one rose to go, Brother —— would call attention to the fact, and improve the occasion by urging others to follow the example. At length a tall young man, dressed in a soldier's suit of gray, liberally bedizened with gold-lace, rose up and began to make his way past the other occupants of the pew toward the aisle. Confident he was coming up to the altar as a mourner, Brother —— seized the opportunity. "And here comes another. A soldier says, '*I'll go.*' Come on, my friend, and enlist under still another banner," etc. Reaching the aisle, the "soldier" headed for the door instead of the altar; and as he passed out of sight that audience relaxed its many mouths, and came as near smiling at the ludicrous situation as propriety allowed. Ever after Brother —— would not trust a soldier till he *headed the right way.*

The anecdote in the May Drawer of Mr. Webster and his tooth-brush reminds a correspondent at Kingston, Ontario, of a little anecdote of the late Sir Alan Macnab, a Canadian celebrity. Sir Alan was traveling on one of the steamers on Lake Ontario. The state-rooms each contained two berths, and the boat being crowded, Sir Alan was allotted a cabin in which

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some other person was given the lower berth. On the morning after starting, Sir Alan, having overnight placed his comb, tooth-brush, etc., on the wash-stand, was surprised, while lying in his berth, to see his fellow-passenger use his (Sir Alan's) tooth-brush; and thinking it but fair to have a joke at the man's expense, jumped out of bed, and taking a basin of water, put his feet in it, and soaping the tooth-brush, began to wash his toes with it.

"Say, stranger," cried the horrified looker-on, "you don't use that brush to clean your toes?"

"Why, what else would you suppose I use it for?" was Sir Alan's reply.

"*Well, I'm darned!*" exclaimed the stranger, rushing from the state-room thoroughly disgusted.

The brush was given to the poor.

THIS from the "Empire State of the South:"

"Mr. C——, will you take sugar and cream in your coffee?" asked an excellent housewife of a country cousin.

"No, ma'am; I jest takes it *barefooted* and *bald-headed*."

THE very interesting article in *Harper* for October concerning the New York Post-office recalls the following address of a letter which came, and was duly delivered by your correspondent. Of course this was before our venerable Uncle required postages to be prepaid. It was directed thus:

To Merriwether County, Georgia, I am bound,
To seek my honorable hostage;
And if at Erin I am found,
E. H. Drewry will pay the postage.

And he did.

PASSING up town the other afternoon *via* the Bowery, where the saloon de lager aboundeth, we noticed a copious, healthy-looking German, who was evidently laboring under a superfluity of the beverage of that region, the same bringing to mind a verse from an old song that was popular when the writer was a lad, and true "to a dot" then as now:

Goody Burton's ale
Got into my noddle;
Being strong and pale,
It made me widdle-woddle.

CERTAINLY a large proportion and the best of the pleasantries in the Drawer come from and are about the clergy. Here is one of the Rev. Mr. ——, who had taken into his service, for general utility, a poor lad, and for whose spiritual welfare he was, of course, bound to look out. Desiring one morning to put in practice his benevolent intent, he called the boy to his study, and with visage of the gravest sort said:

"Sam, do you know you are a sinner?"

"Yes," falteringly replied Sam.

"Do you know what will become of you, if you do not repent?"

Receiving no coherent reply, he launched into repentance and redemption, encouraged by the evident impression made by his words, and feeling no small compunction the while that he had so long neglected a "subject of grace" so promising. At last a vacant and wandering look roused a sudden suspicion, to verify which he inquired:

"Sam, what is a sinner?"

Imagine the situation when the "subject of grace" promptly responded:

"Sinner, Sir? Yes, Sir; sinners is strings in turkeys' legs, Sir."

The sinews of the parson's face relaxed.

LORD PALMERSTON has settled conclusively an old though trifling controversy with regard to the correct version and authorship of the epigram on the famous Walcheren expedition. In Sir Henry Bulwer's Life of Palmerston, vol. i. p. 117, occurs the following extract from a letter written by his lordship to his sister, the Hon. Miss Temple, dated February 27, 1810:

"Did you see the following epigram the other day in the *Chronicle?* If you did not, it is a pity you should miss it, and I send it to you; it is by Jekyll:

"Lord Chatham, with his sword undrawn,
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;
Sir Richard, eager to get at 'em,
Stood waiting—but for what?—Lord Chatham?"

CAN the imagination conceive any thing more utterly ludicrous than the following scene, described by a correspondent of that clever paper, the Louisville *Courier-Journal?* The Second Presbyterian Church of Danville, Kentucky, being without a pastor, the different ministers of the town, especially those connected with the theological seminary, preach alternately to the orphan congregation, and lately it was Dr. Yerkes's turn to deliver a sermon to a large assembly. In an eloquent oration he uttered the words of Divine truth, when suddenly—horribile dictu!—a member affected with a bad cold commenced blowing his nose most violently. A terrible blowing it was—such as you never heard before in all your life, and such as the poor doctor hopes never to hear again. It evidently had swept the whole of the beautiful sermon out of his memory, and having no notes about him, he tried, in vain, to restore the broken connection. But, alas! he could discover neither end, and the frightened doctor exclaimed,

"Brother M'Mullen, will you oblige me by repeating the text?"

The reverend brother arose, thought a while, stammered, hesitated, and sat down again. He gave it up.

"Please, will any one in the congregation let me know my text?"

After a long pause a student said, "1 Corinthians, x. 16."

Relieved from a great burden, the happy doctor opened the Bible, but only to find that it was a sad mistake.

"This is not the right one. Please, can any one recollect the text?"

A dead silence followed. Professor Beatty, of Centre College, rubbed his head in despair, but he neither rubbed the text out of nor into it. Rev. Mr. Johnson and many of his brethren, together with the whole congregation, all were unable to find the lost darling. The laughter which followed now was indescribable, and quite a time passed before the house could be called to order. It being finally restored, the doctor called on Mr. M'Mullen to close the meeting with prayer, and all adjourned, perfectly convinced that they had listened to one of the most remarkable sermons ever preached.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLX.—JANUARY, 1872.—Vol. XLIV.

THE LEGEND OF THE MISTLETOE.



"'YOU BROUGHT THIS ROD TO BANISH A GOD,' HE CRIED, AS HE SNATCHED IT GAYLY."

Old Santa Claus woke, one bright cold morn,
In righteous indignation,
And swore, in a way, we blush to say,
Was shocking beyond relation,
That he could not, would not, should not bear
This state of things any longer;
He'd soon find out, by his saintly beard,
Which, he or Cupid, were stronger!

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

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It seems that our Saint had earthward peeped
Through star-rifts in his palace,
And seen a sight that with reason might
Enkindle a good saint's malice:
Young Love had come from his tropic home,
With flag and banner flying,
To boldly reign in the Saint's domain,
All right and might defying.
The snow-drifts, catching his smile of light, with sunset hues were glowing;
The brooklet, echoing his soft low laugh, from wintry chains was flowing;
The icicles shone on every tree with hues of prismatic splendor;
The very sky took a softer blue, the sunbeam a radiance tender;
But worse than all—oh, far, far worse
Than all this tribulation!—
A dreadful spell on young folks fell
In every clime and nation.
The boy, whose hope in its farthest scope
Was placed on his Christmas dollar,
Now rhymed of doves, and sighed for loves,
And sported a Byron collar;
And girls—"Ah, the girls!" the good Saint groaned—
'Twas so altogether shocking:
They dreamed of clothes and mustached beaux,
Instead of a Christmas stocking!
"All Cupid's work!" growled the irate Saint—
"The graceless, gay young sinner:
I'll lay my rod on that impish god
Ere I eat my Christmas dinner.
To beard me thus in my own domain:
The rogue is past redemption.
I'll break his darts, I'll mend his hearts,
Or I'll—" What, we need not mention.
So Santa Claus donned the bear-skin coat
Bequeathed him by Ursa Major,
Took something strong, for the way was long
(Our Saint is a keen old stager).
His reindeer team shook their silver bells,
And sniffed the north wind gladly;
"Now," Santa Claus cried, "hurrah for a ride!
These earth folks need me sadly."
They skimmed the frozen polar sea, like dart from cross-bow springing;
O'er snow-clad plains they swiftly sped, like swallows southward winging;
Through forests dim, where ice-clad trees in ghostly garb were bending;
Through wizard realms, where night and day in light and shade were blending.
Like flitting dream sped the reindeer team,
The Saint cheering "Onward!" loudly,
Till hoofs struck fire from tower and spire
Where Cupid's flag floated proudly.
Like summer rose glowed the saintly nose—
The punch had been somewhat heady—
His brow knit with ire, his eye flashed fire,
He grasped his rod and made ready;

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Then, hiding his sleigh behind a cloud,
And gathering his furs about him,
With stately port into Love's own court
The Saint advanced to rout him.

The traitor's court was a crystal hall,
Bedecked with wreaths and flowers;
For Love had breathed o'er the sleeping earth
And wakened the spring-time flowers.
The holly twined round the gleaming dome,
And hung o'er each lofty portal,
While ivy leaves wreathed each taper bright,
Like Love in its youth immortal.
The youth and the maids of every age
The traitorous god surrounding,
Were hailing with joy the saucy boy—
The tableau was quite confounding.
Our good Saint muttered, in heart-felt wrath,
An unsaintly exclamation;
For Cupid, perched in a swinging wreath,
Was lord of the situation.

"Why, who comes here?" quoth the laughing god.
"'Tis I," growled the Saint, with passion:
"'Tis Santa Claus, Christmas' long crowned king,
Though now, it seems, out of fashion.
Begone, young Sir: we've had quite enough
Of your mad-cap court and revel;
Now Santa Claus reigns in his own domains,
And you may fly to the ——!"
Our Saint here raised his threatening rod;
The lad only laughed still bolder;
Then, leaping light from his garland bright,
Came plump on the Saint's broad shoulder.
"Most potent, grave, and reverend Sir
(I quote you a well-known poet),
Though I'm sometimes bought, I am never caught—
When I am, just let me know it.
You brought this rod to banish a god,"
He cried, as he snatched it gayly;
"And faith it stings; but I'm blessed with wings
That save me from trouble daily.
Good father, your switch shall famous be:
By way of retaliation,
Old Santa Claus' rod I now declare
My wand of administration.
Each thorn to a verdant leaf shall grow,
Undying as Love's own bowers;
Each snow-flake to berry waxen white
As Hymen's festal flowers.
The mistletoe bough, by Cupid's vow,
Is spell-bound now and forever,

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"THEY KISSED HIM ON LIPS, ON CHEEK, ON CHIN."

And winter with icy touch shall ne'er
  The bloom from the branches sever;
And under its shade each youth and maid
  Shall forfeit to Cupid's treasure
The tax that he sips from rosy lips,
  And claims at his royal pleasure."
So saying, he waved the mystic bough
  Quite solemnly three times round him.
What words can paint the wrath of our Saint!
  He found that the spell had bound him.
"Your forfeit, Sir," cried the roguish god:
  "I gave you an honest warning.
You'll find the kiss from each bright-eyed miss
  Most certainly not alarming."
In vain old Santa Claus stormed and swore:
  What should have been maledictions
Were lost 'mid the curls of threescore girls
  And changed into benedictions.
They kissed him on lips, on cheek, on chin;
  His saintly old beard was bristling:
They kissed, though he scowled—they kissed, he growled.
  Young Cupid in glee was whistling.
"Grace, grace!" at length roared the poor old Saint,
  In utter desperation;
"Confound that bough! it would peril, I trow,
  St. Anthony's reputation."

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"My arctic friend," cried the roguish boy,
"I'm not so easily banished."
Then, flinging his rod at the laughing god,
Our Saint up the chimney vanished.

MORAL.

A moral is always—at least, they tell me—
The key of the archway, the pith of the tree,
The dark, rugged root whence the bright blossoms grow,
The strong, bitter suds whence the soap-bubbles blow;
But not being much of a moralist's mind,
It takes some hard thinking a moral to find.
Our Saint's sad experience just leads me to say,
Young Love is a despot; so don't say him nay.
Our wills are his plaything, our hearts are his throne:
Since the rascal must rule us, why—let him alone.

HOLLAND AND THE HOLLANDERS.



WATER BOAT.

HOLLAND is a geographical paradox. Its history is a subversion of the laws of nature; and all its successes have been won by a perpetual struggle with the elements. The ocean said to the Hollanders, "You shall have no country here." The Hollanders said to the ocean, "We will have a country here;" and they had one in spite of water, winds, and waves. Holland, more than any region under the sun, illustrates the power of industry and perseverance. It shows, from the first to the last, that to the active hand and steady will nothing is impossible.

Such a land as Holland exists nowhere else. It is not merely the most singular of kingdoms—it is the only one of its kind. You may travel the world over, and yet be unable to form any conception of the Netherlands. You may live there your life long, and have no adequate idea of the remainder of the globe. Nature is responsible for the planet, but man created Holland; and the Hollander might almost be excused for substituting anthropology for theology in his creed.

Nearly the whole region is below the level of the sea, which is striving constantly but fruitlessly to recover its ravished domain. The keels of its ships are above the chimneys of its buildings, and the frogs that croak in the bulrushes of its ditches look down upon the swallows twittering on its house-tops. The entire country swarms with incongruities. Canals are employed in the place of roads; windmills are used instead of steam-engines; and people live as much on the water as on land. What is commonly known as scenery hardly exists in Holland; and yet the kingdom is picturesque from its peculiarity, having furnished to Paul Potter, Ruysdael, Vanderheyden, Backhuysen, and other of its painters subjects without end. Holland, indeed, compared to other countries, is like a cabinet-picture by one of its native artists. It is wonderfully exact, highly finished, thoroughly worked up—nothing left to be done that labor can supply. Go where you will, the canals and barges, windmills and quaint gable-ended houses, the tree-planted quays,

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TASTING SCHNAPPS.

and comfortable but stolid-looking people, follow you remorselessly. Be you in Delft, Leyden, Enkhuysen, or Nimeguen, it is much the same. Looking out of your window, or walking in the street, or floating on the water, you find it difficult to determine in which of the twelve provinces you are. Still, as you tarry in the Netherlands, and become acquainted with its phenomenal character, you find variety in its monotony and novelty in its regularity.

The best way to enter Holland is by Rotterdam, between which city and London steamers ply regularly. It is not easy to conceive a more marked difference than exists between the British metropolis and the Dutch sea-port. Situated on the Meuse, or Maas — there an estuary through which a large part of the combined waters of the Rhine and Meuse find their outlet—you are gradually prepared for the coming change by your journey up the river. You pass on the right the little fortified sea-port of Brielle, on the island of Voorne, the birth-place of Admirals Van Tromp and De Witt, and remarkable in history as the first place taken from the Spaniards by William de la Marck, in 1572, and worthy to be considered the nucleus of the Dutch Republic. Eight miles further on is Vlaardingen, the head-quarters of the herring fishery. About the middle of June the officers of the herring fleet repair to the town-hall, take an oath to obey the laws of the fishery, pray in the church for a prosperous season, and, with flags flying, set sail, amidst the general rejoicing of the towns-people, who observe the occasion as a holiday. The fishery usually lasts about five months. The first fish caught are sent in swift-sailing yachts to Holland, where their arrival is awaited with such anxious expectation that a watchman is placed in the tallest spire to announce their earliest approach. The first kegs of herring caught are sent to the king and his ministers, who pay a handsome premium for them.

In the vicinity of Rotterdam, though not directly on the river, is Schiedam, famous for its gin distilleries, some two hundred in number. Until I visited one of the largest distilleries it never occurred to me—so ignorant was I of spirituous etymology—that the word gin is a contraction and corruption from geneva, or genèvre, meaning juniper-berry. I have no means of knowing the exact amount of schnapps, as the natives call it, manufactured in the little town. I was told, however, that it reaches nearly ten millions of gallons annually, and that fifty millions of guilders will scarcely represent the capital employed. The gin, the purest and by far the best in the world, is made from rye and barley, a few juniper-berries, and sometimes hops, being added in the rectification to impart to the spirit its peculiar terebinthine flavor. The process of manufacture is not materially different from that of other distilleries. As a stranger and an American, I was, of course, asked to taste the schnapps. It was very good for gin, which,

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however grateful to the English or Dutch palate, is not pleasant to mine. My only object in tasting the spirit was to form some notion of the flavor of the pure article, which is not likely to be had out of Holland. I seriously question if any body who has not been there has had an experience similar to mine. Over forty thousand swine are fed upon the refuse grain of the distilleries after the spirit has been extracted, and become very fat, as they do in this country, upon such nutriment.

Schiedam is a flourishing town of seventeen or eighteen thousand souls, with little to be seen, and less opportunity to see it, as it is always enveloped in smoke, pouring out in great black volumes from its hundreds of chimneys.

Rotterdam now comes suddenly into sight, and very soon you land at the fine quay, called the Boompjes, extending along the river for nearly a mile and a half. The quay is planted with elms, from which it takes its name (boompjes means little elms, though they have now grown to large size). It will probably recall Cheyne Walk, at Chelsea, which is, however, on a smaller scale. The principal hotels and some of the best houses are on the Boompjes, a favorite promenade with the inhabitants. The city has grown rapidly of late, having a population at present of about one hundred and twenty thousand, and is in size and importance the second town in the kingdom. In the form of a triangle, one side running parallel with the Maas, it consists of as many canals as streets, the three principal havens (harbors) opening into the river, of which they are merely branches or creeks. They communicate with each other, and with the various intersecting canals, affording not only a constant supply of water, but preventing stagnation by the ebb and flow of the tide. Communication between different parts of the city is maintained by draw-bridges, but across some of the widest havens ferry-boats ply. The canals, deep enough to admit large vessels to the very doors of the warehouses, serve the purpose of docks, and greatly facilitate the receiving and discharging of cargoes.

If a stranger to Holland, Rotterdam will interest and entertain you vastly. You will be struck by the odd combination of canals, bridges, trees, and shipping in the heart of the town; with the tall, quaint buildings, whose gables face the street and overhang the foundation; by the numerous sledges—used instead of wagons—which are often facilitated in their motion by jets of water from barrels carried in front. Why these sledges are employed, when wheeled vehicles would be so much better, is something an American can hardly comprehend. The reason is their cheapness—a very serious consideration there. A sledge can be made by any body who has the wood and a few nails, while a wagon could not be bought for less than a hundred guilders, which to many a Dutch laborer is a sum he never dreams of possessing. The horses and the common people are shod so clumsily—the latter with wood—and make such a clumping and clattering noise over the pavements, that, with the grating sound of the sledges, the nerves of a sensitive person are apt to be disturbed. The natives are too phlegmatic to notice such trifles. You might walk up behind them and fire a pistol within an inch of their ear without discomposing their oleaginous equanimity, or causing them to look round to see what had happened.

A great dike, or dam, erected at the junction of the Rotte (a small stream) with the Maas, passes through the centre of the town, and gives it the name Rotterdam. Upon this dike stands Hoeg Straat, or High Street, and on the ground between it and the Boompjes—which has been gained from the river since the erection of the dam—the modern part of the city has been built.

On a wide bridge over a canal, answering for a market-place, is a bronze statue of Gerrit Gerritz, better known as Desiderius Erasmus—the name into which he translated, according to the then custom of the learned, his homely original title. The natural son of Gerard Praët, though living in stormy times, was a lover of peace and quiet—preferred a good dinner to wrangling, and a Greek thesis to objurgation. With all his rationalistic tendencies, he was superstitious and timid to the last degree, proving that timidity may co-exist with independence and nobleness of heart. The dwelling in which the eminent scholar first saw the light, more than four centuries ago, still stands in the Breede Kerk Straat, bearing a Latin inscription: "*Hæc est parva domus magnus quâ natus Erasmus*" (this is the small house in which the great Erasmus was born). The spirit of practicality enters every where in this busy century, and the home of the reformer is now a gin-shop.

The Church of St. Laurence contains the monuments of Admirals Van Brakel, Cortenaer, and De Witt, erected to their memory by the States-General, and an excellent organ, quite equal, in my opinion, to the more famous organ at Haarlem. The architecture of the church, though much neglected, is curious and interesting.

You should not quit Rotterdam without visiting the Exchange. The best hour to go is three o'clock, when the hall is crowded with merchants and speculators of numerous nationalities. You will see there Germans, Flemings, French, Italians, Spaniards, Armenians, Greeks, Poles, Russians, English, and Americans; and as all of them speak at times in their native tongue, and get greatly excited over advancing or declining prices, the scene is one of polyglot confusion. All

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those varieties of people have business interests there, so that Rotterdam, intensely Dutch as it is, is also extremely cosmopolitan. I had always found the Hollanders so staid and taciturn that when I first stepped into the Exchange—there was what we should call a corner in grain at the time—I imagined the members had been endeavoring to put up the price of gin by consuming it in large quantities. The most conservative citizens, who, under ordinary circumstances, looked as unemotional as a clam, were heated and florid, swinging their arms about like windmills, and screaming at the top of their voices. These Dutch solos, duets, trios, and quartettes, with a many-tongued chorus of all the other European countries, impressed me like the roaring absurdities of the opera bouffe. It was hard to distinguish sounds in such a hubbub, but I am confident I heard the ordinary commercial phrases in at least twelve languages. The greed of money appears to inspire every body with a passionate intensity. The Rotterdam Exchange can be as noisy and turbulent as the Paris Bourse or the New York Gold Room.

A foreigner will not fail to notice the little mirrors at each side of the windows of nearly all the better class of dwellings. These are placed at an angle of forty-five degrees to each other, and reflect in opposite directions, thus enabling the inmates to see whoever and whatever is passing in the street without themselves being visible. It might be supposed from this that the Dutch are unusually curious; but the arrangement of the mirrors is, I infer, quite as much to save time as to facilitate observation. The Holland maiden or housewife can sit in her chamber with her knitting or sewing—to be idle in Holland is deemed the blackest of sins—without losing precious moments in looking out of the window. All the towns of any size have these reflecting conveniences, and I have often wondered that they have not been introduced into this country.

Water-drinkers will find in Rotterdam, as in all the lower part of Holland, that nature's beverage is neither good nor abundant. The water of the Maas, commonly drank there, is far from pure or sweet, and is very likely to disagree with those unaccustomed to it. Water of a drinkable sort is so scarce as to be an article of traffic in Holland. Great pains is taken to catch all the rain which falls, and the contrivances to this end are many and ingenious. Most of the dwellings are provided with tanks, and the water collected is used for all culinary purposes. The quantity is not sufficient, however; and in the large cities, like Amsterdam, water is brought in stone bottles from Utrecht, which is comparatively high, and where there are flowing streams. But the main supply of the metropolis and of adjoining towns is from the river Vecht, above Weesp. It is carried twelve miles in large barges, and the poor who have no cisterns buy it at so much a gallon; the price, as may be supposed, being very low, but enough to pay a fair profit on the transportation.

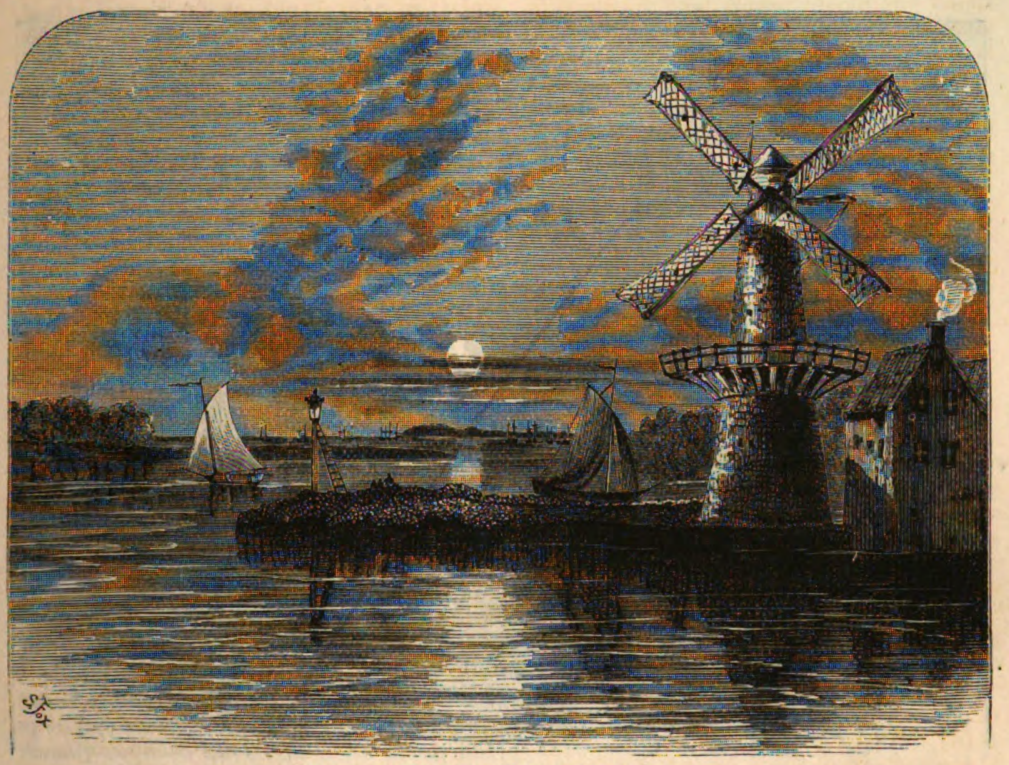
I have often noticed in Amsterdam how these barges rose out of the canal as the water was pumped from them and distributed to customers. When they first reached their landing they would be on a level with the quay, and after they had discharged their cargo they would be eight or ten feet above it. The rates of water vary with the season and with the weather. What we should call a drought is hardly known in such a moist climate, but there are frequently periods of absence of rain. Then, and in winter, when every thing is frozen up, quotations advance. It frequently happens that a passage has to be cut through the ice of the canals, at a heavy expense, to allow the water barges to pass.

Dort, or Dordrecht, ten miles southeast of Rotterdam, is interesting as the place where the first Assembly of the States of Holland was held after their revolt from the yoke of Spain, in 1572. It was there also that the famous Synod of Dort sat for six months, discussing air-drawn absurdities touching Divine election, original sin, and fore-ordination, to which the musty members attached so much consequence that their president declared at the end of the session that its miraculous labors had made hell tremble. Whether they did or not has never been satisfactorily ascertained, though they were tedious and dreary enough to have affected even that unimpressible region.

Dort, with about twenty-five thousand people, and one of the oldest towns in Holland, is a haven for the gigantic floats of wood, from the remote districts of the Black Forest and Switzerland, which, brought down the Rhine by crews of four or five hundred men each, are there broken up and sold—a single raft sometimes yielding as much as $150,000. The city is on an island formed by a terrible inundation in 1421, when the tide in the estuary of the river, excited by a violent tempest, burst through the dike, swallowed up seventy-two villages, and destroyed more than one hundred thousand lives. Thirty-five of the villages were irretrievably lost, and no vestige even of the ruins has been discovered down to this day.

Not many years ago most of the traveling in Holland was done by the canals on trekschuiten (drag-boats), which conveyed passengers and goods to every part of the kingdom. These boats are still largely used in carrying freight, and passengers who have not the means to travel on the railway, by which all the important points of the country are now connected. The trekschuit has a fore-cabin (ruim) appropriated to servants

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MILL ON THE MAAS, DELFTHAVEN.

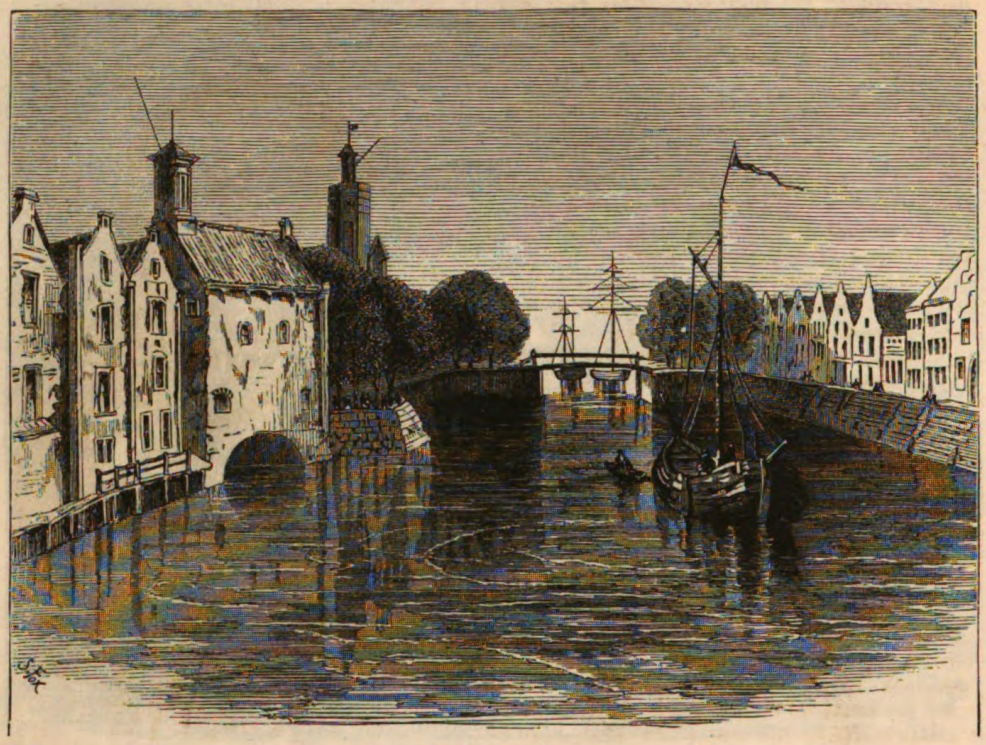
and peasants, and an after-cabin (roef) set apart for the better classes, who, by-the-bye, even before the railways were built, very seldom patronized this kind of vessel. It is a very slow and tedious mode of journeying, but yet so well adapted, as it would seem, to the Dutch nature, that I have often wondered it felt the need of any other. No one can be said to have seen Holland properly who has not been somewhere on a trekschuit. I have made a number of short journeys on those singular barges, and would have gone all over the kingdom on them, could I have been assured that I had five hundred years of life to spare. The trekschuit is usually drawn by only one horse, and the distance made averages about four miles an hour. This is very exciting, of course, especially to a man addicted to express trains; but it is questionable if the nervous tension and cerebral agitation caused by such extraordinary speed be not a reckless waste of the vital forces.

I have seen lame geese pass a trekschuit at its greatest celerity as a hare passes a hedgehog; and several times, when I got off the boat to walk a little, I fancied it was moving rapidly in the opposite direction. I have stated that the average movement of the national barge is four miles an hour. I have said this on information; but I think it must be a mistake arising from my imperfect acquaintance with the language. The statement must have been a mile in four hours; and, now that I reflect, I am convinced that the two phrases in classic Dutch are exactly synonymous.

This species of travel rarely ends in bankruptcy to the traveler, as the general fare is hardly a stiver (two cents) a mile. If time, however, be money, as we Columbians believe, no Amsterdam banker can, with all his wealth, afford the luxury of a snail-rivaling trekschuit. The lad (hetjagertie) who rides the towing horse enjoys himself exceedingly on these lightning-like expeditions. He receives at each stage a few cents (a Dutch cent is less than two-fifths of the American cent), and at the end of the journey is blessed with a stiver, which so elates the youth that he immediately rushes into prodigality. A rumor was current in Breda when I was last there that one of the horse-riding lads had stirred his companions to their depths by amassing a fortune of forty stivers. The story was so marvelous that I inquired into it, and discovered that it had been grossly exaggerated. The boy had been working steadily for several months, and had accumulated in that time the sum of four stivers. He had nothing in the world besides, and this nothing had been added by rumor to the original figure in the form of a zero, swelling the amount beyond all ordinary bounds, and accidentally but shamefully abusing the public credulity.

If any of your ancestors, beloved reader, came over in the *Mayflower*, or had any thing

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DELFTHAVEN.

to do with the ill-fated *Speedwell*—and they must have done both if you have a drop of New England blood in your veins—you will go to Delft, and imagine the precise spot where Robert Cushman, John Carver, William Brewster, and their associates embarked from the haven in their little vessel on the memorable July 22, 1620. You remember what ill fortune they had: if you don't, you had better read up on the subject, in order to do full honor to the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers, about whom we have concerned ourselves much more than they ever concerned themselves about us.

While you are gazing in puritanic admiration and enthusiasm at the identical spot where they went aboard, we, who are not pilgrim-descended, will walk around the old town.

Delft is as dull and drowsy as any place of twenty thousand inhabitants comfortably can be. Once known for its pottery—Delftware—it has even lost distinction in that branch of manufacture. Hardly any one is to be met in the streets, and you marvel where people enough can be found to occupy the spacious and often handsome houses you see around you. But Delft has two or three objects of interest, the first of which is the New Church, containing the costly but tawdry monument erected by the United Provinces to William I., Prince of Orange. His figure in marble reclines upon the tomb, and at his feet is a carving of the little dog that saved his life from the Spanish assassins near Mechlin by jumping on the bed, arousing his master, and giving him time to escape. When William was finally murdered (after eight fruitless attempts) by the Burgundian fanatic, Balthazar Gérard, the faithful beast refused food, pined, and died; and the inscription mentions the dumb creature's devoted attachment. The second and better statue of the prince is in a sitting posture under the arch at the head of the tomb. The house in which he was assassinated, not far from the church, is called the Prinssenhof, and is now used as a barrack. After crossing the court a small door leads to the staircase which William the Silent was about to ascend after dinner, and to the passage where Balthazar stood, so near his victim that the fatal pistol must almost have touched his body. (In the museum at the Hague the dress worn by the prince at the time of the assassination is still preserved; it is a plain gray leathern doublet, sprinkled with blood, pierced by balls, and slightly burned by the powder.) An inscription on a stone in the wall of the building records the tragic event, and three holes—they are of very questionable authenticity—in another stone near by are pointed out as having been made by the bullets. The noble patriot expired in the arms of his sister and his wife, the latter the daughter of Coligny, who had been similarly murdered before her very eyes in the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew. The

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last words of the hero were, "My God, my God, have pity on me and this poor people!" (Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, ayez pitié de moi et ce pauvre peuple!)

Hugo Grotius (De Groot), the celebrated jurist and writer, is also buried in the New Church—he was a native of Delft—and a simple monument marks the spot. While there the story of his imprisonment and romantic escape came vividly to mind. For the defense of religious toleration he was imprisoned in the castle of Loevenstein, and so closely guarded that even his father was denied the privilege of seeing him. His devoted wife, by persevering petitions, at last obtained permission to share his captivity, and with her society and that of books the rigors of confinement were greatly mitigated. His favorite study was theology, and to aid him in it he borrowed many different volumes. After he had been in prison nearly two years his wife discovered that he was less strictly watched than at first, and that the chest containing his linen and the books he returned was often allowed to go out without examination. She perceived in this the means of escape, and, boring some holes in the chest for the admission of air, prevailed upon her husband to get into it; having previously confided the secret to her maid, and having induced her to accompany the concealed theologian. The chest, which, as usual, was sent by boat from the prison to Gorkum, was, when taken out by the guards, complained of as unusually heavy. The maid said it was the Arminian books, and one of the soldiers jestingly remarked, "Perhaps it is the Arminian himself." Without more words the precious freight was placed upon the vessel, and, once afloat, the attendant made the signal with a handkerchief, as agreed upon, to her mistress, anxiously watching from a window of the castle. The chest safely reached its destination, and was deposited in the house of Jacob Daatzelaar, one of Grotius's most intimate friends. The author was soon released, and disguised as a mason, with a rule and trowel in his hand, he made his way to Waalwyk in North Brabant, where he was free once more. His wife was rigorously confined for a while, but was soon liberated on petition made to the States-General, and rejoined her husband in Paris.

In the Old Church of Delft, notable for its leaning tower, is the monument of Admiral Van Tromp, who took part in thirty-two naval engagements, overcame in 1652 the British fleet under Blake in the Downs, and afterward defied the English by sailing up and down the Channel with a broom at his masthead. The veteran hero fell at last on his own deck in a battle with the English near the mouth of the Maas. In the same church are buried Admiral Piet Hein (who captured the Spanish silver fleet) and Leuwenhoek,



WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

the naturalist, both of them natives of the ancient town.

The distance from Delft to the Hague, barely five miles, may be made on a trekschuit to advantage. The country thereabout is even more thickly covered with cottages, country-seats, and gardens than the region on the other side of Delft, and has the same prosperous and monotonous display of rural life.

There is nothing a Dutchman who has achieved any thing like independence sets more value on than a country-seat. He always has connected with it a garden laid out with much more care than taste—which is not, by any means, as the tourist very soon perceives, one of the national defects. The country-seat, called a zomerhuis (summer-house), or tuinhuis (garden-house), is ordinarily a wooden box brightly painted, and situated at the end of a narrow strip of ground, inclosed on three sides by slimy ditches bordered by hedges, and on the fourth side overlooking a canal. The strip of land is laid out in flower beds, the flowers of one kind and color being confined to particular beds, with the method and regularity characterizing every thing in Holland. There are meandering walks, with shrubbery cut in fantastic patterns, and at the extremity of the inclosure is an iron gateway, over which is inscribed in gilt letters the sentimental or pastoral title of the rustic retreat. I remember some of these, as,

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for instance, Myn Lust en Leven (my pleasure and life), Gerustelyk en Wel te Vredn (be tranquil and content), Vriendschap en Gezelschap (friendship and sociability), Lust en Rust (pleasure and ease), Wel te Vredn (well contented), Myn Genegentheid is Voldann (my desire is to satisfy), Niet zoo Kwaalyk (not so bad), and many others of a similarly quaint sort.

Some opening is always left in the garden, either opposite the gate or through the hedge, that the passer-by may feast his eyes on the parterres, pyramids of flower-pots, primly and stiffly cut trees, and every right-angled, circular, or conical-shaped object in the mathematically exact and superlatively monotonous garden.

The Dutchman seldom owns an acre of land without having a fish-pond. He so delights in still and semi-stagnant water that, not content to be surrounded on every side by canals, ditches, and sluices, he must have an additional pool as impure as odorous under his very nose. In the neighborhood of all the large towns the tradesmen and merchants, having their shops and counting-houses in narrow streets, own a little garden in the outskirts, where, if they have no house, they can at least retire after business and spend a few hours with their families. In town they are to a certain extent shut away from the direct effluvium of the canals; but when they go into the suburbs they enjoy the full benefit of all the canals and ditches for miles around, and are happy in proportion to the number of distinct miasmata they are permitted to inhale.

There is no accounting for taste any where, and certainly there is no accounting for the sense of smell in Holland. During cool weather the country is very endurable; but when the mercury gets above seventy or eighty, the atmosphere is not as balmy as I should desire. Not to put too fine a point upon it, it is extremely obnoxious, and at times almost overpowering. How could it be otherwise, with the whole land intersected by standing water, covered half the year with a luxuriant crop of emerald duck-weed! Often wondering how Dutchmen could live during the summer, I have questioned them as to their nasal resisting power when the native stenches were unusually vigorous. To my amazement they always answered that they did not perceive the atmosphere was tainted in the least—which forced me to the conclusion that the Dutch nose was designed by nature for ornament instead of use.

I should like to know what possible advantage there can be in having a nose in Holland, unless it is capable of recognizing at least sixty separate smells every minute of the night, and fully twice as many every minute of the day. We seldom notice what we have long been accustomed to, and the Hollander, born and reared amidst his superabundant sweets, never learns how delicious they are to the proboscis of a stranger. I have been told that nothing affects the average Dutchman but fresh air, that, when brought into a full current of it, he immediately faints away, and that the application of a decayed herring to his nostrils is necessary to his restoration.

I don't vouch for the truth of the story: indeed, I think it doubtful; for no such experiment could possibly be made in any part of Holland.

On spring and summer afternoons the Hollander repairs with the members of his family to his garden-house; reads his paper over his pipe, his tea, coffee, beer, or gin; discusses trade, or indulges in gossip with the friend or friends he has invited there; while his wife chats and sews, and his daughters amuse themselves with watching the pleasure-boats that glide over the canals with their freight of merry-makers. The climate is so moist that soon after sundown it is neither pleasant nor wholesome to remain out-of-doors. The garden is then abandoned to the croaking frogs, and the smoking, talking, and drinking are continued under the roof.

Malt and spirituous liquors are freely used in Holland, but generally with moderation, even by the peasantry, who are very seldom seen intoxicated. It is an article of belief in the amphibious kingdom that water, taken internally, is not healthful, and the kind of water one gets there certainly is not. Hence very little of it is used, except for washing and navigation. A very common substitute is Seltzer and other mineral waters, mixed with Bordeaux or other light wines, or flavored with the strong, rich cordials so abundant throughout the country. Holland is so moist, and the air is so dense, that men can drink a great deal of liquor without being injured or even affected by it. I have seen staid and venerable merchants swallow gin or brandy enough at a single draught to make an American decidedly tipsy, though it had no more effect on them, with their well-protected nerves and phlegmatic robustness, than so much tea or milk.

The Dutchman is unquestionably peculiar. He isn't like any body else, and not very much like himself, if we take his variations and incongruities into account. With strong will, sterling character, and undaunted courage—with intense patriotism, quick sympathies, and generous impulses—he seems in his every-day life to be selfish, indifferent, and stolid. This is because, under ordinary circumstances, he is in no wise demonstrative, and not a whit romantic or sentimental. He is very conservative, is attached to peace, and cleaves to established order; but when his rights are in any way invaded, or his

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love of country appealed to, he forgets his interests and himself, and is prepared to make any sacrifice.

What he does he does thoroughly, and, above every thing else, he is methodical and systematic. He is trained from his earliest years to some kind of calling or occupation. The formation and history of the land, as well as his daily experience, show him in the clearest light the benefit of money-getting and the value of independence. By a series of transmissions and long-continued temperamental inheritance he is industrious, persevering, and thrifty. These qualities grow and strengthen with his age, until he appears the impersonation of routine and business. Domesticity is an essential element in his character. Hardly any Hollander remains a bachelor, unless by accident or necessity; and as soon as he arrives at maturity he seeks a wife, and is anxious to be surrounded by a family. In the new relation he has an additional stimulus to the acquisition of wealth; and so he divides his time between his home and his shop, office, or counting-house. His tastes are simple and his wants are few; but yet he takes substantial comfort, and enjoys himself much more in his quiet manner than men of a different nationality would under circumstances far more favorable.

By the mere surface-seer the Hollander is apt to be misjudged. His rotund, unctuous form, his full, round face, his small, rather sleepy-looking eyes, and his imperturbable manner, make him appear stupid to a person more vivacious and nervous in organization. Hans or Dietrich to an Italian, Frenchman, or American, seems a species of money-making oyster, satisfied in the water and contented on land, who feeds well, drinks often, thinks never, and is ready always to turn a stiver into a guilder. He has none of the passionate unrest or evanescent enthusiasm, none of the unsettled longings or haunting fancies, which are so much a part of the more southern nations. He does not wear his heart upon his sleeve, nor does his tongue babble to the wind. He is not graceful, nor magnetic, nor picturesque; but with a wise economy of his mental and moral forces he adapts means to ends, and by a careful study and use of little things builds for himself a firmness of purpose and a strength of character which time can not change and adversity will not shake.

The Hague—called by the natives S' Gravenhage, meaning the Count's Hedge, or Grove—is only four miles from the North Sea. It has risen to importance within the last seventy years, mainly from the fact that it is the residence of the court and foreign ministers, and the seat of the government and the States-General. Louis Bonaparte conferred upon it the privileges of a city, and it ranks as the political capital of the



A ZEELAND PEASANT WOMAN.

kingdom. The Hague is one of the best built and least Dutch towns in Holland. Paris has sensibly influenced it, as can be seen by the manners and customs, the arrangements of the shops, and the style of living among the upper classes. French is extensively spoken, as you will observe if you frequent the pleasant promenade of the Voorhout, the Vyverberg (a well-shaded square), or the animated quarters known as Prinssengracht, Kneuterdyk, and Noordeende. Many of the streets are broad, brick-paved, and bordered with trees. The city has grown and is growing rapidly. Forty years ago it had not more than fifty thousand, and can now boast of nearly one hundred thousand inhabitants.

The principal lion is the collection of paintings in the National Museum, the former palace of Prince Maurice. The pictures, almost entirely Dutch, have a combined excellence which can be found nowhere else. The most remarkable painting is Paul Potter's masterpiece, "The Young Bull," which, with the cow lying on the grass in the fore ground, the sheep standing near, and the farmer looking over the fence—the figures are all life-size—is as perfect an imitation of nature as I have ever seen on canvas. Rembrandt's "Anatomical Lesson," representing a corpse on a dissecting-table, a surgeon, and a number of medical students standing about it, is a very vivid and striking, though ghastly and unpleasant picture. The dead body,

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NORTH BRABANT WOMAN.

which is a little foreshortened, is finely drawn, and the cadaverous hue exactly imitated. It has been cut only at the wrist, and the professor is supposed to be explaining the laws of anatomy before the dissection begins. The figures are all portraits, and the counterfeit presentment of death is so accurate a study that physicians have asserted it is evident the corpse is that of a person who has died of inflammation of the lungs.

Both of these paintings are, of course, very valuable. When Napoleon carried the "Young Bull" to the Louvre, the Dutch government, it is stated, offered him $100,000 if he would allow it to remain at the Hague. The King of Holland paid $15,000 for the "Anatomical Lesson" many years ago, and five times that sum has been offered since and refused. At present, like most great pictures in Europe, money could not purchase it.

Rubens's portraits of his two wives, Elizabeth Brants and Helena Forman; Vandyck's portrait of Simon, an Antwerp painter; Gerard Dou's "Woman and Child," illustrating his admirable arrangement of different lights; Poussin's "Venus Asleep," with some of Wouverman's landscapes, Snyders's hunting pieces, and Teniers's *genre* pictures, are among the very best specimens of their particular kind of art.

On one side of the Vyverberg (this means Hill of the Pond, and shows how very slight an elevation is regarded as a hill in Holland) stands the Binnenhof, so called because it formed the inner court of the count's palace, which is the only remaining fragment of the original building. The Gothic hall in the centre, somewhat resembling in style Westminster Hall, is the oldest architecture in the city, and possesses much historical interest. Upon a scaffold erected opposite the door the venerable patriot Jan van Olden Barneveldt was beheaded in 1619, on account of the false accusations of Prince Maurice, who is said to have stationed himself at the window of an octagon tower overlooking the spot to feast his eyes upon the execution of the man he had so cruelly persecuted and so bitterly detested.

Barneveldt's crime, it will be remembered, was his success in securing an honorable peace with Spain, which the prince violently opposed, knowing that his own talents fitted him solely for the field. Determined on revenge, he basely charged the Grand Pensionary with plotting to deliver his country into the hands of the Spaniards, and on this calumny he was tried, and, without any valid evidence, put to death.

He died as he had lived — grandly and bravely. Before he laid his head upon the block, he turned to the people and said, "Remember that I am no traitor;" and then repeating, as if to himself, the words of his religious teacher, Arminius, "A good conscience is paradise," he resigned himself to the executioner. The people, many of whom had at first believed him guilty, were touched by the tragic spectacle, and looked on the aged hero with weeping eyes. When the axe fell, a great sob, as though the heart of the crowd were breaking, burst forth; and when the noble head was severed by the shining steel, the people ran and gathered the sand, wet with the martyr's blood, and preserved it in vials as something too sacred for mortal touch. How like the people in all ages was this! They demand the life of the hero today, and mourn the dead martyr to-morrow.

Between the Buitenhof (outer court) and the Vyverberg is the Gevangepoort (prison gate), memorable as the place where Cornelius De Witt was confined in 1672 on a malicious charge of conspiring to assassinate the Prince of Orange, afterward King of England. Jan De Witt, having become unpopular on account of his unconstitutional method of forming the alliance with Sweden and England—his haste in the matter seems to have been justified by the emergency—had resigned his office of Grand Pensionary, and gone to visit his brother at the Hague. While with him in the prison a popular tumult, which had been long brewing, broke out; the mob forced an entrance, and, incited to fury by the calumnies circulated against the De Witts, dragged them forth, and tore them literally limb from limb.

At the Hague the water is more stagnant

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than in almost any other part of the country. Though the sea is so near, the canals and streams, instead of flowing to, flow from it. To remedy this there are two large windmills in the vicinity of Scheveningen, which raise water from the Dunes (sand hills extending along the coast from Dunkirk to the Helder), and convey it to the town, displacing the stagnant water in the canals and effecting a feeble current.

On the outskirts of the city is the House in the Wood, built by the grandmother of William III. of England, and now the residence of the Queen of Holland. The House is externally plain, but finely furnished and decorated with numerous paintings and works of art. The Wood (Bosch) is a beautiful park nearly two miles long, with pleasant walks and pretty lakes, and, what is very noticeable in Holland, abounds in forest trees that have been allowed to grow as nature intended. These trees are an ocular treat after the training, clipping, and methodical tormenting to which almost every hedge, grove, and bit of foliage is subjected by the Dutch. Nature has had so little to do with the making of their country that it is not strange they have little reverence for her. They can not be persuaded that she understands what is best; and so in whatever shape she reveals herself, they set to work to improve her, persuaded she needs to be confined and limited by mathematical curves and lines.

If Cytherea were to rise again from the foam of the sea, and were to select the Zuyder-Zee as the place of her birth (she wouldn't be very apt to do this if she is the woman I take her for), the Dutch, I fancy, would drag her ashore in a net, and failing to sell her for a colossal herring, they would shear off the golden glory of her hair, pad her waist, broaden her oval face in a cheese-press, deck her lovely limbs with galligaskins, and set her to scrubbing floors. After they had done this, and after she had served an apprenticeship for ten years as a kitchen quean, they might accept her as a type of utilitarian excellence, but they would never recognize her pretensions to be considered the goddess of beauty.

A number of tame storks are kept in a small house in the fish-market of the Hague, and strut about there with an apparent consciousness that they are honored and revered. What the ibis was to the ancient Egyptians, what bears are to the Bernese, and pigeons to the Venetians, the stork is to the Hollander. The arms of the Hague are represented by a stork, which, throughout the country, especially by the peasantry, is held in a sort of veneration. This bird (ooyevaar) is never disturbed or injured, and to kill one is reckoned little less than a crime. The storks are encouraged to abide in Holland; and as it is thought a good omen



VLAARDINGEN BEAUTY.

for them to select any dwelling for their habitation, great pains is taken to induce them to build their nests on the roofs of farm-houses, and on the edge of a gable or near the chimney of a dwelling in town. An old cart-wheel, cheese-box, or some other contrivance is often placed on the roof as a temptation to nest-building, and a farm-house is hardly considered complete that has not a stork or two in or about it.

The dwellings of the poor, scattered all over the kingdom, with their steep thatched roofs, low walls, patches of carefully tilled land girt by ditches, answering the place of walls or fences, with a troop of ruddy and robust children playing about the door, and the clatter of storks overhead, are prominent features in every Dutch landscape. The great army of storks migrate to the South about the middle of August, taking with them the young they have reared; return usually early in May, and always seek their old nests.

In 1536 a large part of the town of Delft was destroyed by fire. During its progress the storks were seen carrying their little ones from their nests through the flames; and when they could not save them, refusing to desert their young, they perished in the same fiery death.

Scheveningen, on the sea-shore, three miles from the Hague, has long been a fishing village, and is now a very fashionable bathing-place. The sand hills thrown up along the beach so hide the ocean that I had no idea of its proximity until I was at its very rim.

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HAGUE FISHERMAN AND DOG-CART.

Like every fishing population, the Scheveningeners are original and peculiar, not only in their habits, but in their customs and costumes. The fish-women wear a short, highly colored petticoat, a gay waist cut low, with a white inner neckerchief, sleeves coming to the elbow, a large cape lined with red, a huge fantastic bonnet closely resembling a coal-scuttle, and carry their wares in a basket on their head.

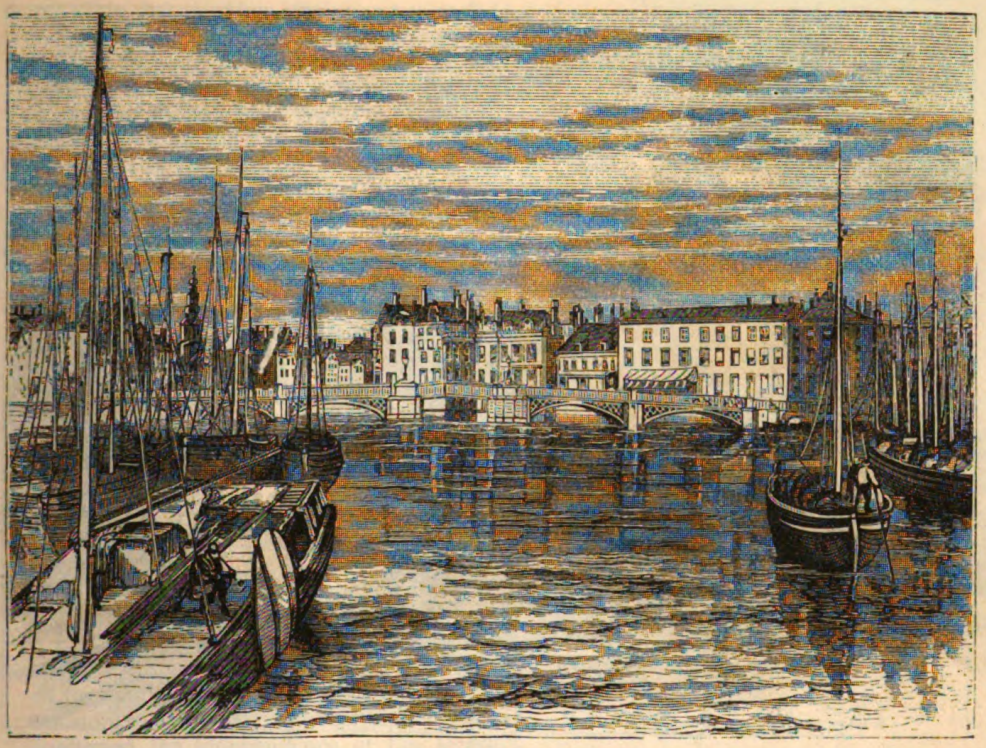
The fishermen convey their fish to the Hague in carts drawn by dogs (the animals are large and strong); and when they have completed their sales, return home in the empty carts drawn by their canine steeds. It is amusing to see with what a grand air they go trundling along, as self-satisfied apparently as one of our Celtic aldermen parading at the public expense in an open carriage on some highly important occasion, which he assists to illumine with a very red face and very yellow gloves.

As all tourists in Holland are anxious to reach Amsterdam, justly regarding it as the most interesting and most representative city of the kingdom, you and I, reader, will, at least for the present, skip the quaint and curious towns of Leyden and Haarlem, and enter the Dutch metropolis, whose foundations are said to have been built on herring bones.

Amsterdam (once called Amsteldamme, meaning the dike, or dam, of the Amstel) is the constitutional capital of the country, the ceremony of coronation being performed there. Situated at the confluence of the river Amstel with the Y, an arm of the Zuyder-Zee, it is shaped somewhat like a crescent or bow, the string representing the Y, and the curve the boundary on the land side. Though of much less commercial importance than it was two centuries ago, it is still a great centre of traffic and trade, and its population, which is constantly growing, is now over two hundred and seventy thousand. Amsterdam is built on piles driven into the sand, which lies about fifty feet below the morass the city stands on. It has often been styled the Venice of the North, and resembles it in point of situation; but in its history, traditions, and the character of its people it is extremely unlike the Cybele of the Sea. Venice, in her days of splendor, was as mysterious and romantic as Amsterdam has always been direct and practical.

The principal outlet of the Amstel, entering the city on the southeast, winds through and divides it into the old and new sides (Oude en Nieuwe Zijde), and falls into the Y by numerous courses. The ramparts have been demolished, and on the twenty-eight bastions are as many windmills—the outward symbol of every thing Dutch. The town is surrounded by a broad canal or fosse, and in the interior are four other large canals, running in curves, and parallel with the outer one, called Prinssen Gracht, Keizer's Gracht, Heeren Gracht, and the Cingel—the last being the innermost. These are

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AMSTERDAM.—THE AMSTEL.

lined with spacious and handsome buildings, and three of them are at least two miles long. The small canals, intersecting the town in every direction, divide it into as many as a hundred islands, and are crossed by some three hundred bridges.

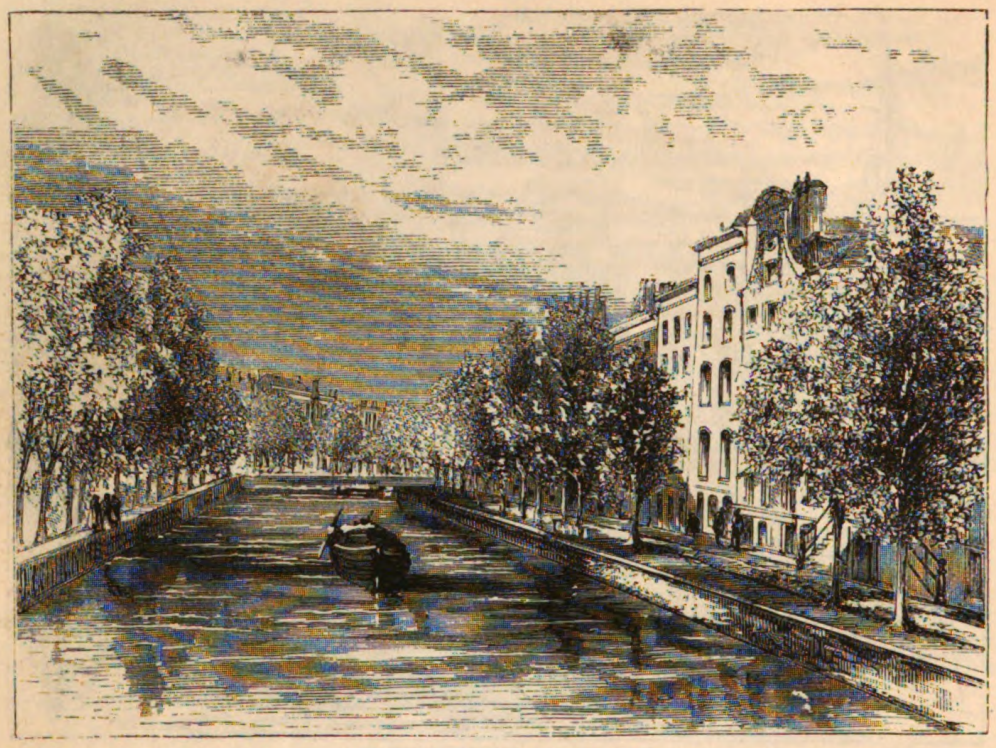
Toward the sea, on both sides of the Amstel, the streets are narrow and crooked; but, in the new part of the city, are broad and well paved. The houses are of brick, four, five, and six stories high, with their gables to the street, and generally entered by flights of steps in front. The principal shops are in Kalvers Straat, Warmois Straat, and the Nieuwendyk, and are remarkable for their large plate-glass windows, as well as the excellence, extent, and variety of their stocks. There are few things which may not be had in Amsterdam for money. Loans of millions, and diamonds worth a small fortune, may be obtained, with every gradation down to a pound of choice butter or a bottle of the best Curaçoa.

The buildings of the city, so tall and narrow, and with such fantastic gables, generally rounded at the top or running off to a point, and often terminating in a carved white marble slab, look queerly enough to a stranger during the first few days of his sojourn on the Amstel. He is impressed with their universal determination against making an angle of ninety degrees. If there be a straight structure in the whole town, I have never seen it. The houses have declared eternal hostility to the perpendicular. They lean forward, and lean backward; they lean to the right, and lean to the left—conveying the impression to an unfamiliar eye that the only reason they do not tumble down is that they haven't made up their mind which way to fall.

I have observed nervous foreigners walking along the edges of the canals, and constantly looking up at the monotonous brick piles, as if expecting to see them momentarily topple over.

I remember an Englishman who was so occupied in the Heeren Gracht one morning with watching the stately buildings that he walked into the canal. A burly native in a small boat rowed to the spot where the noble Briton had disappeared, and tried to drag him out when he rose to the surface. His intentions were excellent; but he was so short and fleshy that when he caught hold of the Englishman he lost his equilibrium, went over the side, and fell upon the struggling fellow in the water, very much after the manner of an enormous meal-sack. John Bull sank as if he had swallowed twenty gallons of boiled lead, and, coming up again, his broad face was purple. He couldn't swim a stroke, and would have drowned inevitably if the Dutchman hadn't gotten back into his skiff, and, seizing a boat-hook, fastened it in the seat of the poor man's trowsers, and rescued him in the shape of a dripping clothes-pin. As soon as Bull discharged some of the unsavory water he had absorbed, he began to denounce Holland and every

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AMSTERDAM.—THE HEEREN GRACHT.

thing in it. He threatened to bring suit against his burly preserver for assault and battery; abused the city for having dangerous houses which no sane man would walk near; and finally anathematized his optics if he didn't write to the *Times*. That is the last resort of your true Briton; but as it had no influence on the sturdy waterman, who didn't understand a word of English, Queen Victoria's outraged subject went off as wrathful as he was wet.

The order of architecture in Amsterdam, for want of a better name, might be styled the inebriated and staggering order; for the buildings look as if they had been trying to drink out all the Schiedam distilleries, and were a good deal worse for their effort. Their example must be a bad one. How can plain Jan or humble Marten hope to keep sober with such architectural irregularities ever before their eyes? This leaning of the houses is caused by the sinking of the piles on which they are built. They get out of the perpendicular, but they very rarely fall, so that their perilous condition is more apparent than real.

The most conspicuous and the finest building in Amsterdam—indeed, in all Holland—is the Palace, formerly the Town-hall. It is of stone, in a parallelogrammatic form, two hundred and sixty feet long and two hundred broad, and rests on some fourteen thousand piles. It contains a spacious hall, nearly a hundred feet high, lined with white marble, and really quite handsome. The Palace would not be remarkable any where else, but the Dutch regard it as an incomparable edifice—much as the ancient Greeks did the Temple of Ephesus or the Parthenon. A view from the tower is much more remunerative than a ramble through the interior of the building, as from that elevated position you get at a single glance a correct view of the wonderful city, with its wilderness of narrow streets, its countless canals bordered with trees, its crooked houses with projecting gables, its crowded shipping, and thronged and bustling quays. Your range of vision takes in miles of the surrounding country, the great ship-canal, fifty miles long, leading to the Helder, the many little towns in the neighborhood, and the broad expanse of the Zuyder-Zee.

The main entrance to the Palace—every thing is inverted in Holland—is in the rear. The treasures of the once celebrated Bank of Amsterdam, now no more (described by Adam Smith in his "Wealth of Nations"), which used to regulate the exchanges of Europe, were kept in the vaults of this building. Most of the best pictures have been removed to the Museum; but one of the most interesting portrays Van Speyk blowing up his ship to prevent its falling into the hands of the Belgians.

In February, 1831, during the war between them and the Dutch, a gun-boat of the latter, in sailing up the Scheldt from Fort Austruweel to the Citadel during a heavy gale, to use a nautical phrase, twice missed stays.

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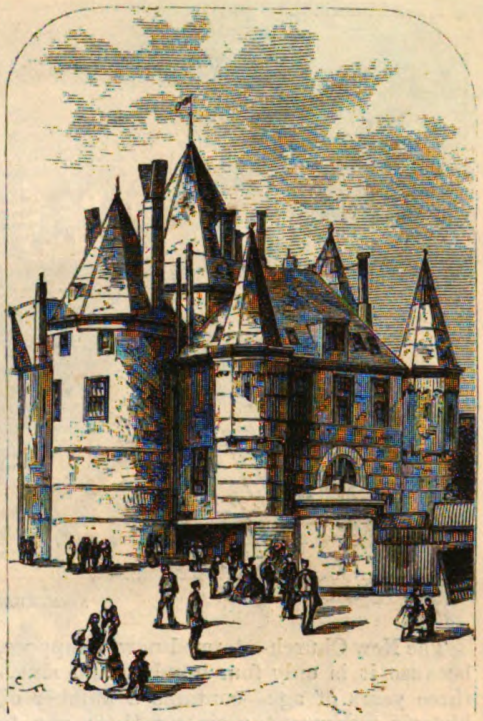
All the exertions of her officers and crew did not prevent her from getting aground under the very guns of the fort, and within a few yards of the docks. The helpless situation of the boat having been perceived from the shore, a body of Belgian volunteers boarded her to make her a prize, and ordered her commander, a young officer named Van Speyk, to surrender. Seeing that resistance against overwhelming numbers was useless, and having frequently expressed his determination never to yield his vessel, he rushed to the magazine, laid a lighted cigar upon an open barrel of gunpowder, fell upon his knees in prayer, and in less than a minute the terrible explosion took place, blowing all of the crew but three, and every one of the boarders, to atoms. Van Speyk, an orphan, had been educated at the public expense, and most nobly did he repay the debt due to his country. In turn it remembered him by rearing a monument to his memory beside that of De Ruyter, and decreeing that there should always be a vessel in the national navy bearing his honored name.

The Museum, in the Trippenhuis, has among the notable paintings Van der Helst's "City Guard of Amsterdam" celebrating at a banquet the treaty of Westphalia, which confirmed the independence of the Dutch. The figures, twenty-five in number, are all portraits; and though none of them are of distinguished persons, they are so correctly drawn, are so well colored, and have such a marked individuality and life-like expression, that the picture has been called a miracle of the Dutch school.

Rembrandt's "Nightwatch," as it is called, though it is now thought to represent a company of archers going out to shoot at the butts, and his "Five Masters of the Drapers' Company;" Gerard Dou's "Evening School," with its marvelous management of different lights; Teniers's "Temptation of St. Anthony;" Backhuysen's "Embarkation of the Pensionary De Witt," and other paintings by Potter, Vandervelde, and Jan Steen—are all well deserving of long and careful study.

The churches of the city, like those of the country at large, are plain on the outside and bare in the interior; but they are grotesquely built, with six, seven, and eight gables, and often so entirely surrounded by shops that it is very difficult for a stranger to find their entrance. I have wasted a number of hours going round and round the damms, or open spaces, of the metropolis in the vain search for church doors.

The Dutch, as a people (the national creed is Calvinism), are extremely orthodox, and very regular in their attendance upon religious service. If they were not guided by unusual theological zeal, I question if they would not often fail to discover how to get into what they consider their temples of Divine worship. In respect to church-going,

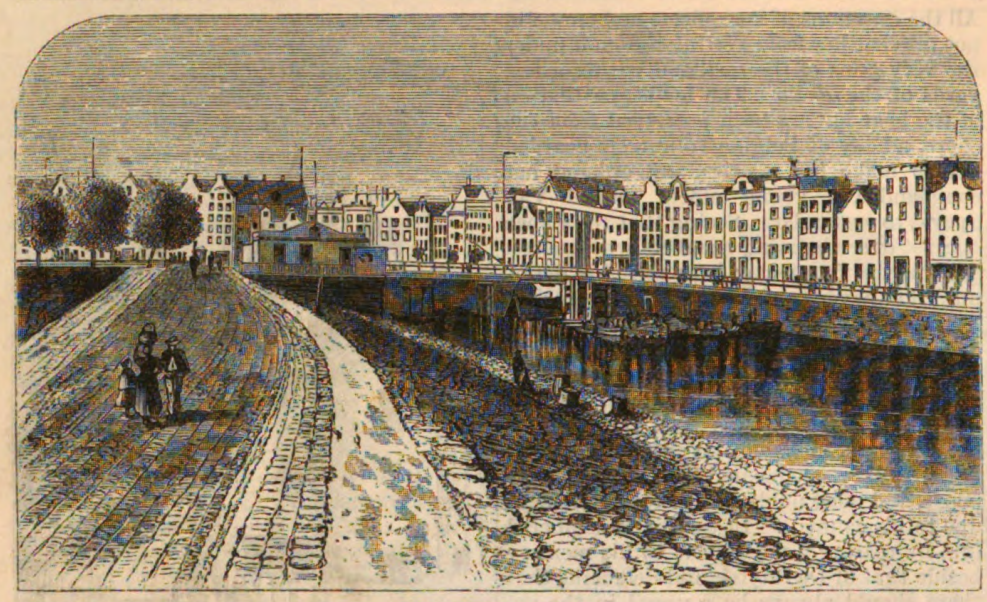


STREET SCENE IN AMSTERDAM.

and the rigid observance of forms, the Dutch are the Scotch of the Continent. They recognize the Deity in every thing, especially in the thing that happens to fall out as they desire, and all matters of moment they associate with special providences. They are most vehement Protestants—their Protestantism often being a sectarian form of anti-Catholicism, as is natural after their long and bitter contests with the Spaniards, and their heroic defense of their political and religious rights. Service is held in the churches three or four times of a Sunday, and they who fail to attend at least twice are presumed to be dallying with Satan, and circumvented by his iniquitous snares. Sermons are announced in placards posted on the walls of the ecclesiastic edifices several days before they are preached, so that the public, as well as the congregations, may know what rare entertainment is in store for them. The clergymen still wear the puritanic costume of Charles I.'s time—a long black cloak, with a ruff about the neck—and generally confine their discourses to doctrinal points, spinning metaphysical webs, about total depravity, eternal reprobation, vicarious atonement, and the sin against the Holy Ghost, between the pulpit and their hearers, which the latter are constantly struggling to walk on.

The Old Church, styled St. Nicholas in the days of Romanism, has some beautifully stained windows, several tombs of Dutch admirals, a fine set of chimes, and a very sweet-toned organ.

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AMSTERDAM.—THE PORT.

The New Church—termed new, I suppose, because it is only four hundred and sixty-three years of age—contains a number of historic monuments; among them one to Admiral De Ruyter, who sailed up the Medway and burned the English fleet at Chatham; another to Captain Bentinck, killed in the battle of Doggerbank; a third to the dramatic poet Vondel, called the Dutch Shakspeare; and a fourth to the heroic Van Speyk.

Though the greater part of the educated Dutch are Calvinists, and extremely earnest in their belief, they understand the wisdom and policy of the largest toleration. The Evangelical Lutherans, the Scotch Presbyterians, the Moravians, the English Episcopalians, the Baptists, Friends, Greeks, Jews, and Roman Catholics, have their places of worship. The Jews and Romanists are the most numerous: the former about twenty thousand, and the latter close upon fifty thousand.

Almost every body is disappointed in the activity and bustle of Amsterdam. Its quays are thronged, its streets are crowded, its shops are full, and its warehouses are always busy. It bears on every hand the marks of industry, perseverance, and prosperity. No man, woman, or child seems to be idle. Whatever it may be in theology, idleness is socially the unpardonable sin in Holland; and though the thing in which they are engaged may seem trifling to foreigners, it is followed, whatever its nature, with entire devotion. Neither loungers nor beggars are visible there; and yet to the Anglo-Saxon mind a vast deal of precious time is wasted for the want of mechanical contrivances, and of what New Englanders style faculty.

You see there, as in Rotterdam, any number of sledges for carrying purposes. One reason of this, in addition to economy, is that the conveyance of freight or goods of any kind by land is for a very short distance, nearly all the vessels being loaded and unloaded by and from the warehouses by means of blocks projecting over the borders of the canals. Very heavy burdens are frequently borne upon the sledges, without regard to the poor horses, which, though heavy and strong, after the national pattern, can not fail to be overtaxed.

The Exchange at half past three in the afternoon—the hour of high change—presents a supremely animated scene. Fewer nationalities are represented than at Rotterdam; but the transactions are very large and important, a single one sometimes embracing millions of guilders. The Dutchman has the profoundest sympathy with trade, which answers to a large part of his being directly and copiously. However calm and sluggish he may seem during much of the day, the hour of change rouses him, as a defiance of the Spaniards roused his ancestors. His nerves tingle then; his small eyes sparkle; his somewhat severe nature is simultaneously softened and hardened at the prospect of increasing his worldly goods, and of being enabled to expend still more upon his garden-house, which, if he were sentimental, he would term the home of his love, the Vaucluse of his heart.

Until you get acquainted with Amsterdam you believe that paupers are not reckoned among its inhabitants. There are many of them, albeit they are not allowed to offend the public eye. I have heard it estimated that twenty thousand poor are fed and lodged at the expense of the city; and if this include the afflicted as well as the unfortunate, the

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GATHERING THE FAMILY TOGETHER.

number can not be far from correct. The benevolent institutions of the city—as many as sixty—embrace asylums for the aged and infirm, the insane, widows, foundlings, and almost all persons suffering from ailments of mind, body, or circumstance.

There used to be, I have been informed, a hospital for fools; but there was so much contention as to who should occupy it—so many who ought to have been, and so few who were willing to go there — that the charitable enterprise was finally abandoned. Some waggish citizens urged the building up of the old walls of the town, and covering them with a great roof, as the most convenient and least discriminating asylum which could be erected. And this jest had much to do with the extinction of an institution which is so much needed that it can never be established any where.

A considerable portion of the poorer citizens live in the basements or cellars of the houses whose upper apartments are occupied by persons in comfortable circumstances. Such residences are damp and unwholesome, and yet their occupants seem generally to be active and robust. The Dutch, as a people, inherit excellent constitutions, which their very moist and trying climate—the thermometer varies from twenty degrees below zero to one hundred and five above—their impure air, and noisome exhalations from ditches and canals, are not sufficient to injure to any permanent degree.

A large part of the people, from motives of economy, have, like the Chinese, their homes upon the water. They build, buy, or hire a boat slender enough to pass through all the canals, stock it with poultry, hogs, and cows, construct a cabin for their families, and so become independent of the outer world. It seems a little odd to have children and cattle, wives and pigs, infants and ducks, with barn-yards and household furniture, all under one roof; but the Dutch don't mind such things, and, on the whole, manage their domestic affairs very adroitly. They keep their live stock in one part of the boat, and their family stock in another. Those get fat, and these are content, and both contribute to the profit and comfort of the heads of the family. Among the peasantry and working people in Holland the women labor quite as much as, if not more than the men. In addition to rearing children, they perform such menial service as working in the field, driving carts, digging peat, and unloading vessels.

In this boat life the women do all the domestic offices, and garnish their cabins with tulips, hyacinths, and dahlias—for which the Dutch in all grades of society have an unconquerable passion—giving an appearance of refinement and comfort to what would otherwise seem a narrow, sordid, and dreary existence. All the members of the family, without regard to age or sex, take part in the management of their floating dwelling. When they are too poor to buy a horse, as frequently happens, not only the men but

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the women and children drag the boat along from one village or town to another, or to different quarters of the city, as suits their convenience or their interests. These amphibious families generally support themselves by trading or exchanging of some sort. They carry vegetables, poultry, butter, eggs, and cheese to the cities, and, after selling them, make excursions to the country to purchase more.

A Dutchman with his variegated goods and chattels is an odd sight. I have noticed him and his wife, with four, six, eight, and even ten children, hardly more than a year between their ages, driving their poultry, pigs, and cattle on board the boat, and, after distributing themselves as pilots, draggers, feeders, cooks, cleaners, and general directors, glide off on the canals as if they were sailing on purple seas to the Islands of the Blessed.

The foundations of Amsterdam no longer rest on herring bones. Two thousand vessels were once annually sent out from Holland on the herring fisheries, and now two hundred would cover the entire number engaged in the trade. Holland, like Amsterdam, has changed, but changed with the spirit of the time, and has now a new growth. Holland no longer regulates the exchanges of the world; no longer controls the commerce of the ocean; no longer, with her brave and sturdy sailors, rules the sea; no longer sets financial fashions to all Europe; no longer holds the mighty purse which kings must win before declaring war; no longer from her sluices and canals sends out her golden argosies that stretched her power and fame to every quarter of the globe. But still she is great in her dwarfed proportions; great in the industry, perseverance, and spirit of her people, whom all the surges of the sea can not daunt, and all the strength of the Spaniards in the height of their pride could not overcome. She is small, but she is firm and free, and has taught both hemispheres by her example what earnestness and determination may accomplish. She has no dreams of glory in these days; but she steadily pushes her conquest of work in every direction, and girds, as she has ever girt, her honest brow with the unfading laurels of unfailing labor and unfaltering heart.

A STRANGER IN THE PEW.

Poor little Bessie! She tossed back her curls,
And, though she is often the sweetest of girls,
This was something she couldn't and wouldn't endure;
'Twas the meanest, most impolite act, she was sure,
  And a thing, she declared, that *she* never would do:
To go to a church where one didn't belong,
Then walk down the aisle like the best in the throng,
  And seat one's self plump in another one's pew.

Humph! Didn't her father own his out and out,
And didn't they fill it up full, just about,
When mamma and papa, and herself and the boys,
Were seated? And didn't their boots make a noise
  In moving along to make room for a stranger?
And wasn't it cool, with the brazenest face,
To expect at each hymn pa would find out the place
  (If Ben didn't, or Bob, but there wasn't much danger)?

With such feelings at heart, and their print on her face,
Last Sunday our Bessie hitched out of her "place"
To make room for a girl, very shabby and thin,
Who had stood in the aisle till mamma asked her in.
  The poor little thing tried her best not to crowd;
And Bessie, forgetting, soon had the mishap
To slip from her drowsiness into a nap,
  From which she awakened by crying aloud.

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"WHEN, ALL IN A MOMENT, THE MUSIC GREW LOUD,
AND ON IT CAME FLOATING A BEAUTIFUL CROWD."

Poor Bessie sat upright, with cheeks all aflame
At sleeping in church, and we felt for her shame;
But 'twas strange at the close of the service to see
Our Bessie, now gentle as gentle could be,

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Take the hand of the shabby young girl in the pew,
And walk with her out of the church with a smile
That shone through the tears in her eyes all the while,
And brightened her face with a radiance new.

"Good-by," whispered Bessie at parting, "and mind
Our pew's forty-five, with a pillar behind."
Then she stole to her mother: "Oh, mother, I dreamed
Such a curious dream! 'Twas no wonder I screamed.
I thought I was sitting in church in this dress,
With a girl like a beggar-child right in our pew—
We were sitting alone on the seat, just we two—
And I felt more ashamed than you ever could guess;

"When, all in a moment, the music grew loud,
And on it came floating a beautiful crowd;
They were angels, I knew, for they joined in the song,
And all of them seemed in the church to belong.
Slowly and brightly they sailed through the air;
The rays from the window streamed crimson and blue,
And lit them in turn as their forms glided through;
I could feel their soft robes passing over my hair.

"One came to my side. Very sadly she said,
'There's a stranger in here.' I lifted my head,
And looked at the poor, shabby girl with disdain.
''Tis not she,' said the angel; 'the haughty and vain
Are the strangers at church. She is humble and true.'
Then I cried out aloud, and the minister spoke,
And just as they floated away I awoke,
And there sat that dear little girl in our pew!"

FROM A BARN TO DRURY LANE.

A LITTLE less than a hundred years ago the great actor Garrick heard rumors of the beauty and genius of a young girl, the daughter of a strolling player, whose impersonations had completely turned the heads and captivated the hearts of the provincial audiences before whom she appeared. Ever on the alert to secure first-rate talent for his theatre—for Garrick was above the jealousy which is characteristic of modern stars—he sent an agent to ascertain the truth in regard to her performances. Dissatisfied with his report, in the month of August, 1775, he sent a second emissary to make further observations. This was the Rev. Mr. Bate, who is described as a clergyman of strong intelligence and vigorous style, and of a strength of muscle which would have entitled him in these days to the honor of the championship of "muscular Christianity." He was not only well up in stage matters, and a slashing theatrical critic, but an accomplished boxer and duelist. His letters giving the report of his expedition are preserved in the British Museum, and are singularly interesting and vivacious.

After traveling over "some of the cursedest cross-roads in the kingdom"—the Rev. Bate could use strong language upon occasion—he arrived at the town of Worcester, and there saw the new theatrical wonder, for the first time, playing Rosalind. He stood at the side wings of the theatre, which he describes as a sort of barn, the stage being only about three yards deep. Yet, even under these disadvantages, he was enchanted with her playing, and at once pronounced that she would be a valuable addition to the ranks of Drury Lane.

The actress was Mrs. Siddons, the daughter of Roger Kemble, a strolling player.

The English strolling player of that time, with his *entourage* and wandering vocation,

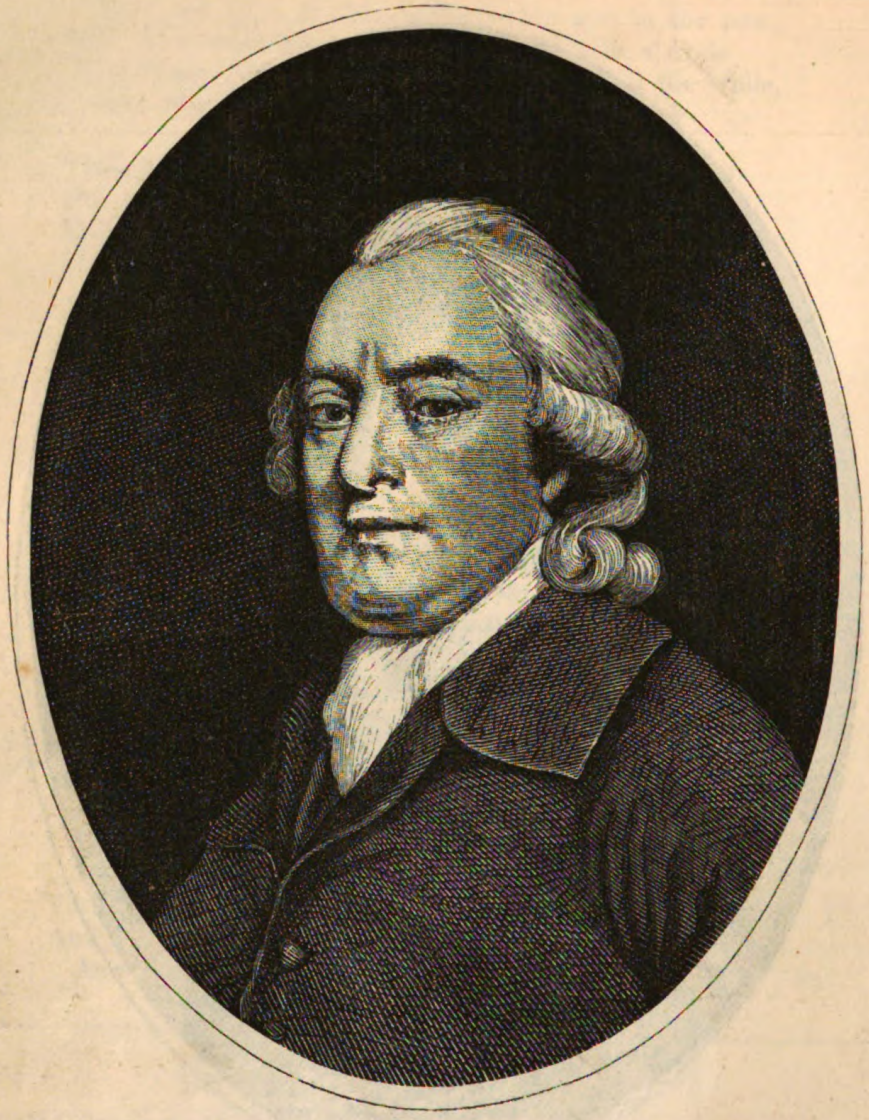
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MRS. SIDDONS IN THE CHARACTER OF THE TRAGIC MUSE.

formed an epitome of all that is contemptible and degrading. He lived in abject terror of the law, and might be classed lower than the tramps who in our day infest the purlieus of the race-course and the circus. The shifts, meannesses, and pretenses of this unhappy pariah were a perpetual invitation to the great satirists of the age, such as Churchill and Hogarth, who lavished their most pitiless raillery on victims who to us appear to have been unworthy of their notice. Barely tolerated for the night in some empty barn, and hunted from the village in the morning by terror of the stocks, these poor wretches make a spectacle to excite nothing but contempt and laughter. The company would arrive at a rural town without money, and generally destitute of provisions. Some coach-house or barn, or, in rare cases, a room at the inn, was lent to them. In more remote days the open inn-yard, with its antique galleries running round, was sometimes taken for the presentation of the play; and indeed this is thought to have furnished the model on which modern theatres are constructed. All sorts of odds and ends of furniture and finery were borrowed or stolen to make a show, a few candles were stuck round to furnish light, and thus the performance took place. The result was too frequently a number of small debts for board and lodging, or hopeless insolvency, with a flight from town after dark. Irate landladies sometimes anticipated this

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ROGER KEMBLE.

catastrophe by seizing some wretched article of clothing while the owner lay in bed; and the spectacle of the demoralized player flying from the house, clad in fluttering rags whose scantiness barely concealed his nakedness, was likely to add to the stock ridicule against his caste. Sometimes their miserable stage properties were seized and forfeited. There were generally pleasant, jovial creatures among them, who, in return for a supper or a pot of ale, told their adventures, and turned the heads of the simple village lads by vaunting the glories of the stage. They led a true Bohemian life, and were happy in their squalid wretchedness.

One of these dramatic vagrants, Ryley by name, has written a strange and incoherent account of this sort of life, extending over nine bulky volumes, which forms a most degrading record. We here see the strollers, after a disastrous week, quitting the town on credit, having found indulgent tradesmen, and being actually "trusted" for the chaises which took them away. But this was a rare humanity. We see "Mrs. Long," on the eve of a "bespeak," or "benefit," dressing up her eight children in scarlet, and taking them round to distribute bills, with the most successful result. The "bespeak" system, with the respectful waiting on patrons, obtained to a very recent time, as we learn from Nickleby; and Wilkinson describes the genteel actor panting eagerly along the road after the mounted gentleman, and forcing play-bills on him.

Sometimes a young girl falling in love with some wandering Romeo caused a village scandal. Servants became demoralized during the company's sojourn, and property was missed, as in the case of gypsy visits.

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JOHN P. KEMBLE.

In short, these theatrical visitors were considered as mountebanks, plagues, and nuisances by the justices—who thus classed the interpreters of the drama with the tramps and vagrants who gave them so much trouble. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that the strollers should be sternly dealt with by the rigid Puritans of the bench, or that when the increasing bands of showmen, hawkers, mountebanks, and tumblers wandered like thieving mendicants through the country, the itinerant players should be designated in acts of Parliament as "vagrants."

A once famous harlequin and player, by the name of Lee Lewes, has revealed many grotesque scenes from the life of the stroller. In his pages we see the "Priest of the Sun" stride forward over the rough barn floor, a borrowed bed-curtain draped about him, and a pine box for his altar; or the player, performing in "Mr. Coote's Malt-house," finds his boot sink in the soft clay as he declaims, and must leave it there. But what befell Elrington, an Irish actor of some mark, is more significant. Opening a small theatre at Manchester, he proposed conciliating all voices by a proclamation that the first receipts were to be given over to a new hos-

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CHARLES KEMBLE.

pital. On this he and his troupe were dragged before the justices, and *chasséd* from the town forthwith, for daring "to insult the subscribers to that institution." And one pleasant member of the Kemble family used to tell how, when walking with the provincial mayor of an Irish town, he was puzzled by some persons, who persisted in bowing repeatedly, in a fashion that seemed almost like prostration, before the functionary, who took no notice whatever. At the next street they found the same sycophants waiting, who again ran on and repeated their salams, until the mayor at last said, indulgently, "I see you—I see you!" These were strollers.

In after-years, when celebrity and wealth had taken the sting from the recollection, John and Stephen Kemble were fond of recalling the grotesque incidents of their early career as members of a band of vagrant players. With a grim humor peculiarly his own, John would tell of a highly critical stroller who held the opinion that Kent in "King Lear" was a doctor, and appeared on the stage with grizzled wig, black suit, a cane held to his nose, and a box under his arm. He would support his view by the passages:

"Do kill thy *physician*, Lear!"
"To new climes my *old trunk* I'll bear."

The trunk, he said, being the medicine-chest. Stephen Kemble overflowed with such sketches. He used to describe, with

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infinite humor, a season of privation in a wretched village, where the poor strollers could not muster a farthing, and where the unhappy beings, of whom he was one, were baited by furious landladies. To avoid this persecution he lay in bed two days, suffering the pangs of hunger; and then his only resource was a distant turnip field, to which he was persuaded to bring a brother actor, boasting of the "hospitality" of the establishment they were going to, its vast size, and thus raised the hopes of his unfortunate companion, until the disclosure was made that it was a turnip field.

Roger Kemble was manager of a company of these unhappy comedians. It was reported in the profession that he began life as a hair-dresser. He claimed to belong to an old English Catholic family which had furnished martyrs to Protestant intolerance; and his old-fashioned courtesy of manner, his ambitious views in regard to his son, and the well-cut and refined features of all his children, seem fair evidence of good breeding and extraction. Early in life he had joined a band of strollers, and married the daughter of the manager, an Irish actor. The lady was very handsome, and, we are told, "had once been tempted by a coronet." Her father vehemently opposed the match, but when he found opposition was of no use, he reluctantly consented, consoling himself with a rough thrust at his new son-in-law. He had wished her, he said, not to marry an actor, and she had complied with his wishes.

The fruit of this marriage was twelve children, of whom Sarah and John Philip were the eldest and greatest. Most of them were born on the circuit; only eight attained maturity. Sarah, the most gifted and famous of the family, was born in Wales, July 5, 1755. At the proper age she was sent to respectable day schools in the country towns to which the circuit brought the troupe. A very aged lady, alive a short time ago, recalled perfectly how the young girls in one of these schools were inclined to look down on the "play-actor's" daughter, until, some private theatricals being set on foot, her histrionic taste and experience put her forward, and made her services extremely valuable. She won universal popularity by exhibiting a device for imitating a "sack-back" with the thick paper that covers sugar-loaves. But her education must have been of a fitful sort, for the manager could not well afford to forego the assistance of a clever girl. Even when she was almost a child the future Mrs. Siddons was announced, on some benefit, as a sort of "Infant Phenomenon," to add to the attractions of the evening. As she came forward, some confusion arose in the gallery which overpowered all her attempts. Then her mother, who was a woman of promptness and spirit, led her down to the footlights, and made her recite the fable of "The Boys and Frogs," which at once lulled the tumult and restored good humor.

Wherever the troupe went the young girl, who was a great beauty, attracted attention and admiration. Her coquettish singing of "Robin, sweet Robin," enslaved the heart of a wealthy squire, who proposed for her hand. The willful beauty was then engaged to be married to an actor by the name of Siddons. Fearful of the superior attractions of the squire's purse, her lowly admirer proposed an elopement. She refused, and he was dismissed from the troupe; but being allowed the compliment of a farewell benefit, he meanly took advantage of it to recite, in doggerel verse, the story of his wrongs. A hearty boxing of the ears from the angry mother of the young lady awaited him at the wings as he retired from the stage. But Sarah proved constant and forgiving. After spending a few months in retirement as lady's-maid to a Mrs. Greathead, she won her father's consent to their union, and they were married in November, 1773.

For two years subsequent to her marriage Mrs. Siddons and her husband remained connected with Roger Kemble's company of strolling players. While playing in the "Fair Penitent," at the Cheltenham Theatre, she was closely observed by an emissary of Garrick's, who gave his employer a favorable account of her talents. Later, as already mentioned, the great actor dispatched the fighting clergyman, Bate, to make a more careful report. The result was an engagement at Drury Lane at a salary of five pounds a week. Jealousy on the part of older actresses, want of stage cultivation and experience, and a deficiency of power and variety in the tones of her voice, combined to make the engagement a failure. Then came the change in the proprietorship of the theatre, on Garrick's retirement from the stage, which brought with it a cold announcement that her services were no longer required. The blow was almost crushing. Her pride not alone was hurt, but the thought of her helpless children drove her to the verge of distraction.

But she soon recovered, and, filled with the gallant purpose of retrieving her reputation, bravely commenced a series of engagements at the provincial theatres. After a very successful season at Manchester, she accepted the offer of an engagement at the York Theatre, where she soon eclipsed all competitors, and gained immense popularity. Every body was astonished that such genius should have been neglected by a London audience. The manager fondly clung to the hope that he could secure her as a permanent member of his company. His chief dependence lay on the finery which he had provided for her Lady Alton, which was a most "elegant full sack-back, all over silver trimmings," and with which she was

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MRS. SIDDONS IN HER THIRTIETH YEAR.

so pleased that she used to say she would like to take it on to Manchester. Her engagement at York was followed by one equally brilliant and successful at Bath; and in 1782 she was invited to return to Drury Lane. This was a genuine triumph of talent and conscientious work, and it was received by Mrs. Siddons with pardonable exultation.

The management of Drury Lane was then in the hands of Sheridan, who was not above the small arts in which managers of the present day rival the vendors of quack medicines. All that variety of "puffs" on which he had been so merry and witty in his own burlesque were diligently scattered over the town, and were to be found in every newspaper that he could control. The announcement of her engagement was proclaimed at the foot of the play-bills for weeks. From these exertions much, no doubt, was expected; but neither he nor the public was prepared for the tremendous success that was to follow.

The great actress herself tells the story of her hopes, fears, and final triumph with touching simplicity and modesty. The play selected for her *debut* was "Isabella"—a fine though ponderous drama, full of gusts of passion and the very deepest tragedy. For one gifted with the tragic powers of tenderness, grief, and rage, nothing better could have been chosen. At one of the rehearsals an incident occurred which, though trifling, must have afforded her infinite encouragement. Her little boy, who was to take a part in the play, was so affected by her acting that he took it for reality, and burst into passionate crying, thinking he was about to lose his mother. This satisfactory proof of effect deeply impressed the actors and the manager, and Sheridan had the story conveyed to friendly newspapers.

The evening came, and every thing was favorable. There was a vast house, crammed to the roof, and extraordinary excitement and curiosity. Though she had been acting for years, she was almost unnerved. When she found herself on the stage she felt, she said, "the awful consciousness that one is

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the sole object of attention to that immense space, lined, as it were, with human intellect from top to bottom, and all around—it may be imagined, but can never be described, and by me can never be forgotten!" But she had no need to be apprehensive. Her acting was one continued triumph. As the pathetic piece moved on she took possession of the audience. The tenderness and exquisite sweetness of her tones went to every heart, the agony of suffering and grief thrilled all present. At times she had all men's eyes suffused with tears, and many women in actual hysterics. Toward the last act there was scarcely a speech of hers but what was interrupted by tumultuous and passionate bursts of applause, until the whole house seemed swept away in transport.

We must quote her own quiet and grateful description of the scene that followed, which shows the character of the woman in such pleasant colors:

"I reached my own quiet fireside, on retiring from the scene of reiterated shouts and plaudits. I was half dead; and my joy and thankfulness were of too solemn and overpowering a nature to admit of words, or even tears. My father, my husband, and myself sat down to a frugal, neat supper, in a silence uninterrupted except by exclamations of gladness from Mr. Siddons. My father enjoyed his refreshments; but occasionally stopped short, and laying down his knife and fork, lifting up his venerable face, and throwing back his silver hair, gave way to tears of happiness. We soon parted for the night; and I, worn out with continually broken rest and laborious exertion, after an hour's retrospection (who can conceive the intenseness of that reverie?), fell into a sweet and profound sleep, which lasted to the middle of the next day. I arose alert in mind and body."

"Isabella" was succeeded, after a run of eight nights, by the "Grecian Daughter," a stilted play, but with a substantial basis for the display of tragic talent. Then followed "Jane Shore," in which her acting was so intense as to throw some of the audience into hysterics. Other tragedies of the same kind were successively put on the stage; and during a season of about eighty nights she was wailing and mourning and raging through all the gamut of histrionic woe. The strain upon her nervous system was prodigious. But the managers were liberal. Her profits for the season were about fifteen hundred pounds. Honors, too, and titled patronage, became hers. The street before her lodgings in the Strand was crowded with the coaches of the nobility coming to call upon her. And from that time, during the course of a long life, the friendship of titled people was always hers to an extraordinary degree. The king and the royal family took the deepest interest in her.

From the scene of these gratifying triumphs Mrs. Siddons set out on a tour in Ireland. Success every where waited on her appearance; but she formed a most unfavorable impression of the country, and seems to have excited the jealousy of actors and critics wherever she played; and on her return to England she was pursued with burlesques and caricatures. Scarcely less annoying to her sensitive nature was the fashionable social homage to which she was subjected. Every one was eager to see and know her, and as she passed from the stage door, crowds always assembled to gaze at her and make remarks on her appearance. More agreeable were her associations with such men as Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds. At the dinner-table of the great portrait-painter she often met the highest representatives of the rank, wit, fashion, and learning of the time. It was on one of these occasions that Sir Joshua conceived the idea of painting her in the character of the Tragic Muse, of which picture an engraving is herewith given. The painter, who was an enthusiastic admirer of her performances, was highly gratified at her style of dress—a short waist, instead of the long, stiff stays, her hair generally laid close in little curls and braids, so as to display the shape of the head. At the theatre he always sat in the orchestra, in a line of famous men—Burke, Gibbon, Sheridan, Windham, and Fox, down whose dark cheeks the tears were often seen trickling. These eminent men would all find their way to her dressing-room, to pay their respects. Even the doubtful compliment of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's approbation was often offered to her. The same precious testimonial had been recently bestowed on an actress of the same house, the unfortunate *Perdita* Robinson; but to the majestic Muse of Tragedy he dared make no profane advances. Indeed, she was always on her guard, and, as was said later of her, one would as soon think of making love to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

There was always a chair ready at the wings for Dr. Johnson whenever his health permitted him to visit the theatre. Only a year before he died he sent a friend to the actress to beg that she would do him the honor of taking tea with him. She felt the compliment, and with her brother visited the doctor, who received her with true old-fashioned courtesy. There being no chair at hand for her to sit down, he excused the deficiency by saying, with a smile, "Madam, you, who so often occasion a want of seats to other people, will the more easily excuse the want of one yourself." When chairs were brought he seated himself beside her, and unlocked the gates of his old theatrical recollections—of those days when he had been a play-goer and critic, and had seen his friend "Davy" act, and Mrs. Clive and Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Pritchard. He dwelt specially on Garrick's merits in both tragedy and comedy, turned then to the subject of Shakspeare's plays; and as she spoke of acting Queen Katharine, his favorite part, he expressed his wish to attend and see her.

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"But," said he, "I am too deaf and too blind, and could see or hear no farther off than the stage-box, and I have little taste for making an exhibition of myself in such a conspicuous situation." On this she proposed the chair at the wing, when the doctor was much flattered, though the opportunity was never to come. He was greatly pleased with her, and wrote to his friend Mrs. Thrale, a little after what Goldsmith would have called his "bow-wow" manner, that "she had behaved with great modesty and propriety, and left nothing behind her to be censured or despised." He was also pleased to notice that she had not been depraved by either money or praise, and looked forward to seeing her again. Mrs. Siddons often visited the doctor after this. He always treated her with the same old-fashioned ceremoniousness, and on every occasion repeated the same formality, conducting her to the head of the stairs, holding her hand respectfully, and saying, with a bow, "Dear madam, I am your most humble servant." Though it used to be the fashion to speak of this man as uncouth, boorish, and bearish, there was more true politeness in him than in a score of Chesterfields.

But her success was attended by many drawbacks. She possessed one unfortunate characteristic—a thorough contempt of the outside world, which brought her into many difficulties, while she was always prone to ascribe her troubles to the jealousy and machinations of others. Thus nothing could divest her of the belief that Garrick was the cause of her early failure at Drury Lane. She constantly made enemies on the press and in the ranks of her own profession. A second visit to Dublin was productive of many annoyances. She was piqued at the preference shown to other actresses. It was alleged that she had refused to play for a worthy aged actor, and it was solemnly stated that "there was a general opinion abroad that the softer virtues of humanity did not reside in her breast." On her return to England it became her fate to be dragged into an unpleasant publicity; and when she appeared again on the Drury stage she was received by the audience with a burst of hooting and hissing that to a more timid person would have been appalling. But the brave woman quailed not for a moment. Her brother led her forward to the foot-lights, but this only increased the storm, and she retired, to fall fainting in his arms from excitement. After a few moments' rest the curtain again rose, and amidst a silence in strange contrast with the tumult that had just subsided, she addressed the audience in a few well-chosen words. "The kind and flattering partiality," she said, "which I have uniformly experienced in this place would make the present interruption distressing to me indeed were I conscious of having deserved your censure. The stories which have been circulated against me are calumnies. When they shall be proved to be true, my aspersers will be justified; but till then my respect for the public leads me to be confident that I shall be protected from unmerited insult." The effect of this speech was magical. The audience applauded with enthusiasm. Mrs. Siddons then withdrew for a few minutes to recover herself. She then reappeared, and went through her part triumphantly. The play was "The Gamester." It is almost needless to say that the frivolous charges of inhumanity were completely disproven.

Mrs. Siddons gives an interesting account of her first representation of Lady Macbeth at Drury Lane. She had studied the character with great care until she had worked out a grand, consistent, and effective theory, on which her personation was based. But a wretched actor was put on to play Macbeth, and an incident occurred just before the play began which utterly discomposed her. It was her custom, as it had been that of Garrick, to devote some time before the curtain rose to a sort of "retreat," during which she composed herself to think only of the character which she was to assume. On this eventful evening—but the story is best told in her own words:

"Just as I had finished my toilet, and was pondering with fearfulness my first appearance in the grand, fiendish part, comes Mr. Sheridan knocking at my door, and insisting, in spite of all my entreaties not to be interrupted at this to me tremendous moment, to be admitted. He would not be denied admittance, for he protested he must speak to me on a circumstance which so deeply concerned my own interest that it was of the most serious nature. Well, after much squabbling I was compelled to admit him, that I might dismiss him the sooner, and compose myself before the play began. But what was my distress and astonishment when I found that he wanted me, even at this moment of anxiety and terror, to adopt another mode of acting the sleeping scene! He told me that he had heard with the greatest surprise and concern that I meant to act it without holding the candle in my hand; and when I argued the impracticability of washing out that '*damned spot*' that was certainly implied by both her own words and by those of her gentlewoman, he insisted that if I did put the candle out of my hand it would be thought a presumptuous innovation, as Mrs. Pritchard had always retained it in hers. My mind, however, was made up, and it was then too late to make me alter it, for I was too agitated to adopt another method. My deference for Mr. Sheridan's taste and judgment was, however, so great that, had he proposed the alteration while it was possible for me to change my own plan, I should have yielded to his suggestion; though even then it would have been against my own opinion, and my observation of the accuracy with which somnambulists perform all the acts of waking persons. The scene of course was acted as I had myself conceived it, and the innovation, as Mr. Sheridan called it, was received with approbation. Mr. Sheridan himself came to me after the play and most ingenuously congratulated me on my obstinacy."

Her triumph was complete. The care with which she acted is revealed by a diverting anecdote:

"While standing up before my glass," she says, "and taking off my mantle, a diverting circumstance occurred to chase away the feelings of this anxious

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MRS. SIDDONS AS LADY MACBETH.

night; for while I was repeating, and endeavoring to call to mind the appropriate tone and action to the following words, 'Here's the smell of blood still!' my dresser innocently exclaimed, 'Dear me, ma'am, how very hysterical you are to-night! I protest and vow, ma'am, it was not blood, but rose-pink and water; for I saw the property-man mix it up with my own eyes.'"

Our limits will not permit us to follow Mrs. Siddons through her career as an actress; and we must content ourselves with culling a few pleasant anecdotes connected with her later years, which we find in Fitzgerald's pleasant work on the Kemble family, from which we have drawn the substance of this article, as well as the illustrations.

During an engagement at Leeds she played with the elder Mathews, who describes what she suffered from the barbarous frequenters of the galleries. When she was about to drink the poison, one called out, "Soop it oop, lass!" When she was playing the "sleeping scene" in "Macbeth," a boy, who had been sent for some porter, walked on to the stage and presented it to her. In vain the great actress motioned him away; in vain hoarse voices called him off. The house roared; the whole play was spoiled. No wonder, when the curtain came down, on the last night of her engagement at Leeds, that she said, "Farewell, ye Brutes!"

There are many agreeable little pictures in her provincial travels, and none more graphic than one drawn by Miss Burney, of the little Weymouth theatre, when the king and royal family were stopping there. The

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author of "Evelina" tells how she met the stately actress walking on the sands with her children, and received an obeisance as stately; how the aged king commanded a performance at the theatre, and the royal family being away on an expedition, kept the packed audience waiting; how the farce was put first; and how the king and queen arriving at last, they sent a page home for their wigs, so as not to detain the audience further.

The retirement of Mrs. Siddons from the stage, when through increasing years and bodily infirmities she had become incapable of sustaining her favorite characters, took place in 1812. The 29th of June was fixed for her last appearance, and "Macbeth" was selected as the play in which she was to take farewell of the scene of so many splendid triumphs. The excitement was unprecedented. The theatre was crowded, and the applause tumultuous. When the "sleep-walking" scene was concluded the audience rose, and insisted upon the play stopping there. The wish was gratified, and the curtain fell. When it rose, after a short interval, the great actress was discovered dressed in white and seated at a table. Coming forward, she received an impassioned greeting, and with great emotion recited a farewell address. She was much agitated; and at the conclusion her brother John came forward to lead her away. Then the curtain descended slowly, and shut her out from what, after all, must be one of the most seductive and entrancing worlds, compared with which all the placid enjoyments of well-earned rest and retirement must seem tame and insipid. But for one like her, who commanded applause, and secured, perhaps, the highest appreciation ever awarded to an actress, it must have been almost like a foretaste of death.

Now she was to feel the blank that succeeded the splendid and almost supernatural excitement of the stage. Long afterward she confided to Moore, with an *épanchement du cœur* which made him feel the deepest interest in her—the only time she had ever done so off the stage—how bitterly she felt the desolation. To Rogers she complained of the *ennui* that came upon her during the long evenings when she had to sit at home. She was thinking, she said, "Now I used to be going to dress; now the curtain is about to rise!" Then came the memory of the uproarious greeting as she appeared on the stage; and so strong was the spell upon her mind that several times after this formal retirement she allowed herself to be lured upon the stage. It brought upon her the bitterest mortification. Hazlitt and other critics attacked her with merciless severity; caricaturists made her ridiculous by contrasting her fat, unwieldy person with the graceful forms of younger favorites; and the public, always forgetful and cruel, laughed and jeered at the spectacle. In private life she was beloved by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance; and her death, which occurred in 1831, revived all the pride with which she had once been regarded by her countrymen.

Of the male members of the Kemble family, one only, John Philip, rose to eminence on the stage. Stephen's chief claim to temporary notoriety was that he could play "Falstaff without stuffing." Charles was an elegant and cultivated but not a great actor, and his life was uneventful and uninteresting. John was but little younger than the sister with whose fame his own was intimately associated. He also, as stated in the earlier part of this article, began as a strolling player, and by force of talent and studious culture of his great natural powers, became one of the foremost actors of the age. He had always a studied instead of a passionate or sympathetic manner. An air of over-elaboration appeared in all his playing.

His manner, according to Hazlitt, had always in it something hard, dry, and pedantic. He lacked spontaneity, and was so ponderous in his love-making on the stage as to excite derision. Leigh Hunt makes Apollo say, in the "Feast of the Poets,"

> "By Jove,
> *I'd as soon have gone down to see Kemble in love!*"

as if that were the acme of tediousness. His peculiarities and mannerisms contributed largely to the amusement of the town. "I have known him," says Leigh Hunt, "make an eternal groan on the interjection *Oh!* as if he were determined to show that his misery had not affected his lungs." His pronunciation was capricious and peculiar. *Virtue* and *merchant* became *varchue* and *marchant*. Hunt pleasantly supposes Kemble to recite the following lines:

> "For since the soul that pierces mine,
> Sweet Myra's soul, is full of thine,
> In my breast too thy spirit stirs,
> Since all my soul is full of hers;"

which in the great actor's mouth would be transformed into:

> "For since the soul that *purses* mine,
> Sweet Myra's soul, is full of thine,
> In my breast too thy spirit *stares*,
> Since all my soul is full of *hairs!*"

He was accustomed to drawl on emphatic words in such a way that they might have been measured by a stop-watch. Once he introduced a disagreeable reading in Macbeth —"magot-pies" for "magpies"—and then, observing the disgust of his audience, deliberately repeated the obnoxious phrase, as if he would force it down their throats. His ponderous manner is well described by Scott, after seeing him play Hamlet. He said that the Dane's natural melancholy placed him within Kemble's range, yet that many delicate and sudden turns of passion slipped

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STEPHEN KEMBLE AS FALSTAFF.

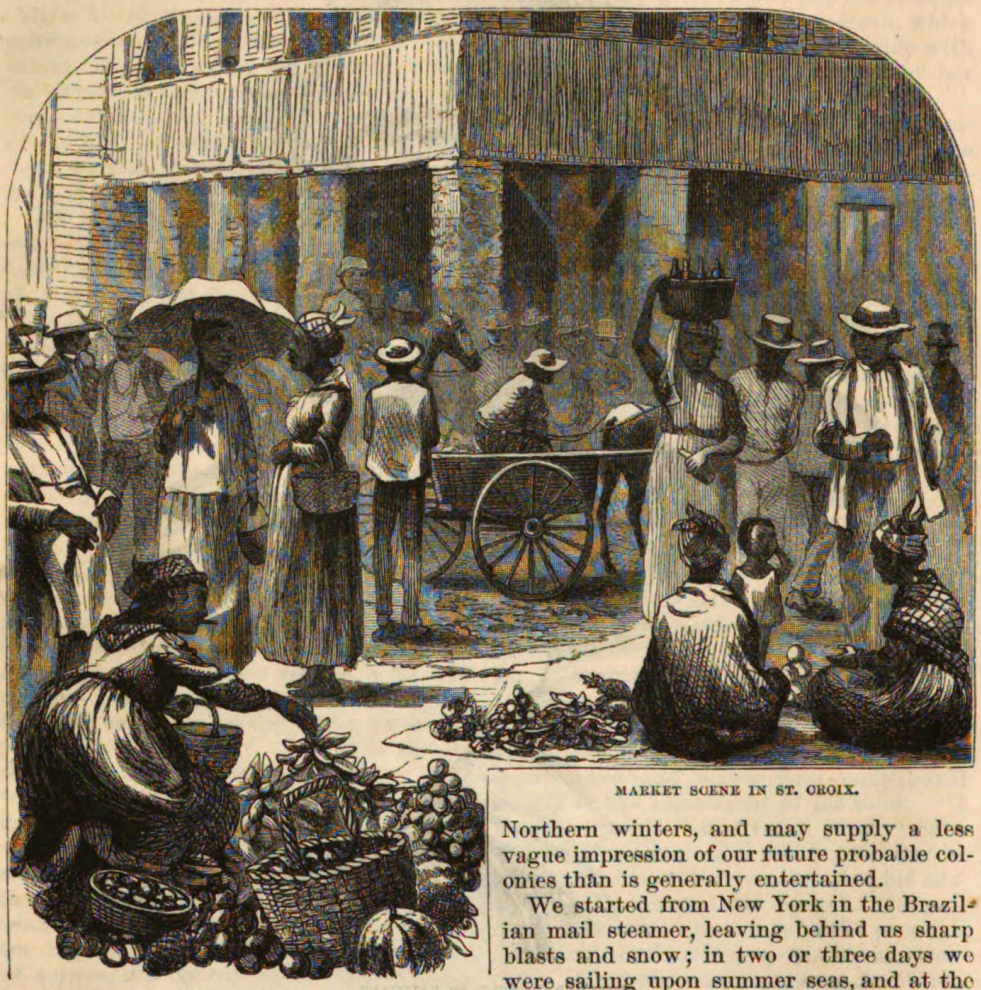
through his fingers. He happily described him as "a lordly vessel, goodly and magnificent when going well before the wind, but wanting facility to go about."

Kemble was educated at Douai for the Catholic priesthood; but, after nearly six years' residence in the seminary, concluded that he had no talent for that vocation, and set out in search of his family. His father refused to receive him; and when the company made up a small purse to relieve his necessities, old Roger Kemble was with difficulty persuaded to add a guinea. He set out with a companion in search of another company. On Christmas-day they found themselves at an inn, without a penny, and unable to proceed further. On this emergency it was agreed that two letters should be written — one in Latin, to the parson (for which Kemble was, no doubt, responsible); the other in English, to a lawyer in the neighborhood; and it was expected that the sense of peace and good-will reigning on the earth that day would soften the receivers' hearts, and induce them to send money. The adventurers were successful. His early career was full of the traditional privations of the craft. Sometimes, when reduced to straits, he appeared in odd situations; and one of the stories of the profession was that he had taken up the character of a Methodist preacher.

The subsequent career of John Kemble—his elevation from the rank of a strolling player to that of a "dramatic star" of the first magnitude, his position as manager of Drury Lane Theatre under Sheridan, and his dissensions with that brilliant but irregular genius—presents a thousand points of interest, upon which our limits will not permit us even to touch. Certainly the whole range of theatrical biography does not contain a more fascinating chapter than that which records the progress of Sarah and John Kemble from the rough boards of a village barn to the stately stage of Drury Lane.

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THE DANISH WEST INDIES.



MARKET SCENE IN ST. CROIX.

WHEN that astute statesman, William H. Seward, convinced of the necessity that the United States should possess a convenient harbor in the Caribbean Sea, proposed the purchase of the Danish West Indies, there was developed quite a universal ignorance of these neighboring islands, one of which, at least, was deemed sufficiently important, as fulfilling required conditions, to be considered a candidate for annexation. But whether or not this consummation, so devoutly desired by the intelligent portion of their inhabitants, will ever now be achieved, after all the tortuous twistings of diplomacy, which has apparently set the question aside, time and increasing contingencies only will determine; while of the numerous corps of invalids who annually seek warmer climates, there will always be a few whose thoughts and footsteps will turn thitherward in search of restoration and lengthened days, so that some account of a winter's experience in these bright tropic places may be acceptable to those who are obliged to fly from our gray Northern winters, and may supply a less vague impression of our future probable colonies than is generally entertained.

We started from New York in the Brazilian mail steamer, leaving behind us sharp blasts and snow; in two or three days we were sailing upon summer seas, and at the end of a week were anchored beneath the Southern Cross, which, by-the-way, is a comparatively insignificant constellation, much overpraised for size and brilliancy.

We landed on St. Thomas at the wharf attached to Bonelli's "European Hotel," which was reached by a long, flagged alley-way, and presented the usual characteristics of West India houses—windows with green jalousies and no glass, and bare floors, with old-fashioned and rather shabby furniture, and not much of it. From one side of our apartment we had our first view of tropical scenery, in a landscape that seemed the exact counterpart of the illustrations to "Paul and Virginia" which delighted our childhood. Emerald and irregular hills, crowded with low, white villas, surrounded with luxuriant verdure, among which was the home of Santa Anna; a sloping road of shining sand winding downward among brilliant flowers and clustered foliage, from the midst of which a stately cocoa-palm here and there raised its bare stem and crowning branches;

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and all the sunny path swarming with negroes of all sizes, carrying burdens of every description on their heads or showy turbans. On the other side we looked up the narrow court-yard, bordered on one hand by a row of brown sheds, and on the other by quarters for laborers, in a window of one of which a chained monkey frisked incessantly, while in another an aged parrot indulged in perpetual Spanish profanity; while in front of a door a woman was washing clothes, after the manner of the country, beating them upon stones with a wooden bat, or mallet; and chattering with her was another specimen of colored female, clad in a bright pink calico dress and yellow turban, with a long cigar in her mouth.

Before morning we were convinced that we had arrived in an efficient locality for improving our knowledge of entomology: mosquitoes swarmed the air, gnats and fleas afflicted us temporarily with St. Vitus's dance, while bugs and beings for which we had no names made themselves personally acquainted with the sanitary condition of our systems; we found roaches in our shoes, spiders in our hats, beetles in our sleeves; and in consequence of a wholesome dread of scorpions, with which friends at home had primed our minds, we had tarantula on the brain for two or three days, being on the continual look-out for these fearful creatures, until informed by natives that their proportions had been exaggerated to us, that injury from them is not frequent, and, save in exceptional cases of predisposition of the blood, rarely fatal.

The town of St. Thomas is the largest commercial emporium of the West Indies, and is quite a city, of about four thousand buildings; the stores are all entered from the unpaved street through arched porches, and many of them are extensive and well-furnished; the spacious harbor, so admirable in shape and situation, is always crowded with shipping, as the town is a free port; notwithstanding which, however, no person can leave the island without procuring a passport, which is of no use to the traveler, but affords a revenue to the government; so that before going to St. Croix we were obliged to pay two dollars each to a Danish official for the privilege.

We made the passage in a little propeller, which occasionally plied back and forth, as it received passengers sufficient to pay for the coal, and had full and disagreeable experience of the winter trip between the Caribbean islands upon the short, chopped, and high sea; and those who have also crossed the British Channel, so celebrated for making tourists uneasy, insist that it is not so rough and trying as this sunny Southern ocean.

The approach to St. Croix upon the side we entered is very lovely; the island, partly of volcanic formation, curves round the bay in the shape of a horseshoe, almost in the centre of which, white and gleaming among green trees, is the port of Christiansted, or Basin, as it is generally entitled, with a French pronunciation. The whole surface is composed of ranges of graceful heights, which are broken into continual undulations, grassy slopes, dales, and dells, where the changing lights and shadows from fleecy clouds produce ever-varying effects, of which the watching eye never wearies. The bay and surrounding ocean present one broad sheet of malachite green, with here and there wide belts of rosy tinge, edged with white breakers, where the coral reefs make the waters shallow, and danger is indicated by numberless buoys, while groups of snowy flying-fish float over the waves like flashes of foam, springing thus from their native element when pursued by their enemy, the hungry dolphin.

We were obliged to undergo some examination of our luggage at the custom-house; for though there is no such establishment at St. Thomas, St. Croix helps to make up the deficiency to the home government, as even upon articles purchased in the other islands there are charged exorbitant duties. After visiting the Government House—a very handsome building, and the only one of any architectural pretense on the island, and which contains a fine ball-room, ornamented at one end with a full-length portrait of the Danish king—we set out upon a drive of two and a half hours across the island, and over superior roads, which are kept in excellent order, and are the pride of the place. Novel sights and charming bits of scenery kept us amused and interested during the ride, which led, at intervals, through miles of sugar fields, whose waving plants resemble our Indian corn, with the long dark green leaves and pale lilac tassels shooting up a foot from the stem, except that occasionally the delicate blue blossoms peeped between ridges of stalks like the "forget-me-nots" of our own far-off land. All these fields are bordered with straight rows of cocoa-palms, as if their stateliness was guard enough for sweetness, or hedged with prickly cacti, interspersed with tamarind, banana, or mahogany trees, though the number of these annually becomes fewer, owing to the scarcity of other fuel, and a strange blight that fell upon the palms for two or three years before the earthquakes.

There were many blacks, who generally work in gangs of a dozen or more of both sexes, preparing the ground for the cane, and using for the purpose old-fashioned hoes and rakes, though one good plow and four pairs of oxen would more thoroughly break as much land as fifty such workers with their tedious and preferred implements. Near by, the overseers, who are frequently Irishmen, sat on their horses and lazily watched the loi-

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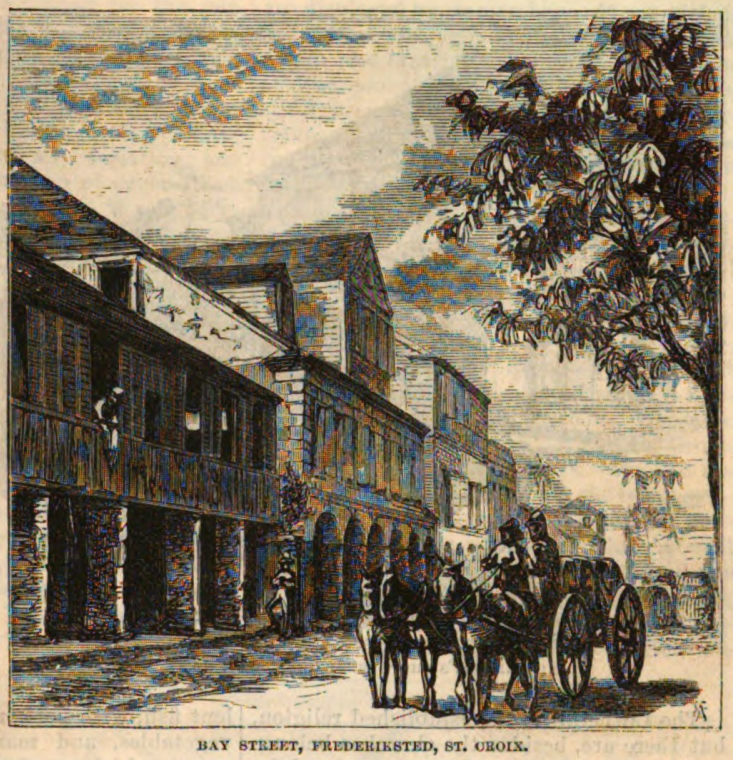
"THE ROADS WERE FULL OF THESE EBONY LABORERS."

tering laborers, the whole presenting a different picture from Northern goaheadativeness. Later in the day, as the time came for occupation to cease, the roads were full of these ebony laborers, all homeward bound, and having burdens of various descriptions on their heads, generally piles of refuse for the pigs, or overhanging bundles of coarse grass for their horses, while occasionally the rude "emancipation carts" would rattle by with their load of laughing faces, though the ordinary expression of the colored people is grave, and often sullen. The walk of the countrywomen, who support on their skulls packages of much greater weight than they could possibly convey by hand, is odd and peculiar; and they frequently display upon their bare limbs cases of elephantiasis, a disorder which swells the legs and feet to an unsightly and painful degree. Every one spoke to us in passing, of both colors—a pleasant established custom, that makes a sociable impression on a stranger; though the few white inhabitants are seldom seen abroad, except in the early morning or late in the afternoon, when the heat is not oppressive; but one can not but feel and acknowledge that the dark skins fit into each vivid and sunny scene with more appropriateness than the figures of "pale-faces:" they seem to form natural accessories to a view, while the appearance of one of the higher race strikes the eye as an addition insulated and detached from the tropical surroundings.

Most of the dwellings seen from the roads, with the scattered exceptions of some occasional large houses upon bordering estates, are the small and often squalid tenements of the negroes, whose open doors give hasty sights of filthy and cluttered interiors, in which, if a bed is displayed, it is perhaps the only thing kept clean and orderly, as the family who are so proud and fortunate as to own so valuable a piece of furniture almost invariably have it for show, and sleep huddled on the floor. Even most of the mansions of the planters exhibit fast-increasing signs of poverty, neglect, and decay; and upon more than two-thirds of the estates the "great house" stands deserted and empty, sometimes falling into ruin, a melancholy monument of former luxury and life, when four-in-hands were frequent upon the roads, and there were sounds of revelry in the hospitable halls. Nature, so lavish with her own bounty, has enervated by climate the enterprise and energy of the dwellers amidst her warm luxuriance, while alterations in the social system have diminished the wealth and discouraged the exertions of the white population. Much of man's creation here is primitive, dilapidated, and dirty, but always picturesque, and marvelously suited to its special place in the landscape. Even where exposure, time, and decay have left their destroying marks, the tender grace of twining vines, starred with delicate blossoms, makes ruin romantic, till a piece of broken and tot-

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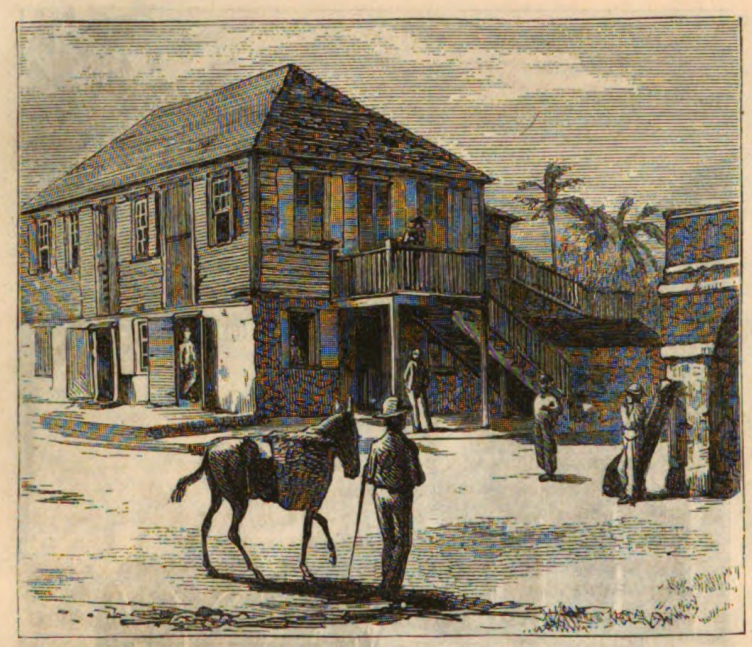
tering wall, rough and stained, becomes, beneath its clustering parasites, an exquisite feature of the view for the gaze to dwell on with pleasure, and memory to recall as fair. But earth, air, and sea are full of animal and vegetable life; insects are plenty, but birds few, owing to the scarcity of trees, the only common denizens of the air being the blackwitch, resembling our blackbird, occasional hummingbirds, and, at certain seasons, quails in the canes; while dark, heavy pelicans float on the sea, or perch upon scattered rocks along the coasts. Small lizards abound, and centipedes sometimes make their startling appearance. Flowers are gorgeous and various, from the large scarlet blossoms that burst from the leafless branches of a tall and peculiar tree, to the crimson and yellow "pride of Barbadoes," which grows wild upon the road-side amidst feathery, delicate leaves of countless acacias; thorny, unsightly cacti spread their serpent-like coils amidst fairer vegetation; and once in a while a small orange grove will add to the lavish richness of color the golden glow of its ripened fruit.



BAY STREET, FREDERIKSTED, ST. CROIX.

We located at Frederiksted, or "West End," in common parlance, the most quiet and secluded of the two towns of St. Croix, and by strangers generally preferred to Basin, on account of the greater number and attractiveness of its surrounding drives—a matter of some importance to invalids, whose physicians generally direct them to live in the open air, though, from the construction of tropical buildings, this purpose is almost as completely effected in-doors as outside. The town lies nestled in between the sea and the hills—from which Porto Rico, forty miles off, can be discerned when the atmosphere is clear—and at a short distance from shore presents a most picturesque appearance; but it is in reality little more than a negro village, upon whose thoroughfares whites are only occasionally seen. The streets are wide, and right-angled; the principal one, called "Strangatte," or Bay Street, fronts on the ocean, and contains about twenty-five buildings, the lower parts of which are used as stores or counting-houses, and the upper as residences. American visitors will be delighted to see the stars and stripes floating from one of these, indicating the office of our vice-consul, whose kindly, unselfish nature, thoughtful consideration, and generous hospitality are constantly exercised in making more agreeable the stranger's sojourn in the strange land; while in one of these particular stores Alexander Hamilton served as a clerk before he emigrated to this country, to become a noted statesman and the antagonist of Burr. This street leads past the custom-house to the fort, at its end, where are mounted uncouth and ancient guns, one of which booms out every evening at eight o'clock, with a deafening explosion that seems to shake every habitation in the neighborhood. Here are the barracks, as also at Basin, where the Danish soldiers appear to be comfortably lodged, and where numbers die, stricken down by fever, too frequently occasioned by free indulgence of cheap rum, or want of prudent consideration of changed climate; for they are obliged to wear, even in this warm region, the heavy regulation uniform of woolen cloth. Among their other employments they cultivate and keep in order the "fort garden," where there is little pretense to horticultural display or botanical value, and where, on Sunday afternoons, the dark maidens promenade in white muslins, those from the rural districts, who are so fortunate as to possess any shoes, having carried them into town over the dusty roads.

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APOTHECARY'S SHOP, FREDERIKSTED, ST. CROIX.

The Lutheran is the established religion, but there are, besides the churches belonging to this sect, others in the islands of the Episcopal, Roman Catholic, and Moravian denominations, the ministers of the latter being earnestly assiduous in their educational labors among the blacks, though there are several schools where the colored children, between the ages of six and ten, are obliged by law to attend, but where very few of them learn to read or write, as most of the instruction is conveyed orally. In the Episcopal churches there are still in use the ancient English prayer-books containing the services appointed in the thanksgiving for deliverance from the Gunpowder Plot and for the Restoration, as well as those used in lamentation over the death of Charles the Martyr. In the not very attractive churchyard, among the native graves, are those also of strangers who have reached the island too late to be saved by its renovating air.

There is a sufficient number of stores in West End in proportion to the population, the principal objection to most of them being the scantiness of the stock on hand. The frequent answer to a demand is the promise of the desired article at that uncertain time, "when the next ship comes in;" so that the inhabitants, not depending on so desultory a method for obtaining what they require, often send to St. Thomas for needed supplies. There is but one apothecary's shop allowed in the place, where are sold the most incongruous articles, including, besides the drugs, china, toys, tea, wine, stationery, confectionery, and other sundries alien to the proposed business. The market is, perhaps, the most entertaining, amusing, and odorous place of resort in the towns. It comprises a square of about half the size of one of our ordinary street blocks, where every Saturday morning are collected from two to five hundred negroes, the seller seated beside her wares, which are displayed on cloths or trays spread on the bare ground, and where vendors and purchasers of all ages and shades jabber together with all their might in their almost unintelligible patois. The markets of St. Thomas and St. Croix are supplied with great quantities of excellent fish, with pork, mutton, and fowls, few vegetables, and many varieties of fruit, among which are shattucks, sapodillas, alligator-pears, oranges, bananas, cocoa-nuts, mespels, limes, lemons, mangoes, tamarinds, and granadillas. Pine-apples are not cultivated in these islands, but are imported from Porto Rico.

About four years ago the largest conflagration ever known at St. Croix occurred at Basin, in which was destroyed the English church, school-house, and thirty-six private dwellings, forming altogether a loss of $100,000—a sum which, in the present poverty of the country, it will be difficult to replace, and, with the great lack of means and want of energy, it will doubtless be long before the ruined edifices are rebuilt.

We found that the Christmas holidays were celebrated in both islands in a rather peculiar manner by the colored people, and for the entire previous year form their most cherished anticipation, as then for more than a week they are completely exempt from labor, and devote the days with unparalleled ardor to the pleasure of dancing. They commenced at two o'clock on Christmas morning, while the stars were in the sky, to parade the streets in gangs numbering from twenty to a hundred, males and females, preceded by a drum, which is sometimes accompanied by an accordion and triangle, to the sounds of which they march or dance along, singing in chorus a shrill and monotonous refrain. When they think they have thus sufficiently exhibited themselves to admiring spectators, they adjourn to some house which they have hired, or part of a

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house which has been loaned for the purpose, and there trip the fantastic and generally bare toe with an untiring energy, only equaled by the surprising length of time they are able to continue the exercise. They frequently march and dance for days together with scarcely any cessation, and instances have been known of deaths from mere exhaustion and fatigue. Each party has a chosen queen, attired according to her own or collected means, who has always more or fewer maids of honor, in conformity to the importance of the crowd, one of whom incessantly rings a bell in front of her as they walk through the streets, while her train is held up by others, sometimes as many as six supporting her sable majesty's skirt. The royal robes are mostly of white muslin; but on New-Year's Day, of which they think even more than of Christmas, some of the town queens are gorgeous in silk and satin, and occasionally, by way of ostentatious ornament, will have sewed on the bosom of the dress bank-notes and gold doubloons, which are worn with very much the same pride as the insignias of an honored order are displayed by its members. Many of their dances were brought by their ancestors from Africa, and transmitted through generations of descendants with scarcely any change in the figures and motions, and are always accompanied by the voice. Some are quite rude and primitive; others more intricate in their evolutions, and almost barbarous in effect, such as the "Bombala," having a curiously exciting influence on the performers; while one, the "Quelby," a sort of shawl dance, is graceful and even elegant.

They also commemorate Twelfth-night, or "Three Kings' Day," as they call it here, being the supposed anniversary of the visit of the Wise Men to the infant Christ—a holiday always observed in Catholic countries, and still retained here in spite of the establishment of the Lutheran sect. We had the unusual amusement of seeing the whole population of St. Thomas *en masque*, as the Danish governor, who understood the material he had to deal with, this year permitted the privilege of masquerading, wisely concluding that this gratification of vanity would prevent the riot and drunkenness of former oc-



FESTIVAL OF TWELFTH-NIGHT, OR "THREE KINGS' DAY."

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STREET SCENE IN ST. CROIX.

casions; and, in truth, the people were so delighted at exhibiting themselves in party-colored garments and false faces that they were quite satisfied to rejoice in the carnival with comparative sobriety. There were but few attempts to maintain character, and the dresses were generally more distinguished by their bizarre combinations of colors than by significance; and we can never forget the striking effects produced by groups of these brilliantly tinted costumes beneath the glowing tropic sky, with the white West Indian houses for backgrounds.

To a stranger a noticeable feature of the population of St. Croix is the cooly element, or the occasional appearance of East Indian laborers, imported several years ago by those planters whose means enabled them thus to supply temporarily the deficiency of labor, which, since the emancipation, has been one cause of adversity on the island. So pressing became this evil that some owners of large estates had little choice between the prospect of great loss and the introduction of foreign labor. Some time before, an arrangement had been agreed upon between the United States and the Danish government, that any slaves captured in these seas by American vessels should land their cargoes on this island, where the Africans were to be employed for wages. The war occupying our ships elsewhere, this scheme was not carried out, but tended to render the importation of coolies a more familiar necessity. The expense of bringing three hundred and ten of these people from India amounted to $20,000, and by the contract one-third of them were to be women. They were to remain five years, and at the end of that time such as desired it were to have free passage home. They were to receive twenty cents a day and the privilege of the estate—that is, suitable lodgings, medical attendance, medicine, and a piece of provision ground thirty feet square, the same as the first class of negroes, without regard to their physical qualifications or superior or inferior capability for work—a clause which more than once has nearly occasioned serious trouble, as there is the same difference in their working value as between negroes, who only receive payment according to their class or labor. The men are mostly handsome and graceful, while the few women are exceedingly homely. They are shrewd and intelligent, acquire information easily, and some of them write beautifully in the characters and methods of their own country, and frequently communicate with and forward remittances to friends at home through the British consul at Basin. They are extremely fond of money, and save all they earn, trading among themselves and with the negroes, with whom, however, they will not mix socially, though they do not object to work with them; and, as they still maintain their differences of caste, some portions of their own community will not associate with others, even on the same estate. They have learned to speak English, or, at least, the patois used by the negroes, with exactly the same accent, but retain most of their own customs. They insisted on burning the body of the first man who died among them after they were brought to the island; but upon the occasion of another death they were informed that if they desired to perform the same rite they must provide their own lumber for the funeral pile; and as they never expend money when they can avoid it, they have since thrown the dead in the sea. Some of them were Nena Sahib's soldiers, and can show scars got before Lucknow, but are very sensitive about having served in that war, and averse to speaking about it to strangers. They still continue to keep the fasts and feasts of their own religion, and at stated periods fulfill a curious sacrificial ceremony, in which they build an altar, upon the top and at the foot of which they slay three goats, solemnly sprinkling altar and people afterward with the blood.

But even this limited effort to meet the demands for labor has been found very inefficient, owing to the expense attending the immigration, and the disinclination of the coolies to remain after their contracted time is out; and, consequently, the profits of sugar-growing and the number of inhabitants have very much diminished since 1848, when 25,000

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blacks, by a concert of action, assembled in the two chief towns and declared themselves freemen; and after two or three days, during which considerable property was destroyed, but no lives taken, the claims of the insurrectionists were allowed. In 1853 the Danish government, which was suspected of having instigated the movement, compensated the planters for their loss of service at the rate of about $50 for each slave. The government also established a system of labor laws, by which the rights, duties, and privileges of the negroes were accurately prescribed, and particularly defined the relations to be sustained toward each other by employers and employés.

Another feature in the jurisprudence of these islands is that of the reconciling court, where, before instituting proceedings at law, the opposing parties must appear and state their case; the judges of this court attempt reconciliation, and if not successful at the first application, appoint another meeting for the purpose, which failing, the parties are delivered over to the law. But little expense attends these proceedings, and nine-tenths of cases are thus settled. If a suit is commenced without this preliminary the plaintiff is nonsuited immediately, and the law court requires a certificate from the reconciling court that it has vainly endeavored to arrange the difficulty.

St. Thomas publishes semi-weekly, in Danish and English, one small newspaper, entitled the *Tidende*, principally devoted to shipping and commercial interests, with a few advertisements, very condensed foreign news, and full reports of the proceedings of the separate colonial councils in each island. St. John also forms one of this group in Danish possession, but is much more rarely the resort of visitors. English is the prevailing language in all these islands, though the white society is principally composed of Danes and their descendants.

After six months' sojourn in the Danish West Indies we summed up the advantages and disadvantages, attractions and annoyances, of a winter's residence there for strangers and invalids; to which we add, after some time has past, that the inconveniences and petty deprivations gradually fade from the memory, and leave there only things of beauty to be a joy forever. You feel while there that you have left behind you an advanced stage of civilization; you sigh in vain for books besides those you take with you, for evidences of the fine arts, for companions of culture; you miss gas and ice and many little accustomed comforts of the North; you may suffer some from heat, and you may tremble with anticipation of earthquakes, hurricanes, and tidal waves, though those interesting festivities of nature, having lately enjoyed a good spell of indulgence, are not likely, in the usual course of events there, to be troublesome very soon again, and always leave the island more green after them, and the crops more productive. And you never know when you may be risking your social position and giving mortal offense by ignorantly or innocently running foul of the established feeling of caste between the white population and those who have any black blood in their veins, even when not indicated by appearance; so if you happen actually to think that all men are born free and equal, or if you are unable to distinguish the slightest kink in the hair or shade of the complexion, you peril your eminence in the aristocracy of color, where neither education, manners, wealth, nor character can overleap the prejudice.

But you live in a climate averaging 80°, where every breath is healing; beside a tinted and eye-delighting ocean, whose salt breezes are constant and strengthening; amidst lovely scenery full of vivid and varied hues; and beneath far, solemn, and deep blue skies, whose passing clouds flash down momentary sparkling showers, whose brief sunsets are glorious beyond the painting of words, and whose prismatic stars glitter like steel when not quenched by the most mellow and brightest of moonlights. You feel, while in the islands, as if you were buried from the world, and fret at the monotony of the days; but year by year, after you have come away, you will look back to those verdant hills, to those palm-bordered roads, to that purple and rosy sea, to those brilliant noons and beautiful nights, to the charming climate, with a yearning that is like a homesickness, and you will come to understand with the sympathy of experience the answer made us by an accomplished creole, whose acquirements fitted him for higher positions than he could fill in the islands, when we asked why he did not seek more accessible and worthy fortunes elsewhere: "Ah," he said, looking up to the heavens all aglow with morning light, "I can not live away from the tropic sun!"

THE SINGER AND THE SONG.

The rapture of a song
Rose over crowded ways,
And thrilled the passive days,
And stirred the idle throng.

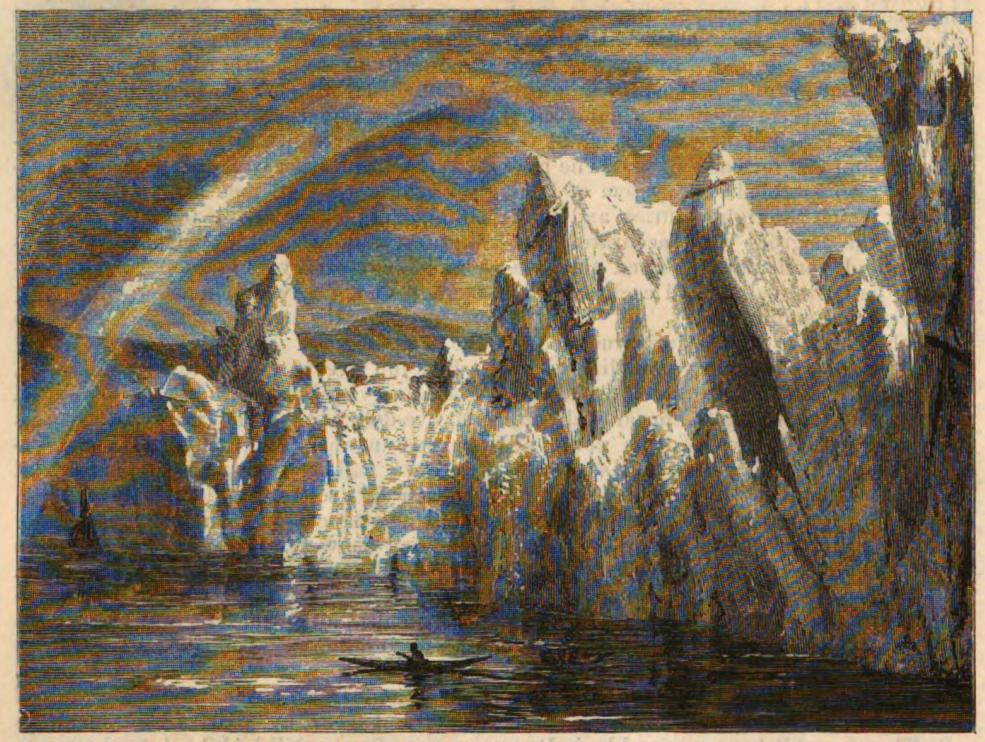
I sought the singer long,
And found—a grass-grown grave,
With naught to mark it, save
The memory of a song.

The happy flowerets, wed
To June, were blooming nigh;
Infinite heights of sky
Were glad above the dead.

Low in my heart I said,
"What need of lettered stone?
The singer died unknown,
And the song lives instead."

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A VISIT TO A GREENLAND GLACIER.*



FRONT OF THE GLACIER.

Palaces of Nature.—The Glacier of Sermitsialik.—The Snow Line.—Glacial Movement.—A View of the Ice-Sea.—Crossing the Glacier.—Crevasses, and the Peril of passing them.—A narrow Escape.—The Voices of the Ice.—In an Ice Cavern.—A subglacial River.—Icebergs and their Formation.—An Iceberg is born.—A grand Spectacle and a dangerous Situation.—A Picnic on a Glacier.

IN a former article we briefly reviewed the causes which led to the downfall of the Northmen in Greenland. Principal among these was one which we will now more fully illustrate—the steady growth of ice.

Within sight of the very spot where those determined and hardy Northmen were erecting their hamlets, Nature herself was building edifices which, by absorbing the life-giving heat of the atmosphere, paved the way for the poverty and ultimate death of the people. These we may well call Nature's palaces, in imitation of the great poet who wrote thus of another region:

"Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunder-bolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appalls,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below."

* *The Land of Desolation:* Being a Personal Narrative of Observation and Adventure in Greenland. By Dr. ISAAC I. HAYES. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The imposing character of the glaciers of the Alps is well known. Those of Greenland are even more grand. In observing them we witness phenomena not to be witnessed, at least not in an equal degree, in any other part of the known world. These phenomena exhibit results impressive beyond any thing upon the earth, not excepting even the earthquake and volcano.

After quitting the fiord of Igalliko, or "deserted homes," as the name signifies (the deserted homes being those of the extinct Northmen), we proceeded in our steamer to the fiord of Sermitsialik, which means "the fiord of ice."

This "fiord of ice" is of almost equal length with "the fiord of deserted homes," and the two run nearly parallel. They are separated by a mountain ridge. This same ridge sweeps south, and encircles "the fiord of deserted homes" like a horseshoe. It has in that quarter no break, and is, therefore, a barrier. To the north there is a break, through which comes the glacier of Sermitsialik, down into the fiord of Sermitsialik; hence the name "fiord of ice."

The Danes call such a glacier an *ice-stream*, which very accurately describes its character, for it is a stream of ice from a great reservoir which covers the interior of Greenland. This reservoir the French call a *mer de glace;* the Danes, the *eis-blinken.* It is composed of

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THE GLACIER OF SERMITSIALIK.

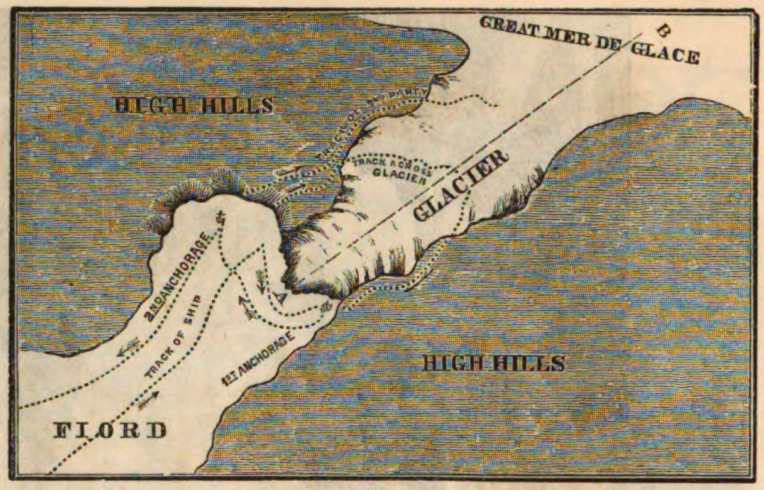
snow hardened to ice, and is in many places hundreds, nay, thousands of feet in depth. The glacier, or ice-stream, of Sermitsialik is but one of many hundreds which project into the sea from the Greenland *mer de glace*, or *eis-blinken*.

It is hardly necessary to say that while the ice has been accumulating in Greenland the climate has steadily grown colder, as the Northmen found to their cost. Still there are habitable spots here and there along the coast, though none in the interior, so far, at least, as known, for there the covering of ice appears to be universal. Therefore, since the country is owned by the King of Denmark, that monarch may safely be said to be the ice king of the world. Few persons understand fully the escape we made when we failed to purchase from Denmark the earthquake island of St. Thomas; for had that purchase been ratified by the obstinate Senate, it was in contemplation to buy up the Greenland glaciers from the same country, and the Iceland yokuls to boot; and there can be little doubt that the Danish king would gladly have sold the whole lot of them, inasmuch as a king who does not appreciate an earthquake can hardly be expected to bestow his confidence on glaciers.

Glaciers are formed on most of the lofty mountains of the world, as is well known; but the altitude at which they are formed varies, of course, with the degree of latitude. The summits of Chimborazo and Popocate-

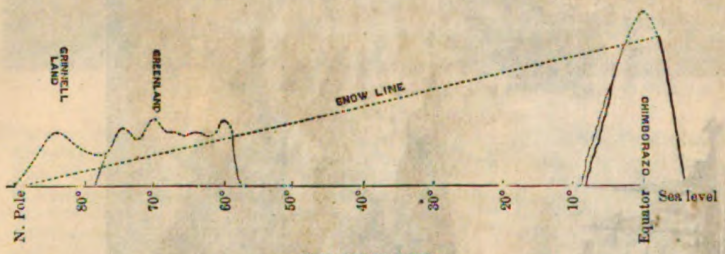
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petl, under the equator, are clothed with snow and ice perpetually; but we do not find this until we have ascended almost 15,000 feet above the sea level. Below the "snow line," as it is called, vegetation, commencing with an arctic type, passes steadily to that of the tropics. But far down into this region of vegetation comes the glacier, or ice-stream, from the great *mer de glace*, or ice-sea, the end of it steadily melting off in a lower, and therefore warmer region.



MAP OF THE GLACIER.

Following the "snow line" across various mountain chains northward, we find an almost uniform depression. In the Alps it is, of course, much lower than on Chimborazo. In South Greenland, where I have observed it in latitude 61°, it has come down from 15,000 feet at the equator to 2400. I have observed it also at latitude 69°, where it is 1700 feet; at latitude 78°, where it is 500; and between 80° and 82°, where the snow line appears to touch the sea, leaving beneath it no belt for vegetation whatever.

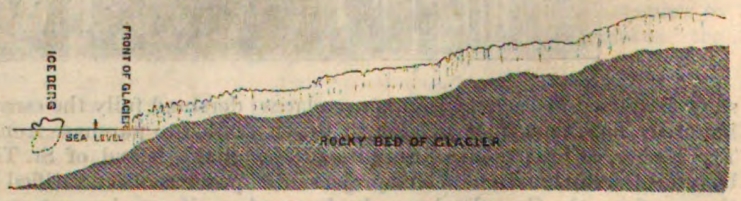


THE SNOW LINE.

The glaciers of Greenland differ only from those of other mountainous countries in reaching the sea before melting. They push their way far out into the water; and instead of discharging, as other glaciers do, by melting, pieces break from the end of them. These pieces are called *icebergs*.

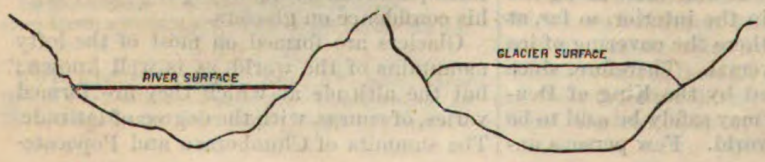
The flow of a glacier may be likened to the great flood which sweeps down the valley from a broken dam. It comes more slowly than the water, but it comes no less surely, and its movements are in obedience to the same laws.

With these general observations the reader will be the better prepared to understand a description of the glacier of Sermitsialik. When it first burst upon our view, as we steamed up the fiord, it was certainly one of the most magnificent sights that ever met human eye. When still miles away we saw before us a white wall stretching from shore to shore. Beyond this a vast inclined plane climbed up until it was lost in a distant line of blue.

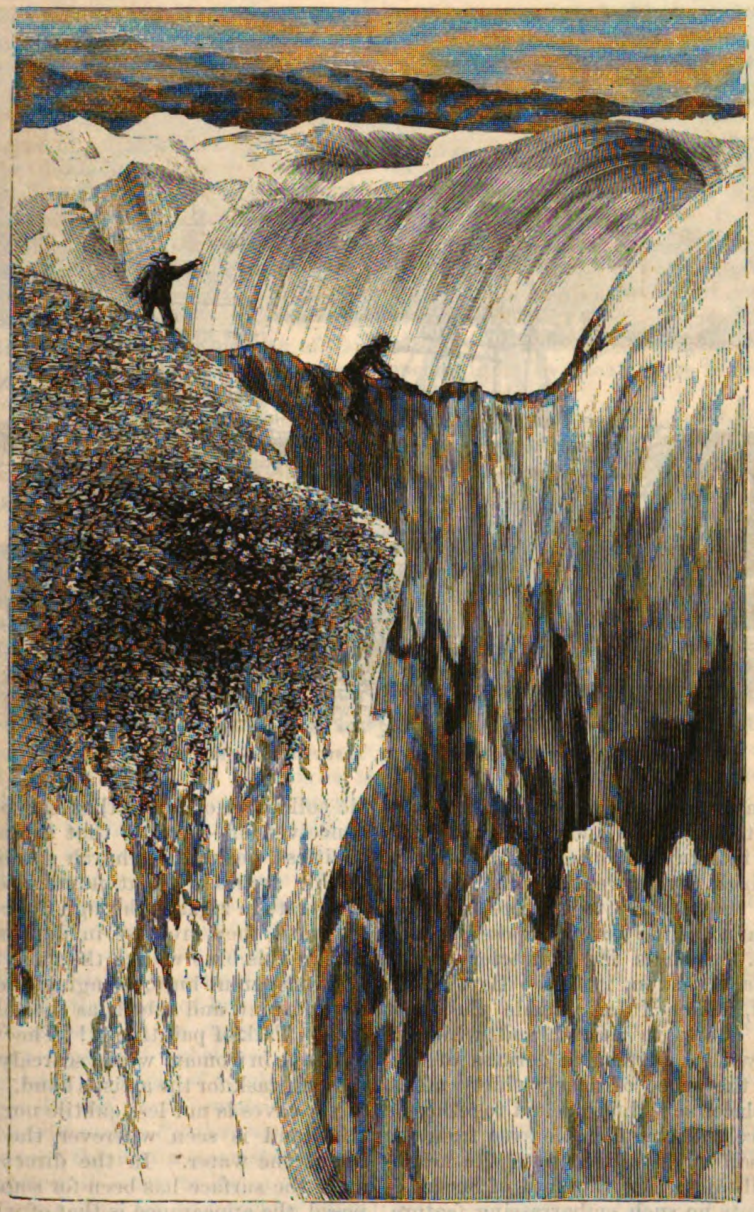


VERTICAL SECTION OF GLACIER.

The fiord is two miles wide. The valley beyond, in which lies the glacier, is of corresponding width, and the glacier fills it perfectly. How thick it is can not, of course, be told, but it must be every where hundreds of feet; it is probably from one to two thousand near the centre. The banks of the



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CROSSING THE CREVASSE ON AN ICE BRIDGE.

fiord, continued, were the banks of the glacier for about ten miles, when they vanished to a wedge-like point, and melted then into the great *mer de glace*, which, expanding to right and left, carried the eye away upon its boundless surface as upon an illimitable ocean.

At length, as we approached nearer, the inclined plane was lost to view, and we were close to a great, glittering wall of the purest crystal, from one to two hundred feet high, and ablaze with all the hues of heaven.

A cold chill crept over me as I stood on deck while we steamed along in front of this vast reservoir of frost. The sound of falling waters filled the air; and ever and anon deep reports, which seemed to be caused by convulsions of the earth, were emitted from the great body of ice. The falling waters were the melted snow and ice of the surface of the glacier, which, gathering into streams of considerable size, at length leaped over the icy wall, sending a cloud of spray floating off upon the air, to dissolve the sun's rays, and send back to the eye a fluttering fragment of a rainbow. The sounds were occasioned by the movement of the glacier in its bed, in consequence of which clefts or crevasses are from time to time opening.

I probably enjoyed an opportunity such as never before fell to the lot of an observer, for no Greenland glacier is so accessible as that of Sermitsialik, and this had not been visited

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THE KRYOLITE MINE AT IVIKTUT, ARSUT FIORD.—[SEE PAGE 214.]

before by any one with either scientific or artistic intent. The Greenland fiords are for the most part interrupted either with islands or shoals, which, by preventing the free discharge of the icebergs to the ocean, render the navigation of the waters impossible even to a boat. Such is the character of the fiord of Jacobshaven, in Disco Bay, North Greenland, which I have made the most strenuous efforts to ascend, and which is crowded with a perfect wilderness of icebergs for the space of nearly thirty miles, being in places so tightly packed together as to be scarcely distinguishable even from the glacier itself when viewed from the neighboring hill-tops. But the fiord of Sermitsialik presents no such embarrassing feature. The water steadily deepens from the glacier front (where in one spot it is 270 fathoms) toward the open sea, and the current being rapid, owing to causes which I shall presently have occasion to explain, the icebergs float away as fast as formed. While coming up the fiord we passed several of large and many of small size; but none of them were aground, and all were moving off as if in haste to mingle their crystals with the rolling waves, and once more enjoy the freedom of the boundless sea.

I have spoken of the front of the glacier near which we passed as a wall and as a coast-line. As a coast-line it is winding; as a wall it is vertical, but far from smooth; on the contrary, it presents the most fantastic collection of forms that can possibly be conceived of—caverns that are apparently limitless, peaks like church spires in form, Gothic arches without number, clefts that penetrate in zigzags through the body of the ice until they are lost in depths of blue; and in this blue we see the most perfect of all transparent hues, changing, too, with every moment, and subtile as the colors of the opal. Talk of painting it! The "light of a dark eye in woman" would scarcely be a more difficult task for the artist's hand. The green of the caves is not less subtile nor less beautiful, and is seen wherever the ice overhangs the water. In the direct sunlight, after the surface has been for some time exposed, the appearance is that of white satin. A recent fracture, however, always discloses blue to the heavens and green to the sea.

When we had crossed the fiord the water was discovered to be muddy, a circumstance which I was at a loss to understand until it was seen that a strong current was pouring out from underneath the ice. The fiord is much deeper on that side than on the side by which we approached, and, of course, the valley in which the glacier rests has a corresponding formation. Into that deepest part of the valley the surface drainings of the *mer de glace* ultimately find their way through the crevasses, the various streams uniting form a subglacial river, which, rushing beneath the ice, reaches finally the front of the glacier, where it bubbles up to the

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surface like the waters of a huge seething caldron—a Stygian pool of fearful aspect.

The front of the glacier presents almost a right angle at its centre, thus showing the centre to move much more rapidly than the sides.

Arriving at our destination on the south side of the fiord, and discovering a shelf there with good holding ground at nineteen fathoms, we let go an anchor at about one hundred fathoms from the glacier, which seemed at that short distance to be hanging almost over us. To one at all familiar with the tricks of glaciers it was clear from the first that the situation was one of danger. But the captain (our steamer was only chartered, captain and all hands included, for a three months' cruise), who was solely responsible for the vessel, seemed to like his anchorage, and, trusting to good luck and not management, declared that if we were going to stay at the glacier at all, there's where we must continue, for no other anchorage could be had, so far as he could discover. So there was no alternative but to take the risks, whatever they might be, and hold on there until the morning at least.

We went ashore after supper, and, climbing over the rugged rocks, we reached a hill-top, twelve hundred feet above the sea, and saw the sun go behind the mountains (one can hardly say "set" where the night is never dark in July), and against the brightness of the sky in the lingering twilight we saw the great ice-sea of Greenland illuminated with the gorgeous tintings of the clouds, as if it were a mirror to catch their splendor in. Oh, what a sight it was, that desert-level waste of ice, its cold, hard surface glittering with a borrowed glory, and taking to itself the robes of heaven, as if to cheat one's memory of the right to hold it as the very type and substance of what might ever bear the name of desolate!

The night did not prove promising for the safety of the steamship *Panther*, upon whose life (if one may think of a steamship having life, as certainly it seems to have) our lives were all dependent; for at irregular intervals alarming sounds proceeded from the great ice-stream before us, and a sharp, quick crash, followed by a heavy thud, would now and then give warning that a mass had split from it and fallen to the sea. When the morning came the sea was covered with small fragments, which had been, as it were, thrown off in very spitefulness; and many of them, carried by the current of waters poured out from underneath the glacier, came grinding along the *Panther's* sides, swiftly rushing down the fiord toward the ocean.

By this time the captain had become well convinced that some other place might be safer for his vessel; and accordingly we went together early in the morning across the fiord to make discoveries. Owing to the loose ice which in the night had been broken from the glacier, the passage across the fiord in our little boat was not made without difficulty. In many places the boat could not be propelled with oars, and we were obliged to push along by main force, using the boat-hooks and oars as poles. The scene had greatly changed from the day before, since, besides the ice strewn upon the sea by the breaking off of fragments during the night, the sky was leaden, and there was a perfect absence of color every where. The ice was a dull, cold gray, the atmosphere was chilly, and, although our labors were by no means light, overcoats were not uncomfortably warm.

The sun had slowly risen above the hills when we finally reached the north shore, where we were fortunate enough to find good anchoring ground, with plenty of room to swing, in a bay where there was no current to speak of, and very little ice. There being only five fathoms water, there was no chance of any large pieces of ice coming down upon us there; and accordingly it was decided to shift our ground to that place.

But since we had come so far, we concluded that we would go a little farther; so we landed, to find ourselves upon a green slope, with the side of the glacier to our right, a tall cliff to our left (about half a mile away), and a gorge in front. Crossing the green slope, we reached the gorge, and clambered through it over huge blocks of ice and great piles of stone for about a mile. Discovering a place there where we could reach the glacier, we came suddenly to the resolution to cross it, and return to the vessel from the opposite shore. We accordingly sent our boat's crew back with directions to return to the ship and await our arrival. They looked incredulous, but, like true sailors, they obeyed orders, and the captain and I set out upon a hazardous adventure.

The side of the glacier where we made the ascent sloped at an angle of thirty degrees. There was much foreign matter — stones, rocks, and sand—on the ice, which deprived it entirely of a slippery character. A dreary scene met us when we had reached the summit. Imagine the rapids and river above Niagara congealed to the very bottom, and we in the centre of the frozen stream; imagine Lake Erie equally solid, and the fall itself a wall of ice, and no bad idea will be obtained, on a small scale, of our surroundings. Lake Erie represents in miniature the great *mer de glace*, the rapids and the river the glacier pouring from it, and the frozen fall itself the glacier front. The horseshoe, however, would be reversed. Below the fall the unfrozen fiord is represented by the river winding to Ontario.

The river-like character of the ice-stream was very marked. On every side there were

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the same indications of movement as in running water, only with this difference, that while the river from bank to bank is straight upon the surface, that of the glacier is curved on either side, forming two gorges.

The glacier at the point where we proposed to cross over was of somewhat greater width than its front, where it projects into the fiord—about two miles and a half, as subsequent observations proved. To cross it was found, upon trial, to be no easy matter, for it was broken by clefts, into which there was constant danger of falling, as we were compelled to spring over them. These clefts, or crevasses, were generally parallel, running inward and upward from the shore at an angle of about 40°. In places they were very near together, only a few yards separating them; in other places they were twenty or thirty yards apart. Sometimes they ran into and crossed each other, although preserving a general sameness of direction—a circumstance which gave to our journey its dangerous character; for as we followed the ridges between the crevasses we were often brought up where two united, and were compelled to spring an unfathomable abyss, or to retrace our steps and seek a better track. Sometimes we did the one, sometimes the other. Luckily we were both sure of foot.

We reached the middle of the stream, however, without any very serious difficulty. Here there was a dead level for about two miles, and the ice was very little disturbed. There were, in fact, no crevasses at all, but, on the contrary, a number of rivulets gurgling along over their crystal beds, sparkling in the bright morning sunshine, and meandering between their banks in search of the nearest cleft where to plunge down and find their way to the rocky bed of the glacier. Looking up the glacier over this level stretch, it presented a most distorted aspect where the ice had poured over a precipice, forming, as it had steadily come down, a series of ragged escalades, which might be likened to the steps of some giant temple. Indeed, it was a stairway befitting the grand palaces of nature which lie away upon the mountain-tops beyond.

This was not my first experience in an ice wilderness, but I never witness such a scene without emotion. There is something in it which impresses the mind with awe; something almost terrible in the boundless desolation. God seems nearer in these deserts.

Alarming sounds occasionally issued from the great thickness of ice beneath us, as if the monster glacier rested uneasily in its bed. These sounds were often very loud. They were occasioned by strain upon the ice as the glacier slowly moved along, as has been already mentioned, opening wider in one place a crevasse already formed, closing another, or, perhaps, creating a new one. I should not, indeed, have been surprised, although I should doubtless have been much alarmed, had a yawning chasm opened beside me or beneath my very feet.

Crossing the middle portion of the glacier with care, we approached the shore, and began to descend as we had before ascended. And now the troubles and dangers which we had before experienced with the crevasses were greatly multiplied. It became often a serious question whether we should be able to proceed at all; whether we should not be forced to retreat. The ice had been much more disturbed than on the opposite side, and the crevasses were often of such great width that we could not spring over them; and after wandering to and fro, jumping here and there as best we could, sliding about and risking our necks continually, we were several times forced to take the backward track, and do over again what we had before done with so much labor.

At length our case became desperate. After much effort we found ourselves out upon a very acute angle, with a deep crevasse on either side, the two having crossed each other; but from one side a large fragment had split off, and, as one sometimes sees in mountain gorges where a falling rock has wedged itself in between the walls, so this fragment had become jammed, forming a natural bridge, the top of which was sharp, like the roof of a house, and as slippery as the house roof would be if covered with sleet. Yet to take this bridge or turn back were the only alternatives. A very decided disinclination to repeat our numerous former hazardous leaps, coupled with a feeling of pride, won the day for the bridge; so we tossed hats for the first venture, and the lot fell to me. Getting upon all fours, I slid down a steep slope as best I could, and came to the sharp crest of the bridge, which I straddled, and then propelled myself along by a series of jumps. When at the middle I looked down on either side into a yawning depth of blue. I heard the roar of waters rushing beneath me, but I could see nothing except the "darkness most profound" in which the chasm terminated. It fairly made my head giddy, and I am free to confess that I would gladly enough have been back whence I had started. But to retreat I could not, even if so disposed, as it was not possible to turn round, and I could not go backward. There was nothing, therefore, to do but push ahead, and this I did, cheered on by the captain, who insisted that I should be sure not to break the bridge down, as he wanted the use of it. Thus encouraged, I continued to bound along; and, without any worse results than a rather more than usually animated state of the heart, I found myself on the opposite bank. The captain followed in the same manner, but neither of us desired to repeat the experiment. The next crack we sprang required a leap of eight feet. The sides

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were sloping and slippery, and, in consequence of slightly missing my footing in the leap, I did not land fairly on my legs. As I felt myself going back and sliding into the cleft, I experienced that horrid, sickening sensation which comes over one only at the near prospect of death, when one is without the chance for a struggle. The captain's hand, put out in season, probably saved me from going down headlong. Soon afterward we reached dry land, thankful that our adventure was well over.

We were now about two miles from the vessel, which was traversed through a gorge corresponding to that by which we had ascended on the opposite side, only that it was much rougher. The pressure of the ice against the land, as the ice had moved and expanded, presented some wonderful exhibitions of power in forcing up rocks and earth to the height of forty and fifty feet. Some of the rocks, weighing hundreds of tons, were treated as if they were the merest pebbles tossed up and scattered by the mould-board of a plow.

Down near the fiord the disturbance of the ice had been very great, in consequence of the rapid descent of the land. Immense cracks had opened here from the bottom. One of these seemed like the entrance to some vast cavern. Inspired by curiosity (I know no other possible motive to tempt one into the commission of such folly), I entered this, to find myself scrambling along over rocks and through deep mud (water falling all the while upon me in torrents from the icy roof above my head) for a distance of about thirty yards, when I stood upon the border of a dirty river that rushed, roaring and hissing, past me. I have already mentioned that such a stream pours out from underneath the front of the glacier into the fiord, and this was it.

Of all the sounds and signs of tumult made by water that I have ever witnessed this excelled. The roar of the fast-flowing stream dashing over the steep declivity between the rocks beneath and the ice above, breaking in its course around great boulders, upon which the glacier was supported, was perfectly deafening. I had entered beside a ledge of rock about ten feet high, upon which the ice rested firmly. Supporting myself against this, I witnessed the unusual spectacle with safety, though not with comfort; for to be drenched with ice-water is, to say the least, not pleasant.

As I stood there I realized more fully than ever before the process by which have been formed those markings upon the rocks, that Professor Agassiz has made us so familiar with, in various places which were once covered with ice during the glacial epoch. The immense pressure upon the rocks and boulders ground some of them to powder, rounded others, and made deep and lasting scars, which some future explorer may one day witness if the glacier of Sermitsialik should disappear as the glaciers have from the White Mountains.

Below me the ice was worn away in such a manner that I could go down stream about fifty feet, near to a point where light was admitted through a cleft; and a stream of water also, which, falling from the surface of the glacier, mingled its purity with the muddy gatherings of the bottom.

One does not remain in an ice cavern drenched with ice-water very long from choice; so, when curiosity had found reasonable satisfaction, I retraced my steps, feeling now that the whole glacier was very likely to tumble about my ears; and joining the captain, who was waiting for me on the shore, we were soon with our shipmates aboard, and excited their envy with the recital of our hastily conceived morning adventure.

Except the observations above noted, I was not able, owing to the shortness of our stay in the neighborhood, to make any examination of the rate of progress of the glacier. Peter Motzfeldt, our pilot, gave me, however, some valuable information, which, although not scientifically accurate, is yet approximately true. Motzfeldt is a Dane, and when he first came to the country, fifty years ago, he walked across the valley which the glacier now completely fills, and plucked huckleberries upon the identical spot where I had gone into the ice cavern. The front of the glacier then presented the aspect of a great ice wall crossing the valley some distance up from the sea, and he pointed out the position which it then occupied, so far as his memory served him. Assuming his memory to be reasonably correct, the movement of the glacier from that time to this has been about *seven inches* daily, the distance being about two miles.

The vertical section (see page 206) run in the axis of the glacier from its extreme point at the sea to where it joins the *mer de glace*, a distance of two miles, is, of course, partly conjectural, as I could not, except by inference, know the topography of the ground upon which the ice rests; but the surface I could measure, and the bottom must in a great degree conform to it. By referring to the map of the glacier on page 206, the general features of the glacier will be sufficiently apparent.

During the absence of the captain and myself, the artists had not been idle. They had landed near the glacier, and with brush and camera had begun their work. The day was warm, the mercury rising to 68° in the shade, and the sun, coming around to the south, blazed upon the cold wall of ice. This must have produced some difference of temperature between the ice touched by the warm rays and that of the interior, which

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was in all probability several degrees below the freezing-point, for toward noon there was an incessant crackling along almost the entire front. Small pieces were continually splitting off with explosive violence, and, falling to the sea, produced a fine effect as the spray spouted up from the spot where they struck. Scarcely a minute passed without a disturbance of this kind. It was like a fusillade of artillery. Now and then a mass of considerable size would break loose, producing the impression upon the minds of the most courageous that our situation was one of great danger.

By one o'clock every body had come aboard for dinner; and for a while we all stood on deck watching the spectacle, and noting the changes that took place with intense eagerness. It was uniformly observed, among other curious phenomena, that when the ice broke off the fractured surface was a deep blue, and that if any ice, as sometimes happened, came up from beneath the water, it bore the same hue, but after a short exposure to the sun the surface changed, becoming an almost pure white with a satin lustre.

Our situation for observation could not have been better chosen, and it is not likely that such an opportunity was ever enjoyed before—since it is not likely that a vessel ever rode to her anchor within a cable's length of a glacier.

After dinner the work was to have been resumed. The photographers hastened ashore, hoping to catch an instantaneous view of some of the falling fragments. Preparations were making for weighing anchor, steam was already up, and we were about to move over to the north side of the fiord, when louder and more startling reports than any we had before heard pealed forth one after another in quick succession. A number of large pieces had broken off, the falling of which disturbed the sea to such an extent that the vessel rolled perceptibly, and waves broke with considerable force upon the shore. Then, without any warning, there came a report louder than all combined. It was evident that some extraordinary event was about to happen, and a feeling of alarm spread through the ship. The boat had landed the photograph party on the rocks within thirty yards of the glacier, and had shoved off. The captain shouted to the coxswain to "hurry up," and had given the order to "up anchor;" but it was too late.

The glacier was in a violent state of commotion; it seemed to be literally going to pieces. Its extreme point, at the centre, was undergoing disintegration. The form of the glacier was there particularly picturesque, and we had never ceased to admire it, sketch it, and photograph it. It exhibited a perfect forest of Gothic spires, which, originally ragged, had, by the action of the weather, been converted to something like regular shape, until it bore the appearance of a vast edifice constructed by the hands of man. At the base of these spires there were numerous arches, more or less perfect, which still further strengthened the illusion that it might be of human and not of natural formation.

At the very extreme point there was one spire that stood out alone, towering above the others. It could not have been much less than two hundred feet high. The loud report to which I have referred came from this spire, which was going to pieces. It did not topple over, but went down as if the foundations of the earth were giving way, and the spire was disappearing into the depths below. The effect was magnificent beyond description. It did not sink instantaneously, but lasted for at least a quarter of a minute. The crumbling spire was quickly enveloped in a great cloud of spray, in the midst of which the summit vanished, and was seen no more.

Meanwhile other portions of the glacier were undergoing a similar transformation, influenced, no doubt, by the shock which had been communicated by this first disruption. Other spires, less perfect in their form, went down in the same manner, and great scales, from all parts of the front where there were no spires, split off, and fell with a prolonged crash and hiss.

Out from the midst of this din, and at length drowning it completely, came a peal compared to which the loudest thunders of the heavens would be but a feeble sound. The whole glacier was enveloped in a cloud, which streamed up and along the icy wall, as one sees the mists rising from the abyss below Niagara, and, receiving the rays of the sun, held a rainbow hovering over this vortex. Out of this cloud rose a great white mass—at first slowly, then with a bound—and from out the foam and mist a wave of vast proportions rolled away in a widening semicircle.

Until this moment I had watched every action of the glacier with close attention, but now the impulse of curiosity was divided with that of safety. The wave came down upon us with the speed of the wind, and the instinct of self-preservation drove me to seize the first firm object I could lay my hands upon, and grasp it with all my strength. The wave occasioned by an earthquake only can compare with it in magnitude and force. It rolled beneath our ship, lifted her upon its crest, tore her from her anchorage, and hurled her, as if she had been the veriest toy, toward the rocks. I had not a doubt, so far as there was time to think at all, that she would be stove to pieces or landed high and dry.

But there was little time for reflection.

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While the vessel was almost on her beam ends, and we were all clinging to something or other for safety, a deluge of water fell thundering upon the deck, and the ship was half buried.

We escaped, seemingly by a miracle. The anchor had brought us up within two fathoms of the abrupt shore, against which the huge wave broke, and rolled back upon us with a blow that caused some injury, but did not seriously hurt any body.

Through the mercy of Providence we had been saved; but where were our comrades who had just landed on the shore, and those in the boat? This was our first thought. The boat proved to be all right. She had got head on to the wave, and far enough from the rocks to ride easily; but the people on shore could not escape the whole fury of the waters. Seeing the wave, they had clambered up the hill-side as far as they could; but finding they would be caught, they flung themselves flat upon the ground, and, clinging to each other and to the rocks, they prevented themselves from being carried off or seriously hurt. One had been, however, lifted and hurled with much violence against a rock; but, with the exception of a few bruises, he was not injured, and with great fervor he thanked Heaven that it was no worse. He had, indeed, abundant cause. Had the party not been favored by the rocks—which were of such formation that they could readily spring from ledge to ledge—they must inevitably have all perished. The wave, before it reached them, had expended much of its force. Had they been upon the beach and received the full force of the blow, they must have been struck to death. Their implements—bottles, baths, plates, every thing which they had purposed using in their art, except their camera, which had been, fortunately, perched upon a hill and left there in the morning—were either carried bodily away or made a wreck of.

Waves of considerable though not dangerous magnitude followed, and it was quite half an hour before the waters were at rest. And there before us, floating in the sea, above which its crest rose a hundred and forty feet, was a glittering mass of blue—a *lapis lazuli*, a quarter of a mile in diameter, set in chased silver — for the sea was but a mass of foam. And this was the monster that had made the mischief. An iceberg had been born.

Thus had we not only seen an iceberg born, but had felt its terrible power when set in motion from the parent glacier, to tread the blue waters of the deep, and through many years to come to cast into the sea, little by little, the crystal drops of hardened snow which have for ages lain upon the Greenland hills.

Upon measuring this iceberg afterward, I found its crest to be 140 feet above the water; and since fresh ice, floating freely in the sea, has seven parts of its total depth beneath the water, its total depth must have been upward of 1100 feet.

As may well be supposed, we did not wait for another iceberg to catch us in such a defenseless situation. Our jolly captain was now quite well content to own that he held glaciers in profound respect, and, making all haste to get the anchor up, we steamed to the other side of the fiord, and, in the snug bight we had discovered in the morning, found safety from any such further freaks of our magnificent neighbor.

On the day following we resolved to scale the glacier in a body. A picnic on a glacier was a novel experience which but few wished to forego, and so we set about getting our traps together; and employing some native men and women, who had followed us up the fiord in their skin boats, to carry our luggage, comprising surveying instruments, photographic implements, artists' materials, provisions, etc., we set out at an early hour, in order to avoid the great swarms of mosquitoes and flies infesting the marshy regions of the green slope leading up to the gorge which we must traverse in order to reach a spot where the glacier could be scaled.

Our party—a motley one indeed—sailors and passengers, native women in short seal-skin pantaloons, and native men in long pantaloons of the same material—formed a long trail across the plain, and wound through the gorge to a mile beyond where the captain and I had gone up the day before. Here there were fewer crevasses, as we had come upon the broad plane before mentioned. The foreign material, especially near the side, was immense. Rocks weighing many tons were imbedded in the ice, or were lying loose upon the surface, owing, probably, to the ice having melted away. There was also much sand. Thus had I practical observation to account for the distribution of rock and sand by icebergs; for this foreign matter being carried to the sea with the glacier as it moves on, ultimately becomes part of an iceberg, which, drifting away and melting, finally lets it drop. The great Banks of Newfoundland receive constant accessions in this way. It was in like manner that those great boulders which we find upon plains like our Western prairies were deposited at a time when they were the bed of the ocean, and icebergs drifted that way from the arctics.

Our object was to reach as near as possible to the middle of the glacier, and then camp; and having a much better track than the captain and I had found, the effort was successful. Not only this, but a considerable distance, in addition, was made by some members of the party up the axis of

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the glacier. Only in one place were we brought up with any thing like the fearful chasms which we had sprung over on the previous journey. The captain, however, proved himself, as before, a good leaper, and being both fearless and full of spirit, he ordinarily led the way, carrying the end of a rope for the greater security of his followers, as well as the better to get our traps over. Thus was every body and every thing carried in safety, and only once did an accident seriously threaten. This occurred to a man who had got something in him to make his legs unsteady, and but for the captain's rope he would certainly have disappeared into the bowels of the glacier. He was hauled up in a lively state of wonder as to "how we all got down there." Our fair companions in the seal-skin pantaloons required very little assistance, and in their soft leather boots were more sure-footed than we. They seemed quite surprised at our generous offers of assistance, for they had been in the habit not only of helping themselves, but their lords as well, in every thing where help was possible—a practice universal among savage and half-civilized people. Gallantry is a fine art, the sentiment not being at all natural to man.

What I have already written respecting the glacier makes it quite unnecessary to detain the reader with any further description of it. We made our surveys, endeavored to fathom some of the crevasses, ascertained accurately their general direction, photographed to right and left, sketched abundantly, and had altogether as gay and festive a time of it as before at Krakortok. We had a capital dinner (prepared, happily, without the aid of our ship's cook and steward), and we did not lack the dance, without which a picnic would be a delusion and a snare. The sun shone brightly on us, and even there in the great ice wilderness we were not cold. There was singing as well as dancing, and there was, besides, the music of a "babbling brook," which flowed near by, and not far off dashed down through a cloud of spray into a fathomless abyss.

The day was one long to be remembered—less, however, for its incident than for its novelty. We had some laborious tramping and climbing, and returned fatigued. But as virtue meets its own reward, so we were satisfied.

"With what?" asked one who could not be persuaded to accompany us.

"We can say that we have been upon a Greenland glacier, and had a picnic there besides."

"You might have *said* that any way, and saved yourselves sore feet," was the laconic answer.

But we had not chosen to be governed by such immoral precepts; and yet I fear the ability to *say* they had been there inspired more than one to undergo the danger and hard labor of the day.

Soon after our return we weighed anchor, and steamed away beyond the arctic circle to find the midnight sun.

On our way we entered the great fiord of Arsut, and passing through the cold shadow of the lofty Kunak Mountain, halted at the famous kryolite mine, the only spot in the world where that mineral is found. The mineral is nearly pure soda, and but for its remote and almost inaccessible situation, would be of inestimable value, since the soda of commerce, otherwise than from this mine, is wholly of artificial manufacture. From ten thousand to twelve thousand tons of it are, however, mined, or rather quarried, annually, one half of which goes to Denmark, the other half to Philadelphia, where the Pennsylvania Salt Company make use of it for all the purposes to which artificial soda is applied. And besides that, the refuse matter, embracing silica, carbonate of lime, and traces of numerous minerals, the principal among which are tin, iron, lead, and copper, is employed in the manufacture of a species of table-ware resembling china, though being fused and moulded like glass, the expense of manufacture is much less.

The scenery in the neighborhood of this kryolite mine, especially west of the mining village of Iviktut, is magnificent, but, owing to the cloudy and falling weather, we had but little opportunity of enjoying it; but we secured on our way some good photographs of Kunak Mountain, one of the loftiest and most picturesque on the coast.

To the American agent, Captain Reynolds, and to the courteous officers of the company stationed at Iviktut, we were indebted for an opportunity to make a full inspection of the works, where about one hundred miners are employed.

THE MYSTERIOUS CASE OF MY FRIEND BROWNE.

HOW bitterly cold it was in New York on the evening of the 4th of February, 1871! I was sitting in front of a snug coal fire in my cozy little library in Washington Square. I am somewhat inclined to be what is called a bookworm: I love with my whole heart whatever is old, quaint, and musty in the way of books. They are fascinating to me in proportion as they are ancient, and possessed of that peculiar smell characteristic of antiquated bindings and worm-eaten paper. What other merits they may possess is a matter of indifference to me. To be acceptable they must be old.

On this especial evening my happiness was complete. During the day I had determined to brave the winter wind in search of some new antiquity of literature—something that should be exceptionally ragged,

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obscure, and aromatic. Accordingly I betook myself to my favorite resort in such emergencies — the old second-hand bookstore in Ann Street, and, after ransacking about for a while, I hit upon what seemed to be a number of old, decayed letters bound up together, and protected by a time-worn leather cover.

Here was a prize indeed! With trembling eagerness I inquired the price, and felt offended almost at being told it was ten cents! Willingly would I have given a hundred times as much, had it been asked. But I reflected that swine were always prone to trample upon pearls, and paid my ten cents in silence. Then, placing my purchase carefully in my innermost breast pocket, I hurried homeward through the biting wind.

Supper over, I ensconced myself in my big easy-chair, and prepared for a campaign into the realms of antiquity. My centre, as already hinted, was protected by a glowing fire, my right flank defended by my last half bottle of rare old port-wine, my left wing strengthened by a time-honored pipe of fragrant Latakia, and my rear brought up by a judicious arrangement of cushions and springs. Every thing being ready, I drew forth my precious budget, and the campaign began.

After a little general skirmishing and reconnoitring, in which long practice and experience had rendered me an adept, I began to gain an insight into what had at first glance appeared somewhat involved. The papers (consisting of copies of letters and extracts from a journal) contained a story of three individuals—two men and a woman—who lived about a hundred and fifty years ago. One peculiar circumstance was noticeable which considerably added to the obscurity of this tale—all the proper names had been omitted. A blank space was left for each one. Even the person (a friend, apparently, of the chief actor in the drama) who had copied and arranged the original letters and papers was as nameless as the rest. But by dint of inserting initials in these blank spaces, and noting down here an event and there a date, I gradually arrived at a comprehension of the main points of the story, which (for I shall resist the temptation to transcribe it in the original words) ran somewhat as follows:

Early in the last century a man, M——, was residing in the vicinity of what was then the flourishing town of New York. He was an enterprising and successful young farmer, who, barring the fact that he was an orphan and unmarried, wanted nothing to complete his felicity. It seems probable that the very fact of his having so little to desire put it into his head that he needed a wife—some one to take charge of his household affairs, receive him with a kiss and smile on his return from the day's work, and bear him children who should transmit his name to posterity. Such a one he believed himself to have found in the person of Miss H——, a young lady belonging to one of the best families in the neighborhood. The parents, well-to-do people, readily gave their consent to the young farmer's suit; she herself seemed to favor him and reciprocate his affection, and every thing seemed to prophesy a speedy and happy marriage.

At this point B—— made his appearance on the scene. He was at this time a lawyer of fair standing and repute—young, good-looking, and, for those days, well versed in the arts and usages of polite society. Retained as counsel by the H—— family in a lawsuit, on its termination in their favor he gradually advanced from the position of legal adviser to that of a trusty and intimate friend; and in the heart of one at least in the family he seems to have stood higher still.

One morning M—— came down to New York, went to the jeweler's, and bought a handsome gold ring, which he purposed presenting to his mistress as a pledge of their approaching union. But that union was destined never to take place. On reaching her house he found every thing in wild confusion: the young lady had eloped the night previous with the traitor B——, and no one knew whither. M—— returned to his farm, moody and sullen, and from that hour was an altered man. The ring which the falsehood of Miss H—— had defrauded of its original purpose he wore always thereafter around his neck and next his heart; and surely, if there be poison in the evil passions and unhallowed emotions of the human soul, we can almost believe them to have hardened into the gold and crystallized into the gems of that engagement-ring!

Meanwhile B—— and his wife found little difficulty in obtaining the forgiveness and favor of the H—— family; and at the decease of the old people they inherited half the estate, the remainder going to an only son, at that time absent in Europe. M——, however, kept entirely aloof from them until the time of his death; but shortly before that event he sent to B—— a letter professing forgiveness and a desire for reconciliation, and inclosing the engagement-ring as a pledge thereof. But, for whatever reason made, this pledge seems to have been insincere; for of the same date is an extract from M——'s journal containing these words:

"Being nowe sicke past hope of recoverie, I doe herebye declare my ondyinge Hatred toward B——, himselfe and his posteritie forever; and I pray God that my Revenge be fulfilled to the Uttermoste—yea, at the Perill of mine own Soule! Amen."

These words, dreadful in any case, but doubly so as coming from a dying man, closed the collection. A note, written apparently by S——, the compiler, added that M—— had been buried in Trinity Church-

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yard, and that the tombstone above him bore this inscription:

"In memory of —— M——,
Who died February 6, 1771.
Requiescat in pace."

I laid down the manuscript, poured out a glass of wine, and sipped and pondered. The omission of all the names puzzled me. What object could the papers have been collected for, unless to record a vow of vengeance, and the causes which led to and justified it? Yet, without the names, was it not void of all significance? True, the omission had probably greatly increased the chances of the manuscript's being preserved through so many years; but preservation at the expense of identification seemed objectless. On the other hand, was it likely that M——, at the moment of dissolution, would have prayed for vengeance on his enemy, even at peril of his own soul, and have caused the prayer to be written down, without any purpose whatever? Decidedly not! How he had intended or expected his revenge to be accomplished was beyond my comprehension; perhaps he deemed the ring a sort of talisman, enabling his disembodied spirit to haunt the wearer. I finished my glass of port and set it down. A little wine always makes me imaginative!

While debating whether to light a fresh pipe or my bedroom candle, a loud ring at the door-bell settled the question for me. "Who the deuce can be coming here at this time of night!" I grunted, rubbing my eyes and yawning. A knock at the door heralded the entrance of my friend Browne. I had not seen him for a week or two, but he could not have changed more in as many years. I was quite startled at his appearance.

"Good Heavens, Browne!" I exclaimed. "Why, you look as if you'd seen a ghost!"

Browne started and looked at me for a moment; then he dropped into my easy-chair (from which I had incautiously risen to give him welcome), leaned his elbows on his knees and his head on his hands, gazed gloomily into the fire for a few moments, and then said, in a low, awe-struck voice, very different from his usual brisk, lively tone:

"And so I have, Simpson!"

I was completely unnerved. Until this evening I had known Browne as a rising young barrister, clever, sensible, and always in good spirits. The idea of such a man as he coming in suddenly and deliberately at that hour of the night and solemnly asserting that he had seen a ghost, was enough to unnerve any body. I was at a loss what to say, and therefore said the very last thing I meant to: I asked him to have a glass of wine!

Browne, without a word, filled my glass to the brim, drained it, filled it again, and drained *that*, looking all the while as if he were going to be hanged. But I began to look rather serious myself then.

"Simpson," said Browne, abstractedly, again gazing into the fire, "I sha'n't blame you for being incredulous. I should have been myself—if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes!"

I began to feel a little nervous, I think. Browne was a larger man than I, and if, as I believed, his mind was affected, he might become violent at any moment. I felt that the wisest course would be to humor him.

"Of course," I said, "that alters the case."

Again Browne fixed his eyes on me, and nodded silently. How pale and strange he looked! Again he took the bottle, filled the glass, and drained it. Positively it was becoming unpleasant. Wine was the worst thing for any one in his condition, and—there were not more than three glassfuls left in the bottle.

"Don't you think," I began, "that you'd better—"

"I will!" exclaimed Browne, abruptly; "and as briefly as possible: it happened in this way. You knew I was engaged to Miss Hammill. Well, I went down there the other day to give her the engagement-ring. It was a queer, old-fashioned thing, that I found in a secret drawer of a desk that had belonged to some great-great-grandfather of mine, but handsome enough, for all that. I put it on her finger, and told her how it had been in our family a hundred years for all I knew, but that she was the first who'd ever worn it. Oh, how sweet and lovely she looked as she put her hands in mine, and promised me that as long as she lived she would remain true to the giver of that ring! And yet, even as she spoke the words, it seemed to me she shuddered convulsively and turned pale; and at the same moment I felt a sudden chill and horror at my own heart. But we both shook it off, whatever it was, and parted as usual, except that when I kissed her I could not be sure whether I had really touched her lips or not."

"I must say, Browne," remarked I, for my nervousness was beginning to pass off, and I felt sleepy, and in no degree inclined to listen to a lover's rhapsodies, "I don't see any thing in all this to warrant you in—"

I did not finish my protest; I was too much engaged in watching Browne fill and drain another glass of my port. I resolved not to interrupt him again.

"When I called the next evening," continued he, "I noticed a change in her at once. I know not how to describe it. It was not so much that she was cold to me, as that she seemed chilled herself. Her affections, her emotions, appeared in a manner paralyzed. She seemed to elude my grasp, so to speak; I couldn't reach her; I felt as if some nameless, impalpable, but insurmountable barrier had grown up between us since the day be-

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fore. And several times I turned around, under the impression that somebody else was in the room. Her eyes wore a kind of sad, hopeless, distant expression, as if she felt that some one or something were taking her away from me. Yet still she wore the ring on which she had sworn to be true to the giver; but I saw her look at it once, and it may have been my fancy, but I thought she shivered, and grew even paler than before."

"Nothing but a headache on her part, and indigestion on yours, depend upon it," growled I, forgetting my resolution. But Browne didn't take any wine this time. He only sighed heavily and shook his head.

"The next day—yesterday," he went on, "I resolved to call early, take her out to walk, and trust to open air and exercise to set every thing right; for I could not, would not, believe that my impressions of the day before had been any thing but a morbid fancy. I felt quite reinspirited, and walked rapidly along up Fifth Avenue toward her house. She lives, you know, corner of the avenue and Fifty-first Street. I had reached Forty-second Street, when I caught sight of her about a block ahead of me, and walking slowly in the same direction. She walked as if her life were ebbing away from her at every step; there was an indescribable droop and languor about her, so different from her usual springy step, and bright, cheerful manner. But I hardly more than noticed her; for, walking by her side, apparently talking to her, I saw, as plainly as I now see you," said Browne, raising himself to an upright position in his chair, and looking fixedly at me, "I saw—It!"

"'It!' Why, what on earth do you mean, Browne?" cried I, feeling cold chills run down my back and creep into the calves of my legs.

"The stout, burly figure of a man, with a high-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, and masses of rusty hair falling on its shoulders. It was clad in a cloak of dusky gray, and wore knee-breeches and stockings of the same color. It stalked along the pavement in clumsy high-heeled shoes, in a manner that would have been ridiculous, had I been in any mood for laughing."

"I should have felt in a mood to kick him into the street!" declared I, valiantly. But there was something in Browne's manner that made me a little doubtful whether I would have done so, after all. He continued, without heeding my interruption:

"It struck me as especially strange that, notwithstanding the great peculiarity of the figure's dress, manner, and general appearance, and though it was broad daylight and the avenue well filled, no one seemed to notice or even see It. Even Miss Hammill, I fancied, did not realize its presence, though she was certainly in some way impressed by It. She never looked at or appeared otherwise conscious of It than as hearing, or rather feeling, what It said. Occasionally she would wince or shrink, as if its words were blows and stabs; and at such times the figure would appear vastly amused, throwing back its head, raising its hands, and contorting its burly form, as if indulging in an immoderate fit of laughter.

"By this time I had gained considerably on them, but was puzzled to observe that, although I had all along kept my eyes steadily fixed on the strange figure, I could not see It as distinctly as when further off. The sun still shone brightly, and the air was as clear and cold as ever; but the outlines of the shape were blurred or undefined, as if seen out of focus through a telescope. The nearer I approached, the more indistinct and shadowy did It appear, though still I was aware that It continued to stride along by Miss Hammill's side, ever and anon breaking forth into fresh ebullitions of ugly merriment. Nearer yet I came, until not more than twenty paces separated us, and now I could distinguish nothing save a kind of gloomy shadow that seemed to hover along the pavement. In a few steps more this, too, had vanished; and when I came up with Miss Hammill, I was only conscious of a subtile influence in the air. I felt again that mysterious chill of horror at my heart; and though I was walking beside her, and her arm was in mine, she seemed immeasurable miles away."

Browne paused and drew a deep breath. As for me, I felt the cold chills worse than ever. I poured out a glass of wine with trembling hand and drank it hurriedly. It was really a very cold night!

"Under such circumstances," continued Browne, "it was not strange that our greeting was quiet, almost formal. I knew she was aware of an evil presence, as well as I. Could she have been separated from herself, she might have seen It; as it was, that was reserved for me only. But we both knew that, even at that moment, It was there—between us, around us, exerting some malignant spell over us, to separate, perhaps destroy us. And why should It have power to injure us thus? Had she not sworn on the ring to be true till death to the giver? Was not I the giver? Yet she was lost to me, and I could feel the ring upon her finger, as her hand rested in my arm; it seemed to burn and sear my flesh, as if it had been heated in hell fire.

"So we walked onward, pretty much in silence, and soon reached her house. I bade her farewell on the door-step, for I had no heart to enter, even had she invited me. 'You have been alone all day?' I asked her, as I turned to go. 'All alone,' replied she, in a sad, far-away voice. 'I'm always alone now, except for my thoughts;' and then she

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shivered, and shrank into herself, as it were from a stab. I left her standing there, and turning as I reached the end of the block, she stood there still; but oh, horror! by her side stood again that gloomy, fantastic shape, with high-crowned hat and dusky cloak, tossing its arms about, and actually capering with ghastly jollity! As I gazed, horror-stricken, the door opened, and she passed in and disappeared; and the mysterious figure, turning toward me, took off its hat with a flourish, and made me a low mock obeisance; then, with a parting wave of the hand, It stalked in after her. I knew that It and I would meet again; but something in my heart told me that I had seen the last of Alice Hammill."

"But, Browne," said I, in a low, remonstrative tone (why *would* that closet door keep creaking so!), "that was only yesterday afternoon, you know. Why, man alive, you must have been dreaming, or crazy! On Fifth Avenue—yesterday—in the middle of the afternoon—a healthy, sensible young fellow like you—talk of *your* seeing a ghost! Come, now, say you were fooling, Browne, do!" entreated I, making a violent effort to laugh it off. Heaven knows I would willingly have given half a dozen bottles of my best port-wine to have seen him join in, in his usual hearty fashion, and acknowledge it was all a hoax. But as I looked at him my laugh died away into a very questionable quaver. He didn't look at all genial.

"I reasoned in the same way, Simpson," said he, "after I reached home. I found that my recollection of the weird figure, though vivid enough, seemed more like the memory of a vivid dream than of a reality. Having escaped from its immediate influence, I persuaded myself it must be some extraordinary mental or optical delusion; and I went to bed, resolved to see whether a good night's rest would not aid in dispelling it.

"I woke this morning feeling fresh and strong, and determined to see Miss Hammill at once, tell her all my fears and fancies, and prove to myself and her that it was all a wretched delusion. So, having eaten a hearty breakfast at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, I set off, and in a quarter of an hour stood on the door-step. I rang the bell, and the servant appeared.

"'I want to see Miss Hammill. Is she in?'

"'Yes, Sir,' returned the man; 'but she's very bad with the headache, and can't see no one. The doctor says as how she's out of her head, Sir.'

"'Do you mean to say she's insane?' cried I, with a terrible throb of my heart.

"'Not just that, Sir,' replied he; 'but he says she must be kept quite quiet, Sir, for several days; and, more especially, not see any one she cared for, Sir.'

"I turned away, sick at heart, and at that moment I felt again that nameless, creeping chill, as if some unholy thing had brushed past me. Impelled by a dark foreboding, I looked down the street, and there, standing clearly defined in the crisp winter sunlight, I saw the Thing again."

"What! this very morning?" gasped I, half expecting to see the grisly phantom rise up between us. "Oh, not this very morning, Browne?" But it was no use.

"This morning," repeated Brown, "about eleven o'clock. It stood there beckoning to me impatiently, as if to follow It. It stamped its foot imperiously, and pointed down the avenue. And all at once a wild passion took possession of me. There stood the Thing that had destroyed my happiness, blighted my love, perhaps purposed to deprive me of life itself. My whole soul rose up in hatred and defiance. I burned to rush after It and grapple with It, though death should be the forfeit of the struggle. I did not care for death, if I might have revenge. And there It still stood, beckoning to me. I sprang down the steps, and then a ghastly chase began."

"Good gracious, Browne!" exclaimed I, piteously; "you don't mean to say you ran after It?" But he did not hear me—I don't think he knew I was in the room—so absorbed was he in the recollection of his dreadful adventure.

"The figure stalked on in front of me," said he, "with long, easy strides, once in a while cutting the most grotesque capers, flinging out its legs, and flourishing its arms abroad. It was always about sixty yards ahead, and I found it impossible to lessen this distance. But the faster I walked, the better pleased It seemed to be, skipping with frantic glee along the frozen pavements, and ever and anon half turning round to motion me onward still more rapidly. Stop I could not: I was drawn onward by an irresistible power that no will of mine could modify or overcome. But I had no desire to pause; my own heart drove me like a goad.

"As we kept on I noticed that no one saw the fantastic phantom, though, as It passed, men and women would shudder and turn pale, and draw their winter cloaks more closely about them. But, as our speed increased, I observed them stop and turn to look at me as I passed; and no wonder! I must have presented a strange spectacle, hurrying onward, with bloodless lips and face and fixed, straining eyes. But, so they did not stop me, it was little I cared for that.

"On we went, faster and faster! We passed directly under the windows of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, which I had left on my way up not half an hour before. I was dimly conscious of the crowd before the door, of the stage waiting for its passengers, and of the big clock standing on the sidewalk; but every thing seemed like a dream,

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save only the ghastly shadow that still stalked before me with ever-increasing pace.

"We crossed the square, and now we were on Broadway. The dusky shape glided forward with easy speed, holding a direct line through the hurrying crowd. Faster yet! My breath began to come hard, but still I kept on; I was under my own control no longer. Union Square was passed, and Grace Church was close at hand. Turning the corner, the figure paused a moment and looked around, and I thought I could distinguish an evil leer overspreading its pallid features; then It waved its arms, and was off again.

"The whole stretch of lower Broadway now lay before us, filled from side to side with its endless stream of human beings, and the roar and rattle of horses and carts. But I, by virtue of my ghostly companionship, felt as far removed and isolated from them as if I were beholding them from another world. All that was most commonplace and familiar seemed weird and strange, and the only reality for me was the dreadful phantom that still led me on.

"At the farther extremity of the long road I could now see the spire of Trinity Church, outlined against the clear blue morning sky. At the same moment we quickened our speed; my guide seemed to flit like a passing shadow over the crowded sidewalk. His merriment also appeared momentarily to increase; he was now in a continual convulsion of chuckling laughter. On we rushed! Canal Street was passed; the City Hall was left behind; and at last the railing of Trinity Church-yard appeared, with the clustering groups of time-worn grave-stones behind it. And then the strain that had been drawing me onward ceased at once, like the snapping of a cord, and I realized for the first time how weak and exhausted I was. But still I staggered onward: I would see the end, though already half suspecting what it was to be.

"I reached the gate of the grave-yard and looked through the bars into the inclosure; and there, sitting on a gray, crumbling head-stone, leaning with its head on its hands and its elbows on its knees, I saw It for the last time. It looked at me with an awful leer; a sombre shadow fell about It, which the cheerful sunshine could not penetrate; but the eyes of the mysterious figure emitted a dusky, phosphorescent glare, illuminating its features with a pale, unnatural light. The face was that of a corpse already mouldering into its native earth, and as I looked it seemed to crumble gradually away; the shadow grew duskier, until only the phosphorescent gleam was visible; then that too faded, an icy gust of wind swept through the church-yard, and I heard the clock strike noon."

As Browne concluded he sank back in his chair, and began to shiver as if in an ague fit. At such a moment all personal considerations give way to the exigencies and impulses of the moment. I poured out the last glass of wine in the bottle, and myself forced it down his throat. Any thing was better than to see him thus; and he had said that the presence of the ghost always produced a shuddering! But I was resolved to believe my friend insane, or dying, or any thing else, in preference to putting faith in the awful vision he believed himself to have seen.

"Come, come, Browne, you're sick, and that's the whole difficulty," asserted I, stoutly. "Stay with me to-night, and if you aren't better to-morrow, we'll have the doctor here."

The wine seemed partially to have restored Browne's nerve. He sat up and gazed at me with a dead, hopeless expression in his eyes, that did not look much like improvement. He shook his head when I repeated my invitation.

"No, no," said he; "I must be off. I shall leave here next Monday, and shall never come back. Alice is dead—to me, at all events. Here," he added, handing me a card—"there's the inscription on the grave-stone: I copied it down after— And here's an old piece of paper, in which I found the ring folded up. It has some writing on it, I believe, and may explain something: you're good at that sort of thing. Good-night!" And before I could speak again he was gone, and I saw him no more. On the card was written:

"In memory of Thomas Murray,
Who died February 6, 1771.
Requiescat in pace."

"Rather a satire on the old fellow, that 'requiescat in pace,'" commented I—"that is, if Browne *should* turn out not to be a lunatic!" The paper he had given me was old and yellow, and the writing on it appeared too illegible to puzzle out that night. So, resolving to see him the next day, and talk it all over in a sober and sensible way, I yawned and retired.

That night I had a very vivid dream, in which the marvelous story related to me by Browne was in some way mixed up with the old manuscript I had purchased in Ann Street. I imagined that all the blank spaces were filled out, and with the names of Browne, Alice Hammill, and Thomas Murray, I myself figuring as the copier and compiler of the whole.

With the first light of day I sprang out of bed, the influence of my dream still strong upon me, and rushed into my study after the manuscript. There it lay on the top shelf of my book-case, where I had placed it the night before; but a jar of some chemical liquid, which I remembered to have seen standing around ever since I was a boy, and which I had been told was an heir-loom in our family for many generations, had fallen over on it and broken, and the liquid had run

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out and deluged the manuscript completely. With a sigh for the sad fate of the jar, I took down the papers and opened them.

The sight that met my eyes made me feel as if the roots of my hair were alive and moving! All the blanks were filled up with names, written in a pale, reddish ink; and they were all exactly as I had dreamed they were. Thomas Murray was the young farmer whose life had been blighted by the lawyer, who was none other than Browne himself! while the lady who had caused all the trouble was Alice Hammill! And—yes! I was there too! My name was signed to the note appended to Thomas Murray's prayer for vengeance—"John Simpson" in full!

"Now how the deuce," soliloquized I, "did those names get written down there? They certainly weren't there yesterday. Ah! here's one only half written! How's that? Ah!" I exclaimed, drawing a long breath of relief, "I see now! Sympathetic writing, by George! and it was the old jar of chemicals brought it out!"

Such was the fact. One of the names, written near a corner of the paper, had partially escaped being wetted by the liquid in the jar, and that part which had escaped was invisible, while the rest presented the same pale reddish tinge as the others. In this, likewise, I saw the explanation of the existence of the jar in our family during so many years. Doubtless my old ancestor, John Simpson, when he wrote the names in sympathetic ink, had provided himself with the reagent to be used when needed; and the occasion not arising during his own life, it had passed down from one generation to another, until all remembrance of its original purpose had been lost: fortunately, however, it had not itself been so forgetful, but had sacrificed itself to duty precisely at the proper time.

This turn of affairs, though decidedly exciting, substantiated my friend Browne's story too completely to be altogether pleasant. Comparing his copy of the tombstone inscription with that in the manuscript, I found them word for word identical. I next bethought myself of the piece of paper which Browne had found with the ring. On examining it I discovered it to be neither more nor less than the original of Murray's letter to Browne, professing reconciliation! Really, things were becoming disagreeably clear.

Had it not been that I accidentally became aware, about this time, that I was nearly frozen to death, I should probably have remained pondering over my mysteries all day in the peculiarly simple attire appropriated to repose. I now commenced the operation of dressing, holding converse with my reflection in the mirror the while.

The result of my meditations was that I had better hunt up Browne, tell him all I had discovered, and consult with him on its significance and importance. The connection of the characters in the drama of a hundred years ago with those of to-day was fully established. The dreadful prayer for vengeance made by the dying Murray had evidently been granted—at the peril of his own soul, I could not doubt—but still granted. Only one mystery still awaited solution: why had the retribution come so late? why had it been reserved for my friend and the woman he loved to expiate the crimes of their long-buried ancestors?

Here the incident of the ring recurred to my mind. I remembered having idly speculated on the possibility of its being a talisman whereby the spirit of its owner might be enabled to persecute the wearer of it; and, looking at the matter in the new light I had obtained, it seemed not unfeasible. In his dying moments Murray had sent this ring, incrusted with the hate and passion of all the years of his blighted life, to the man who had ruined him. Doubtless he had believed that if he or any of his race were to accept and wear it, it would have power, if any thing could, to infuse into their hearts and souls some of the misery and poison which had been exhaled into it by his. Apparently it had been laid aside and forgotten until discovered by my friend; and Alice Hammill, the descendant of that family by the son mentioned as being absent in Europe, had received as a pledge of betrothal the greatest curse which it was possible to bring upon her. Acting upon her delicate and sensitive nature, the ring had distilled its morbid poison to the best advantage, paralyzing her with the ghastly shadow of the crime which had mouldered unavenged throughout a century. And Browne, by virtue of his love for her, had come in also for his share of the punishment so long deferred. Their souls had been united, and the same baleful influence that had poisoned her, had exercised its influence on him also. He had made her swear fealty to the giver of the ring; but was he the real giver? was it not rather the gift of the terrible phantom which had haunted them? and did not that oath give It the power to do so? For haunted beyond a doubt they were: whether by the actual semblance of a disembodied spirit, or by the fantasy of a diseased mind and imagination, made little difference: the effect was the same; and until we attain to a far more lucid theory for such mysteries than we possess at present, we must accept the old explanation as twice as simple and quite as probable as any other. But the question was now, what was to be the end?

I started out on my search for Browne immediately after breakfast. Not finding him at home, I thought it probable he would be at Miss Hammill's, and thither accordingly I

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betook myself. But he was not there: and the servant who answered the bell told me that Miss Alice had been growing gradually worse, and that the doctor gave slight hopes of her ever regaining her mind. I have often wondered since whether she still wore the ring.

So all day long I wandered over New York, searching for my friend; but night closed in, and still I had not found him. The following afternoon, however, I got upon his track, and followed him from one point to another till at last I traced him to the Hudson River dépôt. Just before I reached there the eight P.M. express had left, carrying him a passenger in the sleeping-car. I heard the whistle of the engine as it rushed away, carrying many a soul on a longer journey than they had ever before undertaken: all the world has heard of the disaster of New Hamburg! Living or dead, I never saw my friend again, nor was his body ever, so far as I know, recovered. Doubtless it was better so: he never could have found life sweet on earth again. But often, in the evenings, as I sit before my fire, I think of him and of the gray, crumbling tombstone in Trinity Church-yard, and marvel that life should seem so simple and commonplace.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

CHAPTER IV.

ROBERT HAGAN was going forth to get himself civilized, but he did not know it. He was marching on to a better destiny, but could not foresee it. His pathway, as he went, was strewn with the scarlet and gold of ripening leaves, and he breathed that delicious and exhilarating air, mixed of cold and warm, which prevails where persimmons and papaws are sweetening in the clear sunshine that follows a morning of white frost. But Bob, insensible to all these, was heavy of heart. It was not because he was sundering the tender ties which had bound him to the authors of his being that he was down-hearted, for he cared not a persimmon for those ties or those authors; nor was it because he was about to meet in combat the world, the flesh, and the devil, for he was not easily scared. He had been subject to such turns as he now experienced ever since he went bush-whacking, and shot his first man, and, though not practiced at self-examination, had a dull consciousness that they were in some way connected with that event. But his conscience—if that may be said to have been involved—was extremely torpid and undeveloped as yet, like all his other moral faculties. He felt gloom, not remorse. But as he continued on his way, and the exertion of walking brought the sweat to his forehead and sent the warm young blood to flush each extremity and surface, the physical triumphed over the moral, and the gloom dispersed as a cloud.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the colt and its conductor arrived at a farm-house, in a field beside which a man and two boys were engaged in husking corn and loading it on a wagon. Bob walked directly in through the let-down rails, and began to assist in the work without saying a word, while the colt followed him in and fell to eating. The volunteer help labored so faithfully that by the time the sun went down, and a woman appeared at the door of the house to call the hands to supper, the last shock had been husked and the last load was being driven to the crib. Bob followed the others in, but while they took their places at table, he took his by the fire. "Come and have something to eat," said the woman, laying a plate; to which he, as by custom bound, replied, "Thank you, I ain't no occasion," and slowly took the offered place. The meal was a substantial one of fried bacon, saleratus bread, corn-dodgers, and coffee, and was eaten with no more words than were absolutely necessary. And after it was over, though the family conversed among themselves, Bob sat by himself and took no part. A bed was given him in the loft, and in the morning he was again invited to eat, which he did, with the same protest as before, that he had "no occasion." Then he helped dig potatoes until, as he thought, he had sufficiently compensated his entertainers for his meals and lodging; after which he approached the farmer, and remarking that he must be about going, asked, "How much to pay?" Now when Bob had declared that he had no occasion to eat, he was ravenously hungry; and when he offered to make payment, was without a cent in his pocket—which two falsehoods prove this one truth, that politeness is natural to man, even in the rudest places.

"Which way may you be traveling?" asked the farmer.

"I'm going down to the river bottom to hunt for a job. Do you think there's any chance?"

"I reckon not this time of the year. The bottom farmers is got a'most all their land into hay since the war begun, and don't hire much help anyhow. You can easy get a chance on a flat-boat, though, and them pays well."

"Yes; but you see I've got my colt, and they wouldn't take *hit* on a boat, I don't suppose."

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"Well, I'll tell you what. If you 'm willing to work among a parcel of Dutch and Irish, I reckon you can git a chance in the quarries round Buena Vista. I've heerd they was right scarce of men since them last big drafts. It's just down at the mouth of Lower Twin."

"Is it fur from here to the head of Lower Twin?"

"Only about three mile. The road goes all the way."

And Bob went on his way, ascending the valley until the hills that bounded it came close together, and their tops lowered till they were less than fifty feet high. Then, passing over a depression, or gap, he entered the chamber of Lower Twin, and followed that in its descent until it widened so as to inclose farms of large extent, and its walls towered to the height of six hundred feet, and came into the little quarry village of Buena Vista, on the Ohio River. The village, though no great things of itself, was to the uninformed backwoods boy something to wonder at with lowered jaw. It contained three stores, two churches, and a large steam-mill for sawing stone. A wider surface than its buildings covered was occupied by huge blocks of stone, each containing about fifty feet, piled high one upon another in long ranges bordering on the embranchments of a railway that descended by a steep inclined plane from the quarries up in the hills. While expending his admiration on these, Bob's attention was attracted toward the inclined plane, and, looking up, he beheld two rail-cars passing each other midway up, the ascending car empty, and the descending one laden with a block of stone like those in the piles below. When he saw this, and when, after the loaded car reached the foot of the descent, whence the iron rails extended toward the river by what seemed to be a perfectly level grade, he saw a brakeman mount it, detach the rope, and conduct it whirling and rattling away at a speed of twenty miles an hour, he "allowed it was a miracle," as he afterward confessed. Again, while he yet wondered, there came from up the river the hoarse, deep bellowing of a large steamboat, giving warning that she would land; and following that unearthly sound came the gentler clangor of iron upon brass as she struck her bell. Looking in the direction of these new and stunning attacks upon his sensations, Bob observed the village idlers gathering to the river landing; and thither, as fast as the resisting colt would permit, he followed, reaching the water's edge just as that grand and deadly creation, a Western river steamer, having turned herself in the channel, was approaching the shore, rising and expanding to view as she came till she filled all space in the scope of vision. And again the boy stood and wondered, as Archimedes himself might well have done had he been there; and again he "allowed it was a miracle," as all must allow it was—a wrought miracle. The boat, having made her brief stoppage, was away again and out of sight ere Bob, withdrawing his eyes from the vision, became aware that he was an object of amusement to such of the little crowd as still remained at the landing. To them a "*creeker*"—as they called backwoodsmen—looking at a steamboat for the first time in his life was always a sight worth seeing.

But this one did not remain to be laughed at long; and disdaining to ask questions of his enemies, he found the way as soon as he could back to the railroad, knowing that by following its course he must finally arrive at the quarries. It led him first to the summit of the inclined plane, and from thence into a basin among the hills, whose bordering slopes were adorned with many a vineyard and orchard, and dotted with houses of the quarry workmen. Trudging on in the middle of the track, where it wound through a steep and narrow cut, suspecting no harm nor meaning any, a locomotive and train, laden with stone from the quarries, came suddenly upon him, allowing no way of escape except by tumbling headlong into a ditch, and dragging the colt after him. They say horses from rural parts, where no locomotives are seen, are not so liable to take fright, when brought face to face with one for the first time, as their ancestors of two or three generations ago were, and the reason for this improvement is supposed to be that news of the great invention has spread abroad among all the horse kind, through modes of speech such as Gulliver mentions. Like a country horse, backwoods Bob had heard descriptions of the locomotive, but, having never before met one, was more astonished than pleased with the adventure. And as he scrambled out of the ditch, and scraped off the thickest of the mud with a chip, he was sensible of a nascent desire to get back again to Flaming Rock. It was a miracle, he allowed; but he was getting tired of such miracles.

He continued on, however, and after going less than a mile further, came to a dead level space, where the track extended itself upon a surface of solid rock, and led up to where stood a large movable crane, which, just then, with a quick steam cough and loud rattling of iron joints, was hoisting toward the skies, at the rate of ten feet in a minute, one of the huge stone blocks before described—making the fourth wonder of the newly discovered world the amazed child of the woods had seen that day.

The sheet or platform of rock he stood upon was an uncovered portion of one of the ledges of that uncommonly level and distinct stratification of sandstone which is found in Scioto and Adams counties. It

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was over three feet thick, and unvarying in its thickness for miles of extent. Geologically it is of Hugh Miller's favorite old red formation, but its actual tint is ashes-of-roses. The earth had been removed to the width of a hundred feet, and for several hundred feet along the hill-side. Near by the crane, men were at work with stout, short picks, cutting channels in the upper surface of the stone to the depth of six inches; and near to these, others had set a row of iron wedges in a channel already cut, upon which, one after another, in course, a strong man was delivering repeated blows with a hammer heavy as he could swing, whose effect was to rive the rock downward, straight as a plumb-line, through the whole thickness of the ledge. At the further end of the quarry a gang of about fifty laborers were engaged in excavating still farther the superincumbent earth, some of them with picks undermining the steep bank of bright blue marl, as high in some places as thirty feet, and causing it to fall in crumbling masses upon the floor of stone, from whose even surface others were shoveling it into barrows, and wheeling it off to dump into the ravine below. This was the kind of work for which Bob had been told hands were wanted. He could see no possible objection to it; and truly, for one who can wield a pick and handle a shovel as all of Erin's boys know how—that is to say, gracefully, and therefore easily, for the chief use of graceful movement is to soften labor—no prettier work can be found in the world than stripping stone in quarries like those.

The muddy, ragged, distracted-looking boy, as he stood holding by the halter his equally bedaubed infant Rosinante, so attracted the attention of the men from their work that the foreman had to reprove them; but he himself, on turning toward the object which had disturbed them, burst into a laugh, which was joined in by the whole band most uproariously. Never before that day had Bob been laughed at. The people of his own neighborhood saw nothing strange or ridiculous in rags and dirt, and besides, they seldom laugh at any thing. Seventy or eighty men ceasing their work to lean upon their implements and shout and scream at him in a concert, or volley, rather, of merriment, was an occurrence to him almost as miraculous as those others that had been battering upon his nervous system. His courage gave way completely: he broke into almost the only tears he had ever shed, and would have walked away, had not the good-natured foreman, seeing him turn to do so, called to him to stop, and asked what he wanted.

"I want to find out if there's any chance for me to get a job," he blubbered.

"What wages do you want?" asked the foreman.

"What you think I can earn," answered the other, too much humbled to chaffer about pay.

"When do you want to come on?"

"I don't know what that means."

"When do you want to begin to work?"

"Now."

"That's funny," the other exclaimed, favorably impressed by such promptness. "I never before saw a creeker who was willing to come on a job before the next day. But where do you expect to board?"

"Can't I live along with you?"

"Me?—oh no," replied the foreman; "but some of the men take a boarder or two. Ho! Nick Roth," he added, calling to him one of the shovelers, with whom he conversed for a few minutes in German. But Roth looked at Bob, and thought of what Mrs. Roth would say to his bringing home a boarder so forlorn, and finally shook his head and begged to be excused, and so did several other Germans, one after the other; and Bob's case again looked dark, when at last Tom Horrigan, a kind-hearted Irishman, moved to pity by the very appearance that caused the others to turn their backs on the poor fellow, volunteered to receive him into his own overcrowded family of ten children.

"There's my house over there," said Tom, pointing to a cabin across the ravine. "It's too late for you to make a quarter to-day, so you can't come on till to-morrow. You go over there, and tell Mrs. Horrigan you're comin' to live wid us, and she'll help wash the dirt off you, and give you a bite to eat, if you're too hungry to wait for supper."

So spake an Irishman! How can a people possessing sympathy and generosity such as the Irish are endowed with ever hope to thrive in a world like this?

The Horrigan family lived in a sufficiently unconstrained manner not to abash Bob when he first became one of them. But it was a pleasant family, and from Mrs. Horrigan herself down to the six-weeks-old at her breast (excepting one who took after the father) was a family of beauties, all showing that white skin and delicate bloom for which the Irish peasantry are famous, and which seems bestowed to display in picturesque contrast the war-paint of dirt which large families of poor children are apt to wear—especially Irish poor children. They lived well, for their head was a water-drinker, and earned extra wages; and Bob, who had insisted on fasting until the abundant supper was spread, had sufficient "occasion" to consume a full share of it. After the day's experiences, he could wonder at nothing; but he thought the saying of grace at the beginning of the meal, and Tom's smoking a pipe at the end, just as if he were a woman, were worthy of notice. In the Creek country only women smoke, while men chew.

On beginning work next morning Bob's

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protector gave him a barrow and shovel, and taught him the fine art of handling dirt so as to obtain the largest result with the least expenditure of power.

"Take holt," said Tom, "wid your left hand just back of the bend, and take the handle in your right—so; now shove it under the dirt, keeping the blade close down to the stone—so; now pry up the load you've got by bearing down wid the right hand, bearing first on the heel of the blade and afterward on your left hand, which you don't raise till you've got all clear and the shovel is brought to a level; and then lift wid both hands just high enough for it to clear the rim of your barrow—so; now don't pitch it in, but hold steady your left and twist wid your right, and the dirt will tumble in of itself—don't you see?"

If poor Hugh Miller, when he did his first day's work in a quarry, had been thus considerately instructed in the manual of his implement, he would have suffered less than he tells us he did from tired muscles and blistered hands. Fortunately for our hero, he had been better hardened to labor than the young geologist, thanks to which and his learning aptly, he got through the day with no damage greater than a back-ache when sundown came.

As one day came and went, so came and went another, and the weeks, and the months. Bob pleased his employer, became a pet of the men, liked the work, and was happy, except for occasional dreams and passing clouds. His wages were fixed at one dollar and a quarter a day, being only a quarter of a dollar less than was paid to "full hands," as empty-handed poor folk are sometimes called. Loss of time on account of rain being deducted, his earnings averaged about six dollars a week, out of which he must pay four for his weekly board, leaving him only two dollars to buy new clothes with; and as his old ones were too dirty to wash and too ragged to mend, and as, moreover, to give credit to a creeker was a thing unheard of in the village store, his plight would have been intolerable, if the good Irishman had not declined to receive any thing of him until such a time as his earnings should re-establish equilibrium in his finances. Thus Bob was early enabled to supply himself with a flannel shirt, a pair of shoes, and a pair of breeches: the old coat and remnant of a hat could be made to do a little longer. At Mrs. Horrigan's express requirement, Bob adopted the custom of washing his face and hands and combing his hair before every meal, though he found it impossible to discover the sense of doing so. The influence of the family upon him was humanizing; especially so was their fun and mirth. Bob improved in his bearing, and grew sleek as well as clean; and when, at the end of six weeks, he got square with the world, and treated himself to a second-hand hat, he actually found favor in the deep blue eyes of Bridget Horrigan, aged fourteen, a beauty with milk-white teeth, peach-like cheeks, brow of wax, and auburn hair, who had at first utterly and from the depths of her bosom scorned him. And Bob, on his part, with Bridget so much before his eyes, was little by little being taught what until then not sunrise nor sunset, nor the bridal apparel of his native woods at spring-time nor their royal array in autumn, nor rainbows nor wild flowers, had availed to teach him—namely, the meaning and the power of beauty.

But a change came. The priest who sometimes officiated at the village chapel became interested in the Horrigan family—partly on account of the father's worth, partly because the mother was pious, but chiefly, it may be boldly said, for the reason that the children were so very pretty—and obtained for Tom a situation as private watchman in an iron-foundry at Cincinnati; and in two months from the time when Bob first crossed their threshold, the whole family were on their way to that city. Bridget wept copiously at bidding Bob good-by, and he "filled up," as they say, though he didn't run over. Two months more, maybe, had done the business for him; as it was, he returned to the desolate cabin heart-sore enough. He found a German family had taken possession and were moving in. They made no objection to receive him as a boarder, but stipulated that he should aid them on Sundays and wet days in the labor necessary to put the house in more tenantable condition than had sufficed for its Irish occupants.

The new home in which Bob found himself was different from the old one in important respects, not the least of which were soup, sour-krout, sausages, and an unknown tongue: strange things to him all of them were, and hard to know and admire. The degree of economy and thrift, of order and neatness, too, which prevailed were difficult for him to understand or tolerate. Mr. Gottel, who governed in all things, on returning from the quarry would inspect the house narrowly to learn if his "frau," in his absence, had worked as diligently as he had himself been doing, and would even examine the washing and ironing departments. He knew as soon as he tasted the soup if it had been boiled slowly and long, as it should be, or quickly and but a short time, as it should not, and judged the bread with a taste as discriminating as it was severe. If aught was found amiss, he would scold his wife as if she were a child; in grave cases he would even beat her—all which discipline she in turn visited on the children; yet neither what she suffered nor what she inflicted seemed to imbrute her moral nature, or render Mrs. Gottel otherwise than a cheerful, buxom, good-hearted wife and mother.

The influences that now surrounded the

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boy were quieting and regulating—in short, just what he needed. Besides what Mrs. Horrigan had taught him, Mrs. Gottel insisted on his giving up the practice of chewing tobacco, which he had just begun, to keep his shoes clean, and wear shirts of blue check, which he must change twice a week. Then she required he should perform various ceremonies relating to greetings and leave-takings, deference to elders, attention to guests of the house, behavior at table, and so forth, all which he found hard to do and thought useless. But before many months he felt grateful to her for the discipline.



CHAPTER V.

"Oh eyes, strange eyes, ye are a world
Where unseen spirits tread,
Upon whose banners, half unfurled,
The future may be read."

THE spring of the year 1865, that saw the close of the war, saw also the departure of Bob Hagan from the quarries, a much improved youth. In the school of labor and of civilization where he had passed the winter he had made commendable progress, evincing a capacity for improvement that proved his fitness to rise in the world, should circumstances be favorable. That capacity for improvement must be borne in mind as being an essential element in his character, and a ruling one in his future history. The colt, too, thanks to its owner's self-denial, had wintered well, but it would need during the coming season better pasturage than the quarry hills afforded, and such would best be found on some of the great farms of the river bottoms, where horse raising was largely carried on. So, for the sake of his protégé, Bob resolved on a new departure; and one morning late in April he asked for the small balance of wages that was due him, bade good-by to his companions in toil and of the household, and descended the hill, leading a good deal larger colt and carrying a much heavier bundle than when he first ascended it five months before.

Taking the road down the river, he looked out as he went for handsome houses with large farm buildings, and as often as he came near one of such would go in and inquire if there was "any chance of a job" there for him. Repeated refusals did not discourage him, for he knew there must be room somewhere for a willing worker with strong hands; he was not "seeking his fortune," as young men are said to do when they go forth to shun hand-work, not to find it. He was not trusting to luck, but only looking for his place, and felt sure of finding it ere long. Still, it was fatiguing to make so many excursions from the main road to the river-side, where the good houses were mostly to be found; and after he had got as far as eight or nine miles from Buena Vista, and within a mile or so of one of the hundred American towns named Rome, decided to halt. The place he chose was an open space that lay between the road and the foot of a cliff on its right; and though too small to be inclosed, was large enough to afford a good bite of spring grass for the colt. The cliff was one of a series which in that place begin to present themselves, jutting boldly out from the hills that run along the land side of the road, and indicate, with the diminished height of the hills, their more gentle slopes, and a general softening of the face of nature, a transition from a sandstone to a limestone base. They are outcroppings of a bed of magnesian lime rock so compact and regular in form, with such level lines of footing and coping, that they might be mistaken for remains of Roman walls or feudal castles, whose void places in our American landscape they very respectably fill. Indeed, to one who will but try to think so, they are as agreeable objects as any crumbling Roman stone fences or tumble-down medieval dwelling-houses. Nor was the cliff at whose foot Bob rested wanting in aught that nature can furnish to beautify decay. Virginia ivy, rooted wherever it found protection, clambered over its face, and every hollow or projection where soil had accumulated formed a natural vase of ferns, flowers, grass, or whatever plant had been wafted there in the seed. A group of beech-trees crowned the brow of the cliff, and a copious spring issued from its base, and made a brook that ran across the road. While the colt grazed, its master, seated on a log on the opposite side of the road, made his own meal of some bread and bacon and hard-boiled eggs, which Mrs. Gottel had placed in his bag when she bade him good-by, and of a good long draught of cold water that he took at the spring, resting on his hands and knees while drinking.

Resuming his seat to wait until the colt should get satisfied, he very naturally, for

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"WHO ARE YOU? TELL ME WHO YOU BE, NOW!"

one in his situation, turned his mind's eye in the direction of the future. Not seeing much there, he turned and looked back toward the past, and there the first vision to rise was that of Bridget Horrigan. "But wasn't she handsome, though?" he said to himself. "What blue eyes she had! It seemed as if they could look right straight through a fellow, and not hurt him any, neither." Then, suddenly, with a sensation as if an icicle had pierced him, came the recollection of another pair of eyes, whose aspect, as soft at first as that of Bridget's, had, while yet he looked upon them, altered to that of a tiger, and made him feel that blood cried out against him from the ground. The carpet-bag lay beside him, and was open. An impulse, often felt before, though always resisted, forced him now to put in his hand and seize and unclasp the portrait case. With a shudder he looked. There was nothing there but the face of a child and the open, frank eyes of a child, which, far from taking any vengeful expression, seemed to soften and brighten as they met his own, and smile upon him with a living intelligence and kindness, and, even as living orbs might do, to vary each moment they looked, till they became radiant with a meaning of love, or loving friendship, or gratitude, or all. Startled, amazed, fascinated, he strained his vision to receive every ray that was beaming from the magical picture, though a convulsive agitation almost shook it from his grasp, until bursting tears dissolved the enchantment, and nothing remained but a simple portrait, upon whose glass incasement the great hot drops were falling and splashing.

All which had prevented his being aware that a horse had stopped to drink at the brook, whose rider, a girl of sixteen, attracted by his singular agitation, was curiously observing him. She was plainly attired, but very beautiful, with heavy black tresses, and dark, deep eyes, no whit less potent than those which were so moving his very soul. As, gradually coming to himself, the youth looked up and saw her, he started to his feet, moved falteringly a few paces forward, and gasped out, so low as to be scarcely heard, "Who are you? Tell me who you be, now! Tell me quick, now! Oh, do!"

And who was she, in the name of wonder? *The girl of the portrait!* with the same manifold eyes, only wiser and sweeter from three years of ripening, regarding him with blended sympathy, curiosity, and amusement.

His address startled her, and a slight flash of anger came that for an instant recalled the tiger glance of old, while something in the lines of the brow, in its partial effort to contract, brought up a face he had hoped, and even prayed, he might never see again, either waking or sleeping; but recovering herself quickly, while she drew in the loosened rein, she looked full in his eyes, and in tones befitting her type of face, with its brunette tint, arching brows, Roman nose, short

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upper and full under lip, even teeth, and strong chin, replied, with a sad dignity, "*A prisoner of war!*" Then, turning, struck her steed, which started off galloping down the road. An hour later her questioner, who had not, meanwhile, even though with intense study, discovered in the reply any solution of the mystery of either the one apparition or the other, was leading the colt in the same direction, going in search of his "job" and his destiny. At the end of another hour of fruitless self-bewilderment, to the entire neglect of the job, though perhaps in the full pursuit of the destiny, he became aware he had forgotten his business, and stopped to observe where he was. He was opposite a gate which opened from the highway into a private road that conducted, by a straight line across the bottom, to a house about a mile distant that stood on a slight swell of ground near to and fronting on the river. Contrary to usage in that new country, whose axe and rifle bearing settlers deemed their vocation was, first of all things, to fell trees and kill Indians, and would as soon have thought of raising broods of the latter as new plantations of the former, the avenue was bordered with large buckeye-trees, equally the pride of the Ohio wilderness and the gardens of the Champs Elysées. It was, besides, made more attractive as well as useful by a covering of gravel, and by thorough ditching at the sides. The house, seen at the end of the vista, was peculiar too, in being built not of logs, or boards, or brick, but of stone; and though devoid of architectural ornament, except what resulted from the useful and comfortable additions of a piazza in the rear, a two-story porch in the front, and an open belvedere on the roof, was—by virtue of its liberal proportions, the material used in its construction, and the outside aid of a commanding site decked with old trees, shrubbery, and vines, besides a garden before it, where in summer-time sunflowers and hollyhocks grew—a most respectable and gentleman-like habitation, as it was a credit to the mason who built it, namely, the late Governor Metcalfe, of Kentucky. When Bob appeared at the back-door and inquired of a young girl who came to answer his knock if there was any chance for him to get a job, he took off his hat, as he had done that day each time he made a like application. Mrs. Gottel had taught him that German trick of the hat; and though he had, while with her, often rebelled against her instructions, yet as she had on parting especially urged him to do so, on the ground that it would help him to obtain employment with the right kind of people, he had, for the occasion, consented to practice it. As he stood, hat in hand, decently clad, and with as good a bearing as any other gentleman, there was certainly no objection to be made on the score of personal appearance.

The young girl, pretty as he was, and that is saying a good deal, did not scruple to look at him closely; then saying, "I'll see," disappeared. A man of fifty-five years returned with her presently, who scanned the applicant even more closely; after which he said, "So you want a job, my lad. What wages do you expect?"

"I want what you think I can earn after I've worked with you a while. But can you board my colt?"

"Oh yes; but I shall have to charge you something. You can't raise a horse for nothing, I suppose you know, in these times. Let us have a look at him." Then walking around the new object of scrutiny, with whose points he seemed pleased, he asked, "What breed is he?"

"He came of one of the mares that John Morgan's men rode when they made their raid."

"That isn't a bad pedigree. Those fellows were better mounted than them that followed after 'em. Suppose you call him a Morgan horse; though he carries his head and bends his neck mighty like a Stockbridge Chief, and he's the color of Stockbridge too."

The farmer then turned his attention again to Bob, and asked him several questions, which being satisfactorily answered, he consented to take him on trial, and, if his work suited, to pay him, besides boarding and washing and keeping the colt, the sum of ten dollars a month. The young "Morgan" was turned into a rye pasture near the house, where he soon testified his appreciation of the new arrangement, by eating voraciously and frisking extravagantly, while his master was shown to a large garret room in which were beds for six persons, and, having deposited his effects, was afterward taken to the barn and set to work at chopping sheaf oats in a hay-cutter.

Mr. Damarin, the owner of the house, and of the farm (measuring just one mile square) to which it pertained, derived his name and a portion of his blood from one of the unhappy French emigrants whose fortunes were wrecked in the attempt to establish a settlement on the Ohio near Gallipolis—an attempt which failed, owing to a deficiency, common to all their nation, of what may be called the emigrating faculty, or the faculty of being able to endure a painful existence for the sole benefit and advantage of posterity. The father of Bob's employer, who left France when he was but a boy, and who drifted down stream with what little he could save from the wreck, till he tied his boat opposite where the stone house was afterward built, had found it possible to become a backwoodsman, and after a life of hardship was able to leave to the only child that remained to him the very pretty farm of "Stone House." The son, although blessed

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with five children to provide for, had found it easier to settle each one of the three eldest on as large and rich a farm as his own, by purchasing land for them in the further West and sending them out to be their own pioneers, than his father had to provide for but one. The youngest boy, for whom the home farm was reserved, had, of course, entered the army when the war began, and had steadily risen from the grade of lieutenant to that of colonel, with a brevet of brigadier-general. His regiment would soon be mustered out of service, and his return to his home was the great event of the immediate future of the Damarin family.

Mrs. Damarin and her daughter Polly (the girl who met Bob at the door) had every day, since news of the mustering out came, enjoyed a good cry and a good laugh over the happiness that was coming, without either of them being able to tell which they enjoyed most, the laugh or the cry. Mrs. Damarin was a Kentucky woman, from Mason County. She was handsome, and had always been handsome; was healthy, and had always been so; was cheerful and vivacious, because healthy, handsome, and good; was an excellent wife, mother, and housekeeper. She thought she believed in Old-School Presbyterianism, and was sure she did in the very theological Breckinridge of her native State. Her height was five feet ten inches, and her weight one hundred and eighty pounds. There are many such in Kentucky, and if there were more like her in other States, well would it be for America.

Polly bade fair to become as handsome a woman as her mother, and as large, though unlike her in many respects. The girl's hair was auburn-red, and her eyes of a warm brown color that suited the hair. She was at the brother-worshiping age of fifteen; and now that her idol was about to be restored to her, her happiness knew no alloy, save from the persistent refusal of her sole schoolmate, companion, and friend, Bella Johnston, to be happy too.

CHAPTER VI.

"What though her angry glances dart,
She's hawk in eye, but dove in heart."

THE eyes the poor boy had beheld that day had been too much for him and too many, and an excellent cure for his dazement and amazement was the discipline of grinding for an hour at the crank of the hay-cutter. The monotony of the motion soothed his senses, and the labor of it opened his pores and quieted his nerves, while the sharp look-out constantly needed to save his fingers from being chopped in pieces withdrew his thoughts from wool-gathering, and fixed them on the practical business of the hour, which was chopping oats. When the horn sounded for supper he followed the other farm people to the washing-place by the cistern, on the back piazza, and there, taking his turn, washed, combed, and dusted; then entered with the rest the large kitchen, where a long table was profusely spread. At the upper end of the board the family of the employer were placing themselves, while the employed took their seats at the foot, all as in feudal times, only the fare was such as feudal castles could seldom dispense: for was not this in the lap of the Ohio, and was not a Kentucky matron president of the household?

Without taking his eyes off his plate, Robert accepted and ate all that was offered him by those sitting near, and rose at the end with a consciousness that his new start in life was being made under most favorable auspices. Following his companions out of the house, he strolled with them to their habitual place of resort for rest and gossip during hours of leisure. It was on the bank of the river, without the gate of a flower garden that was in front of the house. A bench had been made by turning upside down an old dug-out canoe, on which those found seats who did not prefer to lie on the clean grass or lounge against the trunks and roots of the great old apple-trees that shaded the place. These trees were the only survivors of a flourishing orchard that formerly stood at the back of the log-cabin built some sixty years before by the first proprietor; all their fellows, following the fate of both the cabin and a frame house that succeeded it before Stone House was built, had one by one been undermined by the continually widening river, and swept away on its swift current. The ruins of the brick chimney of the frame building still lay on the shore, fifty paces out from the foot of the steep clay bluff that formed the river's bank, which rose to a height of thirty feet above its gravelly base, that made the shore, and sixty feet above the level of "low water." Before bed-time the new-comer had made good progress in getting acquainted with his future comrades.

Early next morning Mr. Damarin gave Robert, as he preferred to call Bob, his orders for the day, and explained the routine of work specially allotted to him. Among other things, he was to rub down, saddle, and bring to the door soon after breakfast every day two of the horses for the use of "the girls," who, it seemed, daily rode over to the parsonage, about four miles distant, where they received private instruction from the excellent and also reverend Mr. Adamsfall, a Union refugee from the valley of the Holston, and the officiating clergyman of the church where the Damarin family attended. One of the girls was Polly Damarin, and the other Bella Johnston. Prompt to the hour, Robert led the steeds to the

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horse-block, and having tied one of them near by, held the other beside the block. Presently the girls appeared. Polly, coming first, greeted the timid fellow with one smile for recognition, and three for his awkwardness. After she was, by his truly awkward help, mounted, he led up the other horse for the other girl, resolving as he did so to commit none of the blunders he did in his first attempt, but making as many others in their stead.

"There, that 'll do, thank you. I've got it now. Let go, please," exclaimed a voice he had heard before. The steed flung his head free from the hand that still clutched the bridle at the bit, without power to obey the request to let go, and cantered away with—the girl of the portrait—the prisoner of war!

During that forenoon Robert resolved a score of times to run away, each time in a different direction, and as often altered his mind. His uncertainty arose from mere inability to fathom his own emotions, and understand why he should wish to go. Being, of course, destitute of any notion of the romantic, though his heart cried out "Run," his head could perceive no reason why it should transmit the command to his heels; so he staid. But he suffered horribly; and when at length the two young horsewomen on their return came in sight, racing with each other down the avenue, he went out to meet them with the feelings of one who advances perforce to receive a third visit from a ghost. But the girls had come home in gleesome mood, and under cover of their merry nonsense he was able to attend to his duty. And the daily recurrence of that duty, which he learned to perform better and better each time, became before many days the chief pleasure of his existence, and, more than that, the efficient means of his elevation and advancement. The girls soon began to take notice of their humble attendant, and in time learned to like him. Conversing occasionally with him, they began to feel an interest in knowing his history, and put him questions on that point, which he evading to answer, they became even more interested in his mystery. They gave him advice, which it is to be hoped was well considered on their part, for, were it good or bad, he was sure to follow it. Thus he became a regular attendant at church, and when one day they detected him with a quid of tobacco thrust in one cheek, before Bella had half done storming at him the weed was discarded, and forever. They discovered one day he was absolutely unable to read, and thenceforth his instruction in reading, writing, and ciphering became their daily business and his very great pleasure; and as he had uncommon aptitude, there is nothing wonderful in the fact that, with such helping, he learned what was essential in all three studies before the end of a twelvemonth.

But twelve months is a good way ahead of our story. Bella had called herself a prisoner of war. The reason why she insisted on giving herself that singular designation will be found in the following extract from a letter written by Colonel (then Captain) Damarin, dated from Northern Alabama in the spring of 1862, and addressed to his parents:

"....We have overrun a good deal more ground than we are able to hold, and must soon prepare to get out of this; indeed, we are doing so now. I have found myself a good deal embarrassed by a charge which Providence seems to have cast upon me in a singular manner. Two weeks ago, while employed on detached service with three companies of our regiment, under my command, we came upon some of Turchin's men just as they were about to sack a seminary for young ladies, situated about thirty miles from here, the inmates of which we were able to save from frightful treatment. Among the scholars was a girl from South Carolina thirteen years old. Soon after we expelled the ruffians, and while a squad of our men were guarding the place, my command was attacked by the rebels, and though we managed to drive them off—no thanks to Turchin's fellows, who ran at the first fire—it some way happened in the confusion of the fight that this poor child received a disabling wound, though not a very severe one, and got separated from her companions, who escaped to the protection of the attacking force, while she remained in our hands. And as we were compelled, a few days afterward, to abandon our position and fall back to the river at this point, she had to be brought along, and was placed with our own wounded on board a transport steamer used as a hospital. To-day it is determined to send this transport home with a load of the more serious sufferers, and as the country about here is in a dreadful condition, overrun by stragglers from both armies and by gangs of disorderly negroes, and as there is much confusion and uncertainty in all our movements just now, I see no better way than to leave her on board, and let her go with the rest to Cincinnati, in the hope that my dear father will be so good as to meet her there, and see that she is kindly treated and put in a safe way to be returned to her home, which is somewhere on the Waccamaw River. The surgeon in charge has promised she shall remain on board the boat until father can get this letter and go down to receive her.

"She is a beautiful and intelligent little creature, but full of the strangest notions, and a good deal of a spitfire.

"One of my men insists that she was in the act of firing a pistol at our party from the ranks of the assailing force when she received her wound; but I can hardly believe it. However this may be, she hates and scorns us as only a she-rebel can, and, in fact, is more violent than any I ever met. Would you believe it? she has taken up the idea that we captured her in battle, and that she is actually a prisoner of war! Nothing I could say had the least effect in dispelling the notion, or abating her extreme rancor, and she parts from us as from her mortal foes. But please do not let this at all prejudice you against the poor unfortunate child. For me, it is rather amusing than otherwise.

"I can not write more. The steward of the boat is John Grooms, a Brush Creek boy, and he will dispatch this letter as soon as he gets to Cincinnati. He will also hand you two hundred dollars—a portion of my pay lately received, and which I beg you will use, so far as may be necessary, for the benefit of the 'prisoner.'"

On receiving the above letter both Mr. and Mrs. Damarin went at once to Cincinnati, and brought back to Stone House with them the wounded and disabled but uncom-

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promisingly rebellious Miss Bella Johnston. The kindness with which they nursed her might have mollified one who had been less thoroughly grounded in the gospel of State rights, nullification, and secession; but no freshly caught tiger's cub ever proved more untamable than she. Though evidently an affectionate child, thoughts of parents and home, so naturally present to one in her situation, seemed really to give precedence to thoughts of the war, of the part her native State had in it, and of that State's grandeur and chivalry, its sovereignty and nationality. All this, which seemed so ridiculous to her protectors, who had only that weak sentiment of sectionalism which prevailed in the Northern Border States, was the result of efficient causes—of teachings whose character and object all the world now understands, acting upon a peculiarly ardent and self-devoting nature. It was nothing less than the much glorified national or provincial egotism called patriotism, pure and exalted; patriotism, hot and furious; patriotism, blind and gone astray; but still patriotism of the very same quality with that which moved Joan of Arc and Charlotte Corday to do unladylike things, and make themselves conspicuous—and Charlotte and Joan were much older girls than Bella.

She soon recovered of the wound, and when she became fully aware they were laughing at her in earnest, learned to hide her feelings, and covered up the fire of her wrath under the ashes of her desolation, where they smouldered in secret, with only an occasional gleam or flash, which would sometimes burst out when the family conversed in her presence, as they freely did, concerning the war and the tidings of its progress. But it almost killed her to sustain the pressure of the moral atmosphere in which she was, that bore down upon her breast and brain as with the weight of innumerable pounds to every square inch of their surfaces. And the result was an anomalous mental and moral condition, which ended in producing a character needing to be judged with charity in order to be judged justly.

One of Bella's faults—and the hardest of all to forgive—was her not feeling, or at least not manifesting any sense of, her dependent condition. She had not scrupled on her first coming, and repeatedly afterward, to declare she could consider them only as enemies of her country, whom it was her highest duty to hate. Nevertheless, while earnestly trying to perform this patriotic duty, she could not help finding out before she had been with them long the goodness of her two elder foes, and the lovableness of the younger one, who insisted on loving and making love to her whether she would or not; and in the end became truly attached to all three, though perhaps without knowing it; and with the exception of occasional scenes of unpleasantness, her deportment was that of an adopted daughter. For Captain Damarin, however—her captor, as she deemed him—she was better able to retain her cherished ill-will, since he remained constantly in the field, and down to the close of the war did not once return home.

A great grief was added to Bella's cup after her arrival at Stone House. Mr. Damarin made faithful efforts to communicate with her family, in order that he might restore her to them. Nothing was elicited until after more than a year, when a letter was received from the overseer of the plantation of Mr. Johnston. It stated that the gentleman in question had three months before undertaken to run through the blockade in a schooner laden with his crop of rice; that he was supposed to have escaped capture, but had not since been heard from; that anxiety on his account, and grief for the supposed death of her daughter, had caused Mrs. Johnston to fall ill and die; that no near relations of the family remained in the neighborhood; that the two brothers of Bella were officers under John Morgan when he made his raid, and were thought to have been killed or to have escaped across the Ohio River during the fight at Bluffington Island, as their names were not on the list of those captured.

After this letter was received there seemed nothing further to be done, since, if Mr. Johnston or either one of his sons were living, and should return to Waccamaw, he would be sure to learn news of Bella, and make proper exertion to recover her. In expectation of hearing from some of them, the remaining months and years had gone by, leaving a strong presumption in the minds of Mr. Damarin and his family, though not in Bella's, that all were dead. And now the war had ended, though she was urgent to be sent forthwith to her home, and was at the same time in daily hopes of seeing some one from there come and claim her, Mr. Damarin was in doubt what steps to pursue, and waited, and urged the impetuous girl to wait, until his son could return and give his counsel. In this last he had no little trouble, since the strongest reason for delay, namely, the presumption that all her family were dead, could not be told her; and she was at times more difficult to manage than ever before.

And thus matters stood at the time when Robert Hagan obtained employment at Stone House.

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THE sun shone with a golden light in the sky; the snow shone with a white glare on the ground; the clear, cold air reddened the cheeks of the pedestrians, whose feet sank into the crisp snow with the crunching sound peculiar to zero weather as they hurried onward, listening to the lively little sleigh-bells, the deep, single notes of the church-bells, and the erratic chime of St. Nebat's, which, having lost its final note, persisted in running down the scale—do, si, la, sol, fa, mi, *re;* do, si, la, sol, fa, mi, *re*—until all the musicians within range, wrought up to frenzy by long-continued expectation, felt like opening the window and roaring out the missing final *do*. It was ten o'clock; breakfast was over, and I was amusing myself with Christmas decorations. The room was large, with a rich-hued carpet of small, mixed figures, crimson curtains, and a crystal chandelier filled with wax tapers; one or two vivid pictures stood out on the plain gray walls, and an easel held a little crayon sketch of two elves dragging a Christmas-tree across the snowy fields toward a lighted cottage beyond. In the centre of the room a round table was spread with a crimson cover, odd Chinese china, frosted glass, and just enough silver to light up the whole; while from the épergne, the mantel vases, the tops of the pictures, and the gilded scroll-work of the mirror, sprays and branches of holly, with its red berries, and hemlock, with its brown cones, clambered in gay profusion, filling the warm air with the fragrant odors of the forest. A few easy-chairs, a broad sofa, with heaps of Turkish cushions, and an upright piano, completed the furniture of the room; a recess, filled with shelves, held books, free to the touch and destitute of lock, glass, or cover—old friends worn with the long watches they had kept in kindly companionship through my otherwise lonely hours. Looking around my domain, I felt satisfied with the warmth, fragrance, color, light, and silent music of the whole. Although an old maid, and consequently forced at times to eat the legendary salad for the solitary, I did not mix it with the pronged malice, bladed severity, and acid temper ascribed to my class; but with health as firm as the hard-boiled egg, temper as even as the oil, and, above all, the crested silver fork of wealth, I cheerfully mixed my salad—for the solitary if need be, but for the social if friendly hospitality could accomplish the wish. This bright Christmas-day I expected Cousin Eva, Aunt Penelope, and a distant relative, Mr. Adam Brown, to dine with me. Lonely body that I was, I preferred to live in a city boarding-house, where space was necessarily limited, and one room served as parlor, library, and dining-room; but deft Lucy, black Tony, and the skilled cook of a neighboring restaurant managed to make my one room as pleasant as the long vistas of a palace, perhaps more so.

St. Nebat's kept at it; and as I equipped myself for the outside weather, and mentally supplied the missing *do*, Tony brought me a note.

"DEAR ALEXANDRINA,—A telegram just received from Adam. He can not leave Persepolis until to-morrow. Eva has a bad headache, and I do not like to leave her. You will be lonely: come and dine with us. In haste, PENELOPE WALLACK."

I was vexed. I was more than vexed; I was angry. I glanced at the holly, the wax-lights, and the glittering table; I silently enumerated the courses of my festal dinner. I wrote the following reply:

"DEAR AUNT PEN,—I am sorry you can not visit me to-day, but I shall not be lonely, as I have other guests invited. Yours in haste,

"ALEXANDRINA SPENCER."

St. Nebat's still rang its dislocated chime, and going out into the clear air, I joined the bustling throng all intent on Christmas, although its interpretation varied from sacred anthem to jovial chorus, from turkey and Champagne to sausages and lager, and from an æsthetic discussion to a billiard match. Still angry, I entered St. Nebat's open door, and seated myself in a corner of my pew. The chime ceased, and the organ pealed forth a joyous strain, as a host of children standing in the aisles walked forward, singing their Christmas Carol. Though poorly dressed, and showing many wan and sickly faces among their ranks, the little voices rang cheerily out in a genuine child's tune, that almost sang itself along by sheer force of the swinging melody:

"Carol, carol, Christians,
Carol joyfully;
Carol for the coming
Of Christ's nativity;
And pray a gladsome Christmas for all good Christian men:
Carol, carol, Christians, for Christmas come again!"

A little lame girl filled her place in the ranks with earnest energy, singing sweetly as her crutches sounded on the stone floor. As she passed me a ray from the stained glass windows lit up her pale face, and the feeling came over me like a wave, "Do I repine, with health, friends, and fortune, while this poor waif, helpless and destitute, so cheerfully bears her hard lot?" When the children were seated the service began, and from the opening anthem to the closing benediction all breathed the spirit of Christmas. Glad music told the tidings of great joy, the royal Psalms and glowing pages from the Prophets were read, and the sermon made an appeal for charity—responded to by heaped contribution plates, not a hand refusing its mite on Christmas-day. Down the aisle and out into the street the thronging congregation whispered its greetings

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and good wishes; sorrow seemed forgotten, and for once care seemed left behind. Finding the lame child with some difficulty, I endeavored to persuade her to return home with me. Blushing with timidity, little Jane murmured that Mrs. M'Niel might not like it.

"We will go and ask Mrs. M'Niel," I said, only the more determined as obstacles rose in my path; and taking the child in a carriage, we drove down into the business part of the town, and threading our way through lanes in the rear of sombre warehouses, stopped at a brick tenement-house which the child pointed out as "home." Following the sound of her crutches through the dark passages, I came at last to a small room, where a gaunt woman, introduced as "Mrs. M'Niel," received me with "An' what's yurr wull with Jane, ma'am?"

I explained that I had seen the child at church, and wished to take her home to dine with me.

"Oh, ye can take her an' welcome! It's not much use she is to me, with them legs. Her mother died in the next room an' left her a baby—the swatest lamb of the world as iver was, an' I hadn't the heart to turn her off. She's a good little thing, but she can't arn much, and me a-working me fingers to the bone, the mother of ten of me own."

Leaving a present for the ten, I hurried away from the wretched home, and, with Jane beside me, drove rapidly back into the airy avenue where I lived. "The mother of ten! the mother of ten!" kept ringing in my ears. A troop of ragged boys and lank girls seemed to file past me, and yet that overworked mother had found time and heart to pity the crippled orphan. I began to wonder how the great scales of compensation are balanced, and whether I should be found wanting when the ease and idleness of my life were weighed against me!

My warm room greeted me with a fragrant welcome. Never before had it seemed half so comfortable. But the other vacant places at the table must be filled; and leaving the wondering child ensconced in my easiest chair, I mounted to the fourth story of the boarding-house and knocked at one of the little doors in the circle, like a round-house, where a number of lodgers were stowed away at half price under the roof. A fat little woman appeared, and with some surprise invited me to enter. The cell contained a cot-bed, a bureau, one chair, and a tiny stove. The temperature must have been ninety, and there was no way of ventilation save by opening the one window, and sitting, as it were, out-doors in the freezing air. Miss Michon offered me the chair, seating herself upon the bed; and as I gave my invitation I could not help noticing, as I had often noticed before, how remarkably plain she was!

"Poor old lady," I soliloquized as I returned to my rooms below, "you, at least, have been spared the snares of Cupid. You, at least, know nothing of the bitter-sweet thought, It might have been!"

Here some one passed me, and looking up, I recognized Mr. Blunt, a young clerk, with whom I had never before exchanged a word, although he had been in the house for six months. He came and went with silent regularity, and beyond his name I knew absolutely nothing of his history or personal attributes. Obeying a sudden impulse, I invited him to dine with me. The young man turned back, bowed gravely, but courteously declined, with a trace of dignified reserve which did not displease me. Something in his dark eyes impressed me, and, curious to see more of them, I explained my situation, and with earnest cordiality begged my fellow-boarder to accept the vacant seat at my table. "I am but a lonely old maid, Mr. Blunt," I concluded. "Will you not help me to spend a merry Christmas?"

As I spoke the grave face relaxed, and after a moment's hesitation Mr. Blunt accepted the invitation, and I returned to my room as triumphant as a manager who has just secured a star of the first magnitude.

After lunch little Jane fell asleep on the sofa, and sitting by the window I watched the sleighs gliding by, and thought of the many spirits of Christmas Past—nearly fifty of them—some rosy with hope, some dark with disappointment; but the majority prosaic, even-tempered ghosts, not above an interest in the merits of the dinner. Perhaps a tear or two dimmed my eyes as an old enchanted memory stole into my heart; but I was obliged to confess that the last time I saw Edward he was unromantically stout, and Edward's wife—"manœuvring little wretch" of the past—seemed but a faded, care-worn woman of the present, with very little apparent happiness to rouse my regretful jealousy. Twilight came, little Jane awoke, Tony replenished the fire and lighted the tapers, and I consigned my ghosts to the past, as Miss Michon appeared, clad, of course, in a black silk, and looking plainer than ever. A few minutes before six Mr. Blunt came in, polite but rather silent. "Poor fellow," I thought. "He is embarrassed, no doubt. Probably he is from the country, and knows little of the world. I must try to draw him out."

When the last dish was in place upon the table my oddly assorted party took their seats, and Tony began his ministrations. For the purpose of making my guests feel at ease I made an effort to supply conversation, asking Miss Michon questions suited to her probable capacity, talking about the country to Mr. Blunt, and about the Sunday-school to little Jane. It was dull work. A

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monologue is apt to be dull. But as Tony was removing the soup, who should appear but my delinquent guests! Adam had been "released, after all;" Aunt Pen feared I "should be lonely;" and Eva had miraculously "recovered from her headache." Here was a dilemma! Miss Michon fanned herself, little Jane stared at Eva, Mr. Blunt arose and stood by his chair, and I found myself the most embarrassed of the party. However, I made the best of it. "Three more plates, Tony. Excuse the crowded table, Aunt Pen. Miss Michon, allow me to introduce to you Mrs. Wallack, Miss Rose, and Mr. Brown."

Completing the introductions, with some difficulty all were seated, Eva next to Mr. Blunt, Aunt Pen between little Jane and myself, and Adam by the side of Miss Michon. It *was* funny, but I had no intention of laughing, and began to carve with dignity. The situation, however, was too much for Tony. He presented a plate to Miss Michon; snatched it away hastily, and placed it before Aunt Pen; took it back again, under the pretense of dusting it, and finally let it fall on my head in his vain efforts to decide the proper etiquette of the occasion. Jolly Miss Michon burst out into a peal of laughter, Eva joined, Aunt Pen yielded, the young men followed her example, and we all laughed until the tears stood in our eyes, beginning again and again as the embarrassed Tony, after diving for the pieces, thought it necessary to make a profound salam to each guest in token of his contrition. After this introduction, as may well be imagined, there was no constraint to mar the dinner; Eva chatted gayly with the clerk, Adam kept up a fire of repartee with Miss Michon, and Aunt Pen talked with little Jane as though she had known her for years. In a gustatory point of view the dinner was perfect; the fire glowed, the tapers shone brightly, the holly exhaled its spicy perfume, and the guests were merry. "Hail, mince-pie!" exclaimed Adam, as Tony brought him a piece of that goodly compound.

> "Without the door let sorrow lie,
> And if for cold it hap to die,
> We'll bury it in a Christmas-pie,
> And evermore be merry!"

"What is that you are quoting, Adam?" asked Aunt Pen.

"An old song of the fourteenth century. But why do you say 'quoting?' Am I not capable of wooing the Muse myself? I assure you I am brimful of poetic fire, and can gush right out at any time. I will give you a Christmas poem this instant, and not only that, but I will give it without the capitals. We had a Christmas dinner in 1871: if you only could have been there to hear and see the fun! Victoria sent her regrets—she really felt too chunky; but Darwin came, and brought with him his old ancestral monkey. Guy Lawrence Livingstone appeared, and brought 'ye ancient wassail;' but John Hay said he could not come unless we'd let him 'rastle.' The sweet Sorosis came in force, and fell into a spasm; and Huxley sent us each a slice of patent protoplasm. Chang, the giant, came with Barnum and Mrs. Tom Thumb tiny; and then, for something lively, we sent out West for Cheney; but lest the ministerial East with jealousy should burn, we invited, in a body, the Methodist Book Concern. Bergh could not leave his patent-preservation-tadpole tanks; and, from mere force of habit, the Eds. declined with thanks."

"I yield! I yield!" interrupted Aunt Pen; "any thing for peace. Hereafter, Adam, I will never question your genius, but admire your poetry with all my heart, provided you do not ask me to listen to it."

"I have always thought Adam's poetry pre-Raphaelite," observed Eva.

"Pre-Adamite," said Aunt Pen.

"Ex machina," suggested Mr. Blunt.

"A second Mr. Slum," exclaimed Miss Michon. "Indeed, I am not sure but that your allusion to Darwin is a base imitation of Slum's epic on Mrs. Jarley's wax-work show."

"And that reminds me," said Adam, "that the genius of Christmas is gone. Could we but collect together to-day those whose hearts he has comforted, whose gloom he has cheered, whose burden he has lightened, whose struggles he has encouraged, what a mighty company, of all ages and classes, would fill these streets, crowding each other to pay a farewell tribute to the beloved author! The critics might pipe their feeble strain on whatever note they pleased, but the people recognized and crowned their favorite; and on this Christmas-day there will be many a sigh over the missing Christmas story, and many a kindly memory of the man to whom Christmas was a real festival, full of love, peace, and good-will toward men. Friends, let us drink to the genius of Christmas—to the memory of our dear lost friend, Charles Dickens."

Tony filled our glasses, and with reverence we drank the toast. All but little Jane, who asked, timidly, "Who is Charles Dickens?"

"A writer, my dear, who loved little children and wrote about them," said Aunt Pen. "One of these children, a little boy called Tiny Tim, was something like you. At a Christmas dinner this little boy said, 'God bless us, every one.'"

"Amen!" said little Jane. She thought it was a prayer. Perhaps it was.

"What a pure essence of Christmas fills that story!" observed Eva.

"That is because there are children in it," answered Aunt Pen. "Children make Christmas what it is. I remember my baby niece,

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little Plum, cherished a firm belief that Santa Claus lived up the chimney; and as Christmas drew near, and visions of possible gifts filled her little heart, she would go slowly and timidly to the fire, hesitate a moment, and then deliver a loud 'Tea-set!' up the chimney, running away instantly as fast as she could, with a vague fear of pursuit from the unknown deity. We used to hear her calling out these abrupt messages at all hours of the day: 'dolls,' 'No's yark,' 'yittle tart wid horses,' were fired up the chimney like minute-guns. Once, when she had been fretful, her mother endeavored to quiet her by the suggestion that Santa Claus might hear her. This seemed to have an effect. Miss Plum sat demurely on her little stool for some time, but finally the idea of an unseen sentinel became oppressive, and going to the grate she called out, 'Santa Claus, you needn't watch me any more; my mamma can take care of me.'"

We all laughed.

"That is like the little boy who could not go to sleep because those horrid angels watched his bed," said Miss Michon. "Poor children, how they are misunderstood! At Christmas time, for instance, some persons seem to think that an elaborate dinner is all that is necessary to make the little folks happy, when ten minutes gives them all the food they want, and the long hours become a torture."

"A Christmas dinner," began Aunt Pen, with didactic solemnity, "is an important event. Its component parts should be as carefully selected and mixed as those of a mince-pie. We all know that nine-tenths of the mince-pies are failures, and likewise of Christmas dinners. In the first place, children should only come in with the dessert; thus their little souls will not be tortured by the endless procession of dishes, and their little bodies worn with fatigue from sitting three hours in the same chair. Then, as regards the adults, they may be classed in two broad divisions—flirting people and eating people. For the first class we must have proper objects for admiration; for the second a perfectly cooked dinner. Who has not seen ladies yawning behind their fans, evidently thinking the dinner tasteless, because the spice of flirtation was lacking? Who has not seen gentlemen secretly watching the clock with weary ennui, when one pair of bright eyes would have shed radiance over the scene? Depend upon it, my friends, that as long as we ignore the fitness of things, as long as we refuse to provide proper attractions for the three classes of guests, our Christmas dinners will be melancholy failures."

"This one is a success, Aunt Pen," observed Adam, as he cracked the nuts. "All your three classes are here."

Eva drew herself up as she noticed the general smile, and turning to the clerk beside her, asked, with vivacity, "You have been in the army, I see, Mr. Blunt?"

Hastening to the relief of my protégé, I answered for him: "Eva, Mr. Blunt is still very young, and, besides, he may have had other and weightier duties to fulfill. Some of our warmest patriots could not give more than their earnest hopes to the cause."

But pretty Eva persisted. "I know I am right," she continued. "I am sure Mr. Blunt was a soldier. He has that erect, martial bearing which civilians never acquire."

Here Adam straightened himself involuntarily.

"You are right, Miss Rose," replied the clerk, quietly. "I served in the Union army during the rebellion, and but a moment ago I was thinking of the Christmas-day I spent in C—— prison."

"Tell us about it, please," asked Eva, eagerly.

"The war is over, Miss Rose, and the public interest in its details is already subsiding. It is best that it should be so: let us heal the wounds, rather than reopen them."

"My interest is not subsiding," exclaimed Eva; "and as long as this generation lives the memory of those heroic deeds will be held sacred, and thousands of unwritten histories, told by returned soldiers, will kindle again and again the old ardor. What exciting days they were! Living as we did far from the border, we caught only the echoes of the storm; sometimes a new regiment would pass through the city with waving banners and confident step; sometimes a train of cars filled with wounded and dying would halt in the dépôt, and we tried with food, cordials, and fruits to alleviate the sufferings of the men; but some were past help. How well I remember the thrill that passed through our hearts when in the early Sunday morning stillness came the newsboy's cry passing up the street—'Extra, extra; another great battle!' Were you in the Christmas battle of Stone River, Mr. Blunt?"

"No; I had not that glory. I was taken prisoner by Forrest while out on a scouting expedition, together with most of my company."

Again the young man paused; but when we all begged him to proceed, he at length consented, and spoke as follows:

"I was born in Ohio, and educated at one of the State colleges. Here, among others, I formed a friendship with Grove Seaton—a delicate boy, comparatively friendless, who suffered much from the petty persecutions of his turbulent companions. Grove took a fancy to me in his silent way, and I protected him from many an onslaught. We passed two years together, and then I left the school to enter upon business life; but in the midst of busy occupation I often thought of him, and wondered whether I should ever

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see his pale face again. At the opening of the rebellion I volunteered, and was appointed captain in one of the Ohio regiments, my brother Jim, a mere lad, serving as private in the same company. As he was determined to go, I was glad to have him so near me. A campaign full of the hardship without the glory of war fell to our lot. We marched back and forth hundreds of miles through Tennessee and Kentucky, often traveling in a circle, and retracing our steps of the previous day, burning and rebuilding bridges, collecting supplies, guarding passes, acting as reserves, but never actually participating in any thing more than a skirmish with guerrillas and bush-whackers. Sometimes we hovered on the edge of the battle, and when it was over helped to bury the dead; but our numbers continued intact until a few days before Christmas, when my company, out on scouting duty, was surprised and captured by Forrest with a force of three times our number. This prince of raiders was a terror throughout the Western battle-fields. He rode through the country with such dashing speed, he possessed such accurate knowledge of our movements, and knew the ground so thoroughly, that he always held us at a disadvantage. We never knew exactly where he was, and he generally appeared at the very last place where he was expected. Always in a hurry, he wasted no time upon his prisoners, but sent them off South under guard. In this way we too were treated, and within an hour after our capture we were on the road to C—— prison, in Alabama. Once fairly started on our weary journey, we were stripped of our valuables, our clothes exchanged for ragged garments, our boots and shoes taken away, and thus, barefooted, we were hurried along over the rough roads, and forced to keep pace with our mounted guard. Gradually the food gave out. I do not think the Confederates were in fault, for provisions were scarce, and some expected supplies failed to appear; but we were soon reduced to a small piece of dry corn-bread for a whole day's rations, and starvation began to count its victims. Oh, you ladies and gentlemen living in the midst of plenty can form no conception of the horrors of real, gnawing hunger! Some of the men went raving mad, some dropped without a groan, and others, like my brother and myself, marched on with dull endurance, hardly knowing whether we were dead or alive. One cold morning found our miserable band within a few miles of C——. I remember some one said, 'It's Christmas at home to-day.' I had forgotten it, and raising my eyes at the words, I happened to catch a glimpse of Jim's face as he trudged by the side of a Confederate. Poor boy! The man was eating some bacon and corn-bread as he rode along, and Jim's hungry eyes followed every morsel with the pathetic earnestness of a starving dog. He did not speak, but kept up with the horse, never dropping his gaze, although the road was full of pitfalls, as though fascinated by the very sight of the food. The mute appeal of his white, hollow face, and the thought that it was Christmas-day, overcame me, and the first tears of my manhood rolled down my cheeks.

"Toward noon we were marched into C—— prison. It was an open lot, encircled by a high fence, and crowded with ragged, dirty, and sickly prisoners, some of them looking more like savages than civilized Americans. A rough shed ran along one side of the fence, but as only a small portion of the men could be crowded within its limits, by far the larger number were exposed to the weather, and consequently were suffering from low fever and diseases of the lungs. As we entered this abode of misery we were immediately surrounded by the gaunt inhabitants, and overwhelmed with questions. Most of them seemed half crazed; but the saddest spectacles of all were those who sat apart, sternly hopeless, waiting for the deliverance of death.

"During the afternoon a rumor passed through the prison that food was coming. By this time the horrors of the scene had sunk deeply into my mind, my courage fell, and I knew I could not long endure such a life. Having carried Jim to a corner, I sat down beside him. The boy was somewhat delirious, and I almost wished I could change places with him, for then I need not think. There was one at home who would hear of my capture. Need I say my thoughts were of her?"

At this point Adam awakened to a new interest in the story.

"The food came at last. Bad as it was, hunger rendered it palatable. Even Jim revived a little; and one of my company, a young man from the same town, confided to us his intention of trying to escape during the night. It was like running the gauntlet of a thousand deaths; but he was not to be persuaded from his purpose; so I gave him a penciled note, breathing a courage I myself was far from feeling, to take to my darling— I beg your pardon; the word slipped out by mistake," stammered Mr. Blunt, with a scarlet face.

"No mistake at all," exclaimed Adam, as we all laughed, and the sympathetic Miss Michon wiped her eyes. "It is the sweetest word in the English language, and I often use it myself."

Here there was another laugh, and more blushes besides those of the young soldier, who hastened on with his story.

"The man got away that night; but, of course, we could not tell whether he was alive or dead. A cold rain set in, and Jim sank rapidly. Morning dawned, and anoth-

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er wretched day opened before us. I tried to occupy myself in making a wooden fork and plate, so as to save every crumb of our scanty allowance of food; but as the cold increased, and our wet clothes grew stiff, I gave it up, and, throwing myself down beside Jim, I tried to pray. I was roused by a hand on my shoulder, and looking up I saw a Confederate officer, accompanied by a surgeon, who was ministering as far as he could to the necessities of the sick.

"'Are you ill, my man?' he asked.

"'No, but my brother is;' and I attempted to raise Jim's head. The officer stooped to assist me, and as our eyes met we recognized each other. It was Grove Seaton, my school-mate.

"I need not tell the details of the rest. We were taken from the prison, clothed, warmed, and fed, so that in a few days Jim, with youthful elasticity, recovered sufficient strength to travel. We were then immediately exchanged, and sent North through the lines, reaching home but a few days after my little note was received; for the man got through, after all. And so we escaped, while thousands were left to suffer. What a strange chance it seems!"

"I do not call it a chance," said Aunt Pen, solemnly. "It was the direct reward of your kindness to that friendless boy."

Aunt Pen likes to point a moral.

"What a Christmas!" shuddered Miss Michon. "But I am glad she got the note."

"Fill the glasses, Tony," said Adam. "Ladies and gentlemen, let us drink to the health of 'Darling,' wherever she is, and may we all have the pleasure of meeting her in person before another Christmas comes round."

"Give her this from me, Mr. Blunt," said Eva, slipping a ring from her slender finger.

"And now," said Aunt Pen, after another half hour had glided away, "it's after midnight, and little Jane's eyes look sleepy. Come, my dear, put on your hood: I shall take you home with me."

Then followed a general exchange of adieux. As I assisted Aunt Pen in arranging her numerous wrappings, I whispered, "Do you really mean to take little Jane with you?"

"Why not, Sandie? Your description of the poor child's home dwells in my mind. Eva will probably leave me before many months, and I must have something young about me. I have taken a fancy for little Jane, and, besides, I think a good surgeon could cure her lameness. But be that as God wills; I like the lassie, and will take her as my Christmas present."

"Mr. Blunt," said Adam, as he shook hands with the young soldier, "our acquaintance is of too recent date for me to press myself upon you; but I trust that we shall be friends from this day; and as you are a comparative stranger in the city, you must allow me to do something toward advancing your interests here, as I have many acquaintances among the merchants. Who knows," added Adam, with a smile in his brown eyes, "but we two forlorn bachelors may keep next Christmas in homes of our own, with our dar—" Here the reprobate was ignominiously dragged away, and we lost the conclusion of the sentence.

"Who, indeed?" said Mr. Blunt, as he took leave of me. "The future is uncertain; but I have to thank *you*, Miss Spencer, for a very happy Christmas."

"Not so happy as the next one will be, Mr. Blunt, if two friends can bring it about," I answered.

How the grave face brightened, and what a warm pressure my old hand received!

"Isn't he sweet!" exclaimed Miss Michon, as we two were left alone. "He reminds me so much of my poor lost Archie."

"Your brother?" I asked, as she wiped her eyes.

"Oh no! my lover. He died at sea. We were to have been married as soon as the voyage was over. I have my wedding-dress still. I will show it to you some day. See, here is his picture," she continued, taking off a locket and opening it. A bright, manly face, with clustering brown hair and deep blue eyes, gazed at me from the ivory.

"And who is this on the other side?" I asked, seeing the fair, dimpled face of a lovely young girl.

"That is myself, taken at sixteen. Poor Archie! But I know he is happy, and waiting for me; so I never weep and lament. He never liked to see me sad. Well, good-night, Miss Spencer. I have had a charming Christmas; and I only wish you could have known my Archie."

"At least I may know you," I replied, kissing the cheery little woman. "We will keep each other from feeling lonely, my dear."

"We will, we will!" cried Miss Michon. And she was as good as her word.

St. Nebat's clock struck one as I stood alone by the dying fire, and thought over the events of the day. The simple words of an ancient carol came unbidden, and sang their quaint music through my brain:

"I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas-day in the morning.
Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem
On Christmas-day in the morning.

"And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas-day in the morning.
And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas-day in the morning."

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A CUP OF COFFEE.

"Coffee which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes."
—*Rape of the Lock.*

MAN is so disposed to look upon himself as master of all he surveys, that he quite forgets how often he becomes the servant of his slave. Thus he thinks of the plants in nature only so far as they minister to his wants; some to warm and clothe him, others to feed and refresh him, while still others build him houses or vessels to carry him across the ocean. He has taught them all to be useful, from the highest to the lowest; from the towering pine-tree in distant Norway to the humble herb at his feet; from the graceful palm-tree of the tropics to the lowly moss on sterile rocks. The golden lichen furnishes him with a dye, and the archil gives him litmus. In England and in France thousands of families live on sea-tang and algæ; while the creeping moss hid under Northern snows in Iceland and Siberia restores his health and lengthens his years.

But every now and then the plant seems to be able to take a strange revenge on its merciless master, and to obtain dominion over him, either by the force of habit or the power it holds over his passions. Some change into fire-water, and make the civilized man their slave and their victim, while they destroy the whole race of the red man; the poppy changes into opium, and leads to terrible wars between England and China; tea becomes a necessity, and brings about the revolt of the colonies; and even the lowly cereals and the deep-buried potato in years of short crops bring dire misfortunes upon whole nations. Cotton has been proclaimed king more than once, though unable to maintain itself on the throne, and tobacco has become a necessity with millions of men.

Among these tyrants of the human race coffee is by no means the least powerful, though one of the gentlest masters to whom man submits. A thousand million pounds are said to be annually consumed of the precious bean; and the host of laborers, agents, and merchants whom the small green fruit sets in motion and supports by its travels all over the world is almost without number. From its homes in distant lands—from the mountain wilderness of Abyssinia and from the favored islands of the West Indies, from the sunny valleys of Brazil and from the broad plains in which the Orinoco flows, from Java and Ceylon, as well as from Happy Arabia—the fragrant bean comes to refresh, strengthen, and comfort the exhausted system of countless nations. What it costs us annually can hardly be computed, although it has been ascertained by busy statisticians that Europe could support its enormous armies and pay its annual taxes by simply abstaining from coffee, sugar, and tobacco. It is surely a strange dominion which these plants exercise over our proud race. The juice of an Indian cane becomes a part of our daily food; the ill-smelling leaf of an American plant, used originally by savage red-skins, is a necessity for all nations; and the fruit of a shrub growing wild in Arabia is valued alike by man and woman all over the earth! The proud son of the highest civilization can no longer live happily without the coffee of African robbers, the tobacco of red barbarians, the tea of despised Chinese, and the sugar of the wretched Hindoo or the enslaved negro. He can not break his fast without coffee, nor finish his dinner; he spends hours every day at the coffee-house, and keeps himself awake at night by a cup of coffee; the whole social life of many nations is based upon the insignificant bean; it is an essential element in the vast commerce of great nations, and compels the building of docks and ship-yards, of vessels and railways, of vast magazines and magnificent exchanges. We may well inquire, therefore, after the history and special nature of that remarkable beverage which we so slightingly call only a cup of coffee!

Recent travelers in Africa have confirmed what was before only a surmise—that the true home of the coffee-tree is to be found on the lofty terraces of the Upper Nile, where it is still found growing wild. Unfortunately, here also history leaves in the dark the name of the benefactor who first conceived the grand idea of making an infusion of coffee beans; and instead of authentic accounts, we find nothing but legends and traditions, which surround the happy man with the halo of a saint; for the Persians will have it that their great prophet was once suffering sorely, and sent his prayers up to the throne of the Almighty, whereupon the Archangel Gabriel, who had already taught Mohammed to read by thumping his head three times on the ground, taught him also to drink coffee by forcing him to swallow a black beverage made from the bean in his garden. The Arabs, on the contrary, not willing to admit the great ingenuity of their Eastern rivals, maintain that a pious dervish, who condescended in his leisure hours to tend a flock of goats, noticed how merry they became after they had eaten the leaves of certain shrubs. They jumped and gamboled and bleated in so remarkable a manner that he became envious of their happiness, gathered a few leaves, chewed them, and felt as merry as his goats! Like a faithful believer in the prophet, he did not keep his discovery to himself, but communicated it to others; the prior of a Mohammedan convent in Persia recommended it to his monks as a means to keep them awake at their nightly vigils; and soon the use of the pleasant decoction became quite general in Eastern countries. From that time there has been no Christian

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or Mohammedan monastery in the Orient that has not its huge coffee-kettle continually simmering over the fire, in order to assist the fainting devotion of its pious members; and to this day the faithful believer thinks it an act of meritorious piety to drink much coffee while performing his sacred duties, so that every mosque is filled with the pleasant fragrance, and cups of coffee are incessantly distributed among the devout worshipers "for the greater glory of God."

Like most of the heroes of antiquity, coffee has, therefore, its legends and miracles duly enhancing the splendor of its birth, and soon martyrs also and apostles were not wanting. The very dervish who had obtained from his merrily capering goats the secret of the delightful drink, fell a sad victim to his discovery; for envious brethren accused him openly of having drunk intoxicating beverages in violation of holy laws, and he was in imminent danger of his life. Fortunately the new drink gave him the wit and the eloquence to persuade his adversaries to make at least a trial of his favorite plant. They consented, they drank, they grew merry, and with one accord proclaimed ever thereafter that coffee was the gift of their great prophet, especially designed to stand them instead of dangerous wine. They adopted it at once as the national beverage, insisting, however, upon its being drunk pure and unmixed as it came from the hands of beneficent nature, while they looked with disgust upon the unbelieving giaour who has been denied the power to enjoy it thus, and must needs sully its purity with milk and sugar and other horrid admixtures. Another pious man, Gemal Eddin, who was soon after priest at Aden, but a native of Djemen, introduced the precious bean into Arabia, and obtained by his benefit such renown and reverence that he was made the patron saint of coffee; and no faithful follower of the prophet concludes to this day his morning prayer without wishing the holy benefactor the highest joys of paradise. What at first was done only by the priests to keep them awake during nightly vigils, soon became customary in Mecca also; and the habit spread rapidly through all Eastern lands, thanks to the thousands of pilgrims who annually crowded the shrines of the holy city, and among other blessings obtained there a knowledge of the grateful effects of coffee. As early as the first years of the sixteenth century Cairo had already public coffee-houses, and Aden exported the bean in large quantities. The plant itself, however, did not reach Mecca till 1567.

The first dervish was, it seems, by no means the only martyr who was destined to suffer in the service of the new favorite. The persecution began with two learned physicians of Mecca, who had devoted many years to the question, Was Mohammed a doctor? just as our age applies this and similar questions to Shakspeare. These two pundits found some verses of the Koran which seemed to condemn the custom of making coffee in the holy mosques. They thereupon opened a regular crusade against the beverage, and discovered, as physicians have always been able to do when they wished it, a thousand bad qualities inherent in the bean. They demonstrated to their own satisfaction, and that of numerous followers whom coffee had probably made bilious, that the popular drink excited the imagination, led to new interpretations of the words of the prophet, and thus caused dangerous heresies. They next appealed to the emir, who, as a pious Mohammedan, entered most zealously into the matter, and convoked a solemn council of physicians, lawyers, and divines, before whom Coffee was to appear and to be tried. For a time nothing criminal could be discovered, until one of the presiding physicians, with marvelous self-denial, openly declared that coffee was intoxicating, for it had made him repeatedly drunk! Having sacrificed his character in order to carry his point, he did not hesitate to endure also the bastinado, to which he was instantly sentenced for the heinous crime which he had confessed, and all for the satisfaction of hearing the emir issue an edict which prohibited the use of coffee in Cairo and the whole pashalic. But his joy was short-lived; for the sultan, the great Father of the Faithful, did not confirm the decree, openly denounced the council as an assembly of asses, and summoned the unlucky drunkard to Constantinople, where his head was politely placed between his feet. Henceforth no one dared to disturb the consciences of pious Mohammedans with such idle scruples, and coffee reigned supreme in the Orient. Poets have sung the praises of the black beverage; priests and monks have preached in its favor; and to all, from the sultan on his throne to the fellah in his hut of Nile mud, the precious drink is a daily source of enjoyment. Only on the northern coast of Africa the heresy of mixing sugar has gradually crept into use; and there the French learned, when they conquered Algiers, the secret of making an orthodox cup of coffee: black, like hell, strong, like the devil, and sweet, like woman!

Long before this a man from Damascus had carried the fragrant drink to Constantinople, and in 1534 opened the first public-house for its sale in the brilliant city. Soon others arose, generally near mosques and public baths, and speedily became the favorite resorts of divines and learned men, who loved to discuss knotty questions of faith and politics under the happy influence of the gentle stimulant. Such discussions, however, aroused the suspicions of the master, who suddenly ordered all coffee-houses

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to be closed, hoping thus to make an end to politicians also! The priests were ordered to thunder anathemas against the black drink; the judges were directed to proceed with the utmost severity against delinquents who would drink coffee; and ample rewards were promised to all who would denounce transgressors of the sultan's order. But it was all in vain. The cup of coffee was stronger than the Ruler of the Faithful; it continued all-powerful in the secrecy of the harem; it came forth boldly on public square and covered bazar; it established itself once more in cozy coffee-houses; and ere long it was master again, openly defying the mighty sultan on his throne. Wisely yielding to a power which he could not conquer, the latter ordered that no coffee-house should henceforth be licensed which had not its complement of story-tellers, jugglers, dancers, and snake-charmers, and thus prevented the former political discussions. The cup of coffee was so victorious that henceforth the wife could demand to be divorced from the husband who failed to supply her sufficiently with coffee. Servants receive their fee under the name of coffee-money, as in Germany it is called Trinkgeld (drink-money), and in Spain and Portugal it is given for snuff; and even the poorest of the Osmanli passes no day without enjoying the indispensable comfort of a cup of coffee.

When the new favorite had thus conquered the East, it soon found its way to Europe also. The precise manner in which the victory was achieved is not known, since, like all bad habits, the custom of drinking coffee began in different parts of the Occident at once, and grew in strength mainly by dint of persecution. Ellis considered it likely that the Venetians, whose dominions were so near the Turkish empire, and who then almost monopolized the trade with the Levant, were the first to introduce it: at least a Venetian merchant, De la Valle, wrote in 1615 from Constantinople that he should bring his correspondent some coffee, which he believed was a thing unknown in his country. An Augsburg physician, Rauwolt, had, however, some forty years before written a public account of the strange black beverage which he had drunk in Aleppo; and an Italian, Prosper Alpinus, had in 1580 seen the plant itself in a greenhouse in Cairo. Whoever may have the merit of having first brought the bean to Europe, Pietro de la Valle was certainly the owner of the first public coffee-house in Europe. He opened one in Rome in 1626, although his countrymen had sold the bean then already for eleven years. A Frenchman, Merville, did the same in 1644 for Marseilles. The first cup of coffee had been drunk in Paris at the house of a great Eastern traveler, Thevenot, who had brought the bean and a great fondness for it home with him from the East; still he and his friends were the only persons who enjoyed its pleasant effects for many a year. It was only in 1669 that Soliman Aga, the embassador of Sultan Mahmud IV., made the use of coffee more general. At the first audience he had of Louis XIV. he took occasion to mention the subject, and ever afterward made it a point to treat his visitors to the orthodox beverage of his native land. At a sign from their master, black slaves in bright turbans and sky-blue gowns entered, holding upon a small silk cushion a costly cup of finest porcelain, poised in a larger cup of silver or gold filigree, and offered it on their knees to the visitor their lord chose to honor. The new fashion took amazingly; the minister's house became immensely popular, and all the élite of society crowded his salons to enjoy the bitter black draught. When the liberal Turk left Paris the taste had become so general that an Armenian, Pascal, opened a large coffee-house in 1672, although he had to suffer most dangerous competition from a Sicilian, Procope, who offered the delightful beverage in the streets of the city at a very low rate, notwithstanding the price of coffee was then forty dollars a pound. Henceforth coffee-houses sprang up in all the fashionable portions of the city, and became the meeting-places of the great world of artists and scholars, laying thus the foundation to the custom which makes now these houses the resort of nearly the whole male population of Southern Europe, who spend there the larger portion of the day. Then duchesses and countesses would drive up in splendid equipages to drink their cup of coffee without alighting; poets there read their productions; authors exchanged criticisms; actors and actresses were praised or condemned, and even diplomats and great generals met there to discuss the greatest questions of state. The lively French mind was so much pleased with the gently stimulating beverage that they called it the drink for the mind, *par excellence*, and ascribed to it universally the power of cheering the melancholy and of soothing great grief. Hence, when a lady at court received the sad news of her husband's sudden death, she exclaimed in her anguish, "Woe is me! Bring me quick a cup of coffee!"

London owed its first acquaintance with coffee to a caprice. It seems that in 1652 a wealthy Turkey merchant, Mr. Edwards, had brought home with him from his Eastern travels not only a fondness for coffee, but also a Greek woman called Pasqua, whom he had bought in Smyrna, and whom he now employed to serve the cup of coffee in Oriental manner to his guests. The latter, however, soon came in such crowds, to enjoy the beverage or to admire the Greek beauty, that the merchant could endure it no longer; he therefore married the Smyrniote

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to his coachman, and advanced them a sufficient sum of money to establish a coffee-house in St. Michael's Alley. The cup of coffee became in England also very soon a universal favorite. Coffee-houses sprang up every where, and were soon the resort of the quidnuncs of the day; and the bean itself was so largely imported that already, under Charles II., a heavy duty could be imposed upon the new article of commerce.

But here also a gentle kind of martyrdom had to lend additional zest to the enjoyment. In 1657 a certain James Farr, who then kept a favorite coffee-house near the Inner Temple, was prosecuted "for making and selling a sort of liquor called coffee, as a great nuisance and prejudice to the neighborhood;" and not more than twenty years later the king himself issued a proclamation to shut up the coffee-houses, because "they are seminaries of sedition." But Charles II., who could defy the Parliament, and look upon the well-earned rights of the people as gracious gifts bestowed upon them out of pure benevolence, who could violate the constitution without scruple, and send those who remonstrated with him to the scaffold—this powerful, overbearing monarch could do nothing against the cup of coffee. When his proclamation appeared the whole city of London was roused to indignation; great tumults ensued, and a revolution was impending. The king rescinded his order, and peace was restored. Such is history.

Very different views, however, were entertained in those days as to the happy effects of coffee from what we now believe. A famous judge, Rumsey, had invented a probang, a horrid instrument made of flexible whalebone, with a small linen or silk button at the end, which was introduced into the stomach to produce the effects of an emetic; and, in order to make it more active, he recommended that, previous to the agreeable inside tickling, a paste of cophie—as he spelled it—with butter, honey, and salad oil, should be made and swallowed. Thereupon a friend writes him as follows: "Touching coffee, I concurre with them in opinion who hold it to be that black broth which was used of old in Lacedæmon, whereof the poets sing. Surely it must needs be salutiferous, because so many sagacious and the wittiest sort of nations use it so much. But besides the exsiccant quality it has to dry up the crudities of the stomach, as also to comfort the brain, to fortifie the sight with its steem, and prevent dropsies, gouts, the scurvie, together with the spleen and hypocondriacall windes (all which it doth without any violence or distemper at all), 'tis found already that this coffee-drink has caused a greater sobriety among the nations. For whereas formerly apprentices and clerks, with others, used to take their morning's draught in ale, beer, or wine, which, by the dizzyness they cause in the brain, make many unfit for businesse, they use now to play the good-fellows in this wakefull and civill drinke; therefore that worthy gentleman, Mr. Mudiford, who first introduced the practice hereof to London, deserves much respect of the whole nation."

Germany learned to drink coffee in a manner even more extraordinary. The numerous courts of that happily divided country had been duly initiated in the mysteries of the fashionable drink by their masters, the French; but the custom, being so expensive, had not yet become general. The Elector of Brandenburg, however, a clear-sighted financier, determined to make the new fashion a source of income, and ordered his body-physician, a Dutchman, to write a book on the admirable effects of tobacco and coffee on the health of men. These arguments he not only disseminated largely among his subjects, but enforced also by various rules and regulations, till the obedient Brandenburgers began to drink coffee in large quantities, and filled his empty treasury. An accident led, a few years later, to similar encouragement in Southern Germany. At the siege of Vienna by the largest infidel army that Europe ever saw so near the heart of the Continent, a certain Kolschutski had rendered eminent service as a spy, and when King Sobieski and Charles of Lorraine defeated the Turks, and entered their magnificent camp, they bestowed upon the successful spy the large number of coffee-bags found in the tents. With this treasure he opened the first coffee-house in Vienna, and from that day the cup of coffee has gradually made its way to every province of the great empire, so that it is now found alike in the palace of the monarch and the hut of the laborer. Only in some remoter portions of the East, and in almost inaccessible valleys of the Alps, the beverage has found it more difficult to prevail; and as in England tea is said at first to have been cooked and eaten as a vegetable, the decoction being carefully thrown away, so, some fifty years ago, Alpine herdsmen used to boil the coffee beans with lard till they were soft, and could be eaten like pease.

The new conqueror found, however, its bitter enemies in Germany also. Many physicians warned against it as a dangerous poison, and wrote volume after volume on its sad, pernicious effects on body and soul; ministers found out that coffee was a most powerful temptation of the Evil One, which reduced the strength of the mind by constant excitement, and imperiled the peace of the soul; and the governments of various states assumed the same position, and prohibited the use of coffee. The famous Elector of Hesse, who sold his subjects for so many shillings a pound of flesh to fight for Great Britain on our soil, would not have

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coffee sold in his dominions, and as late as 1847 no grocer in the open country dared offer it for sale. Frederick the Great, even, was once entrapped into prohibiting the sale of coffee by others. He wanted to have the monopoly for his own benefit. The Prussians certainly loved and still more feared their Old Fritz, who had made their little land a great kingdom; but when he raised the price of coffee, and his "coffee-sniffers" patrolled the streets of the city to discover the illicit use of the fragrant bean, their loyalty was at an end, and they published caricatures and pasquinades without end. The king looked at them and laughed, and —kept the monopoly. The last enemy of supreme power which the cup of coffee has had to encounter was Napoleon, who determined during the time of the embargo to deprive the whole continent of Europe of its favorite drink. But the great conqueror had met his match, and in spite of millions spent on a strict blockade, and a most painful system of surveillance exercised over high and low, the cup of coffee still held its own, and defied all imperial decrees and gens-d'armes.

As the beverage came more and more in demand, inquiries were also made after the plant which produced the bean — a word derived not from our English word bean, but from the Arabic *bon* or *bun*, which is the name of the fruit of the coffee-tree, and so happily coincided with the views entertained by French physicians on the subject that they reasoned that a fruit called *bon* —good—could not possibly be hurtful. Efforts were at once made to acclimate the shrub; but it would not thrive in the severe climate of Europe, and hence it became necessary to cultivate it in distant colonies. The indolent son of the East thought so little of deriving an advantage from this most valuable gift which nature had bestowed upon him that he not only failed to raise it, and to make it an article of export, but to this day allows the more active Western man to provide him, at a great profit, with the product of his own soil. As early as 1650 the industrious Dutch carried the seeds of coffee-trees from Mocha to their rich colony of Batavia, enlarged the enterprise rapidly, and were able in 1719 to appear in the great markets of the world with large supplies of Java coffee. Encouraged by this success, they established similar plantations in Sumatra, Ceylon, and other Sunda islands, which now furnish over two hundred millions of pounds; the French and the English followed their example, and in a short time the coffee-tree had made the voyage round the world. There is a little fragrance of romance connected with the first French effort of this kind, which was made in Martinique. Louis XIV., who, in spite of all his foibles and vices, was fully able to appreciate the importance of such apparently small matters as a potato tuber or a coffee bean, had in his private gardens a coffee-shrub of five feet height, which before his death (1715) bore ripe fruit. Having heard of German coffee plantations in Surinam, and of Dutch establishments in Berbice, his ambition was aroused, and he desired to have French plantations also in his West India colonies. He intrusted, therefore, a slip from his pet tree to a naval ensign, Des Clieux, with orders to carry it safely to Martinique. Unfortunately the ship on which he served had an unusually long voyage, fierce storms alternating with provoking calms, and at last the water casks were empty. The ensign, however, sacrificed his own wants for the sake of the young plant, and shared with it his scanty ration of water. But his troubles were not at an end when he at last reached the island: storms and tempests, men and beasts, seemed to have united to threaten the tender shoot, and Des Clieux had to place a guard over the plant, who, under his own supervision, watched it by day and by night. Fortunately it grew and throve, till it became a fine large tree, the ancestor of all the French coffee plantations on the West India Islands. It may safely be said that never was tree more carefully tended, and never more usefully employed.

Another worthy patron of the pretty shrub was the famous burgomaster of Amsterdam, Nicholas Wythsen, who raised young trees in his hot-houses in Holland, and then sent the fruit-bearing plants to Surinam and Africa, and through his friends to almost every portion of the globe. All the West India Islands, as well as South America, soon had their plantations, Arabia its "gardens," as they are called there, and even Madagascar and Ile de France and Bourbon succeeded in entering the lists against the older colonies. The shrub and the fruit have remained nearly the same every where, but the manner of raising the tree differs according to soil and climate.

At home, in Arabia Felix, where the most valued of all varieties, the golden Mocha, is raised, the trees present a strange contrast with the aspect of the landscape farther northward. There a low, sandy shore affords a free view over vast treeless plains which stretch in sad monotony as far as eye can reach, while the cloudless sky sends down an almost unbearable heat. Only here and there a limited pasture, with lean grass and a few graceful palm-trees, breaks the mournful uniformity; in the grateful shade a few Bedouins rest under their black tents, while their brethren hasten on the uncouth dromedary through the yellow desert. Very different is the scene on the southern slope of the great peninsula; for here an abundant, fragrant vegetation unfolds its riches and enchants the senses; incense grows like the juniper of our woods, whole

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forests of palm-trees overshadow the lower parts of the mountains, and vast stretches of durra wave like golden grain in the gentle breeze. This is the home of the coffee-tree.

The shrub rises in the form of a pyramid to a height of forty feet; the leaves, resembling those of the laurel of Greece, shine with a dark lustre in the bright sunlight, while lighter hues give life to the beautiful scene whenever the breeze turns up the lower side. During spring a profusion of white blossoms covers the tree with their pure color. They are shaped like those of the jasmine, and break forth from between every leaf and the stem, filling the air far and near with their perfume. Butterflies flutter incessantly around them, for they are rich in honeyed stores; birds fly about; lively, tiny streams murmur at the roots, washing every tree with their welcome waters, and allure at times the shy gazelle that comes running up in timid haste, and anxiously looking around, to slake its thirst. Locusts are chirping on every branch, and a cloudless blue sky looks down upon the exuberant splendor, till the blossoms fade and droop, the winds carry away the light, shriveled leaves, and a small, green button peeps out, which rapidly increases and grows into a scarlet-red berry. After a while these berries become dark violet, but at the same time—thanks to the effects of a tropical climate—the tree produces a second and a third crop of snowy blossoms, so that the beautiful green pyramid is covered with buds and flowers and fruits at every stage of development. When the fruit is ripe, the Arabs spread soft mats under the tree, ascend it, and shake the branches till all the berries have been gathered. They are then spread out on mats for six or eight months, till the fleshy part is completely dried, when a powerful roller passes over them, crushing the hard shell and leaving the two twin beans which each fruit contains to be carefully collected and cleaned. The latter are then still farther dried for some time, being hung up in loosely woven bags, after which they are baled and sent to Beit-el-Fakih, the principal market of Arabia, where over twelve millions of pounds are annually shipped.

As the coffee-tree is the principal source of income for Happy Arabia, it is, of course, most carefully tended and nursed. The coffee gardens are laid out on terraces which rise to a height of 3000 feet, and on each of which there is an artificial pond, with thousands of small canals that irrigate the whole, falling gently from terrace to terrace, to keep the soil always moist. The trees are planted so closely that not a ray of the sun can pierce through the thick shelter of their foliage, and the young plants can grow, thus protected, to supply the places of their short-lived predecessors; for the shrub, which begins to bear fruit in the third year, gives annually from three to five pounds, but declines at the age of twenty-five.

The coffee plantations in Cuba and the West Indies are very different. Here, also, irrigation is all-important, but much easier than in arid Arabia; hence the enchanting gardens are here all on a level, divided into squares with three or four rows of shrubs, and intersected by canals which incessantly feed the thirsty plants. To protect the latter against the immoderate heat of the sun and the frequent tempests of those regions, lofty trees surround the plantations on all sides, and superb avenues of palm-trees pass through them at right angles. In the rear, overshadowed by gigantic banana-trees, stand the huts of the laborers, each of whom attends to a thousand shrubs. The latter are here not allowed to grow higher than about six feet, and the process of drying and preparing the bean for market is both much shorter and more thorough. While Jamaica coffee brings the highest price in England, the taste of other nations is so different that every variety finds a ready market, and what is, perhaps, most remarkable, we are told upon high authority that the worst coffee produced in America will, in from ten to fourteen years, become "as good, and acquire as high a flavor, as the best from Turkey." The fact is that soil and climate determine the quality of raw coffee far more than the mode of collecting and drying it, and that the flavor and quality of the beverage, again, depend almost entirely on the manner of roasting the bean and preparing the infusion.

Nor is the manner of enjoying the cup of coffee less varied in different parts of the world. The son of the Orient, drinking his coffee unmixed, swallows the black but nutritious sediment with the infusion, and consumes at times not less than eighty cups daily. Far out on the burning desert he sits under his black hair tent, silent and motionless, till in the other half of his airy dwelling the Nubian slave has prepared his refreshment. When his pipe and his cup are handed him he leans luxuriously back on his cushions or his bales of goods, casting an indolent glance at the drooping horse, tied to a post before his tent, or the weary camel, crouching on the sand and chewing the cud; but soon his eye becomes animated, his fancy revives, and he thinks of the fate of his beloved ones at home, or he weaves fantastic fairy tales into bright stories and graceful verses. The monotonous noise of the mortar in which, all day long, the small beans of dark yellow color are crushed, so as to furnish an unbroken supply, alone accompanies his thoughts, and fills up the vacant moments by its uniform rhythm. Or he is in Stamboul, the Happy City; a marble-paved court-yard, overshadowed by mulberry-trees

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and pomegranates, and freshened and cooled by a merry fountain in the centre, which casts its spray in fitful showers on roses and jasmine; an open staircase leads up to a well-lighted room, with bright-colored hangings on the walls, and richly dyed rugs scattered over the inlaid floor; gold lists, arabesques, and mother-of-pearl in profusion adorn the ceiling; and in pretty niches, behind skillfully carved doors, stand delicate cups and boxes for tobacco. The windows look down upon the cool yard, and a long, low divan with soft cushions runs along the wall. There is no chair, no mirror here; no table and no picture, as in European coffee-houses; but black servants in brilliant costumes walk slowly about, offering chibouk and coffee-cup to every guest. Silently he enters, in silence he smokes his pipe and drinks his cup of coffee, and silently he leaves the house again. A few guests, perhaps, are busy at chess; others may listen to the story-teller on the little platform there with the Persian rug on which he sits, or they gaze with stolid eye at the juggler, who produces from under his thin strip of carpet whatever is asked for by his audience. But no one opens his lips; no one reads a journal; there is no interchange here of thoughts, no making of acquaintances, or forming of friendships. The dreamy, still life of the Orient knows no other enjoyment but listening in silence while smoking and sipping the cup of coffee.

Far more lively is the coffee-house in the noisy cities of Persia. The muezzin has no sooner announced the hour of morning prayer from the balcony of his minaret than fearful sounds are heard floating down the narrow, tortuous streets. They proceed from the keepers of the public baths, who blow their cow-horns to announce that the water for the women's bath is ready. The dogs raise a terrible howl to express their disgust at the hideous sound, donkeys bray in deep gutturals, cocks are crowing in every yard and every garden, and sleep is soon out of question. In an instant the whole city is alive, and tall men in loose trowsers and ample cloaks are seen hurrying from all sides to their favorite coffee-houses. Through a rounded door they enter a court with a fountain, and ascend by a wide, easy staircase to the vaulted hall above, where there is a large number of windows adorned with diminutive pieces of colored glass, and the dazzling whiteness of the walls is relieved by a multitude of leaves and flowers engraved with a chisel, and filled out with blue and gold. Here, also, a fountain plays merrily in the centre; one whole side is taken up with niches, and along the other sides crowd the smokers and drinkers, listening to the songs of Hafiz, the wise sayings of Sadi, or the heroic poems of Firdousi.

How different from the café of France or Italy, where all is splendor and magnificence, while busy, noisy crowds gather there from morn till night! how different from the more silent, almost lugubrious coffee-house of England, where already in the days of the Stuarts affairs of such importance were transacted that Macaulay could compare the regular visitors at these places to the "fourth estate of the realm!" It may well be regretted that coffee-houses are, except in New Orleans, unknown to this country, where the bar, with its fiery drinks and its mixed assemblies, has furnished but a sorry substitute.

We may well ask, in conclusion, what magic power, what irresistible charm there is in the cup of coffee to make it such a universal favorite, and if not a necessity, at least the daily and most cherished drink of a hundred millions of men? Its influence on the well-being of our race and the tendencies of modern culture is enormous, and its effect on social life almost beyond calculation, because, in detail, it escapes observation. It would seem as if all the nations of the earth had instinctively recognized in coffee a benefactor, whose kindness they must acknowledge, though they can not ascertain the precise mode of action. Its sensible effects are too well known to require explanation. It exhilarates, arouses, and keeps awake; it allays hunger to a certain extent, refreshes the weary, and imparts a feeling of comfort and repose. It makes the brain more active, while it soothes the body generally; and, physiologically speaking, it makes the change and waste of matter slower, and thus lessens the demand for food. Strong, black coffee is most active, and may be dangerous, and yet it is a greater favorite with thinkers and all brain-workers. Nervous persons, who are easily excited, people of full habits or of melancholy disposition, ought to avoid the cup of coffee in spite of all its attractions. On the other hand, it has been found invaluable for soldiers upon the march, and even in camp, and especially far superior to brandy in protecting them against fatigue and exposure. Wherever it has become a favorite it has superseded spirituous beverages, and its refining effect is felt as much in the lower classes as its gently stimulating powers are appreciated by the writer and the thinker. If Queen Elizabeth, it has been well said, had taken a cup of coffee in the morning, instead of breakfasting upon half a pound of bacon and a quart of beer, she would have probably felt in a gentler mood all day long, and her unfortunate sister Mary might have been saved the horrors of the scaffold.

Unfortunately the ordinary cup of coffee contains but little of the precious substance, the caffeine, to which all its pleasant and benign influences are attributed by men of science. The adulteration begins in Arabia

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already. Dalgrave, the best and most recent authority on that subject, tells us that of the best variety, the Mocha, but little ever leaves Arabia. Even before the bales reach the nearest ports, Alexandria, Jaffa, or Beyrout, they have already been picked again and again. Expert hands inspect it grain by grain, and instead of the hard, round, semi-transparent beans, which alone are fit to make the genuine cup of coffee, only opaque, defective, and whitish beans ever reach the outward-bound vessel. Hence the quality of coffee diminishes with increasing rapidity as the distance becomes greater from Djeiness, and the process of sorting and picking is repeated again and again. In Arabia the Mocha bean holds the first place, next comes the Abyssinian, then the Indian, and, as the worst of all, at the end of the list, the American bean, mainly because of the want of care in gathering the fruit. On the continent of Europe Java is preferred; in this country Rio is probably the favorite with the masses, on account of its stronger aroma.

The adulterations of coffee are so great that pure coffee is rarely to be had except in private families where the head of the house attends in person to the preparation of the precious cup. The admixture of foreign elements is, however, not always fraudulent. The great Liebig tells an anecdote from his own experience on this subject. He was drinking coffee at a country house, and found the taste so unpleasant that he proposed to the lady of the house, half in earnest and half in jest, to spread a pound of her coffee on a sheet of paper, and to employ all the guests in examining it in detail. This was done, and the result was that four ounces were found to be foreign matter, and some of this of the most objectionable nature. The coffee came from Brazil, where the birds are allowed unhindered access to the drying fruit, and no sorting takes place afterward. It is different in railway refreshment-rooms and on board of steamboats. Here no effort is made at all to furnish coffee. The so-called coffee extract, which is almost universally in use in these places, contains nothing but caramel—burned sugar. A small lump of this shiny black substance is put into a cupful of hot water, stirred, dissolved, and then handed across the counter!

Poverty, or such necessity as wars and blockades may engender, lead to the partial use of substitutes, which are numerous enough, as all that is required is an aromatic and a bitter principle. The Germans drink enormous quantities of coffee made from acorns, and like it; and the roasted seeds of the water-iris are said to approach very near to coffee in quality. Beans and rye and wheat, as well as corn and sweet-potatoes, were largely used in the South during the late war. Dried roots, such as turnips and carrots, also are often employed; but of all these substitutes chiccory has become such a favorite that it is hardly any longer to be looked upon as an adulteration, being demanded by the consumer, who prefers it, as an admixture, to pure coffee. This chiccory is a wild endive, which is now extensively cultivated in France, Belgium, and Germany, and certain portions of England; it is also imported in vast quantities into this country. Its original merits were simply the dark color and the bitter taste it imparted to coffee. The public taste seems to have most readily accommodated itself to the addition of chiccory, which was at first a fraudulent practice. The mixture became gradually pleasing to the palate by mere force of habit, and now some hundred millions of pounds of the dried root are annually consumed. Mr. Johnston, however, adds some features to this adulteration of coffee which are not quite so harmless. "The coffee-dealer," he says, "adulterates his coffee with chiccory to increase his profits; the chiccory-maker adulterates his chiccory with Venetian red to please the eye of the coffee-dealer; and, lastly, the Venetian red manufacturer grinds up his color with brick-dust, that by his greater cheapness, and the variety of shades he offers, he may secure the patronage of the trade in chiccory." Certainly happy is the man who can be quite sure after this that he enjoys in reality a cup of coffee! He may be quite willing to admit its dangerous character, with Voltaire, who said, "It is poison, certainly, but a slow poison: it has been killing me these eighty-four years!"

THE SNOW-BIRD.

A COLD, wintry day (altogether *too* cold for so early in the season, people sagely said it was) was drawing toward nightfall, and hurrying clouds and sharp, driving winds foretold a still more tempestuous night, when, as Dr. Grafton, having made his round of professional visits, turned into his office entry, he found awaiting him a note containing these words:

"Will Dr. Grafton call upon Mrs. Vaughan at No. 47 —— Hotel as soon as convenient, and see a sick person, a stranger in the city?"

The handwriting was that of a lady, and the confidence thus reposed in him by a stranger was flattering; and the tired doctor, adding a few more wraps to defend himself from the increasing cold, sallied forth, and turned wearily back upon this new mission.

It was a long walk, for the hotel indicated was at the opposite end of the city, and the streets were already white with the first snow of the season.

Reaching the hotel, he was shown, at his request, to No. 47, where he was met by an elegant woman of middle age, who received

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him with ease, and introduced herself as the writer of the note.

"We are traveling, Dr. Grafton," she said, "and my daughter having become alarmingly ill, we have had to make a longer stay here than we had intended; and thinking it necessary to call in medical aid, I have been advised to send for you." The doctor bowed silently, and the lady went on:

"My daughter is, I fear, threatened with fever. She is of a nervous temperament, has met with severe family bereavements, and is very excitable; indeed, she had a brain fever some eighteen months ago, and I am sadly apprehensive of a recurrence of it. I have thought it best to tell you this in advance, as you will find her nervous system is very much unstrung. But you can form your own judgment better when you have seen her. Will you follow me, if you please?"

Crossing an intermediate passage, the lady led the way into the sick-room. The apartment was so dark that at first the doctor could see only that a respectable-looking sick-nurse glided from her post of duty by the invalid's pillow. But Mrs. Vaughan noiselessly approached the window, and drawing back the curtain, let a little light fall upon the bed, disclosing a young and handsome female, who, with wildly uptossed arms, disheveled hair, flushed cheeks, and quick, gasping breath, was sleeping the uneasy, broken slumber of fever or delirium.

"Bertha, my child," said the elder lady, bending tenderly over the sleeper—"Bertha, my daughter!" The sleeper started up with a low moan of pain, and opened her eyes with a wild, frightened gaze upon the doctor.

"This is the doctor, dearest," said Mrs. Vaughan, soothingly. "Don't you know I promised to send for him? This is Dr. Grafton, Bertha.

"Can he do any thing for me?" murmured the patient, laying her white hand, as she spoke, upon her brow, from which the loose curls had been carelessly brushed back.

"Is the pain in your head very severe?" asked the doctor, soothingly.

"Torturing!" sighed the invalid, briefly.

Dr. Grafton took the seat the mother had moved toward him, lifted the hand of the patient tenderly from her burning temples, and laid his own cool one in its place, while he laid the fingers of his other hand lightly upon her wrist. For a moment she was quiet, as if the steady pressure of his hand upon her brow was mesmeric. Then suddenly springing up, she dashed his hand aside, and fixing her wild eyes upon his face, "Doctor, doctor," she said, excitedly, "can you help me? Can you give me any thing to strengthen me? I *must* get up! I *can not* lie here; I have business that *must* be attended to, and they will not let me go. Can you give me bark, wine, opium, brandy—*any thing, any thing*, to give me strength? I *must* get up: I must go to the Exhibition. I *must* —I *will!*"

"Hush, Bertha darling," said the mother, soothingly: "you shall go as soon as you are able to."

The sick woman snatched herself away from her mother's hands with the quick irritation and fictitious strength of fever.

"You have been telling me that for a week and more," she said, bitterly, "and you will not let me go. Oh! doctor, doctor!"—and she caught the doctor's hands in both her own—"you look good and kind and sensible: will you help me? Oh! if you knew how much depends upon it, you *would* help me if you *could*—I am sure you would."

"I think I can help you decidedly," said the doctor, cheerily. "But I always expect my patients to do as I say. If you want me to cure you up *quick*, you must lie down and take a composing draught that I shall give you, and try to sleep; that's the only way to do, and then you can go out just when you want to."

A look of gratitude and hope passed over the beautiful features of the invalid. "I will do just what you tell me to," she said, as she lay wearily back upon her pillows. "There, mother! See, the doctor says I may go out."

In a few moments the composing draught was mixed and given, a cooling wash to bathe the flushed cheeks and beating temples was prepared, and the medicine for the night, and careful directions to the nurse had been given.

"I shall look in upon you again in the morning," said the doctor, encouragingly; "and if you only mind my directions, I am sure to find you better." And the patient smiled drowsily as she held out her hand to him.

"What do you think of her, doctor?" asked the mother, eagerly, when they had returned to the sitting-room. "Is she—very ill?"

"No, I think *not*," said the doctor, reflectively. "She is a stranger to me, you know, and of course I can not form so correct a judgment of the case as if I knew my patient better. She is, as you say, evidently laboring under strong mental excitement. I should judge that her powers of mind and body had both been overstrained to a great degree. If I can reduce this excitement, I do not apprehend much from the feverishness. I think that is probably the *result*, not the *cause* of the excitement; but I can form a better opinion in the morning. Keep her very quiet. Do not let her talk if you can help it; but, above all things, do not rouse her by opposition. I have given her a strong opiate, and if she sleeps, as I think she will, I trust to find her much better in the morning;" and, shaking hands with the

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relieved mother, Dr. Grafton bowed himself away.

Night had gathered in with storm and darkness when the doctor emerged into the street again, and, tired and cold and hungry, he decided not to return to his office, but to go directly to his home, which was a well-managed, comfortable bachelor establishment. It was dark and intensely cold; the wind was howling furiously—a fierce north-east wintry wind, that seemed to chill the very marrow in his bones; and he was half blinded by the sharp, cutting sleet and stifling snow that drifted into his face and eyes, and almost choked his very breath, as, stumbling, plunging, floundering on, he made his slow, uncertain way through the streets.

"Thank Heaven!" he said, as he reached his own home, and, panting and breathless, mounted the steps and pulled open with strong hand the outer vestibule door, already obstructed by the fast-gathering burden of drifted snow heaped against it. "I don't think I could have walked half a mile farther without losing my breath."

As, latch-key in hand, he rapidly mounted the inner steps, thankful for even the shelter thus afforded him from the grim night and lashing wind, he saw by the dim, flickering light of the wind-shaken street lamp behind him a dark, shapeless bundle lying upon one of the upper steps, and half unconsciously, in his haste to enter, the doctor gave the bundle a slight push out of the way with his foot. Good gracious! it moved, it wriggled! It was *alive!*

"Oh, thunder!" said the astonished doctor: "here's a pretty to do! A stray baby left at my door! There, it's come at last! I've been dreading it; I knew it *would;* I've been expecting it ever since I went to housekeeping. And now what's to be done? What comes next, I wonder? Turn out in all this tempest and hunt up a wet-nurse for the 'interesting stranger,' I suppose. I'll be hanged if I do. Lord! I'm wet enough to fill the office myself, if that was all (I should say it would be hard to find a *dry* one to-night). And *then?* Well, *then* come coral and bells, silver mug, and knife, fork, and spoon in prospective, I suppose: agreeable prospect for a snug, single gentleman not yet forty-five, certainly! But first let us see who and what it is—*he* or *she*, *black* or *white*. Come now, my young friend, own up, *what are you?*" And as he spoke the doctor stooped down and laid his hand lightly upon the bundle. Only a mass of long, loose, wet hair met his touch.

"Bless my soul! By all that's good, only a *dog*, after all!" said the doctor, laughing, but slightly recoiling, for he did not very much fancy the canine race. "More frightened than hurt that time, Dr. Grafton, at all events. Silver mug and coral and bells indefinitely postponed, I should say. But, now, what am I to do with the dog? Poor fellow! it seems inhuman to turn even a dog out into such a night as this; and if I let him stay, he'll be sure to bark or howl. I wonder would he bite if I should just stir him up a little? Here, hist, you Towzer! Jowler! Bose! Tiger! whoever you are—st! st!" And as he spoke, the doctor cautiously (for he had a wholesome dread of hydrophobia on his mind) poked the intruder slightly with the point of his umbrella.

But instead of the bark or growl, for which the doctor stood prepared, came the unexpected response, "You get out! What you 'bout? Let a fellow alone, can't you?"

The doctor nearly jumped backward down the steps in his astonishment. Then, dextrously grasping the unknown with a firm grip in one hand, he flung open the door with the other, and springing into the entry, closed the door, and dropped his burden upon the entry mat, under the full blaze of the hall gas.

A confused mass of wet rags, of no particular color or shape, and involved in them, in some strange, inexplicable way, rather than clothed by them, a child—a boy of *possibly* eight years of age—but such a very *mite*, so small, so emaciated, so pinched and starved and thin and shrunken, he might have well passed for five or six at the most.

As Dr. Grafton set him down right side up on the mat (for he had brought him in in a very *promiscuous* way), the bright gas-light seemed to awaken him at once, and thoroughly. And tossing back his wet hair, and lifting his eyebrows with strange, comic action, he darted a quick glance at his captor from a pair of bright dark eyes, that seemed preternaturally large and sharp in his little peaked face—a glance of mingled intelligence and bravado; and placing his hands upon his hips, stood watchful, still, and silent.

"Well!" said the doctor, waiting for him to speak.

And "Well, Sir!" retorted the unknown, with perfect *sang-froid.*

"What were you doing on my door-step, Sir?" said the doctor. "What business had you to be there?"

"'Tain't an indictable offense, I tell you now," said the child, speaking with marvelous quickness, and hitching himself together as he spoke. "Simple trespass; you can't recover; action won't lie, I tell you."

This jargon of legal opinion, coming as it did from such baby lips, and given in a sharp, incisive voice, was too much for the doctor's gravity, and he laughed aloud.

"What the devil are you?" he said, hastily. The boy saw his advantage, and improved it.

"I wouldn't swear, governor," he said, with a comic air of grave rebuke. And again the eyebrows went up, and the corners of the

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small mouth drew down with that strangely grotesque action. "I wouldn't swear if *I was you;* it is not gentlemanly."

"I agree with you fully," said Dr. Grafton; "it is not. But tell me, if you please, *what are you?*"

"Am I not a man and a brother?" said the mite, striking an attitude, and gravely contemplating his questioner with searching glances.

"Can't see it, for the life of me!" said the doctor. "And, pray, *who are you?*"

"I don't know, Sir."

"You don't? Well, that's singular, anyhow. I suppose you've got a name, have not you?"

"Something of that sort, Sir," said the child.

"Well, let me hear it; what is it?" The boy hesitated. "What is it, child?"

"You have not told me what *yours* is yet; and it would be good manners to let you speak first."

"Oh! is that it? Very well, then: mine is Percy Grafton—Dr. Grafton. Did you ever hear it before?"

"No," said the boy, reflectively; "I don't know that I ever did."

"And now yours?"

"Oh! mine has not got any such nice handle to it as yours has; it's Franco."

"Frankie?" said the doctor—"Frankie *what?*"

"No, Sir! not Frankie—Franco," said the boy, gravely.

"Ah, well, much the same; Franco *what?*"

Again the child hesitated, and then said, timidly, "Franco Sturdevant."

By this time the doctor had thrown off his great-coat, many wraps, and overshoes; and, opening the door of his sitting-room, motioned the child to enter. The shivering, half-clad little stranger glanced into the lighted room, saw the brightly burning fire, and, with a cry like a famished hound, he sprung toward it, dropped on his knees before it, laughed aloud, and, spreading out his little thin arms as if to take in its warmth more completely, he seemed to give himself up to the enjoyment of the passing moment.

For a little while there was silence. Dr. Grafton, leaning his elbow upon the mantelpiece, stood watching the steaming, shivering little creature, the cavernous hollows of whose pallid cheeks seemed even more conspicuous in the strong gleam of the fire-light; the child, with his unnaturally bright eyes fixed, as in a sort of mute worship, upon the leaping, ruddy blaze; then, as the shivers and the steam grew less and less, the boy looked up.

"What are you going to do to me, Sir?" he asked, suddenly.

"Warm you and dry you first, and then give you some supper," said Dr. Grafton.

"You don't say so! That's nice! But, doctor, stop a minute: I haven't got a five-cent bit!"

"Well, what of that? When I invite 'a man and a brother' to sup with me, I do not expect him to pay for his supper."

"Oh, of course not," said the boy. "And do you mean that you will stand treat for *me?*"

"I do. Are you hungry?"

"Awful!" said the small stranger, significantly laying his little skeleton hand upon a certain concavity, which should have been a convexity. "But it seems too good to be true. Doctor! you—you—?" He hesitated.

"Speak out," said the doctor; "what is it?"

"Well, then, you see, all this is very nice, you know; but I hope you do not mean to finish off by making an atomy of me, such as you gentlemen keep in your closets, do you?" And as he spoke he rose to his feet, dropped his hands, with the fingers hanging loosely at his sides, bent his head forward, let his under-jaw fall, and standing with loose-jointed, knock-kneed limbs and expressionless face, with quick, effective, inimitable art, he represented a prepared skeleton.

"Lord bless you, child, no!" said his host, laughing. "You are only too much like that already."

"All right," said the little mimic, springing into life and action in a moment. "You will excuse me, Sir; only I thought I would just give you a hint that that sort of thing would not be agreeable to me. And now when is that supper you were talking about likely to come off?"

"At once," said the doctor, ringing the bell as he spoke. "Tell Mrs. Jones," he said, "to send up supper for *two* as quickly as she can; and tell her not to spare for plenty of hot toast, bread and butter, and cold meat."

"And pickles?" suggested the stranger, in modest tones.

"And pickles," repeated the amused host. "Is there any thing else you would like to suggest?"

"Something hot to drink would be nice; don't you think so?"

"*To drink*—of what sort?" apprehensively questioned the doctor, rather "taken aback" by the last proposition.

"Oh, tea—or coffee—or shells—whichever *you* like. I am not particular, *if it is only hot*," said the child, calmly, but still shivering from head to foot.

"Oh yes! plenty of hot tea, of course," said the doctor, much relieved; and the servant withdrew.

"That's bully!" said the boy, drawing nearer to the fire again.

The doctor opened the door into an adjoining closet, and came back with a large, thick, tweed shawl and a woolen scarf. "Suppose," he said, "you take off the wet-

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test of your clothes, and wrap yourself up in these."

The boy obeyed instantly. But as he drew off his miserable rags piecemeal the doctor looked and shuddered at his extreme emaciation. The hollow chest; the hatchet-like shoulder-blades; the ghastly protruding ribs and collar-bones; the skeleton arms, scarce larger than those of a new-born child, but with the joints standing out in knotty projection. Only in the dissecting-room—never on any *living* subject—had his professional eyes rested upon such limbs before.

In a few moments the supper was sent up, and the strangely assorted pair sat down to it together. The doctor helped his guest at once and bountifully, fully expecting to see him fall upon his food like some ravenous beast of prey; but, to his astonishment, the boy, though evidently famished, ate with avidity, but with perfect propriety, recognizing all the little conventionalities of the table, and eating with evident relish, but without greediness or rude haste.

"When did you dine, my boy?" asked the doctor, as the child drew back his plate, declining any farther supplies.

"I had a handful of pea-nuts at noon," said the boy, quietly.

"And what else?"

"Nothing else to-day, Sir."

"Good Heavens! Is it possible?" said the doctor. "*A handful* of *pea-nuts* on such a day as this?"

The boy smiled, lifted his thin shoulders in quiet, expressive shrug, but said nothing.

"Now tell me, child," said Dr. Grafton, as they left the table and returned to the fire, the doctor lighting his cigar to dispel the not overagreeable steam from the boy's wet clothing—"Oh, by-the-way, you don't mind a cigar, do you?"

"Not in the least," said the boy, gravely. "I never smoke *myself*, but I rather like it than otherwise." And again came that strange, quick contortion of lip and brow, which had already caught the observant eye of the doctor.

"I have certainly seen that look before, but *where?*" questioned the doctor, mentally. "I am *sure* I have seen it. I can not fix it, but I know he looks like some one I have seen before; but *when*, and *where*, I am sure I can not tell; the likeness evades as much as it puzzles me."

"Now, then, my young man," he began again, when he had seated himself in his own especial fire-side chair, and his cigar was drawing just as it should do, while his diminutive guest sat perched upon another chair, dangling his purple drumsticks of legs, and holding out his little red feet to the genial warmth—"*now, then*, I want to know something about you; and, in the first place, what were you going to do in my vestibule? Tell me the truth."

"Sleep there," said the boy, quietly. "That was all."

"*Sleep* there? What! all night, do you mean?—on those stone steps this bitter night! Why, child, you might have frozen to death before morning."

"Oh no, I guess not," answered the boy, calmly; "there was a mat under me, and it seemed real cozy. I did not feel *so very* cold."

"But why in the world did you not go home?"

The child looked at him wonderingly for a moment, as if doubtful if he had heard the question rightly; then, lifting his facile brows with a quick grimace, answered gravely, "I did not know the way, Sir."

"Then why not ask a policeman to take you home?" questioned the gentleman.

"Policemen are not overfond of boys, as a general thing; and, besides," he said, with another strange facial contortion, "I couldn't give him my address; I hadn't my cards about me."

"Do you mean that you had no home to go to?"

"Something considerably like it, Sir."

"And where do you sleep generally?"

"Where I can, Sir; out-of-doors in summer, but the nights are getting *rather chill* now." Another grimace and shrug of the shoulders.

"Tell me how you live. Have you no father?"

"No," said the boy; "entirely out of that article; never had any on hand that I know of."

"Nor mother either?"

The little fellow's bright dark eyes were suddenly filled with tears, and his mocking voice choked and grew tender, as he faltered out, "I do not know, Sir."

"You do not know?" questioned the doctor, sternly.

"No, Sir; I *don't* know, indeed. I never had a father, but I *did* have a mother and a home *once;* but I have lost them both!"

"Lost them; in what way? Tell me."

"But I can't tell you, Sir, for I do not know it myself. I only know that I *did* have them *once*, and I *have got nothing now.*"

"That is very strange, certainly," said the doctor. "Tell me about your mother, then. What was *she* like?"

"Oh, mamma? she was *quality!*" said the boy, drawing himself up proudly. "I did not know it *then;* but I know it *now.*"

"And *how* do you know it?"

"Oh, because I see such women get out of the carriages at Stewart's door every day, and the boys say they are the *quality folks;*" and as he spoke the boy slipped from his chair, drew the thick shawl around him with one hand, and gathering up its long, trailing folds gracefully behind him with the other, with head erect, and dignified but gliding steps, he crossed the room in life-like

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imitation of the air and manner of a well-dressed, stylish woman who "carries herself delicately," as did Queen Esther. "But mamma never comes to Stewart's," he said, sadly, as he returned to his seat with drooping head and tearful eyes; "I have watched for her there for hours and hours, but—she never comes!"

"Poor little fellow!" said the kindly doctor, touched by the real pathos of the child's look and voice. "Tell me all that you can remember about your mother and your home, and possibly I may help you to find them."

"Yes, Sir: there was mamma, and grandma, and old Ponto, and the rocking-horse, and I; there was not any body else that I remember, but the servants."

"Yes, but how came you to leave them?"

"I don't know. I was up in the nursery eating my supper out of my new silver bowl that grandma gave me on my birthday, and mamma came up all dressed to go out to ride; and she took me up in her lap and kissed me ever and ever so many times, and she cried—poor mamma! she used to cry a great deal; and she said she was going out to ride, and she told nurse not to leave me alone after I went to sleep, but to sit with me till she came home; and nurse said she would, but she didn't; for after mamma and grandma had gone in the carriage, and I saw them go, she said she was going down to have her tea, and she told me to keep very still and she'd soon be back; but she was gone, oh, ever so long! and I got tired and fell asleep; and then I thought nurse came and took me up and put me into bed; and the next I knew I was cold, and I waked up, and somebody had me in their arms and was running very fast, and I was frightened, and began to cry; and the man that had got me squeezed me tight, and shook me, and told me to stop that or he'd be the death of me; and so I stopped it. And he ran very fast a good ways, and then we came to a railroad, I guess it was, for there were lights, and some cars standing there, and he carried me into the car and set me down *hard* in a seat up in the corner, and told me not to speak or move till he came back with the tickets, for if I did he'd cut my ears off. And in a minute the cars began to move, and then they stopped again, and then the people made a great cry, and came running up with lanterns, and I heard them say somebody was killed—had both his legs cut off!" said the child, shuddering, his pallid face growing, if possible, a shade more colorless at the terrible recollection.

"Oh, I saw the blood! and they talked and talked of it till it made me sick; and then at last the cars went on, and the cross man did not come again. I was glad of *that;* and I was so tired and frightened I crept down under the seat, where nobody could see me, and then I fell asleep, for it was dark night, and mamma always had me put to bed at seven. And the next I knew it was morning, and the cars were empty, and one of the sweepers pulled me out from under the seat and told me to go about my business, for I had no right to get into the cars to sleep, he said, and they *won't* let boys do that, you know. Well, it was here in New York, and I kept hid for some time for fear the bad man would catch me; but he never came again. And when I got hungry I *cried,* because I was not used to it *then,* and I was only a *little fellow then;* and a big boy met me, and he said he'd feed me if I would sell pond-lilies for him; and I did. All the boys were very good to me, and I sold pond-lilies, and berries, and papers, and matches, and candies, and oh! ever so many things for them. They said folks—women folks—always bought of me because I was so little. And then this last summer I was office-boy to a lawyer—*that was prime!*" He spoke with a full sense of the dignity of this last position.

"You do not happen to want an office-boy, do you, Sir?"

"Yes, perhaps I do," said Dr. Grafton, won to pity the desolate crumb of humanity thus washed to his very door-steps. "But we will talk of this in the morning. I see you are sleepy now—aren't you? Don't you want to go to bed?"

"Yes, Sir," said the child, rising; "I do. May I go out into the porch, if you please?"

"No," said the doctor, gravely; "I can not let you sleep in my porch any more." The boy's face fell. "But I can fix you up a little bed in this warm room. I think, with some of the sofa-pillows and a thick rug, you could do for one night, couldn't you?"

"Lord bless you, Sir! I *guess I could.* Don't you take that trouble. I can sleep any where round on the floor, if you are only willing." And curling himself up in the corner of the room, like a dog or cat, the poor little waif was soon lost in the calm, deep slumber of youth and innocence.

When the doctor opened his eyes the next morning he found the boy seated at the foot of his bed, with his great dark eyes fixed full upon his face.

"Good-morning, Sir," he said. "I hope you have slept as well as I have?"

"You could not have slept better," said his host.

"All right, then, Sir. See, I have got all your things in order for you. Very nice rooms these are of yours; every thing is so convenient. I have had a capital warm bath, and feel all the better for it. Want water to shave, Sir? Well, I couldn't find your razors; but it was no great matter for *me,* for I did not intend to shave to-day *myself!*"

"Ridiculous monkey!" said the doctor, laughing; but he saw that the child's face

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and hands were clean and shining, and that his loose hair had been washed and rubbed till it was a mass of burnished curls.

"Do you take a morning paper, Sir? I will take it in, and dry it for you, while you dress." And he was out of the room in a moment.

When the doctor rose he found his clothing nicely brushed, and neatly arranged on a chair at his bedside. The bath-room, if it had been used, was left in perfect order; even clean napkins hung on the napkin-stand for his use; and, best of all, the sanctity of his combs and brushes had not been invaded. This was a degree of refined forbearance for which he felt particularly grateful.

After a plentiful breakfast the doctor held a short consultation with his new inmate, proposing to keep and feed him for the present (if he behaved well), and promising in the mean time to set on foot inquiries for the child's mother, in return for which the delighted and grateful boy offered his earnest services as office and errand boy.

"I can sweep the office," he said, "and dust the books, and tend the fire, and run of errands, and answer the door, and tell you who calls when you are out."

"I don't know how you can do that," said the doctor, as the boy pressed his eager offer of his services. "Can you write down the names of the people who call?"

"No," said Franco. "But can't I remember? or can't I have a slate, and ask them to write down their names and streets themselves?"

"But what if *they* can not write themselves?"

"Then," said little Franco, with cool, practical shrewdness, "I don't think *they* would be *paying patients*, and their custom would not be much of a loss to us."

This compact made, the doctor went out, bidding the boy to follow him; and taking him to a ready-made clothing establishment, fitted him to a whole new suit, plain and serviceable, from cap to shoes.

"Not more costly than the silver mug and coral and bells," said Dr. Grafton to himself, as he paid the bill, and looked with pleasure upon the work of his hands. Then taking the boy to his office, he installed him there, and left him to his own devices, while he made his professional calls.

The doctor felt strongly tempted at once to visit the beautiful and interesting patient to whom he had been summoned the night before; but wisely concluding she would not be ready to see him at a very early hour, he decided to visit some of his less stylish patients first; and the result proved he was right; for when he reached the hotel Mrs. Vaughan received him, requesting him to wait with her a few moments, as her daughter was rising.

"She has had a much more quiet night, doctor," she said, "and is decidedly better to-day."

"Is she less excited than she was?" asked Dr. Grafton.

"Yes, I think so, but very nervous and excitable still; very anxious to go out."

"What is it that she wants to do?"

"I will tell you," said the lady. "If I give you some outline of my daughter's sad history, you may, perhaps, be better enabled to form a judgment of her case."

"As you please," said the doctor, bowing; and the lady went on.

"About ten years ago my daughter, who is, as you see, still young, met, while at a watering-place, with Garcelon, the comedian. You have seen him, doubtless; for at one time he was the rage."

"I have seen him repeatedly," said Dr. Grafton, smiling involuntarily as he recalled the inimitable drollery of the once popular favorite of the stage.

"You know, then, how wonderful his imitative art was?"

"Certainly; I never saw it equaled."

"Then perhaps you will not wonder when I tell you that, assuming with masterly art the rôle of a perfect gentleman, he won the affections of my beautiful, young, and inexperienced child.

"She had wealth, and he kept up the deception until she had married him; *then* he threw off the mask, and stood revealed in all his native meanness and habitual profligacy; and from that time our lives were made miserable by his exactions and excesses, for my daughter had no father or brother to protect her.

"They had two beautiful children, but the youngest fell a victim to his father's violence and obstinacy; the child was threatened with croup, and Garcelon, scoffing at our fears, persisted in taking him out to ride, and the little one died the next day. Beneath this heavy blow my poor child's health and reason reeled, and, half frantic with her grief, she accused her husband of being the murderer of her child; and from that moment he was her bitter and implacable enemy.

"At last an appeal to the law freed her from him; they were divorced, and soon after he was killed by an accident on the railroad. Blessed as this release was to us all, you can understand how its awful suddenness shocked and excited her; and the loss of her other and only child about the same time brought on, as I have told you, a brain fever; it is a return of this that I so much dread; all this restlessness and wild excitement seem to me the sure precursors of it."

"It is a sad story," said the doctor, sympathizingly. "But I think opposition of her wishes and constraint upon her actions are the worst things for her. What is it she wants to do? Where does she so much wish

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to go? I think she spoke of some review—some exhibition. Would it not be practical to indulge her by taking her there?"

"No," said the mother, sadly. "It would involve too much fatigue and exposure. You did not understand: it is the annual exhibition of the reform school she so much wishes to be present at."

"What sort of interest can *that* have for *her*?"

"Oh, it is in the hope to find her lost child; she goes every where where pauper boys are."

"Can she not be made to realize that the child is dead?"

"But we do not know that he *is* dead, Sir. Ah! I forgot you didn't know the circumstances. I sometimes think all this trouble has affected my own memory. At the time of the divorce the child, by the decree of the court, was given to the mother, but Garcelon threatened to take it from her in revenge. Of course it was only a threat, as he had run through all the property he could lay his hands upon; and the child, whom he never loved, would have been a heavy burden to him in his low, wandering, dissolute life. Still the threat kept her in constant terror. At last she received a letter from him, stating he would be glad to leave the country, but was without the means, and if she would meet him that night at a place which he named, about ten miles from us, and bring him a certain amount of money, he would never trouble her again.

"She went. I went with her, taking her uncle Sturdevant, who had been her legal counsel, with us as a protection. But Garcelon was not there. We waited for him two hours, and as he failed to come, we returned home; but only to new trouble. The child had been taken from his nursery (whether by the complicity or carelessness of his nurse we never knew) and carried away. At first, of course, our suspicions fell upon the miserable father, but we learned the next day that he had been killed that very night upon a cross railroad, probably on his way to keep his appointment with us. There, in that *one* instance, I suppose we had done him wrong.

"This new and overwhelming blow, together with the terrible circumstances of Garcelon's frightful death, threw my afflicted child into a brain fever, as I have already told you. Since her recovery we have journeyed every where in search of the lost child, but no trace of our poor little Franco has ever been discovered."

"Franco!" said the doctor, whose fast-growing suspicions this name seemed almost to confirm. "Is not that a peculiar abbreviation for Francis?"

"The child's name was not Francis," said the lady. "Garcelon's name was Francisco."

At this moment Mrs. Garcelon's nurse summoned them; and not daring to disclose the hope that was growing into conviction until it ceased to be a doubt, the doctor said, kindly, "I am deeply interested in this sad story of yours; but I will only repeat to you the advice I have already given: keep up your own spirits, and try to keep up your daughter's."

"I confess I have taken an opposite course," said Mrs. Vaughan. "Feeling more and more the uselessness of our search, I have tried by every discouragement to prepare her for what I felt *must* be the final disappointment."

"All wrong, madam," said Dr. Grafton. "Excuse me; but don't you *know* if it were not for hope the heart would break?"

They went into the patient's chamber, and found her sitting up, and much more composed than on the previous night, though still evidently very weak.

"Why, you look a great deal better," said the doctor, encouragingly, after he had received the nurse's report of the patient's night. "You are doing bravely. Only keep on as you are doing now, and you will soon be off the sick-list. You have very little fever."

"But, doctor," said the patient, anxiously, "how soon do you think I may ride out?"

"Possibly *to-morrow*, if it is fine," said the doctor, cheerfully. "Your mother has been telling me of the object of your search," he said, boldly; "and who knows if I may not be able to help you? We doctors know all sorts of persons, and go to all sorts of places."

"Oh, doctor!" said the invalid, "do you think there is any chance?"

"Every chance in the world, madam, if you will only control yourself, and keep up your spirits. I will call in again in the course of an hour, and bring you a new medicine that I am almost sure will do you good; and then, when you are stronger, I will take you all over the city, if you wish. As a medical man, and one of the 'Board of Health,' I have the entry to nearly all our public institutions. Only keep yourself quiet and get well, and you shall see what we can do."

"Oh, doctor," said the patient, her delicate cheek flushing as she spoke, "you have given me new hope, and that to me is new life. Bless you! bless you for this encouragement!"

"Wait till you have tried my new medicine," said the doctor, cordially grasping her extended hand in his. "And now good-morning."

It is needless to say the sympathizing doctor made "a quick passage homeward-bound" to his office, where he found little Franco gravely ensconced as office-boy, the present duty seeming to consist of sitting on a high stool and doing nothing.

"Nice set of instruments you've got, Sir,"

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he said, gravely. "I think I'd like to be a doctor myself. I know the use of *some* of these tools already. This is to pull out teeth with; I tried it on one of mine, but it hurt me, and I concluded not to use it. But I think I would not much mind pulling out a cat's teeth. I *hate* cats. Do any cats ever come here to have their teeth pulled out? If they should, you let *me try*, won't you? I think I could do the job—that is, you know, if the cat wanted me to. Don't you think I could, Sir?"

And as the child spoke the doctor recognized in his strange manner and expression a strong likeness to Garcelon, the comedian, mimic, and buffoon of the stage. *That* was the likeness which had so puzzled and evaded him.

"Get your cap, Franco; I am going to take you out with me." And in a moment more they were in the streets again. The doctor stopped at a drug-store and had some simple tonic put up, to serve as an excuse in case his hopes had misled him, then hurried on at a pace that taxed even Franco's young and agile limbs.

"If you please, is any body going to die, Sir?" questioned the breathless boy, in wonder at their rapid pace.

The doctor was calculating the risk to his patient of a too sudden revulsion of feeling, and answered, "No, my boy; joy seldom kills"—an answer over which the child pondered in meditative silence.

They reached the hotel, and, mounting the stairs unannounced, the doctor made his way to the sick-room. With beating heart he gave the professional tap. The nurse opened the door to him.

"It is Dr. Grafton, Mrs. Garcelon." And the doctor, holding the child fast by the hand, walked in and stood before her.

He heard the cries, "My Franco!" "Mamma!" saw that the patient did not faint, and then hurried into the parlor to send in Mrs. Vaughan.

Dr. Grafton's *new medicine* had worked like a charm.

IS ALASKA A PAYING INVESTMENT?

By W. H. DALL.

THREE years have elapsed since the United States purchased the territories of Russia in America. The acquisition of the region now known as Alaska was eminently an act of faith; and of faith not so much in the resources of that *terra incognita* then put down on the maps as Russian America, as in the judgment and clear-sightedness of the two well-known statesmen who were most prominent in recommending the measure. The subject of the present inquiry is—How far has that faith been justified by the results?

Whatever may be the individual opinion of any one in regard to the policy of annexation in general, there can be no doubt that the feelings of a majority of the citizens of the United States are in favor of it, however much they may be modified with regard to any special case. This is a subject into which I do not propose to enter in this article.

With regard to Alaska, it is evident that the ideas most prevalent of late are that the Territory is worthless, or nearly so, and that the purchase was for us a bad bargain. This feeling is in great part, if not entirely, due to a succession of unfavorable reports, emanating from various sources, to which more or less importance and reliability have been attached. Personal familiarity with a large portion of the Territory has led me to give little weight to these documents, knowing, as I do, that most of them have proceeded from interested sources, and contain, adroitly mixed with a few grains of truth, an immense mass of crude error, prejudice, and ignorance. But the public at large, having no means of weighing and discriminating between the various conflicting statements, has been forced to accept the views of the unfavorable majority, or to give up the attempt to comprehend or decide upon the matter.

It has seemed, therefore, desirable that the facts of the case should be clearly and succinctly stated, reduced as far as possible to the form of figures, which, at least, are not open to any charge of partiality, and which the most skeptical may verify for themselves. Laying aside entirely the question of the policy or impolicy of annexation, the fairest way of estimating the value of the acquisition appears to be that of comparing it with other recent annexations, and applying rigorously the same standard of estimation to all.

For this purpose Florida, Texas, and New Mexico have been selected. The latter includes what is now known as Arizona, which was not separated until 1863. The statistics have all been calculated on a gold basis, and up to the date of 1860, in order to avoid the complications and disturbances brought about by the war. In the case of Alaska they cover the time from the formal reception of the Territory up to January 1, 1871.

Florida, ceded by Spain in 1819, came actually into our possession in 1821 (when the Territorial government went into operation), and entered the Union as a State in March, 1845. Its cost to the United States has been as follows:

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Original cost	$5,000,000
Simple interest, at 5 per cent., on the cost for 40 years	10,000,000
Cost to the United States of the Seminole war, terminating in 1840	30,000,000
Interest, at 5 per cent., on the same for 20 years	30,000,000
(*a*) Cost of the Territorial government, at $15,000 annually, 24 years	360,000
Interest on the same for 16 years	288,000
(*b*) Cost of United States mail service above receipts	175,000
(*c*) Cost of United States officials since admittance	150,000
(*d*) Cost of United States hospitals, forts, navy-yards, etc., 1845–1860	7,338,226
(*e*) Value of land grants from United States, 14,049,797 acres, at $1 25	17,562,246
(*f*) Cost of United States soldiers in time of peace	1,100,000
Interest on items *a* to *f* at 5 per cent.	20,948,087
Total cost to the United States	$122,921,559

The cost of the Seminole war is variously estimated, and the above statement of $30,000,000, given by a writer in the "American Cyclopædia," when we include in it the cost of removing and establishing the tribes in the West, with their subsequent grants of land and annuities, is certainly within the mark. The cost of the Territorial government is estimated at the average cost of such governments at that period. The average appropriation for forts and military establishments, barracks, marine hospitals, and navy-yards from 1850 to 1860 was $489,000 per annum, and the estimate above made of the total cost is probably less than the real amount. The revenue-cutter service, light-houses, and coast surveys have not been included in the estimates. The land grants were for schools and internal improvements, and are official. The aggregate interest on the items *a* to *f* has been computed by estimating the average period of each item, and calculating the average period for which the gross amount should pay interest from those estimates. To offset the sum thus expended by the United States we have the following direct credits:

Receipts from customs over expenses	$146,816 00
Receipts from sales of public lands	1,695,198 15
Interest on the above sums	1,842,014 15
Total direct credits	$3,684,028 30

Deducting this from the cost, we have $119,237,530 70 as the gross indebtedness of the State of Florida to the United States.

It is evident that the sources of revenue just mentioned afford no index to the value of a given Territory as an appanage of the Union, and this places in the clearest light the absurdity of the demand, not uncommonly expressed, that Alaska should return, in the shape of customs and direct taxes, a good commercial interest on its cost into the United States Treasury. The only just manner in which a value can be assigned to any given portion of the Union in relation to the remainder is by estimating its producing and sustaining capacity with regard to the community at large, taking into consideration its undeveloped yet possible resources, and regarding the former as the interest on the investment made by the whole people for their common benefit through the agency of the government.

In estimating the net value of the productions of the Territories alluded to, after much time spent in collecting information in regard to the various items, it has seemed that the true net annual product of a given district was more accurately determined by taking the average annual increase in the value of real and personal property, and adding to it the estimated annual sustaining capacity, than by attempting to determine the value of separate items, which are often involved in inextricable confusion one with another, and hence impossible to estimate with sufficient accuracy. The sustaining capacity has been computed on the basis of the annual increase of population, allowing for each individual, young or old, the sum of $300, which is probably a sufficient estimate of the average amount required to sustain one person for a year. Slaves would properly be excluded from the estimate of property, but would be added to the estimate of individuals sustained, which would not alter the figures which follow:

Annual increase in value of real and personal property	$5,020,923
Increase of population annually, average of 30 years, 1648.3—equal to a sustaining capacity of	594,510
Total annual net increase	$5,615,433

This may properly be regarded as the interest paid on its cost by the State of Florida to the people of the United States, and is equal to about five per cent., from which the present annual expenses should be deducted, to show the net annual interest.

The State of Texas came into the Union in December, 1845, without any Territorial probation, and contained an area of 325,520 square miles. Her cost, estimated on the same basis as that of Florida, was as follows:

Proportion (one-third) of the cost of the Mexican war	$55,500,000
Interest, at 5 per cent., on the same for 15 years	41,625,000
Proportion of United States bonds (act of August, 1850)	5,000,000
Interest on these bonds for 10 years	2,500,000
(*a*) Cost of United States mail service over receipts	854,665
(*b*) Permanent military establishments	900,000
(*c*) United States civil officials	150,000
(*d*) Cost of army in time of peace	48,360,000
Interest on items *a* to *d*	17,592,632
Total cost up to 1860	$172,482,297

The direct result of the annexation of Texas, foreseen by most politicians at the time, was the war with Mexico. This must be taken as a part of the cost to us of the State. The cost of the war is carefully footed up by General Mansfield, in his "History of the Mexican War" (8vo, New York, 1848), as amounting to $166,500,000. It would be perfectly just, perhaps, to charge the whole of this amount to the State of Texas, as the

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war was waged directly for her acquisition; but in view of the fact that New Mexico and part of California were among the ultimate results, it has seemed more impartial to divide the expenses among them in proportion to the area acquired. This is nearly equal in the several cases, and was of unknown value at the time, wherefore one-third of the entire cost of the war and its accompanying expenses has been apportioned to each. Texas brought no public lands to the United States. In consideration of her cession of territory to New Mexico, to provide for her school system and the settlement of claims, and, in short, to put her on her legs financially, the United States, in 1850, appropriated ten millions in five per cent. bonds. One-half of this has been charged against New Mexico, in consideration of the territory ceded to her, and the rest remains in the Texan account.

The cost of the United States mail service has been estimated by a series of averages, and probably does not represent the full amount. The military establishments are exclusive of those connected with the Mexican war, and do not include arsenals, barracks, camps, hospitals, or revenue-cutter service. The sum is estimated from the few accessible statistics. The force employed in Texas in times of peace varied from forty to fifty-four companies. The cost of civil officers of the United States does not include jails, custom-houses, etc., nor are losses by Indian depredations included.

For direct returns we have:

Receipts from customs over expenses....	$413,966 23
Interest on the same.....	155,247 32
Total direct income.....	$569,213 55

The interest on payments extending over a period of years is in all cases estimated as in the case of Florida. Deducting the sum above mentioned, we have, as the net indebtedness of Texas to the United States, up to 1860, the amount of $171,913,083 45.

The indirect annual credit, as in the case of Florida, is as follows:

Average annual increase in the value of real and personal property.....	$31,246,014
Average annual increase of population, 26,441, equal to a sustaining capacity of..	7,932,300
Total annual credit.....	$39,178,314

This sum is equal to an annual interest on the net cost of twenty-three per cent. I am unable to estimate the present annual expenditures of the United States in Texas; but they can hardly reduce the interest more than two or three per cent. No State in the Union, if we except California, has increased more rapidly in material prosperity than Texas. In any light she would appear to be a good investment.

The Territory of New Mexico, including part of Arizona, came into the Union through the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848, its area being about 210,000 square miles. Difficulties arising between the United States and Mexico in relation to the boundary were settled by the Gadsden Treaty of 1853, which gave ten millions to Mexico in consideration of the cession of a large part of what now constitutes Arizona, then united under one Territorial government with New Mexico.

The cost of the whole territory under the name of New Mexico may be estimated as follows:

	Proportion of cost of Mexican war..	$55,500,000
	Interest on the same, at 5 per cent., 12 years	33,300,000
	Proportion of Texan bonds of 1850..	5,000,000
	Interest on the same	2,500,000
	Paid by the Gadsden Treaty.....	10,000,000
	Interest on the same, 7 years.....	3,500,000
(*a*)	Cost of mail service over receipts....	100,000
(*b*)	United States military establishments	3,000,000
(*c*)	United States army stationed in the Territory	33,000,000
(*d*)	Civil and Territorial officials.....	100,000
(*e*)	Library, Territorial buildings, etc....	400,000
(*f*)	Land grants, 7,493,120 acres, at $1 25.	9,366,400
(*g*)	Indian expenses.....	15,000,000
	Military roads, 1855.....	200,000
	Interest on cost of roads, 5 years, at 5 per cent.....	50,000
	Interest on items *a* to *g*, for average period	18,289,920
	Total cost up to 1860.....	$189,306,320

The cost of the mails is averaged from reports up to 1853, since which time the business has greatly increased without a corresponding increase in the receipts, and the true sum is probably much in excess of the above estimate. No information could be obtained from the War Department in relation to the cost of forts and other military establishments, and it has been estimated as moderately as possible from facts obtained from other sources. The land grants are official, and do not include those made for Pacific railroads. The expenses of the Territorial government, civil officers, etc., are partly official and partly averaged from the costs in specified years. The expense of maintaining soldiers in this Territory is not less than $1000 per annum per individual, and has been estimated on this basis by averaging the number of troops from year to year as given in official documents. The Indian expenses are greater than the estimate, which is based upon averages taken from annual official reports, and includes not only $225,000 paid annually by treaty stipulations and for incidental expenses, but the cost of feeding destitute and captive Indians, agencies, presents, etc., etc. The losses by Indian depredations have not been taken into account. The item for military roads is probably not unique, but I have not discovered any others in looking over the reports. As a direct offset we have:

Received from sales of public lands—480 acres at $1 25 (official).....	$596 00
Interest at the averaged period.....	196 80
Total offset up to 1860.....	$792 80

which, deducted from the total cost, leaves a net indebtedness of $189,305,527 20, upon which the Territory should pay interest.

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For indirect credits we have:

Annual increase in value of real and personal property	$1,563,929 80
Annual increase of population, 2551, equal to a sustaining capacity of	765,300 00
Total annual interest	$2,329,229 80

The annual product of mining industries, according to the official report of Ross Browne, is about $500,000, which does not cover the cost of production and the amounts sunk in fruitless mining enterprises. The famines recorded or anticipated in almost every annual report of the Secretary of the Interior do not give a favorable idea of the agricultural resources. The total annual product of the Territory does not much exceed the annual amount expended there by the United States for the army alone, and it may not unfairly be surmised that the entire population subsists almost exclusively on the expenditures made by the United States for its employés and representatives in that region.

In regard to the Territory of Alaska much more exact statements can be made. Thanks to the storm of derogation which has followed her advent into political life, the statistics bearing on her cost, those of maintaining the army and collecting the customs within her borders, all have been put on record officially within a very recent period, and can be given with entire confidence in their accuracy. Far less attention has been vouchsafed to her productions: nevertheless accurate and reliable statistics, which have been verified with the strictest care, are not wanting. Alaska was officially surrendered to the United States on the 18th of October, 1867. Her area comprises 580,000 square miles, including islands, with a coast-line of 26,000 miles, studded with fine harbors, and to a large extent heavily wooded with the most valuable timber. Her cost to the United States up to January 1, 1871, has been as follows:

	Paid in pursuance of the treaty	$7,250,000 00
	Interest on the same, at 5 per cent	1,267,000 00
(*a*)	Military expenses	231,900 00
(*b*)	Steamer purchased for military purposes	130,000 00
(*c*)	Disbursed on account of customs and revenue-cutter service	285,552 69
(*d*)	Postal service	212 50
(*e*)	Special agents	8,424 00
	Interest for the average period on items *a* to *e*	65,608 92
	Total cost	$9,238,698 11

From this is to be deducted:

Receipts from customs	$21,331 67	
Receipts from post-office	517 67	
Rental of seal fishery, 1870	55,000 00	
Tax and bonus on 50,000 seal-skins	131,250 00	
Steamer on hand	130,000 00	
Interest for the average period on these items	27,228 52	
Total	$365,327 86	
Leaving as net cost		$8,873,370 25

The military expenses for the period ending February, 1870, are from the report of the Secretary of War to Congress. The remaining portion of 1870 has been given at the figures stated by Major Tidball in his report. It is proper to mention that the expenses of all kinds have been of late very materially reduced. The other items are from the same sources, except $2400 which has been added for the estimated expenses of special agents during the remainder of 1870. The Secretary of the Navy states that no extra expenses have been incurred in his branch of the service on account of Alaska. The present annual cost to the United States of the Territory in question is as follows:

Interest on the cost as above	$443,668 50
Military occupation	50,000 00
Cutter, half the year	25,000 00
Custom-house	8,400 00
Special agents (estimated)	2,400 00
Total annual expense	$529,468 50

The sum of $34,800 is paid to the military garrison, and $13,200 to the officers and crew of the cutter, but these sums would be similarly expended if the troops or cutter were stationed elsewhere, and the figures above given are estimates of the supposed extra expenses, averaged from previous official data. Were the troops stationed in Arizona, the extra expense would be much greater, as the cost of transportation by sea is much less than by land or river navigation even for much shorter distances.

To be a profitable investment, the taxes and productions of the Territory must cover the interest on the cost and the annual expenses at least; and we may not unreasonably expect an additional margin as a sort of sinking fund.

The annual receipts are definitely known to amount to the following sums from the respective sources indicated. The estimates are all for gold values.

DIRECT TAXES.

Annual rental of seal fisheries	$55,000 00
Tax on 50,000 skins, allowed to be taken by present regulations	100,000 00
Bonus (62½ cents each) on skins	31,250 00
Bonus on oil (55 cents per gallon), of which the yield is estimated at one gallon for each seal killed	27,500 00
Supplies and schools to be furnished to natives of seal islands	2,000 00

PRODUCTIONS.

Value of seal-skins above taxes	318,750 00
Furs from Yukon district, annually	75,000 00
Other continental furs	10,000 00
Furs and fish of Sitkan district, according to Tidball's report	51,000 00
Annual yield of sea-otter trade, estimated at one-half the average annual yield of the last 20 years	65,000 00
Walrus, ivory, and oil (1868)	7,500 00
Salt cod-fish (10,612,000 pounds in 1870)	754,840 00
Cod-liver oil (10,000 gallons, 1866)	10,000 00
Whale oil and bone from Alaskan waters, estimated at one-third the whole Behring Sea catch annually, viz., 466,666 pounds of bone, and 1,179,000 gallons oil	869,499 60
Ice trade	28,000 00
Spars and timber	2,000 00
Total annual product	$2,407,339 60

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The product of the seal fishery is fixed by law and the regulations of the Secretary of the Treasury. The amount of oil actually saved is not made public, but it is well known that the seals afford, when they first arrive, about two gallons each, which is reduced to one gallon toward the end of the season. I have estimated it at one gallon per seal.

The schools and supplies contemplated by the act of Congress can not be properly furnished for less than the sum mentioned above. The Yukon district produced more than $100,000 worth of furs in the season of 1867–8; hence the estimate is not unreasonable. The product of continental furs from other districts is unquestionably larger; but as I have no exact figures, I have estimated it at $10,000. The average annual yield of sea-otter for the last twenty years has been 1300 skins; in 1868 over 2000 were obtained. I have estimated the annual yield at 650 skins, which is certainly below the mark. The skins and tails are sold separately; good skins of both are worth $125, but have been estimated at $100. The supply of cod-fish taken has nearly doubled since 1866, but I have estimated the supply of cod-liver oil at the old figures, though it must have largely increased. The cod-fish is estimated at its market price, wholesale, at the close of the season of 1870. While the greater part of the oil and whalebone taken in the North Pacific is from Alaskan waters, I have considered only one-third of it as being the product of Alaska, and computed its value at the price fixed at the Sandwich Islands, as is the custom of the trade. The ice trade is given at the old figures, although it is on the increase, as is the trade in spars. The cod-fisheries have increased since the purchase at the rate of fourteen per cent. per annum, and will doubtless continue to increase.

The act of Congress authorizing the lease of the seal fishery contemplated an annual yield of 100,000 skins, which will doubtless be realized as soon as they have recovered from the indiscriminate slaughter of the last three years. The Alaskan cedar is the only timber in the world which defies alike the rot and the ship-worm. One-fifth of the wharves of San Francisco annually succumb to the ravages of the teredo, though built of the best Oregon pine; and it is not credible, with an effectual remedy within three or four weeks' sail of them, that San Francisco merchants will continue to neglect it. A trade of greater or less extent is bound to spring up in this timber. It is evident from the preceding observations that the business of Alaska, already flourishing, is in a fair way to be largely increased. The cost of production next remains to be considered. It is hardly likely that any unprejudiced person will object to the preceding estimates as excessive after the explanation which has been made in regard to them.

It is notorious that the profits on fishing and trading operations are far greater than on agricultural or manufacturing business. The value of raw fur-seal skins in London, from the latest and most reliable official reports by disinterested persons, is shown to be from nine to ten dollars in gold. One house in London, also interested in the fisheries, has a monopoly of the operation of dressing the skins, after which they are sold for about twenty dollars each. The cost of production, including freight to London and taxes, is not more than four dollars and a half each, and statements to the contrary are utterly false and unreliable, and will not bear examination. The profit on the raw skins alone is about one hundred per cent., and on the dressed skins about two hundred and fifty per cent. Sea-otter skins and tails cost, including all expenses, twenty-five dollars or thereabouts, delivered in London, and are worth eighty to one hundred and twenty-five dollars. The profit on the continental furs, mink, marten, etc., is about two hundred per cent. The whale and cod fishermen make their voyages on a "lay," or share of the profits, which on successful voyages will average over one hundred per cent. I am inclined to consider fifty per cent. of the entire yield as a perfectly fair estimate of the cost of production, which, deducted from the total, gives us as an annual interest on the cost of Alaska the sum of $1,203,669 80, which is equal to a little more than fourteen per cent. per annum.

This is taken on the same basis as the annual interest allowed to the examples previously cited; but in the case of Alaska, having the necessary material, which was wanting in the other cases, we will deduct the present annual cost, previously footed up, from the annual interest. This gives us the sum of $674,201 30 clear net profit annually from the Territory over all expenses of every description, past and present—a result which it is more than doubtful if any other Territory in our whole dominion can parallel.

The general results are as follows: Florida pays us annually 5 per cent.; Texas pays us annually 23 per cent.; New Mexico and Arizona about 1 per cent.; Alaska pays us annually 14 per cent.

Roughly estimating the annual expenses, Florida pays us 4 per cent. net; Texas pays us 20 per cent. net; New Mexico and Arizona pay us nothing, or worse; Alaska pays us 8 per cent. net.

Surely this is an exhibit which is eminently satisfactory, in view of the fact that the Territory is a wilderness, and has been open to the light of civilization only three years. At this rate, admitting even no increase of trade, the Territory would pay for itself within fifteen years. It will be noticed that

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there is no deficiency in the post-office account, which few, if any, Southern States can assert with regard to themselves. We were well aware at the time of the purchase that we were not obtaining an agricultural country. Of this we have abundance, and the addition of more would have been small inducement to purchase. But Alaska supplies the deficiencies of our Western coast. California and Oregon have neither cod-fish, fur, ice, nor durable ship-timber. Vessels of Oregon pine will insure for four years only as A 1; and the enormous trees, twenty feet in diameter, so often cited as the pride of Puget Sound, are worthless: no team can haul, or saw reduce them to lumber.

In referring to the numerous erroneous and ill-considered reports on Alaska which have appeared from time to time, I am glad to be able to except any statement from censure. The late report of Major Tidball, though incorrect in some minor particulars, and referring only to the limited region of the Alexander Archipelago, around Sitka (a fact not generally understood), appears to have been written with rare and commendable fairness, and to state as closely as possible the real condition of things in the district to which it refers. The same can not be said, however, of another report, which accompanies it, on the condition and character of the inhabitants of Sitka. The latter is characterized by a flippant indecency fortunately unparalleled among official documents. The inhabitants of Sitka are well known to be, in large part, the offspring of Russian convicts and Indians, and their lives are no better than might be expected from their origin. But what have these poor creatures done that the veil, which but half conceals their wretched lives from the contempt or pity of the world, should be shamelessly torn aside, and the charms or deficiencies of these unfortunate daughters of foreign vice and native barbarism recapitulated and detailed with a more than prurient levity? Without teaching, without example, without hope, without the possibility of a decent life, without a creature to regret them when cut off by a miserable and premature death, with only the drunken, gambling priests of Sitka to suggest an idea of any thing beyond the grave—what remains for these unfortunates but an existence of such misery as should turn the harshest censure into the tenderest and deepest pity? If we will stand aloof, and refrain from offering a helping hand to raise them out of their ignorance and vice, at least it ill becomes us to play the part of indecent scoffers. It may also be remarked, that to draw unfavorable conclusions as to the Territory in which these things occur, from the fact of their occurrence upon the premises, is to stultify common-sense.

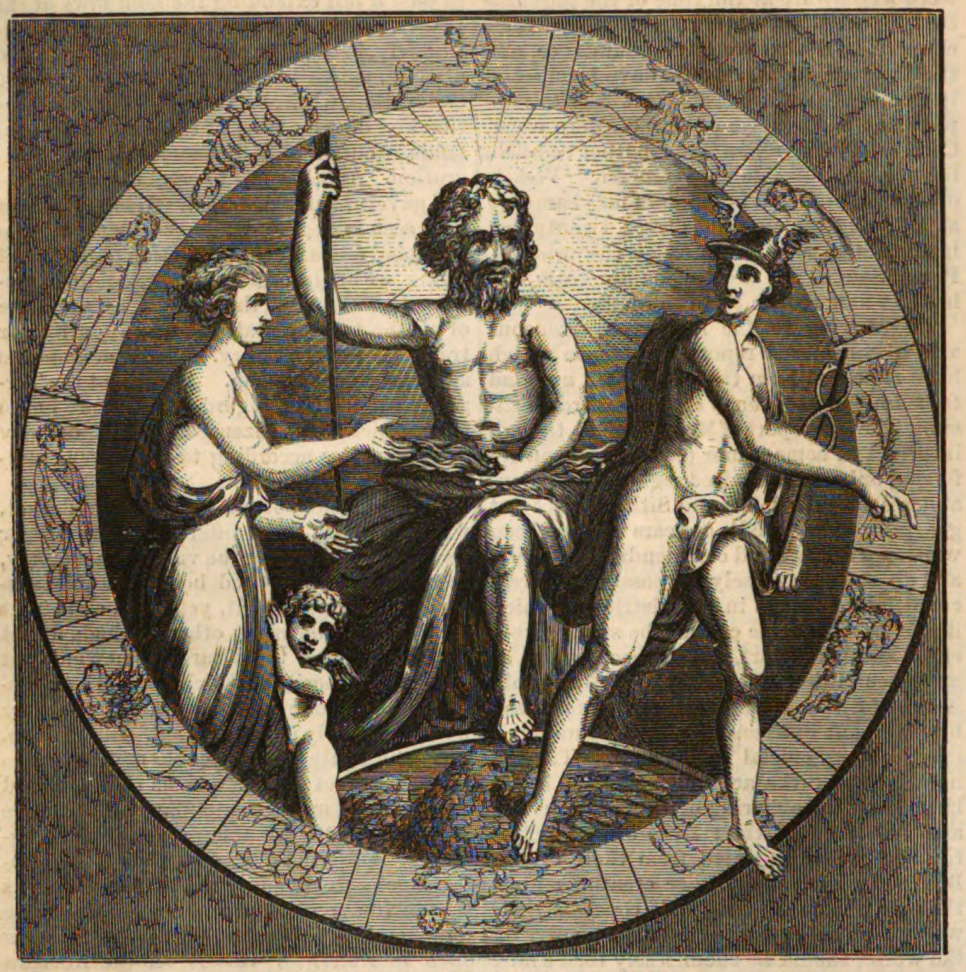
We are often asked, "What are the inducements for emigration to Alaska?" At present we must answer, none whatever. Congress at its last session fortunately failed to pass a bill extending the land laws of the United States over the Territory. I say fortunately, because the bill was a delusion and a snare, ostensibly opening the country to emigration, while, by forbidding the occupation and development of timber and mineral lands, it cut off all inducements for such emigration. Another bill to establish a Territorial government also failed. What emigrant will seek a region where he must go two thousand miles for the protection of the laws? Again, we are informed that one trading company has obtained the control, by purchase of all the trading stations, of the entire fur trade of the Territory. Such monopolies are fatal to emigration. At present the Territory can only be regarded as a store-house from which the citizens of the Union may draw supplies according to their opportunities.

In conclusion, it may be observed that, while opinions may differ as to the proper method of estimating the value of a country, the mode here adopted being possibly susceptible of amendment, yet, such as it is, it is impartial, and while other methods might perhaps change the figures somewhat, yet the relative position which the various districts here compared bear to each other would probably not be altered. In any case, it is manifestly impracticable and unjust to take the direct taxes alone, as they are paid into the treasury, as a standard. The future value of the 100,000 square miles of fishing-banks comprised in Alaskan waters is a subject upon which much might be said, as is that of the great political importance of the innumerable harbors and ports of refuge now open to American vessels on the Alaskan coast; but the object of this article has been especially to present the present absolute and practical value of the Territory, and to exclude as far as possible all theoretical considerations, thus leaving untouched, but not unappreciated, the political side of the question.

The insufficient manner in which our statistics are collected, and their paucity, such as they are, greatly increase the difficulty of making an exhibit of the value of the productions of any special region. While the data here used have been collected with the strictest care and pains, it must be remembered that there is a margin for error to be allowed even in the official figures. From this cause it is possible that the estimates for the older Territories may fail, to a small extent, in exactness. But it is hardly possible to deny that the question which heads this article has been fairly answered in the affirmative, whatever may be the value of the preceding comparisons.

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THE POETRY OF THE ZODIAC.



THE PROTEST OF JUPITER, VENUS, AND MERCURY.

THERE is a sentence in one of the most magnificent of Oriental poems, evidently written before the Hebrew exodus from Egypt, and possibly before the Egyptians emigrated from Arabia, in which Jehovah, in an address intended to show the insignificance of man by an enumeration of the grand works of creation in contrast with his knowledge and achievements, asks Job, an eminent Idumean sheik: "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?"

This sentence may be paraphrased to read: Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the soft south wind and the warm sunshine in giving birth to buds and blossoms in the spring, when the Pleiades appear in the east? or canst thou loose the gales at the autumnal equinox, when the constellation Orion, the dread of mariners, glows in the eastern horizon at evening twilight? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth, the varying months of the year, beneath the belt of the zodiac? or guide the swift-rolling and brilliant Arcturus with his sons?—the cluster of stars of which he is the chief.

This early poetical allusion to the splendid scenery of the heavens, with the names of constellations and clusters yet in astronomical nomenclature; the question concerning Mazzaroth, the Chaldean synonym for zodiac; and the evidence of a knowledge of the velocity of Arcturus in the heavens, in the inquiry whether man could "guide" so swift a steed—are remarkable. They indicate the great antiquity of accurate astronomical observations, and the early work of the imagination in frescoing the heavens with earthly forms.

How early these observations began we can not tell, for we find the records dim with the mists of fable that hover along the dividing

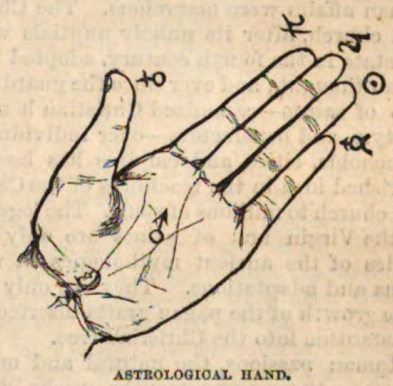
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line between historic and prehistoric times. We know that nations older than any of which history tells have existed, and evidences of prehistoric civilizations, of which savage nations appear to be degenerated fragments, have been found here and there all over the earth. They doubtless had their enthusiastic, poetic, and philosophic star-gazers; and who knows whether the telescope and spectroscope are not rediscoveries of instruments used by philosophers so early as when Seth, a son of Adam, set up a lofty gnomon on the Chaldean plain, and Cain built his city in the land of the vagabonds?

Where these observations were first made in scientific form is equally a question with which conjecture only may deal. Probabilities point to those great levels between the Nile and the Euphrates, over which bends a sky of marvelous purity, and reveals to the unaided eye splendors utterly unknown to us who look upward on the clearest winter night. Hindostan and China claim priority in the production of astronomers; and our inquiries are met by the curious fact that the priests who followed Cortéz to the city of Mexico, more than three hundred years ago, found in a teocalli there an admirable zodiac, garnished with hieroglyphic symbols explanatory of the apparent pathway of the sun in the heavens and the ever-varying seasons of the year. Around all these was coiled a huge serpent, the Oriental symbol of Deity and Eternity.

The period is very remote when the present twelve divisions of the sun's apparent path in the heavens, called the zodiac, were made, and the imagination stamped upon each the semblance of an earthly figure as a sign symbolical of a month—namely, a Ram, a Bull, Twin Brothers, a Crab, a Lion, a Virgin, a Balance, a Scorpion, a Centaur or Archer, a Goat, a Water-carrier, and Two Fishes. These are seen in outline upon the circle in the picture at the head of this paper, and as part of the frontispiece to most almanacs, where they are shown in astrological relations to the human body. Long before the Egyptian, Greek, and Roman mythologies were woven from the brain of priest, poet, and philosopher, or, rather, before these modern nations had adopted the more ancient mythologies of the East, and impressed them with their own spirit, these signs of the zodiac, having a relation to the rural occupations of the people, were, with a boldness and moral grandeur unequaled, written in hieroglyphs upon the skies in central Asia, where the year began in March. According to that beginning they made the imperishable stellar record. The assemblage of stars forming the constellation of the Ram was placed first among the zodiacal signs, because the sun was in that part of the heavens when the flocks were taken from the fold to the field. The Lion symbolized the solar heat at midsummer; the Scorpion the unhealthiness of early autumn; the Balance the equilibrium or equal length of the day and night at the autumnal equinox, and so on all through the whole twelve divisions. In after-times the Chaldeans, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, retaining the zodiacal constellations, registered in magnificent hieroglyphs over the whole heavens, in extra-zodiacal signs, the wild legends of the East and the deeds of their own heroes.

In that mysterious East the planetary signs yet used in stellar lore were invented, and were often seen in connection with the open hand, the Hindoo symbol of the Supreme Deity and His creative power. Christian art borrowed that Hindoo thought, and God the Father was never represented otherwise than by an open hand issuing from the clouds until in the twelfth century. In that Hindoo astrological hand the signs of planets were arranged in the following order:



ASTROLOGICAL HAND.

of Venus at the thumb, of Jupiter at the forefinger, of Saturn at the middle finger, of the Sun at the third finger, of Mercury at the little finger, of Mars in the palm, and of the Moon near the wrist. The sign of the moon then, as now, was a crescent inclosing a human profile.

Sun-worship was the natural outgrowth of the inborn religious sentiment, when men had no higher ideas of God than the greatest of His visible works inspired. To them the sun, the vivifier of all things upon the earth, never failing in its appointments, always scattering blessings broadcast for living things, and never changing in power and purpose, appeared like a beneficent creator—a supreme deity. Primitive men every where, grateful for its goodness, bowed before it at its rising with greetings of gladness. It was a reasonable worship for men in the morning twilight of intellectual development. The moon and stars appeared to be the sun's attendant ministers, and invested with the qualities of gods, and these shared in men's anxious orisons and grateful thanksgivings.

Temples were built for this stellar worship, and kings, claiming to be divinely commissioned to rule, were also pontiffs—oracles

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of the Father of Lights—and after death were often numbered among the gods. Some temples, like the magnificent one at Babylon, were observatories "reaching toward heaven," from whose lofty summits the priests, the astronomers of that period, studied the star-jeweled dome, and in fancy saw the clusters of orbs assume the shapes of earth. The powers of nature, visible and invisible, were also deified, and it became a habit to personify all things. The old mythologies, the product of poetic natures, were developed; and men and women, nature and the gods, were jumbled in a confused administration of the affairs of the universe. The earth, the air, and the sea were peopled with supernatural beings in human form—man's highest conceptions of existence—all ministering to human needs and the distribution of justice. Tutelar deities—guardian angels—presided over households, cities, and empires, and stories of their interference in human affairs were marvelous. The Christian church, after its unholy nuptials with the state in the fourth century, adopted this pagan thought; and ever since the guardianship of saints—canonized Christian heroes, martyrs, and benefactors—over individuals, households, cities, and empires has been a cherished idea in the teachings of the Christian church to millions of souls. The legends of the Virgin and of saints are only the stories of the ancient mythologies in new forms and adaptations. They are only the wide growth of the pagan grafts inserted by Constantine into the Christian tree.

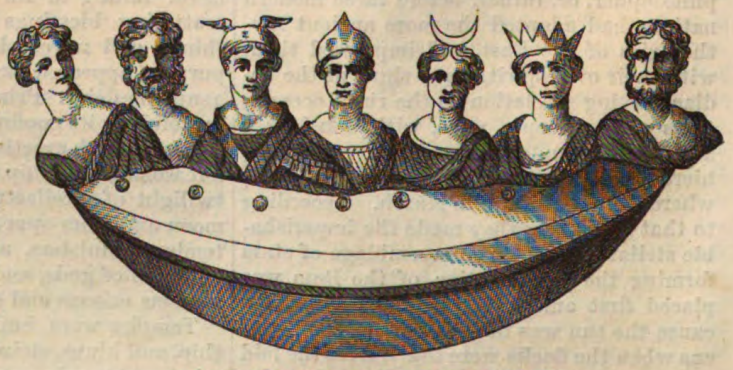
Human passions, the natural and moral elements, the seasons, months, weeks, days, and hours, were all personified, and we are not left to guess their forms. The fine arts of poetry and sculpture have transmitted to us the marvelous records of that fairy realm of religious fancy. Let us look into the record, and see what we may find of the poetry of the zodiac.

Time, of which the zodiac is the majestic symbol or measure, was also called Saturn, the father of the gods, the "Ancient of Days." He was variously represented by the poets and sculptors. In one of these delineations he appears as an old man with a large beard. He is dressed in a tunic besprinkled with human eyes, denoting that in the course of the year he sees all things in the progress of events. In his right hand he holds a large lighted torch, about which a serpent is twisted, whose folds are covered with clusters of stars, denoting the constellations of the zodiac. Sometimes he is seen carrying a scythe, indicating that he cuts down every thing—that decay is the fate of all creation. So Time, as a whole, was personified three thousand years ago. It was also personified in parts.

The Year was represented as a man, because in Greek the word is of the masculine gender. In all cases the sex of the Greek deities was determined by the gender of the name. Morning, noon, twilight, evening, and night; the dawn, the day, the week, and the months—were each represented by the human figure, masculine or feminine. And to this day poets and sculptors so personify the passions and the moral qualities of humanity, and time and its divisions. As beautiful in conception and execution as any thing from the pencil and chisel of the Greek, are the "Day" and "Night" of Thorwaldsen, with which we have all been made familiar by copies in plaster and by the photograph.

An antique brass monument was described by Montfaucon one hundred and fifty years ago, as having been seen by himself, in which the days of the week are represented in the persons of the chief gods and goddesses of the Greeks, who were supposed to preside over them. Saturn, the father of the gods, represented as an old man "sated with years," as Cicero says, sits at the head of the group, in a sort of boat, as the first day of the week—that is, Saturday, or Saturn's day. Next to him is Sol, the Sun, wearing a radiated crown—the Apollo of later days—as Sunday, or Sun's day, which is the Christian's first day of the week, on which the Sun of Righteousness arose and triumphed over death and the grave. Next is Diana, or Luna—the Moon—bearing a crescent on her head, and representing Monday, or Moon's day. Mars, with only a plain helmet to distinguish him as the god of war, sits in the middle of the group as Tuesday; and at his right is Mercury, the representative of Wednesday. Jupiter and Venus complete the group.

The names of the days of the week used by us are derived from these ancient per-



PERSONIFICATION OF THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

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sonifications by the Greeks, but with partly Scandinavian modifications and transpositions. Beginning the week with Sunday, or the Sun's day, for the first, we have as the second, Monday, or the Moon's day, and for the third, Tuesday, or Tuesco's day. Tuesco was the Scandinavian Mercury, the messenger or will of the gods, the interpreter of their decrees, who, through that will, gave laws to the ancient German nation. Next comes Wednesday, or Wodin's day. Wodin was the Mars—the god of war—of the Scandinavians. Thor was their Jupiter Tonans, the Scandinavian Thunderer, and from him came the name of Thursday, or Thor's day; and Frei, or Frigga, the Venus of the Northern mythology, gave us the name of Friday, or Frei's day. And so it is that we Christians cherish the divine passengers in that mysterious boat, and almost daily in speech perpetuate the ideas of the ancient pagans. The Friends, or Quakers, alone are consistent. They always speak of First-day, Second-day, Third-day, et cetera, of the week.

The seasons, over which the constellations of the zodiac specially preside, were called Hours in the Greek language, and were represented in feminine form. According to Hesiod, they were only three in number, and named respectively Eunomia, Dice, and Irene, daughters of Jupiter and Themis, and representing Equity, Justice, and Peace. Phidias carved only three Hours, or Seasons, along with the three Graces, upon the throne of his great Jupiter. Mercury, to whom is ascribed the invention of the lyre, strung that instrument with only three chords, each tone—acute, grave, and mean—answering respectively to the Summer, the Winter, and the Spring. To the three goddesses of the seasons divine honors were paid. The Athenians dedicated a temple to them. Amphitrion, the Athenian king, was the first who diluted wine with water. Observing that those who drank it undiluted walked bent, and those who drank it so tempered walked upright, he became a reformer of the intemperate, and, regarding the Seasons as the nourishers of the fruit of the vine, he erected in their temple an altar to Bacchus upright, and near it another to the naiads, or water goddesses, to teach the strong-wine drinkers lessons of wisdom.

The Romans frequently made use of the zodiac as the symbol of the Year and of the Seasons. Of the latter they reckoned four, as we do, and personified them by four youths with wings, denoting the neuter gender, three of whom were naked, and the fourth (Winter) warmly clad from head to foot. There was a medal struck, evidently for a Roman senator, and perhaps a consul, on which he and his wife are represented as surrounded by the zodiac. This, doubtless, denoted that the term of his office was one year. A medal was struck for the Emperor Alexander Severus, on which Jupiter is seen sitting, with emblems of plenty at his feet, and above him the pastime of chariot-racing is delineated. Around the whole is the zodiac. This medal was evidently struck to commemorate a felicitous year of the reign of that emperor, when peace and plenty abounded.

One of the most beautiful and yet most perplexing devices of this kind to the antiquary is an antique gem, which is delineated at the head of this paper. Within the circle of the zodiac are seen Jupiter, Venus, and Mercury in animated conversation. These important deities are unmistakably indicated by their positions and accompaniments. Jupiter sits with a spear in one hand and flaming thunder-bolts in the other, and his feet rest upon an arch sustained by an eagle; Venus appears with her winged son, Cupid, laying hold of her garment; and Mercury, whose office it is to travel day and night, is in the attitude of a man just setting out upon a journey, with his winged cap on his head and his caduceus in his hand.

Concerning the interpretation of this gem, on which the zodiac figures so largely, antiquaries have ventured different conjectures.

We find an apparent key to the truth in one of the eclogues of Ausonius, which, he says, was current in his time. Ausonius was a Latin poet and grammarian, a native of Bordeaux, and son of an eminent Roman physician and senator, and was in his prime at the middle of the fourth century. His literary acquirements were such that the Emperor Valentinian selected Ausonius in his later years to be the tutor of his son Gratian, with whom the master traveled into Germany. When that pupil became a sharer in the royal dignity the master was loaded with honors. He rose by successive steps from a count of the empire to questor, governor of Gaul, Libya, and Latium, and in his seventy-ninth year to first consul. He was a witness of the establishment of Christianity as the state religion, and professed to be a Christian himself; but students have questioned his sincerity, and pointed to the extreme licentiousness and voluptuousness of his writings, and the profusion of heathen mythological machinery in his compositions, as proofs that his sympathies were evidently with the pagans. But with this question we have nothing to do. We accept his verses as literary vehicles of much curious information concerning the subject we are now considering. In the verse alluded to, freely translated, he says, in answer to the question, On what days is it most proper to cut the beard, nails, or hair?

"With keenest blade on Wednesday pare your nails;
With razor sharp on Thursday shave your beard;
And cut your locks on Friday with great care;
Nor heed how Mercury, Jove, and Venus prate."

Commenting upon the custom, Ausonius continues:

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"*Merc'ry*, of thieves the patron and 'complice,
Prizes too well his useful nails in trade
To have them par'd, and, in defiance, shows
How laws and customs he dare violate.
Jove guards his venerable beard from steel;
And not a tress of *Venus* may be clipt
With her consent; though valiant *Mars* delights
In beardless face, and *Luna* in the bald;
And *Sol* and *Saturn* both indifferent are."

So deities and the days of the week and human customs are commingled. In the light of these ancient lines the picture may be interpreted as the protest of Jupiter, Venus, and Mercury at all times and seasons against the custom of paring the nails, shaving the beard, and cutting the hair. Mercury, setting out, shows upon his stretched-out finger his unpared nail; Jupiter is ready with his spear and fiery thunder-bolts to defend his beard; and Venus has her hair so twisted that it would be difficult to cut it. This fancy has evidently been perpetuated in the magnificent gem.

Ausonius rendered a more eminent service to the world in giving a poetical interpretation to a series of remarkable paintings representing an ancient impersonation of the twelve months of the year, or twelve divisions of the zodiac. These he found in the imperial library at Constantinople, in the form of a volume, with a frontispiece which, by a fair rendering of the monogram upon



FRONTISPIECE.

it, indicates that it was made for Valentine by his brother. Lambricius, who published the pictures from the manuscript, supposes him to have been that Valentine who lived in the time of Constantius (son of Constantine the Great, and contemporary with Ausonius), who was at first *Primicerius*, or head of certain official rank; then *Tribunus Protectorum*, or chief of the body-guard, and who, accused of some crime, was tortured, but acquitted, and appointed general of the army in Illyricum. These impersonations of the months, in costume and other accessories, bear evidences of having been drawn at that period, while the idea, and perhaps the figures themselves, were derived from much more ancient impersonations. I here give carefully made copies of the series of pictures, together with the frontispiece, and a free translation of the poetical descriptions by Ausonius in condensed form. And it is proper to say here that the year at the time these pictures were made was reckoned from the 1st of January, or a few days after the winter solstice, instead of at the vernal equinox, or March, as in the East, where the zodiac was conceived, and the Ram was placed at the head of the signs, as the symbol of the first month of the year. I give as the first illustration the impersonation of January.



JANUARY.

A man in the consular dress of the time of Constantius is the representation of January. That dress consists of a tunic that falls to the middle of the leg, and has a broad border adorned with precious stones. The long sleeves reach the wrist. Over the left shoulder is seen a similarly ornamented scarf, or belt, falling transversely to the right

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side. Over the whole is a cloak, or pallium, of large and incommodious dimensions, falling in graceful folds. On his feet are shoes in the form of our slippers, and a cloth partly covers his head. In the right hand the consul holds a trefoil, the symbol of the Trinity in Oriental and Christian worship, and with his left he is sprinkling incense into the fire upon a little altar of singular and graceful shape. Near the altar is a cock, denoting that it is a morning sacrifice on the 1st of January in honor of the household gods. On the other side is an altar of usual form, on which is a vase containing liquid for libations. The figure of a consul was doubtless chosen because they were invested with the dignity of office in January. Ausonius says:

"At the cock-crowing of the op'ning day
Of the frost-month, to Janus sacred, all
The new-made rulers upon altar fires
Cast precious incense to their Lares giv'n;
And then, on this, the first day of the year
And of the Ages, they, with purple clad,
Saw their names written on the Fasti page."

The month of February is a feminine figure, wearing a curious sort of turban, from which depends a long flowing scarf, or veil, that passes partly back of her shoulders. She is clad in a tunic tied around the waist with a girdle, somewhat in the form of a modern gown, in which her body is protected from the chilling winds of the season. Her feet are covered, and her action is that of rapid walking. In her hands she bears a duck, which denotes wet weather. The same is indicated by the recumbent urn in the air, out of which water is pouring in abundance. At her feet, on one side, is a heron; that, like the duck, is a hunter for food in the shallow waters and marshes; and on the other side is a fish, which is the zodiacal sign for February. These objects all indicate that it is a watery month—the month of rains in the country where these pictures were made. Ausonius says:



FEBRUARY.

"This is the month cloth'd in cerulean blue,
With waist encircled with a cord of green,
And water-fowl attendant symboling
The moisture of earth's bosom, when the urn
Of Pluvian Jove pours from out the sky
The showers that call the buds and blossoms forth.
Now Februalian off'rings expiate
The sins of all the seasons, and the gods
Smile on the nation purified."

The month of March is represented by a half-nude man wearing a wolf's skin hanging from his shoulders and girded about him. That animal was sacred to the Roman war god, Mars, because a she-wolf gave suck and sustenance to his twin sons by Ilia—Romulus and Remus, the founders of the city of Rome. The representative man holds a wanton kid with his right hand, and just above his left, which is uplifted with the forefinger pointing, is seen a swallow, the harbinger of summer. Near his foot is a vessel of milk. All these symbolize the spring, and indicate the manifestations of the fecundity of the earth. Ausonius says:

"To grateful Mars, whose sons a she-wolf fed,
This month is debtor for its name, whose sign,
A shaggy skin, invests the stalwart man
Who stands for March. He holds a wanton kid,
And in his ear the chatt'ring swallow pours
Her early song. She and the brimming vase
Of milk nutritious, and the verdant grass,
Are all the marks of spring."

The impersonation of April is a man dancing before a small statue of Venus, holding musical instruments in his hands, which appear to be beaten together like cymbals, and with one foot treading upon another, composed of six pipes, having the form of the syrinx of Pan. The ancients had an instrument that was played with the foot, called crupezia, but of a different form. The little statue of Venus stands upon a base on which are geometrical lines. Around her is formed a niche or portal of myrtle, a plant that was held sacred to that goddess, and to whom an altar was dedicated in Rome, called Myrtia. Before her is a candlestick with a lighted wax-candle. In the feasts in honor of Venus, held in April with public sports, grains of incense were dropped into the flame of the candle as a precious offering. These facts explain the picture here given of April, and accord with the following verse of Ausonius concerning it:

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MARCH. APRIL.

"April pays homage to the Paphian Queen
In myrtle bower; and in this month the light
Of sweetest incense with which Ceres shines
Beams out beneficent. With od'rif'rous
Flame the wax taper burns, and the perfume
Exhaled by Venus fills all with delight."

May is represented as Hermaphroditus, son of Mercury and Venus, and partaking of the double nature of spring and summer. He is dressed in a long tunic with enormous sleeves. In one hand he bears a deep, narrow wicker basket filled with flowers, and with the other he holds a blossom to his nose. This evidently refers to the Roman festival of Floralia, held at the beginning of May in honor of the goddess Flora, when supplications were offered to the deity for the protection of the blossoms. At the feet of May is a peacock, whose tail bears the hues of a bed of flowers; and near by is a stem of flax ready to bloom, all having reference to the season of the unfolding of the buds into blossoms. Of this representative Ausonius says:

"This is soft May, who brings us the delights
Of Spring fast moving toward the Summer goal.
Now with green flax he garnishes the fields,
And from the gardens with sweet flowers fills
Our baskets. For its name to Maia, sweet Maia,
Daughter of Atlas, the bright-blooming maid,
The month is debtor; and it is the month
Which heavenly Urania loves best."



MAY.

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June is represented as a naked man, holding in one hand a fresh flaming torch, typifying the increasing heat of the sun's rays, by which the fruits of the earth are brought to maturity. With the finger of the other hand he points toward a sun-dial, the only representation of one, it is believed, that has



JUNE.

been transmitted to us from such remote antiquity. He points to it to show that in this month the sun reaches its greatest meridian altitude, and begins to decline. Behind the figure is a sickle, denoting that the time of harvest is nigh. Near him is a basket of such fruits as ripen so early in warm climates. The poet says:

"Because of summer heats, June is quite nude,
And bears a torch, the symbol of Sol's rays,
That make Earth's bosom fruitful; and he shows
On solar quadrant that the sun has gained
The highest point of all his heavenly path.
Now the ripe fruits of Cancer's torrid zone
May garner'd be; and ripe corn, by Ceres
Cherish'd, is waiting for the sickle sharp."

July is also represented as a man without clothing, and with tanned skin and red hair. In one hand he holds a basket containing bunches of grapes and mulberries. With the other he grasps a purse of gold. Beneath it is seen a sort of cave. At the mouth of the cave is a great heap of coined money. These



JULY.

financial tokens illustrate a custom of the times, when all payments were usually made in July, at the end of the corn harvest. Near the man are seen two ornamented vases with conical covers, the meaning of which is not clear. The poet makes no allusion to them in his verse on July. He says:

"Like June, the month presents a naked man,
With skin nut-brown because of solar heat,
And hair all red, and twined with ears of corn.
Clusters of fruit he in a basket holds,
Gather'd from tropic climes; and a huge purse
He holds above great heaps of gold, wherewith
To satisfy the honest claims of toil."

August also is represented by a man divested of his robes, with his hair thrown back from his face, his chin in a basin of water, and at his side a large vase with two handles, bearing two Greek letters which signify *oxybaphon*, the *acetabulum* of the Romans, or the vinegar vase. These all denote the extreme heat of the weather, when water acidulated with vinegar is a grateful beverage for the thirsty laborer. Before his face is a fan made of peacock's feathers; and on the ground behind him are three large melons, a fruit usually offered to the goddess Diana—Hecate, or the Moon, and sister of Apollo, the Sun—who was born at the ides

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AUGUST. SEPTEMBER.

of August. To this Ausonius alludes in this notice of the month:

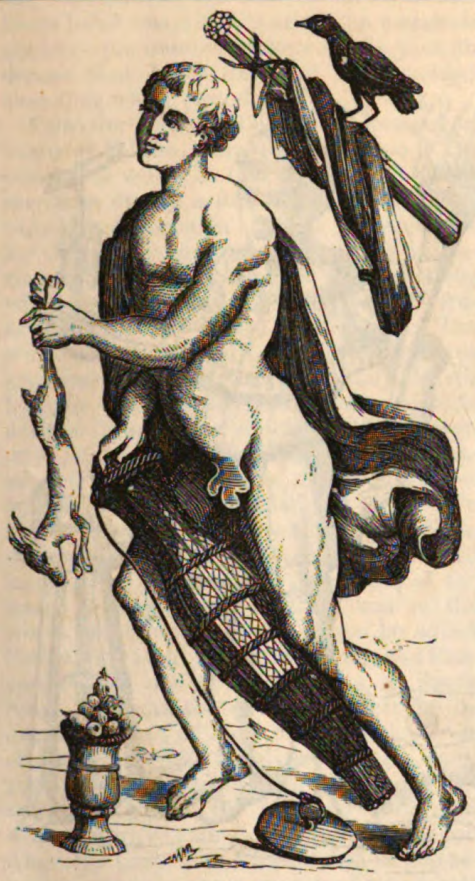
"Oppress'd with heat the sturdy month is seen
Plunging his lips in draughts from cooling springs
To quench fierce thirst. This is the honor'd month
In which was born Latona's modest child,
The Queen of Night, Apollo's sister fair;
And evermore will bear the emp'ror's name,
Augustus Cæsar."

The month of September is represented as an almost naked man, having only a chlamys, or oblong woolen scarf, thrown over his shoulder, and which floats upon the wind. In his left hand he holds a scorpion, the emblem of deadly miasma in autumn, and the sign for October in the ancient zodiac. It is suspended by a string fastened to its legs, as men and boys were in the habit of suspending lizards for the amusement of seeing them make efforts to escape. In the other hand he holds a vase with apple-like fruit upon long stems; and on each side of him is a tub made ready for the vintage, for it is the month when grapes are gathered in the temperate regions. The two vases, of equal size but of different form, denote the equal length of days and nights which occur in this month. Ausonius says of September:

"He finds the chlamys in his later days
A shield against the gales Orion sends.
And now the grapes he from the vineyard brings
To fill the wine-press with the luscious fruit
From which October pours in copious flood
The purple nectar, fit for men and gods.
Now, too, the golden fruit from trees descend,
And fill the treasuries of hopeful toil.
The harvest garnered and the fields broad-sown,
The idlers love to tease the lizard lithe,
And in its struggles to escape the cord
Find low amusement."

October is represented by a man habited only in a sort of cloak, that floats loosely from his shoulders. In his left hand he holds a hare, which denotes the hunting season, and he rests his right hand upon a deep, narrow basket made of osiers, which is held between his knees. The cover, fastened to it by a cord, lies upon the ground. This, and the vase full of fruit near his feet, indicate the time for fruit-gathering from the trees, and also from the vines, for early October, like late September, is the vintage season. Above the man's head is seen a bundle of sticks—the Roman fasces, the emblem of imperial power and dignity. Over these birchen rods is thrown the imperial purple mantle worn by the emperors. In this connection the fasces symbolize October as the monarch of the year, crowned with all

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OCTOBER.

the glory of the fruits of the earth. Perched upon the fasces is a raven—"bird of ill omen"—harbinger of death, who has here a double symbolical meaning: it tells the truth that imperial power and dignity must pass away; and it also symbolizes the fact that in October the dying leaves fall, and the subjects of the whole vegetable kingdom begin to decay and perish, or to fall into that winter slumber, the counterfeit of death.

The poet says of this month:

"Hail, bright October! monarch of the year!
Whose golden crown of fruit he proudly wears,
Nor heeds the raven's gloomy prophecy
Of nature's dissolution—winter's sleep.
This is the month when hares, as game, abound,
With full-fed birds the huntsman's meshes snare,
That fill our tables with sweet viands rare.
Now, too, the grapes in tempting clusters hang
From the long vines, and eager hands put forth
Gather them into baskets for the press,
That foams and works, and all the vessels fill
With sweet new wine."

November is a man clothed, for the season of frosts is at hand. It is evident, from his accessories, that he is a priest of Isis, the Egyptian goddess of fecundity—the universal mother—whose worship was introduced into Italy a little while before the Christian era. Her priests were vowed celibates, had their heads shaven, and went barefooted—all after the fashion copied by Christian monks. In the picture here given the priest leans his right elbow upon an altar, on which is the head of a goat, one of the animals used by them in the Egyptian sacrifices at the annual festival of Isis at this season of the year, when a general purification from sin took place—a sort of scape-goat, as in Jewish sacrifices. In his left hand the priest holds a *sistrum*, a musical instrument sometimes seen in the hands of Isis, and which was played at the annual festival in her honor. The four loose rods of the instrument, which produced the sounds when it was struck, symbolized the four seasons. In his right hand he holds a disk, on which is a rampant serpent, evidently intended as Serapis, the consort of Isis, and symbol of the sun after it has passed the autumnal equinox. In this character it was represented as a serpent—the emblem of the Supreme Deity and of eternity. Upon the tablet are seen lotus leaves, symbols of immortality. Near the priest's feet is a "greedy goose," as Ausonius calls it, which the priest is trying to pacify with the music of the sistrum. Its significance here is inexplicable.

The poet says:

"Like Isiac priest November is portray'd,
And on an altar leans, with Capricorn
Ready for sacrifice, while the sistrum
Sounds the music of the seasons. Among
The lotus leaves—eternal life—the serpent
Lies coiled, with lifted head, meaning the sun
Hath the autumnal equinox passed by;
And near his feet a greedy goose is seen,
Impatient e'en of melody divine."

December, too, is represented as a man fully clothed. His tunic is short, and girded at the waist; but his legs are covered with hose, and his feet with shoes. His arms also are covered to the wrists. He wears about his shoulders and breast a cape gaudily ornamented, and in his right hand he holds a flaming torch, indicative of the nourishing heat in the earth even in cold December. By his side is a round table, on which are dice and a dice-cup. His countenance and port indicate a man of the common sort. This figure, dressed for an occasion, is evidently intended as a Roman slave, who, at the Saturnalia, or festival in honor of Saturn, held at the middle of December, engaged with their masters with perfect freedom in all games and amusements and feastings. The festival was a sort of harvest-home, when all the fruits of the earth were garnered, and it was regarded as a period of relaxation and unrestrained merriment. All business was suspended. The law courts and schools were closed. The slaves were exempted from ordinary labor, and permitted to wear the *pileus*, or badge of freedom. They partook of a banquet, dressed in the clothes of their masters, while the latter waited upon them at table. The festival was intended to call to mind the happy

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NOVEMBER. DECEMBER.

times—the Golden Age spoken of by the poets—when, in very ancient ages, Saturn reigned, and there was perfect equality and unalloyed happiness among mortals. In the methods of the festival there was some resemblance to the Italian Carnival and the Christmas holidays in the Christian church. The poet says of this last month of the year:

"Though in December frost asserts its reign,
Yet in the kindly bosom of old Earth
The seeds in heat are nourished. Now the slave,
Born in his master's house, has freedom full,
And feasts from dishes by his master served.
So is recalled the happy Golden Age
When Saturn reigned, and all the earth was full
Of joyous people."

So it was that the ancient poets, priests, and artists symbolized every thing, and in hieroglyphic, or sacred writing of the hierarchies, and in paintings and sculpture—the books of the unlearned—the multitudes were taught the mysteries of philosophy and science as then understood, and a pantheistic religion, which was better than none.

It has been observed that we have borrowed the names of the days of the week from those of pagan deities. We have also borrowed the names of most of the months from the pagans—the ancient Romans. Their first calendar contained only ten months, for the more ancient zodiac was then unknown to them. The months were March, April, May, June, Quinctilis, Sextilis, September, October, November, and December. January and February were afterward added by Numa Pompilius, making the number twelve, in accordance with the ancient zodiac, then become known to the Roman authorities. Four hundred years later Julius Cæsar, under the advice of the astronomer Sosigenes, caused the arrangement of the calendar as we now have it, and gave his name to Quinctilis, and it was called July. Augustus Cæsar afterward gave his name to Sextilis, and it became August.

The year in the new Roman calendar was made to begin in January, a name derived from *janua*, a door or gate, and here used to denote the door or entrance to a new era of time—the opening year. It was dedicated to Janus, the Roman deity supposed to preside over the gate of heaven. His temple in Rome was quadrilateral in form. On each side was a door and three windows, representing the four seasons and the three months of each season. And so the zodiac was poetically figured on the Janiculum Hill in prosy stone and timber. The statue of Janus in the temple had two faces looking in opposite directions, one old, the other young, representing the old and the new era; and

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in its hand was a key bearing the numerals CCCLXV., the number of days in the year, to denote that Janus unlocked and presided over that whole period.

February was so called by the Romans in honor of Februa, their name for Juno of the Greeks, to whom in this month they offered sacrifices during a festival of twelve days, called the Februalis. These and sacrifices for the dead constituted a sort of purification from and atonement for the sins of the whole year, and were instituted when February was the last month in the year. The words of Ausonius, already quoted, are thus explained. The origin of the name of March has also been already indicated. April is derived from *aperire*, which signifies *to open*, or to *set forth*, and has reference to the season of spring, when the earth opens her bosom to allow vegetation to spring into visible life; or to the opening of the buds, when the leaves and blossoms are set forth in all their beauty. The derivation of the name of May has also been given in the words of Ausonius. It may here be added that Maia was the daughter of Atlas and Pleione, formed one of the Pleiades, or Seven Stars, and was the mother of Mercury by Jupiter. That of June is not so clear. It originally contained only twenty-six days, and it seems probable that its name is derived from *junior*, the younger. July and August were so called in honor of Julius and Augustus Cæsar; and the names of the remaining months are simply the Latin words for seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth months of the ancient Roman year—the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth of our year. In speaking and writing of the months, as in the case of the days of the week, the Friends, or Quakers, are the only consistent Christians. They always say, First month, Second month, etc.

The less imaginative Anglo-Saxons gave significant and matter-of-fact names to the months. They called January Wolf month, because they were in more danger then of being destroyed by hungry wolves than at any other period. Of these Thomson says,

> "By wintry famine roused,
> Cruel as death and hungry as the grave,
> Burning for blood, bony and gaunt and grim,
> Assembling wolves in raging troops descend."

February was called the Sprout-Kale month, for then the kale, or cole-wort, once the chief vegetable sustenance of the farm-laborers in England, begins to sprout. According to a quaint old writer, March was called Lennet, or Length month, because at the vernal equinox the days begin to lengthen beyond the duration of night. When the Saxons received Christianity, and kept the spring fast in this month, they called that fast Lent.

April was called Eostre, or Oster month, in honor of the old Saxon goddess Eostre, or Oster, the personification of the east wind, which prevails in England during this month. The Christian festival of the Resurrection falling in this month, it was called Easter by the Saxon Christians. May was named Tri-milki month, because the pasture was then so abundant that they milked their cows three times a day. It was sometimes called Bee month, for it is the time, in England, when the bees make the choicest honey from the fresh clover blossoms. A popular rhyme, concerning the advantage of having swarms of bees early at work, runs thus:

> "A swarm of bees in May
> Is worth a load of hay;
> A swarm of bees in June
> Is worth a silver spoon;
> But a swarm of bees in July
> Is not worth a fly."

June, the first month of the summer season, the Anglo-Saxons called Weyde month, from *weyde*, a meadow; for toward its close the hay harvest began, and the *weyder*, or herdsman, led the cattle into the fields after the new-mown grass was gathered up. In July the hay harvest was completed, and it was called the Hay month. Then it is that, in England,

> "The hay field is a pleasant sight,
> For happy groups assemble there,
> And laughter makes their labor light,
> Ringing along the balmy air;
> And many a glance and joke oft passes
> Between the country lads and lasses."

Barn month was the appropriate name for August, when in the barns the hay and grain crops were all gathered; and in ancient times the Anglo-Saxons celebrated the happy event by amusements and feasting. Of this festival an English poet says:

> "And harvest-home's a lovely sight,
> The relic of an ancient day—
> A simple feast, that gave delight
> Through many an age now passed away.
> The wain, the song, the earth's the same—
> The feast hath only left its name."

In September the Anglo-Saxons brewed their barley-beer, and they called that zodiacal division Barley month. And because in October the wine-presses were at work, they named it Wine month. Then came November, with its high winds, stripping the trees of their sere foliage.

> "There is a fearful spirit busy now:
> Already have the elements unfurled
> Their banners; the great sea wave is upcurled;
> The cloud comes; the fierce winds begin to blow
> About, and wildly on their errands go;
> And quickly will the pale red leaves be hurled
> From their dry boughs, and all the forest world,
> Stripped of its pride, be like a desert show."

This blustry month the Anglo-Saxons very appropriately named Wind month. It was also called Blood month, as it was the time when cattle and swine were slaughtered for the winter store.

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Last comes December. Of this Bernard Barton says:

"Thou hast thy beauties; sterner ones, I own,
Than those of thy precursors; yet to thee
Belong the charms of solemn majesty
And naked grandeur. Awful is the tone
Of thy tempestuous nights, when clouds are blown
By hurrying winds across the troubled sky."

The earlier Saxons called it simply Winter month; but the Christian Anglo-Saxons named it Holy month, because the festival of Christmas, in commemoration of the birth of Christ, occurred in this month. In the old times of the Saxon era in the history of England, and far down toward our day, the great Christmas festival made December the most cherished month of the twelve in the hearts and minds of Christian men and women in that realm. It was a season of great joy, of merry-making and feasting among all classes of people, from the monarch to the peasant. English literature, in prose and verse, is full of descriptions of the scenes of the festival, when friends and neighbors gathered at the board, and partook of good cheer of every sort. The spirit of the time was shadowed in this verse of an old song:

"Now Christmas is come,
Let us beat up the drum,
And call all our neighbors together;
And when they appear,
Let us make them such cheer
As will keep out the wind and the weather."

Another says:

"Then well may we welcome old Christmas to town,
Who brings us good cheer and good liquor so brown;
To pass the cold winter away with delight,
We feast it all day and we frolic all night."

So did the old Anglo-Saxons figure for themselves the twelve signs of the zodiac in the homely ideas of rural life. There was not much poetry in the pictures. But an Anglo-Saxon of later days—the great Spenser—delineated the months in touches of great spirit and poetic beauty in his "Faëry Queen," as we shall observe presently. Others, in fancy, have garnished the zodiac with gems and flowers and fruit. There is a popular belief in Poland that each month is under the influence of a precious stone, and that such influence has a corresponding effect upon the character and destiny of the person born during the respective month. For January they assign the garnet, which denotes the controlling influence upon character of constancy and fidelity. For February, amethyst—sincerity. March, bloodstone—courage, presence of mind. April, diamond—innocence. May, emerald—success in love. June, agate—health and long life. July, carnelian—a contented mind. August, sardonyx—conjugal felicity. September, chrysolite—antidote against madness. October, opal—hope. November, topaz—fidelity. December, turquoise—prosperity.

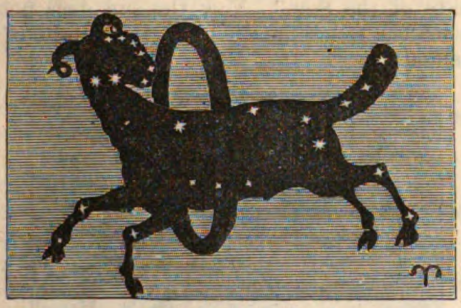
A modern Anglo-Saxon has, in fancy, hung garlands of flowers and clusters of fruit upon the rim of the zodiac, after this manner:

At Aquarius, the *Water-carrier*—January—a garland of sweet-scented tussilage inclosing a robin; one with its perfume, the other with its song, giving cheer to the dreary month. At Pisces, or the *Fishes*—February—a wreath of snow-drops surrounding a pair of goldfinches, this being the month in which these flowers appear, and birds begin to mate and prepare to build their nests. To Aries, the *Ram*—March—a branch of the almond-tree in blossom inclosing a bird's nest. To Taurus, the *Bull*—April—a branch of the vernal furze in a golden basket, bearing a linnet on her nest. To Gemini, or the *Twins*—May—a hawthorn-bush in full flower, in which is a nest of young birds clamoring for food. To Cancer, or the *Crab*—June—a wreath of flowering grape twigs encompassing a bunch of ripe strawberries. To Leo, or the *Lion*—July—a wreath of the fragrant purple thyme surrounding a cluster of ripe red cherries. To Virgo, or the *Virgin*—August—a coronal composed of wheat, barley, and oats inclosing a bowl of ripe plums. To Libra, or the *Balance*—September—a wreath of hops encircling a cluster of purple grapes. To Scorpio, or the *Scorpion*—October—a collection of various-colored China-asters enveloping a heap of hazel-nuts. To Sagittarius, or the *Archer*—November—a garland of ivy with turnips and carrots in the centre. To Capricornus, or the *Goat*—December—a garland of holly, with its glossy green leaves and vermilion berries, from the centre of which hangs a branch of mistletoe, that figured so conspicuously at the festivities of Christmas, when it was the privilege of the lads to kiss the lass found standing beneath the hanging mistletoe bough.

It is a puzzling fact to the general reader that, owing to the precession of the equinoxes, or the shifting of the equinoctial points from east to west, a change has occurred in the relation between the signs of the zodiac and their respective asterisms. Two thousand years ago the zodiacal signs and asterisms corresponded; so that when the sun entered the first point of the sign Aries, he entered also the constellation of that name. The effect of the precession has been to separate the asterisms from their denominational signs, so that the constellation Pisces is now in the sign Aries, and the constellation Aries in the sign Taurus. But it is the poetry of the zodiac, not its prose, that now concerns us; and I shall not stop to interfere in the stellar disturbance by trying to explain it, nor quarrel with the venerable old circle or the equinoctial line, but present illustrations of the signs and their corresponding asterisms as the ancient poets and astronomers conceived and defined them, with the Hindoo hieroglyph

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of each, and leave the unraveling of the tangle in the heavens to others more expert. I will state the consoling fact that (so astronomers say) in about twenty-three thousand years the zodiacal signs and constellations will nominally agree, when perplexity will cease.



ARIES, THE RAM.

Aries, the Ram, originally at the head of the signs, is distinguished by two bright stars near each other in the head of the figure. This is one of many instances where stars of more than ordinary brilliancy are seen in pairs.



TAURUS, THE BULL.

Taurus, the Bull, is one of the most attractive of all the constellations of the zodiac. It includes the two remarkable clusters known as the Pleiades and Hyades, the former on the shoulder and the other in the face of the figure. This group is just rising in the east when Aries is about twenty-seven degrees high. It has been called the "snowy" and the "stormy" constellation; and the Romans spoke of the Pleiades as the "Virgins of the Spring."



GEMINI, THE TWINS.

Gemini, or the Twins, is east of Taurus, and is distinguished by two principal stars, Castor and Pollux. Images of these twin brothers, St. Paul says, formed the figure-head of the ship in which he and his traveling companions were taken from Malta to Sicily after their shipwreck on the coast of the first-named island during the equinoctial gale. The Hindoos represented the Twins by two kids. The Greeks changed them to twin brothers, and the Arabians to two peacocks, because the prophet would not allow them to depict the human figure.



CANCER, THE CRAB.

Cancer, or the Crab, is inferior to most of the other constellations, having no very conspicuous stars. Near it is a nebulous cluster of minute ones.



LEO, THE LION.

Leo, or the Lion, next east of Cancer, is a magnificent constellation, having two stars of greatest magnitude, and several that are very conspicuous.

Virgo, or the Virgin, a woman holding an ear of wheat in her hand, is east of Leo, and is very rich in beautiful stars. One in the wheat-ear—Spica Virginius—stands in solitary splendor, no star being near it larger than of the fourth magnitude.



VIRGO, THE VIRGIN.

Libra, or the Balance, is an

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LIBRA, THE BALANCE.

emblem of the goddess of justice; and is sometimes, as in the sign of Libra, represented in feminine form, with the balance, or scales, in her hand. It has four conspicuous stars that form a quadrilateral figure.



SCORPIO, THE SCORPION.

Scorpio, or the Scorpion, exhibits a collection of most beautiful stars. One (Anteres) is of the first magnitude, and is an eminently conspicuous object in the heavens.



SAGITTARIUS, THE ARCHER.

Sagittarius, the Centaur, or Archer, has only subordinate stars. These may be easily arranged into geometrical figures. It is close by the Milky Way.



CAPRICORNUS, THE GOAT.

Capricornus, the Goat, is one of the least of the zodiacal asterisms. It was one of the most celebrated among the later Romans, for under it the emperors Augustus and Vespasian were born. It marks the southern tropic, or winter solstice, and was poetically called by the old Greeks the "Southern Gate of the Sun." Now the sun does not reach the constellation until the middle of January.



AQUARIUS, THE WATER-CARRIER.

Aquarius, the Water-carrier, is easily recognized by the unaided eye by four stars forming the letter Y. The Arabs made a mule the Water-carrier, for the same reason that they changed the Twin Brothers to two peacocks.



PISCES, THE FISHES.

Pisces, the Fishes, is composed of a loose collection of stars, quite small, and is difficult to be traced. It occupies a large triangular space in the heavens. It is now the constellation that presides over the vernal equinox, an office formerly held by Aries, and which, in the course of centuries, the present incumbent must resign to Aquarius, by reason of the precession of the equinoxes.

We have observed what the Latin poet has said about the months in Italy and on the borders of the Hellespont, as represented by an artist of his time. It seems appropriate to close this paper by a poetical description of the grand procession of the months in their more ancient impersonations, as given in the above illustrations of the signs of the zodiac. It is by Edmund Spenser, who lived in the higher latitude of England, and flourished more than a thousand years after Ausonius discovered the pictures made for Val-

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entine in the imperial library. Spenser says:

"Then came old January, wrappéd well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blow his nails to warm them if he may;
For they were numb with holding all the day
A hatchet keen, with which he felled the wood,
And from the trees did lop the needless spray.

"And after came cold February, sitting
In an old wagon (for he could not ride)
Drawn by Two Fishes, for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slide
And swim away; yet had he by his side
His plow and harness, fit to till the ground,
And tools to trim the trees.

"And sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent,
And arméd strongly, rode upon a Ram,
The same which over Hellespontus swam;
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds, the same
Which on the earth he strewéd as he went.

"Next came fresh April, full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a kid whose horn new buds:
Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floating through th' Argolic floods:
His horns were gilded all with golden studs
And garnishéd with garlands goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowers and freshest buds
Which the earth brings forth.

"Then came fair May, the fairest maide on ground,
Decked all with dainties of her season's pride,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around:
Upon Two Brethren's shoulders she did ride,
The Twins of Leda, which on either side
Supported her like to their sovran queen.
Lord! how all creatures laughed when they her spied,
And leaped and danced as they had ravished been,
And Cupid's self about her fluttered all in green.

"And after her came jolly June, arrayed
All in green leaves, as he a player were;
Yet in his time he wrought as well as played,
That by his plow-irons might well appear.
Upon a Crab he rode, that him did bear
With crooked, crawling steps—an uncouth pace:
He backward rode.

"Then came hot July, boiling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away.
Upon a Lion, raging yet with ire,
He boldly rode, and made him to obey;
Behind his back a scythe, and by his side
Under his belt he bore a sickle, circling wide.

"The eighth was August, being rich arrayed
In garment all of gold down to the ground;
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Maid
Forth by the lily hand, the which was crowned
With ears of corn, and full her hand was found.

"Next him September marchéd eke on foot:
Yet was he heavy-laden with the spoil
Of harvest riches, which he made his boot,
And him enriched with bounty of the soil.
In his one hand, as fit for harvest's toil,
He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
A pair of Weights.

"Then came October full of merry glee,
For yet his nowl was totty of the must
Which he was treading in the wine-fat's see,
And of the joyous oil, whose gentle gust
Made him so frolic and so full of lust.
Upon a dreadful Scorpion he did ride;
He had his plowing-share and coulter ready tied.

"Next was November; he full-grown and fat
As fed with lard, and that right well might seem;
For he had been a fatting hogs of late,
That yet his brows with sweat did reek and steam.
Nor heeded he the Archer's bended bow,
The Centaur hunter who might lay him low.

"And after him came next the chill December;
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember,
His Saviour's birth so much his mind did glad.
Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
And in his hand a broad, deep bowl he bears,
Of which he freely drinks a health to all his peers."

THE REVEREND SAMPSON'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

THE Reverend Sampson Beatty strode about his study one cold morning in December, and looked threateningly on his little wife. One would have thought, from his manner, that she had committed some grievous sin, for she clasped her hands together with a gesture of entreaty, and followed him about pleadingly with her eyes.

There had never been a missionary for woman's rights up among those bleak hills, and the little woman's education in this way had been sadly neglected. She never ventured upon expostulation with her husband, and when he was vexed, not only gave him the first but the last word.

Fortunately for Mrs. Beatty, her husband was as gentle in spirit as he was pure in soul, and would sooner have cut off his right hand than added one care to the many that beset her, so sorely against his will.

"It is a bitter humiliation," he said at length, the hot color flaming into his cheek. "I never thought I should descend quite so low as this, Lucy—to have people going about with a subscription paper in my behalf, as if I were a very pauper! and I in the full vigor of manhood, with health and strength and head to work. God knows I *do* work early and late; I am no laggard in the vineyard. Is not the laborer worthy of his hire?"

"But, Sampson," said the little wife, "you know it is quite customary around Christmas time; and they mean it for the best—I am sure they do. But if you feel so badly about it," she added, noting the frown deepening on his brow, "I need only speak to Mrs. Beverly, and it can be stopped; only"—the low voice faltered. The minister looked down upon his wife, and smoothed her hair tenderly—"Only it would be a terrible disappointment to you, dear; is it not so? No wonder your pride is crushed and your spirit broken, my poor child. Don't think for a moment I forget my little helpmate, bearing the brunt of the battle and wearing a cheerful face to hide a woful heart. I know all the patches in the wee jackets, dear, and the skillful darning in the carpets, and heard the sad lament of the little ones over their lack of sugar this morning. Once for all, Lucy, don't think I am ungrateful or indifferent enough to be ignorant of even the details of our poverty. I know their full ex-

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tent. And now leave me to myself, little woman. Let them do as they will. If it will serve to make you happier, I will try to be content."

Mrs. Beatty went quietly from the study and left her husband to his rueful ruminations. He bent himself over his unfinished sermon with a heavy sigh, and felt in his heart that his life had been a failure. When he looked back upon his lost youth he wept in very bitterness over the hopeful, vainglorious dreams that had vanished one by one, and left him upon this wintry morning almost desolate. He had in that youthful onset pictured to himself a life of chivalrous strife and glorious victory, and had entered upon his ministry with the burning zeal and earnest self-sacrifice of a Savonarola. But he felt himself, as the years rolled on, a veritable Don Quixote, struggling with windmills. Gigantic and powerful windmills surely, for they represented all the petty passions and meannesses of the human heart; but they were of that calibre that they blunted his weapons and rendered his strife almost ridiculous.

Were all these years of study, these haughty resolves, and glorious determinations, to be wasted in entreating stupid clod-hoppers to remain awake for one little hour upon Sunday, or in endeavoring to reconcile Mrs. Jones to her neighbor's bay-window?

Not once did he see a glimmer of light in the faces of his parishioners when he expounded to them, with all the eloquence and force of which he was capable, the epistles of the apostles; nor did they show the least enthusiasm when he read to them a sermon over which he himself had wept with emotion.

"Can it be well," murmured the wicked parson, "to people paradise with souls like these?"

It seemed as if a gulf widened between him and his people day by day, and soon he should not even be able to stretch out his hand to them.

In the mean time, however, Mrs. Beatty went about the house with a smile of genuine joy upon her face. Mrs. Beverly had hinted that they would probably raise seventy-five dollars for the Christmas gift, and the little woman's imagination exaggerated this sum of money into a fortune, and reveled in the abundance in store for them.

Oh, if she could only have the spending of the money herself—she knew so well what they most needed! But of course this was out of the question; beggars could not be choosers; and Mrs. Beatty went joyfully back to her sumptuous visions—rolls of flannel, pieces of linen, warm colored merinoes; odorous coffee, aromatic tea, the whitest of sugar; jars of jelly; pickles, hams, and sausages; jackets for Johnny, needle-work for baby, a doll-baby for Nell; perhaps, oh, perhaps a musty old book for Sampson: all these and more passed and repassed through her brain, and the brown eyes brightened, the lips shaped themselves into a smile, as cheerily she rocked her baby to sleep on that cold December morning.

When night came, and the children were sound asleep in their little bed, and baby lay in his wooden cradle, the Reverend Sampson stole into his wife's room, and took an easy-chair by the fire. Such was often his custom, and at these times there was a look of rest and joy in his face that betokened well for the power of that gentle woman over the gaunt, hard-featured man. For hours and hours they talked together, and it was plain to be seen that these hours were the happiest of the poor gentleman's life.

Did she then listen wide awake and attentively to the expounding of the epistles of the apostles? And did the brown eyes fill with tears and the lips quiver with emotion when the eloquent points of the sermon reached her ear and her heart? Well, no. The Reverend Sampson never ventured upon theology with his wife, nor ever read to her extracts from his favorite authors.

"I think, little woman," said the Reverend Sampson, "that you have spent at least three times that seventy-five dollars in your imagination."

"Oh no, dear," replied his wife; "for Mrs. Beverly can get things so cheap. You can't imagine how she beats people down. Then, you know, they always sell things cheaper to a minister."

"The poor wretches are considered worthy objects of charity," said the minister, bitterly.

"Now Sampson," said his wife, feeling quite brave in her own little sanctum, "it is queer to me that you folks always preaching charity don't take to it kindlier, and not bind it down to all sorts of rules and forms. I am sure they always show *me* respect enough. One would think I were a princess."

"And so you are, darling, a princess—a pearl among women."

"You don't think they'd get a sewing-machine?" said the princess, irrelevantly.

"I don't give them credit for such a wise generosity," said her husband.

"No, no," said Mrs. Beatty, hastily, "it would be a shame to swallow up all the money with one thing."

"Well, what would be nice, Lucy?" said the parson, with generous encouragement.

Then she commenced enumerating such a quantity of delicious probabilities that the Reverend Sampson's face lighted up with a smile that deepened and grew broader till it actually culminated in a laugh—a startling thing from the lips of the Reverend Sampson.

"And we'll get a pony and a cow, and a

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nice set of fandangoes for the parlor windows, and a brand-new silk dress for little mother," he said.

"Yes, one of these days, please God," said his wife, nothing daunted. "I should not wonder a bit if they gave you a suit of broadcloth too."

The minister's face flushed wrathfully.

"I don't think they'd venture upon that indignity," he said, with an implied threat in his voice.

Mrs. Beatty looked upon her husband's threadbare coat and saw its darned wristbands with a wistful expression of countenance, but, warned in time, she changed the subject speedily.

So it came about that under the magic influence of his wife, even this Christmas charity was looked upon with favor by the minister, and he caught himself once in a while enjoying the surprise in store for his wife and little ones. He endeavored to give the people credit for the kindly motive that impelled them to the deed, only he could not help wishing it had taken the shape of a larger salary, so that he could have been his own patron.

One morning, meeting Mrs. Beverly with the obnoxious subscription paper in her hand, he smiled faintly, and endeavored to appear ignorant.

"You must not peep into our little secrets," said Mrs. Beverly, playfully, thrusting the paper into her muff.

"Certainly not, dear madam," said the minister, frigidly.

"Of course you'll know all in good time," she said, significantly.

"I shall wait cheerfully, curiosity being a mainspring of evil," said the Reverend Sampson, passing on with a heightened color.

"Gracious goodness!" murmured Mrs. Beverly; "what a disagreeable ramrod he is! He certainly never was made to be a minister!" and the poor lady sighed over the hard fate that compelled her to leave her city home and her city pastor. A vision of grace and splendor rose before her; a majestic form clad in flowing robes, eyes mild and benignant, waving, ambrosial locks, hands more delicate and whiter than her own, a voice softly modulated—tender, caressing, brotherly.

He never would have passed her in the street with a few gruff words, scarcely touching her hand, and averting his eyes with an expression almost of dislike. It was a pleasure for *him* to meet his people and talk with them, advise, counsel them. How sweet, how easy, how comfortable it was to get through her religious duties with so thoughtful, so kind, so affectionate a Mentor!

"If it was not for his wife," she said, spitefully, to herself, "I declare I'd give the whole thing up. I do wish we could ever get away from this desert;" and poor Mrs. Beverly went on her way, sighing bitterly for the flesh-pots of Egypt.

But ever as the wintry days passed on the minister's wife consoled herself and her little ones for the wants of the household with the generous bounty that was to fall upon them so soon. Let Johnny eat his bread with molasses now, and he should have plenty of butter by-and-by; and if little Nell would be careful with her pinafores a while longer, she should have new ones with a pretty lace frill about the neck.

The days grew darker and colder. Even from their little store of blankets a few were taken for those who had none, and many a meal was stinted in the parsonage to render a poorer table less bare. The minister labored constantly at his Christmas sermon, making it a masterpiece of rhetorical eloquence.

At last the great day came, and the little family were up betimes, all eagerness and expectancy. Even the face of the Reverend Sampson betrayed a faint glimmer of curiosity, and he did not betake himself to his study while breakfast was getting ready. The baby crowed upon his knee, and Johnny clambered by his side, while little Nell solemnly watched the browning of the Christmas muffins. Suddenly a loud knock resounded through the hall, and for a moment the pulse of the family stood still. Then there was a great rush for the door, but, reaching it, there was nobody there. Only a flat, square paper box on the door-sill, with a neatly folded note slipped under the cord that bound it.

Mrs. Beatty lifted the box quite easily, and her heart sank a little when she found it so light.

"I wonder what it can be?" she said, as she handed the note to her husband.

The Reverend Sampson read it aloud:

"Reverend and dear Sir,—Accept this little Christmas gift as a token of esteem from your parishioners, and please wear it in their honor at the Christmas service."

"Wear it!" cried the minister, with flaming eyes. "What new insult is this?"

Then he tore open the box, and all the little brood, peeping over, saw the hopes of weeks and months dwindle down in a square black compass. But the voice of the minister softened a little.

"It is, after all, a present for you, Lucy. Here is the brand-new silk gown that I promised you."

Lucy took it up with a trembling hand, and let it suddenly fall.

"It—it is a minister's robe, Sampson," she said, and then her voice faltered, for her husband strode over and lifted the shining fabric from the box, scanning it savagely, while his face whitened to his very lips.

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Once, twice they opened, but the words refused to be uttered. Taking the robe in his two strong hands, he rent it from top to bottom; then, flinging it upon the floor, he went away to his study.

Poor Lucy choked back her tears, and gathering up the robe and the box, put them well out of sight. The muffins were burned, the coffee was spoiled, the Christmas breakfast was ruined; and away in the study they heard the steps of the enraged minister pacing to and fro. But after the first great shock the sturdy heart of the minister's wife began to take courage; and although many a sigh escaped from her lips, she went about heating more coffee, and making more muffins, so that in half an hour the little folks had quite forgotten the black spectre that had loomed upon them in the shape of a minister's robe. Leaving them at the table, the little woman went softly to the study, and found that her husband was not quite so violent in his displeasure as she had feared. The Reverend Sampson was ashamed of the burst of rage that had overpowered him, and felt in his heart that if he had been sinned against, he was also sinning.

"The fact is, Lucy," he said, turning to the dear face that was so sweet a rest to his eyes and heart, "I begin to fear I must give up the ministry. I am unfitted for it—at least here, dear. We do not understand each other, the people and I. Let them get a block from the city that they can shape and dress to suit themselves, and you and I, little woman, will go farther into the wilderness, where the souls of men are nearer to God."

But his wife shrank a little from this wilderness of which he spoke, and, understanding the people better, pleaded for a longer stay among them.

"But, Lucy, how can we ever reconcile this ridiculous matter of the gown between us?"

Then Lucy made him pause in his walk, and seating herself upon his knee, she unfolded to him a plan that she had been concocting while baking more muffins and heating more coffee; and though the parson shook his head and said nay a dozen times, he ended by going out to breakfast with a smile upon his face.

When upon that Christmas morning the congregation had assembled at the church, there was an air of consciousness among them that made it almost like a social gathering. Many a pew was filled that was ordinarily empty; and even the front seat of the squire bent under his formidable weight. Mrs. Beverly, in velvets and furs, looked down upon her gilded book with an attempt at serenity; but there was an evident restlessness about her when there was a stir at the door, and a whisper that the parson was coming. At last she looked back with the rest. There was the tall, gaunt form of the Reverend Sampson in his old threadbare coat, the white seams of his well-worn trowsers shining in the wintry sunlight, the muscles of his strong arms plainly seen from under his short, tight sleeves, and at every step the ungainly trowsers hitching up and down, showing the white, loose stockings. The same as ever—stern, angular, uncompromising, awkward, stiff, repelling—was there ever such a discouraging man? Mrs. Beverly frowned with vexation.

But who was the dainty little woman that tripped after him, rustling in stiff, heavy silk, dragging up the aisle a rich, shining train? It was an odd dress she wore. Mrs. Beverly put up her eyeglass to examine it more closely. Not unbecoming, certainly. The long, flowing sleeves made her little hands look wonderfully pretty; then the material itself was of excellent texture, lustrous and heavy. It hung very full from the shoulders, looped up in voluminous folds about her slim little figure, and widened out in a graceful sweep as she walked. It was made with a yoke—yes, and a square collar. Why, certainly it must be—it was the minister's robe, and this was the minister's wife!

After Mrs. Beverly had recovered from the surprise of the discovery, she could but confess that the little lady did it honor. How quaint and sweet she looked, surely, with her brown eyes full of a tender light, her cheeks glowing from the cold air, a little quaver of subdued glee about her dimpled mouth!

And now was heard the minister's voice, and every eye is bent upon him, every ear listens attentively.

"I will take my text," he said, "from the Gospel according to St. Mark:

"'And he called unto him the twelve, and began to send them forth by two and two; and gave them power over unclean spirits; and commanded them that they should take nothing for their journey, save a staff only; no scrip, no bread, no money in their purse: but be shod with sandals; and not put on two coats.'

"Now, my dear friends," said the Reverend Sampson, "one word as to your generous Christmas gift: you see it is expressly forbidden me to wear two coats. I have one, therefore I have given the other to my wife, as it seemed best and befitting so to do."

Then, altogether disregarding the sheets filled with rhetorical eloquence at home, he began a fervent and glowing description of the mission given to the apostles of Jesus—of their purity, their self-sacrifice, their earnest devotion, and enthusiasm. He spoke of the birth on that Christmas long ago, of its humility and touching simplicity. There was power and pathos in his voice; a thrill went through the congregation, and with electric sympathy touched the heart of the minister, filling it with an unspeakable joy.

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A throng of words fell from his lips, simple, soul-felt, as from man to man and heart to heart. Not an eye closed, not an ear failed him. Tears came into his eyes, and sprang unbidden into those of his listeners. A mysterious power seemed to reign in the little temple. The fat old squire saw a tall marble spire looming up from the church-yard, and for the first time in years he thought of his dead wife. Even Mrs. Beverly's thin lips relapsed from their usual grimace, and an unwonted emotion showed through her artificial complexion. For nearly an hour the little throng of people remained rapt and spell-bound; then the book closed, the minister paused: there was a murmur and stir in the congregation. Up bustled the squire to the pulpit, and shook hands with the minister.

"You robbed me of my morning nap," he said, a kind of shake in his wheezy voice, and something that looked like moisture in his wicked old eyes. When he put out his pudgy hand to the minister's little wife he left a slip of paper in her trembling fingers.

"It's for yourself and the bairns," he whispered, hoarsely; "and if you want to spend it in town, there is a seat for you in the family coach."

Then he waddled away, leaving Lucy overwhelmed with joy, peeping furtively at a hundred-dollar bill firmly clutched in her little fingers.

The Reverend Sampson was surrounded by his people, each one vying with the other in expressing in their simple way the affection and respect that his Christmas sermon had inspired.

Lucy very wisely put the bill carefully by, determining not to disturb her husband's sensitive spirit with this sordid gratification. But, to save her life, as she walked home from church, reaching up her hand to the stalwart arm of her husband, she could not help going back again to the old joyful enumeration, and hugged to herself the precious treasure, till she could show it and explain it with delight to the dear little brood waiting at home for her.

"We won't go to the wilderness, will we, Sampson?" she said.

"The fact is, I never got near to them before," replied her husband, his voice still trembling with emotion.

"Then you are not sorry about the robe, after all, are you?" said Lucy.

"If it was the agent that brought us together, I am more than glad," said her husband.

Not many years after the little woman had her pony and her cow, and her fandangoes for the parlor windows, and the Reverend Sampson rejoiced in the possession of many ponderous musty books and a broadcloth suit; but the one relic and heir-loom of the family is a minister's robe that cost seventy-five dollars. Lucy never wore it again.

QUIET LIFE IN SOME DANISH TOWNS.

IF you will glance over the map you will see that Denmark consists of a peninsula and some islands. The peninsula, however, is not broad, and the islands are not large. We are always near the sea in that country. The sea can be descried almost from every where, and when its silver-blue brim can not be seen as the frame of the landscape, its solemn notes may be heard as the under-tone of the impression.

The land rises only a few feet from the surface of the water, and, when seen at a distance, it seems to float on the waves like an unfolded carpet. The brown hills behind the light green woods undulate in the morning mist as if the waves moved along beneath them, and the small towns, with which the coast is dotted all over, and whose white-washed walls and red tile roofs glare in the early sunshine, look like party-colored nails driven down into the ground to keep the carpet from floating away with the waves.

These towns, which generally number between one and two or three thousand inhabitants, were founded a long time ago. None of them are younger than three centuries, many older than a thousand years, and they all have a venerable pedigree. Not that they inclose any relics of great historical consequence, but they are themselves a sort of relics. When life has gone, only the corpse is left. But if a great and deep remembrance remains, the corpse is a relic. It is men's love and their reverence which make a corpse a relic, and the Danes look on their small towns with a feeling like that the happy old wife cherishes for her faded wedding-gown—with a kind of tender awe. Some of them were built around a castle able to defend the peaceable tradesmen against pirates; for, a thousand years ago, piracy was a fashion, and still, up to the fourteenth and fifteenth century, many, both men and nations, about the Baltic, fed themselves and their fame upon piracy and plunder. The origin of these towns is easily recognized by their names: they are called New Castle, Kallund Castle, Aal Castle, etc. Others were raised on places where the herrings every year shoaled to spawn; the fish often lay in such a multitude at the shore as to be caught with the very hands, or drawn up by scoops, and fishing became thus a very profitable trade to deal in. These towns are generally named after some local peculiarity, such as a magnificent spring, a hill, or a wood of beech-trees. Now the castle has mouldered away—the pirates also. Even the herrings have gone; their armies lie now off the coasts of Norway and Flanders. But the towns still remain. They have not grown worse; nor have they grown better. They do not grow at all.

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When describing one of these towns, I describe them all. There is no difference between them, except their names. They consist all of one long meandering street only once crossed by another street, which, however, often is only a way. The cross-street, or cross-way, runs southward to the harbor, a pier, built of stone or wood, and shooting forth into the shallow water sometimes a quarter of a mile. Northward it leads to the church, which is always placed in the middle of the church-yard, and encircled with a high stone wall; in warfare, therefore, it was often used as a fortress. The main street to the left of the cross-way is occupied by the merchants, the mechanics, and some shop-keepers; to the right, by the royal officials, the mayor, the clergyman, the lawyer, the judge, and the physician. The hotel, the jail, the theatre, the apothecary's shop, and other such lofty or fashionable establishments mingle on the right side of the cross-way with the dwellings of the royal officials; while the school and the hospital, the mill and the magazines, are situated on the left. The houses have generally only one story, and are built of stone, with white walls, red gable-roofs, and a large gate opening into the yard. When the wooden folding-doors of the gate are shut up, the front of the house presents a very reserved, not to say reticent aspect, as if some mystery were hidden behind it. But when the doors are opened, and a peep into the yard is allowed, the house looks quite smiling. The yard is a roomy square, encircled by stables and barns, and peopled by swarms of hens, ducks, geese, and turkeys, whose everlasting small-talk enlivens the deep stillness of the long day, and whose controversies, when the sultans of the square fall at variance with each other, sometimes alarm the whole neighborhood. In harvest-time, when the crops are brought in from the fields, the yard is a very busy place; for most citizens in these small towns are agriculturists; with exceptions of some poor mechanics and shop-keepers, they all own land, and agriculture is not only the merchant's, but also the lawyer's and the physician's main business. Even the parson is a man who can not only make a good sermon in a short time, but also buy a good cow for a cheap price; and if said cow happens to stray out of the gate, and stroll around in the street on a Saturday afternoon when its master is meditating on some intricate point of theology, the lawyer or the physician may be seen driving the dissipated animal home to its stall. Life is often a little Homeric in these towns, as far as life can be Homeric without being heroic; for, I must confess, it is the oxen which here play the Homeric part, not the men. The street is not very well paved, nor very well lit up; and a lamp burning late in the dark night is a dangerous fellow to meet with, for it means that here—not exactly close by, but somewhere in the neighborhood—is an extraordinary pit to break the neck; the ordinary pits, which are not considered worth a lamp, are only to break the limbs. But at daytime here it is cheerful. The street is swept, the doors washed, the panes brightened; all is fair and fine, only a little irregular. Straight lines are out of fashion. I never saw two houses run in a perfectly straight line, and if ever two unfortunate ones should happen to do so, they would, no doubt, be considered a disgrace—nay, perhaps an offense. Every house has its own humor, and roots where it likes to grow. The crooked is the rule set down by tradition, and tradition is a passion with all the inhabitants. Sometimes a linden-tree stands in the very midst of the street. It stands there, worried like a school-boy who has come too early to the pleasure-ground, and finds himself alone; disappointed like a lover who would accompany his sweetheart, but does not know whether she walked up town or down town; amazed like a bewildered elf left alone among the houses when all her sisters went home to the forests. It looks, indeed, very odd, the poor tree, and it bars the passage so completely that the new gold-striped stage, the pride of this century, has to enter the town through the cross-way in order to reach the post-house; but to cut down the tree—gracious! Don't speak of it! It has a right of three centuries to stand there.

And how quiet it is here!—how quiet when the street lies silent at noontide and basks in the midsummer sun! You can hear children laugh and dogs bark from one end of the town to the other. You can hear the town-clock tick in the steeple of the church, dripping thoughts of eternity down into the small pains and small pleasures which sigh and smile below it. And still more quiet here will it be at midnight, when the sea has couched its waves, and the birds have gone to rest, the heads put under the wings; when the linden-tree dreams and breathes out its longings through its sweet fragrance; when the houses slumber, and moonlight, the sleep-walker, roves loadless about on the roofs. Echo alone watches your steps, rising close by and far off, but only to call your erring thoughts home to your heart. Nay, how quiet here it is even on a busy morning in spring, when the old folks, opening the windows to look on the sky and prophesy how the weather will be this day, nod their blessing good-day to the youngsters who are going to their work! For quiet means peace, and peace reigns here. Look down the street on a Christmas evening, when the snow is falling like large white roses, slowly and thickly, and kisses away the sound from your steps. Candles are lit in the houses and throw broad stripes of dazzling light over the street. When rising on tiptoe, you

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can look straight into the rooms. On the floor stands a pine-tree illuminated with many small, painted candles, adorned with knots of ribbon, stars of gilt paper, and small flags, and furnished with all the pleasures which the children's imaginations ever have dreamed of. In Denmark Christmas is the children's feast; and now the feast begins. The chant sounds; it is the modest, serenely smiling mother who sings. The carol follows; and then the lusty father dances with the children around the Christmas-tree. A burst of joy breaks forth; the children plunder the tree. And then—good-night!

These quiet towns you can not reach two or three times a day, rushing forth on railroads with bustle and noise. You can reach them but two or three times a week, riding in a stage-coach slowly and decently. And when the coach rumbles through the street, the gentlemen hurry to the doors and the ladies to the windows to gaze upon you. "Who was the stranger?" they cry to each other across the street, and as none can tell who you are, dear reader, they will all dress the best possible, and run to the postmaster's office in order to get a letter, which, however, has not come, and never will come. Curiosity is a passion with these people—mother of many virtues and of some vices too. Thus their hospitality is curiosity. The ancient Scandinavian hospitality is famous, and deserves its fame. Yet it was very different, for instance, from the Arabian hospitality. With the Arabs hospitality is a religious duty, fulfilled with scrupulous piety; with the ancient Scandinavians it was rather a charge of curiosity, though exercised with genuine delicacy. The guest was honored according as the host deemed him able to furnish interesting news or teach any thing worth knowing; and so it is up to this very day. Many a one, therefore, feels very disappointed when visiting one of these towns a second time. The first time, he is the subject of all attention and of much courtesy; the second time he is, perhaps, a mark for some mockery, or nobody seems to mind him. When curiosity has been gratified it turns into criticism, and the town which lately boiled on the former and evaporated into mere complacency, freezes now at once from the latter, and cracks with slander. Woe to the unfortunate fellow! His boots, his hat, his coat, his whiskers, all scandalize the quiet town; and if he happens to drop a word about the pits in the pavement, or the linden-tree barring the passage, it will certainly proscribe him from all good society. The hotel will become his only and solitary resting-place, and even the jail will look as if it were grasping at him.

The slander, however, is but a purgatory. After passing it, every one will feel well among these people. They are good-natured and trustful, frank and obliging; and though they are very fond of their own, and very liable to be exasperated by the slightest criticism, this feeling, nevertheless, is by no means an egotistic self-love which makes the mind narrow and the heart cold. They love their own not because it is their pride, but because it is their happiness, and they defend it against every criticism not from vanity, but from gratitude. The old linden-tree they can not cut off though it almost blocks up the passage, for to their eyes it is an old friend. Dybbol's Hills were the last spot of Schleswig which the Danes possessed in 1864, and they could not hold these hills in the long-run against Prussia's and Austria's united armies and superior artillery. The defense cost every hour scores of lives. Nevertheless, the hills were the last remnants of a dear possession, and they were held not for hours, but for weeks. Silent and still went the soldiers in the morning to battle on the hills; in the evening they returned, silent and still, for then they were dead.

This sweet, tender, and fanciful love of home, the mother of puzzles and the mother of exploits, streams through the whole life, and makes it smooth and quiet. All dreadful events melt soon away by its happy warmth, and waft only as a melancholy romance over the mind. All desperate characters also dissolve by its homespun wit. It is told that the tiger, if he once has eaten human flesh, does not like any other meal, and though he can not thrive on it, but grows scurvy, nevertheless it has become his only dainty. Thus there are characters which, if they have indulged but once in excess, are forever unfit to live within the proper limits of honest life. Extravagance is their instinct, and if this instinct once has been awakened, the raptures of extravagance become a necessity to their nature, and they continue indulging in excesses of all kinds, though they know very well that this is the highway to ruin. Such characters rise in the small towns of Denmark as well as in the large cities of America; but their fates are very different. Where life is broad and passionate, they grow thieves and murderers; where it is smooth and quiet, they stop at the buffoon. At Elizabeth's court Sir Walter Raleigh reached to be a great author, and to be beheaded; if he had lived in Skielskör he would have been a juggler, and died by starvation. And how would Falstaff have looked if he had lived in Nyekjöbing? This huge mortar of English foolishness would hardly have grown a Pistol. Every instinct of excess is quenched, every extravagant peculiarity is pulled down, by this all-governing maxim, that the life, the very character of the son shall, in the first place, suit the home in which he was reared, and express its ideas of steadiness, honesty, and courtesy before it can be allowed to express any individual idea of his own nature.

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You should see these people when hard times come upon them—when the father fails, or the mother dies, or the sons go to fight a foe ten times stronger. In the first war with Prussia (1848) the Danes had a great advantage in their fleet. The Danish fleet had never been conquered in any battle. It was the pride and the confidence of the people. It was their point of vanity, and the point was hit. Two men-of-war were sent into a narrow sound, where they were attacked by masked batteries from the shore. One of them was blown up, and the other taken by the enemy. Just when this happened there was a great feast going on in one town: the wealthiest citizen celebrated his daughter's wedding. The guests were at dinner when the stage came, and with the stage the papers. The bad news was first whispered in the kitchen, and thence it penetrated into the merry dining-room. At once all grew silent. The parson read the papers aloud. "Let us go home, children," he said: "God's hand is heavy upon us; let us go home and pray." The party separated; but the next day the town sent ten dollars for every soul within its compass to the government in Copenhagen to repair the loss.

Or you should see these people when they go of a summer night to dance in the grove. Near to the town is a handsome wood, a relic itself, the remainder of the large forests which once covered almost the whole land. It consists of gigantic beech-trees, with cool shade around their stems, and of large old oaks encircled by beautiful underwood. Paths are cut between the trees and smoothly plastered. All is finished and nice, and the young ladies will tell you which tree was the first this spring to put forth its leaves. In the midst of the wood a little pavilion is built—a wooden vault on eight stone columns, all illuminated with painted lamps. It glitters through the foliage with beams of expectation, and from afar off echo will tell you that the magnificent orchestra of the town is playing here to-night. The organist performs the parts of prime violin, and his son, a promising youth of twelve years, has the honor to second him. The bookseller, who pretends to understand poetry, and sometimes writes verses himself, blows the flute; and the jailer beats the drum with a degree of skill only to be attained by long practice. But this practice he has had. If, for example, any one wishes to make any thing known to the inhabitants, the jailer beats the drum through the street; and when people have gathered together he cries out with a loud voice that Mr. A has got five dozen of exceedingly sweet oranges from Messina, or that Mr. B has got one of the miraculous sewing-machines from New York, etc. The jailer and his drum are the advertising medium of the town. To-night, however, the drum does not call upon the ears, but upon the feet; and at eight o'clock all meet, and the ball begins. I confess that the orchestra could be better; but the melody is excellent. The waltz sounds as if it were composed just for the occasion. The roaring of the sea sounding far off, the dreams of the linden-tree slumbering in the moonlight, the beams of expectation glittering through the grove—all the romantic impressions familiar to the people are gathered together in this melody, which floats gently through the air. It sounds without, thrilling to the ear; it sounds within, exciting to the heart; and, as if taken by some magic spell, the limbs begin to move according to the rhythm of the music. I confess, too, that the company could be better: the ladies could be fairer, and the toilets finer; the gentlemen more elegant, and the conversation more spirited. But the gladness is genuine, and the mirth joyful. When looking at these dancing youth one would think that dancing was their only business; and the elderly gentlemen and ladies, who sit around drinking wine or coffee, seem, indeed, to think so. Still they watch very closely that all shall be decent, and no "tiger" be let in. The only make-bate in the company is Cupid, the beast, who lurks behind some column, and flings his arrows by the dozen in every direction.

At midnight the ball is over, and people go home, hand in hand, along the sea-shore. On one side the moon builds its silver bridge upon the rippling waves, and invites fancy to step over into the fairy-land of leisure and romance; on the other side the church lifts its grave steeple, and tells the heart to keep close to the house of duty and truth. But how gently are romance and truth blended in this moon-lit scene, and how gently are the joy of to-night and the duty of to-morrow blended in these harmless hearts! All is so quiet! The loungers turn homeward; the dreams come nearer; the town is going to sleep, and so, I fear, is my patient reader.

MISERERE.

A SONNET.

I THINK the pity of this earthly life
  Is love:—So sighs a singer of the day,
  Whose pensive strain my sympathetic lay
Sadly prolongs. Alas! the endless strife
Of Love's sweet law with cold Convention's rules;
  The loving souls unloved; the perfect mate,
  After long years of yearning, found—too late!
The treason of false friends; the frown of fools;
The fear that baffles bliss in beauty's arms;
  The weariness of absence; and the dread
  Of lover—or of love—untimely dead!—
Musing on these, and all the direful harms
  That hapless human hearts are doomed to prove,
  I think the pity of this life is love!

JOHN G. SAXE.

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THE LITTLE SAINTS.

WANDERING around the world in the enforced idleness resulting from overwork in a laborious profession, I found myself in the island of Pico just as the vintage season commenced, and resolved to remain there for some weeks at least.

Accommodation, as innkeepers understand the word, there was none; but the means of life were to be had; and with a little trouble I succeeded in hiring a small house, the landlord kindly throwing in the services of a couple of sheep, who were driven through the various rooms before I entered, that the fleas might involve themselves in their heavy fleeces, and so be carried forth to "green fields and pastures new." A bedstead of domestic manufacture, a sack of striped tow filled with fragrant heather, tow sheets, and coarse blankets, with my own traveling plaid for counterpane, a few chairs, a table—at least I think it was a table, but it might have been almost any thing else—some gaudy crockery-ware and a spoon and fork from my dressing-case completed my housekeeping arrangements. Besides these I had Tia, Pataco-falso, and Carocho; the first being a woman, old, ugly, and useful, her true name being lost in the mist of ages, and her title of Tia, or aunt, belonging also to every woman of her years and station living beneath the Portuguese flag. Of Pataco-falso's baptismal and family names I am equally ignorant, nor could I ever ascertain how he came by his *sobriquet*, which means a bad copper five-cent piece. But he did not strike me as likely to have been a coiner, or, in fact, any thing else arguing any amount of skill, or the possession of a brain, being simply a long-legged, swarthy lad, with a shock of black hair thatching a Murillo-like face, expressive of nothing but stolid simplicity and animal good nature. With all his simplicity, however, he got the better of my traveled astuteness, and concluded a bargain for his services during my stay in Pico at the rate of fifty cents per day, before I discovered this sum to be a little more than twice the current rate of day wages for a laborer in that favored isle. His principal duty was that of attendant upon Carocho, or the Cockroach, this third and final member of my household being a small and very curly donkey, whose strength and endurance of body were only excelled by the vicious perversity of his temper. His equipments consisted of a huge pad in shape and size resembling a feather-bed, over which was tightly strapped a wooden frame, suggesting the first vague germ of our modern saddles; upon this was laid a cushion of red calico filled with some sharp-edged substances, possibly pebbles, possibly chips; and over this again was thrown a gay striped blanket, whose usual fate was to slide gently to the ground in the course of the first hour's journeying. Upon the throne thus constructed sat Carocho's rider, his two feet dangling stirrupless at one side, the reins looped to the *andilhas* of the incipient saddle, upon which also rested his hands in the imbecile fashion peculiar to this mode of equi-, or, perhaps, asi-tation. Behind walked or trotted Pataco-falso, armed with a long stick, supple, strong, and heavy, the end provided with a metal tip sharpened to a point, and with this stick and this goad were the unfortunate Corocho's sides, haunches, and flanks so intimately acquainted that I sincerely hope use had with him become second nature, and that he no longer suffered from the infliction.

I have said that it was the vintage season, and this in Pico means the bluest sky and sunniest sea of the year, and delicious fragrance of grapes, figs, bananas, and many another fruit ripening between the sunshine and the hot black lava soil; it means the hum of bees, the song of birds, the chirping of insects, the gay shouts of men, and the tinkling laughter of girls as they pursue their happy toil in the vineyards, or come stepping down the stony paths toward the wine-press, the heaped baskets of grapes poised easily upon their heads, and their full, stately figures swaying gracefully beneath the fragrant burden. And the grapes! Small and amber-colored, they seem still to glow and taste and smell of the fierce sunshine which has ripened them, each little globe containing the essence of a summer day. But no amount of description really describes beauty, whether of place, person, or thing; so leaving the scenery, the girls, and the grapes behind, I go on to my story, for I have one, and a curious one.

It was toward night of a delicious day that we—that is, I, Pataco-falso, and Carocho—were dragging wearily home after a long ramble among the mountain paths, and found ourselves by chance upon a road new to me, but commanding so remarkably fine a view of the bay and of Fayal that I tugged at the donkey's rein, shouting, "E-e-e-e! Venha ca!" desiring him to pause and allow me to enjoy it; but my attendant interposed in his peculiar English.

"Oh, senhor! No good here! Come along down very quick! Passa-ca-asno!"—the last phrase addressed to Carocho, and accompanied with a dig of the goad which caused that worthy creature to lash out behind with great vigor and animosity.

"E-e-e-e! Be quiet, you brute! What do you mean, Pataco-falso? Why isn't it good here? What's the matter?"

"Os Santinhos! No bon, no good! Come down, senhor." And Pataco-falso, crossing himself vigorously with one hand, pointed with the other toward a rough wall twelve or fifteen feet in height skirting the road for several hundred yards in front of us.

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"The Little Saints!" repeated I, staring at the wall, which, built of masses of black lava laid in dark mortar, suggested no more saintly idea than that of a garden or vineyard carefully protected from the furious winds of spring.

"Little Saints! where are they? what do you mean, Pataco-falso?" repeated I; while Carocho, inspired by some private hint from the goad, indulged in another fling with his heels, and then set off at a pace that left me no breath for more than laughter until we had so far passed the gloomy wall that my desire to remain in its vicinity had become of no avail. Then, and not until then, did my cunning attendant allow Carocho to subside into good behavior, and me to find breath and opportunity for addressing him. My first remarks were naturally of a reproachful nature, but failed so completely in awakening that moral sense in which, I fear, Pataco-falso was totally deficient that I soon abandoned them, and, reverting to our original subject of dispute, demanded the meaning of my servant's abhorrence of the black, high wall, and why he had given it the title of Santinhos, or Little Saints. For some time I could get no answer but,

"Oh, senhor! Nas 6 bon, it is not good; very bad place; not good to talk about," etc., etc.; but by judicious questioning, some wholesome severity, and the present of a cigar, I at last extracted the information that behind the wall was a house built by a rich man from Fayal, who had lived there in a very secluded manner with his young wife, and three children who were supposed to be his own, although other reports made him only their guardian. In course of time the children died, and were buried somewhere within the grounds, and a sort of mystery and terror began to settle over the place. The servants, who had come from Fayal with their master, never appeared outside the walls, and such supplies from the village as were required were taken in at the gate by a steward called Maestro José, who never encouraged either gossip or delay on the part of the messenger. But one morning all this came to an end; for as a party of mountain villagers were passing the great red wooden doors which alone gave access to the estate, one of them was violently pulled open, and a white-clad, barefooted woman rushed out shrieking fearfully, and always, as she ran, turning her head to look over her shoulder like one pursued. Behind her came Maestro José, his face white and stern, his hair streaming in the morning breeze, his whole air disordered and terrified. Seeing the peasants, he stopped short, and pointing to the flying figure, now almost out of sight, he said:

"Go after the poor senhora and bring her back: she has lost her wits, and no wonder. My master is dead, and she was with him, she and the—"

Then he stopped, and not another word would he say, nor would he allow any of the party to step inside the great red gates, which, indeed, he locked, and put the key in his pocket, remaining on the outside himself. Two of the young men set off in pursuit of the unfortunate senhora, and about half a mile from the gate found her lying beside the road in a deep swoon. They brought her back and delivered her to Maestro José, who, without a word, took her in his arms and carried her inside the gate, which he again locked in the faces of the little crowd outside.

Three days more went by, and then Maestro José sent for the priest of the next village to bring the sacrament to a dying person. So much was known; for the whole village saw the solemn procession, and, indeed, most of them followed it; but at the garden door stood Maestro José waiting to receive them, and so soon as the padre, with his attendants and the holy symbols that they bore, passed in, he slammed the gate and locked it as fast as ever.

When the priest again appeared some of the more influential of the villagers ventured to make inquiries concerning his visit, but were only informed that the senhora was *in extremis*, and the senhor already buried. Two days more, and again Padre Xavier was summoned within the close-mouthed gates, and this time to bury the unhappy woman whom he had shriven a few hours before. After this Maestro José, with all the rest of the servants, returned to Fayal, and by the next opportunity took passage for Brazil, where a certain property had been bequeathed to them by their late master.

After this the place remained closed, and although known to belong to a family of Fayal, had never been visited by any member of it, so far, at least, as Pico information went.

"But why the name of Santinhos, Pataco-falso?" inquired I, as my retainer paused in his story.

"Because, senhor, of the pequeninos, the little children of the wicked Senhor Francisco."

"What of them? Come, Pataco, here is another cigar; light it, and tell me the rest of the story: the smoke will keep off the 'diabos' that you are afraid of."

Crossing himself fervently, and glancing over his shoulder as if expecting the imps referred to were already at his heels, Pataco took heart of grace, and in a lower voice and yet more earnest gesticulation than he had yet used, he told how a party of young men from the village, moved partly by curiosity and partly by a hope of picking up some little matters of property that might have been left behind in the sudden removal of the household, had scaled the wall, and were on the point of entering the house, when one of them, left on watch, had seen the figures

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of three little children, all clothed in shining white, and with a light like that of the rising moon about their heads, come out of the closely shaded path leading to the garden, and, mounting the terrace, disappear within the house; much frightened, he was hastening to warn his companions, when from within the thick walls of the building rang out such a shriek, in the shrill voice of a woman, that those who heard started back as if shot, and then, tumbling over each other, fled hastily down the steps, and through the grounds and over the wall, never pausing until safe out of sight and hearing of the unlucky spot.

"For, senhor," whispered Pataco, laying a finger upon my arm and opening his glaring dark eyes very wide, "at the back of that garden is where Maestro José buried those three babies, and from there they come every night to meet those that—eh, eh, senhor, it is not lucky to talk much of these things; but now you see that because they were so good, and so unfortunate—not to mention having shining things round their heads, and white clothes like the little Jesus in the church—we call them the Little Saints, and the house the Casa da Santinhos, which is surely better than to give it a bad name, is it not? Adios, senhor."

"Adios—good-night, Pataco-falso," replied I, absently; and so soon as my valet had left me I lighted yet another cigar, and quietly letting myself out of the house, strolled away in the moonlight. At first I walked along without any definite plan, merely enjoying the warm, dry air and splendid radiance of the sky while musing over the story I had just heard. Presently, however, I found myself upon the road to Os Santinhos, and without really knowing why I should wish to put myself to so much trouble and fatigue, I resolved to keep on, and take a closer view of the place than I had as yet been permitted to do.

The distance of about three miles was quickly passed, and before midnight I found myself beneath the high black wall at the point where it made an angle with the side wall, which was not nearly so high, as it only divided the grounds from a neighboring vineyard. Over this side wall I decided to make my entrance, and at some little distance from the road I selected a favorable spot; and with some scrambling, the sacrifice of a pair of boots and a good many stones out of the wall, I found myself upon the top, and by the help of a convenient chestnut-tree let myself down upon the other side. The house stood before me, white and ghostly in the moonlight, the latticed windows of the upper story without shutters, but those below entirely covered. A balcony ran around three sides of the house, and upon it these upper windows opened after the manner of doors.

"Since I am here, I may as well see the whole," muttered I; and mounting the steps leading to the terrace, I walked slowly around the house, looking for some means of entrance below or for a convenient point of ascent to the balcony. I had passed around the moonlighted sides, and was entering upon the darkest part of my journey, when a faint scream close at my elbow was followed by the fluttering sound of a woman's garments and the fall of rapid feet, as a dark figure rushed past me and out of sight in the direction of the gate.

I do not lay claim to any more courage than is common to my sex, but I may safely say that to startle me in this fashion is not the way to dissuade me from any pursuit, and I was now more than ever determined to explore the ill-omened house before me; so, after a moment's pause, I kept on, peering through the gloom at the wall as I passed in search of a door. About half-way to the next angle I saw one, and turning the handle, found to my great surprise that it yielded to my hand, and admitted me at once to the sagao, or cellar-like entrance hall common to all Azorean houses of the better class. Here I stopped to strike a light by means of my pocket match-case, which, much to my vexation, proved to contain but two matches. One of them I drew across the stone wall, and as it flashed into light I held it above my head and stared about me. It was a low, wide hall, supported by stone pillars, and of indefinite extent. Many doors opened at either side, giving entrance, no doubt, to store-rooms and cellars; and at the far end another, which, even as I looked, opened slowly from within, letting out a faint streak of light, and showing a white figure standing motionless upon the steps inside. A sort of thrill ran through my body—perhaps it was fright; I do not know; but, at any rate, my next impulse was to rush forward through the dim vault toward the open door. As the sound of my feet upon the stones woke the gloomy echoes of the place, the figure turned and fled up the stairs, silently and swiftly as a cloud; but the door remained open, and, guided by the light, I pursued as swiftly. The stairs terminated in a long corridor running through the house and pierced with many doors. One of these was just swinging together as I reached the landing, and rushing forward, I pushed it violently open. A faint sound, a sort of gasping sob, greeted my entrance, and in the dim moonlight that filled the room I saw the white figure flit through another door at the far end of the place. Leaping forward, I laid my hand upon the door before it could be closed, and pushed my way into the small chamber behind it. This, lighted only by one window, and that at the north, was yet darker than the other room and the staircase, both of which received the full light of the moon;

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but still I could discover the shadowy white figure, no longer flying, but crouched in the farthest corner of the room, the head bent down, and the face hidden by the hands.

"At last!" exclaimed I, rushing forward and laying my hand upon the bowed head. I had so fully prepared myself for the shock of feeling nothing beneath my fingers that I really experienced something of terror in finding a real head; and it was only with an effort that I returned to my usual prosaic mode of thought, and regarded the figure before me as that of an ordinary mortal, apparently a woman, and one who, perhaps, had a right where certainly I had none. Filled with this last idea, I was beginning some sort of apology both for my presence and my conduct, when to my dismay the drooping head drooped still farther, the figure swayed sideways, and it became evident that the fugitive had fainted as she sat.

"Proved that it is a woman, and mortal; but what am I to do with her?" muttered I, in all the perplexity of a bachelor. Remembering that fresh air and cold water were always alluded to in romances as appropriate restoratives, I dashed open the window, dragged the unconscious figure close beside it, and collecting in my hand some drops of water still standing in a hollow of the stone balcony after the morning's shower, I sprinkled them in the white face, which I began to notice was very young and something more than fair.

"The deuce! a young lady! What a mess!" thought I, in comic despair, not lessened by perceiving that my patient was reviving. It was a very pretty sight, no doubt, to watch the dark eyes as they slowly opened and turned languidly from side to side, while the faintest color came back to the charming mouth, and a little warmth crept into the cheek upon which I respectfully laid my fingers. But all these signs only heralded the moment I already dreaded, when with a sudden start, as the tide of memory came rolling back upon the brain, my pretty patient attempted to rise, and murmured,

"What is it? Jeronyma, is it you?"

The plunge had come; and drawing a long breath, I remarked with as judicious a mingling of respect and benevolence as I could manage upon the moment,

"Pardon me, senhora, but—"

A scream cut short my sentence, and, rising to her feet with an elastic motion not to be acquired by the Northern races, the fair Portuguese turned a face both frightened and angry full upon me, and exclaimed,

"Senhor, I do not know you! What have you done with Jeronyma? Where is my servant?"

"If Jeronyma is the individual whom I just frightened off the terrace below, I should say that she must be nearly at Magdalena by this time," replied I, a little nettled at the haughty tone of my recent patient. Like a shuttlecock it came to me the next instant.

"And might I inquire, senhor, why you should frighten away my servant, and pursue me, and, above all, what you are doing in this house?"

"Minha senhora, these questions are at once too just and too severe to admit of a reply. Suffer me to offer my humblest apologies, and to take my leave."

So saying, and with a bow of exaggerated humility, silently returned by the dim figure I addressed, I backed out of the room, and slowly retraced my steps to the staircase. No sooner had I left the presence of this mysterious lady than I began to repent my precipitation; and while I wondered more than ever what her business could be in this lonely and ill-omened house at midnight, I doubted whether as a gentleman I was right to leave her to its terrors, even at her own request.

"If only she hadn't been so confoundedly arrogant I would go back and try to persuade her to return to Magdalena with me," muttered I, halting as I reached the sagao. "But no, she would only snub me again. I will go and look after Jeronyma instead. She will be coming back by this time."

So saying, I lighted the last match, and by its glimmer found my way to the outer air. Passing along the terrace, I could not resist the temptation of going around the house to its northern side and glancing up at the farthest window. As I did so a shadowy white figure drew silently back into the gloom and disappeared.

With a smile upon my lips, kindly hidden by the darkness, I made my way to the outer gate, which, as I expected, was not only unlocked, but standing wide open; and, taking the road toward Magdalena, walked rapidly on, until, gaining a rising ground, I stopped and scanned the track for a considerable distance in advance. No living creature was to be seen or heard, and I turned to look back at Os Santinhos. House and grounds lay bathed in the quiet moonlight as I had first seen them; but was it that my nerves had become excited, or did the light fall differently? At any rate, there was a change; the whole place had taken on a weird, unnatural appearance; the moonlight glancing from the windows looked like flames, the shadows seemed like moving crowds of living creatures. At that moment, and for the first time, a feeling of horror in connection with the place took possession of my mind, and prompted flight. The next instant came the revulsion of reason, and with it a feeling of self-reproach that I had abandoned, even at her own demand, a young girl to the loneliness and terrors that already assailed my stronger nerves.

I made a step toward return, then checked

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myself. "She will ask again what business I have in following her," said I to myself; and still was hesitating, my eyes earnestly fixed upon Os Santinhos, when I saw—and as I am a living man it is the truth—a cloud, or rather a body of light, issue from the rhododendron walk leading from the back of the house into the garden. I rubbed my eyes and knit my brows, determined not to be made the fool of an excited fancy; but still the shining cloud moved on, slowly advancing toward the house. And now I began to distinguish forms moving within it. One, and two, and three! Yes, three figures, as of children walking hand in hand, all clothed in shining white, and all looking earnestly toward the house as they moved slowly and steadily toward it.

"Os Santinhos!" muttered I; and, with no further hesitation, I sprang forward at a run, no longer doubting that it was my duty as well as my earnest desire to share the vigil of that haughty, dark-eyed girl, and shield her so far as mortal might from the terrors of this haunted house. The distance may have been a quarter of a mile or less; but from the first step I lost sight of the house and grounds, nor caught another glimpse of either until, breathless, excited, and strangely moved, I rushed through the red door, still standing ajar, and on between the dew-dripping hedges to the house. As I came in sight of it I paused a moment, partly to recover my breath, partly to note what changes had taken place since my departure. But still the house lay cold and white in the moonlight, the lower half close barred, the upper casements dark and forbidding, save when they flashed back the flame-like light. The cloud, the three childish figures, were nowhere visible; and a doubt whether I had not deceived myself in seeing them at all flashed across my mind, and brought a smile of self-contempt to my lips.

"At any rate, I will go in again, and, braving the fair donna's disdain, will offer to escort her back to the town; for it certainly is not agreeable to spend a night alone in such an old ghost-trap as this, whether—"

A sudden shriek cut short my unspoken words, and sent a thrill of horror through my nerves. Such a sound of terror, of despair, of madness, I never heard before or since, and never while I live will it cease to haunt me. Without an instant of thought or hesitation I sprang up the steps, rushed around the house, and seizing the handle of the door which I had closed in coming out, I turned and shook it violently, but without result. She had followed me down, and fastened the door behind me. I threw myself against it with all my force, and again and again, but the solid oak and iron met me like a rock. I stamped and ground my teeth with rage, rushed up and down the terrace like a madman; then, controlling myself with a violent effort, I tried to think—for up to this point I had been guided solely by impulse. A moment did it; and running around the house until I stood beneath the window I had opened to give air to the fainting girl, I seized one of the carved pilasters which ornamented the wall, and by violent efforts succeeded in clambering up until I could touch the stone floor of the balcony, which, as in all Azorean houses, was formed by the projection of part of the wall of the house, and not supported from below, as in American country houses.

The floor attained, I easily grasped the railing, and drew myself up and over. The window still stood open, but the little chamber was empty, and I passed hastily through it into the next, and still finding no one, went on to the corridor at the head of the stairs. Standing here in the darkness, I listened intently for a few moments, then groped my way on toward the dim window at the farther end. As I did so some one passed me; some one who was in great grief and terror; some one from whom emanated a horrible chill and a sense of repulsion that made me shrink away until I stood pressed against the wall. I tell this incident thus vaguely, for it was thus that it occurred, and this is all that I know of it. I saw no one, I heard no one; but yet I knew that in the dead darkness of the place some one—a woman as it seemed to me, a woman overcome with some terrible grief and fright, and bearing about her an atmosphere of creeping chill and horror—passed me and went away out of the house; for after a minute or so I drew a long breath of relief, and felt that a weight was lifted from my brain which would have driven me mad had it been suffered to remain there.

In the same way that I had known that this woman passed me, I knew that it was not the woman I had seen in my first visit to the place, and I now felt more than ever determined to find and rescue her. Listening so intently that the tympanum of my ears tingled with the strain, I heard the low sound of a whispering voice in a room at the end of the gallery, and as noiselessly as possible I groped my way toward it. The door stood half open, and the last rays of the moon, already sinking, threw a strange, cold light into the desolate chamber. Just where this light fell upon her head knelt the girl whom I had already seen, a crucifix and rosary between her folded hands, her great dark eyes uplifted and full of tears, her face white and cold as marble. It was the whispered words of her prayer that I had heard; and so rapt was she in her devotions that she had not perceived my cautious footsteps. Seeing her safe, and thus occupied, I hesitated to intrude, and finally contented myself with remaining where I could watch over her without being myself perceived. The moon sank lower and lower, and the "dark hour before

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dawn" came on. Then, in the dim twilight, I saw the kneeling figure sink down exhausted, while the rosary fell rattling to the floor.

"O Jesu! Is it not enough?" moaned the broken voice; and then—"it is so terrible here!"

At that I dared to act, and pushing open the door, I entered the room, saying, as I did so,

"Senhora, once more pardon my intrusion, but—"

"You, senhor! You again! Is it really you, a living man?"

"It is I, senhora; and I have dared to return because I felt that this place and this time were enough to terrify me, were I compelled to remain alone here, and I did not suppose you to have more courage than myself."

"I had courage because it was a duty, senhor," replied she, coldly; and then came a silence, and then a smothered sob, and then the weary, broken voice, no longer proud or cold, moaned out:

"Oh, take me out into the light; take me away from this fearful place, senhor, if, indeed, you pity me, as you say."

I do not remember what I replied to that; but as I close my eyes I see again, as I saw then, the slender white figure defined against the casement coming toward me with pleading, outstretched arms, and again I feel the ice-cold little hands that grasped mine so convulsively as we met midway.

"You are safe now. Come!" said I, and, still holding her hand in mine, I led her, wildly sobbing now that her strained nerves had given way, through the corridor and down the stairs and through the tomb-like sagao, until we stood beneath the free, pure heaven, already rosy with the coming dawn.

Upon the broken terrace steps she sank down utterly exhausted, and unable longer to control or exert herself. I stood beside her, silent, while the violence of her emotion lasted, but when the stormy sobs grew less frequent, and some murmured words of apology became audible, I seated myself, and, in such phrases as I could best choose, I assured her of my sympathy, my anxiety to help her, and my regret at having appeared to intrude upon her privacy. But here she interrupted me, saying, hurriedly,

"I owe it to you, senhor, to explain why I am here—"

"By no means, senhora; it is I who owe you both explanation and apology;" and, hurrying on, I told her my little story precisely as I have told it to the reader. In the ghostly light of early morning I could see her proud face grow yet paler, and her large eyes dilate and waver, as I spoke of the strange presentiment, the stranger sights and sounds, that had led me back to her when already I was far away; and when I told of the Presence—the Thing—that had brushed by me in the corridor, she shrank closer to my side, and laid her icy hand in mine.

"I saw her! I heard her!" whispered she.

"It was then that you shrieked, was it not?"

"I did not shriek. That was her, not me—that is the shriek with which her wicked mind fled from its body, and she rushed out to die."

"She?" asked I, my curiosity overpowering my discretion.

"Yes. My grandfather's wicked young wife. Senhor, you have told me your story; now listen to mine:

"Senhor Francisco ——, who built this house, had a younger brother, who went to Brazil and gained very much money there. Dying, he sent his three little children, whose mother was dead before, to his brother, and with them the papers that proved their right to all his property, both in Brazil and here in the islands. Senhor Francisco had also married, and also lost his wife, who in dying left him one child, afterward my mother. He was angry that this daughter was not a son, and while she was yet little he sent her away to grow up among the peasants of one of his country-seats. Then he married a beautiful young wife who brought him yet more money, and by whom he hoped to become the father of sons who should inherit his wealth and his name. It was soon after this that the little orphans with their great fortune came to him from Brazil, and the father of evil put it into his heart, or rather into that of the wife, to kill them and become their heir.

"This house was just built then, and had never been used, for, you know, we Fayalese only come to Pico for the summer months; so it surprised no one when, early in July, my grandfather with his whole family came over here, and began to live so quietly that after a while it was like a prison: no one came in and no one went out. The only life was the sports of the poor little children, and little by little they seemed to lose all heart for play, and went creeping about hand in hand, sitting for hours in the garden, or hiding in the thicket behind it; for although the house was new, the garden had been made a great many years, and was already old."

"But, senhora, how do you know all these details of a time so long past when you were born?" asked I, curiously.

"It was only two months ago, senhor, that I heard them from the lips of an old, old man who came home from Brazil to die in his native place. He was called Maestro José, and was my grandfather's *feitor*—what you call in English steward. He had grown up in the family, and knew all its secrets; indeed, I do not think my grandfather tried to hide any thing from him. So, in return-

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ing to Fayal, he came to the old house where he had grown up, and where, alas! I now live all alone—for, senhor, I am an orphan—and after a few weeks the poor old man fell sick, and they told him that he must die. Then he asked to see me all alone, and told me this story, and said that it had haunted him in his far-away Brazilian home, and he could not rest there, but had come home to tell the story to my mother if she had been alive, but, failing her, to me; and—but stop! I will finish the story, and then I will tell you how the promise which I gave to José brought me here to-night.

"So—José went on to tell me—the little children moped and pined, and the wicked young wife watched them with sidelong, eager eyes, like a cat who waits for the bird to be quite within reach before she springs; and my poor grandfather wandered up and down the house, wasting to a shadow with the struggle that went on within his heart; for, oh, senhor, I am of his blood, and I do not wish to think that he was wicked of himself: it was she that made him so.

"At last, in the hottest part of the summer, the children fell ill with some slight childish complaint, and they lay in bed in the room where you found me praying. It was in the night that José heard movements in the house, and, rising from his bed, came softly along the corridor, just as you did last night, senhor, and standing at the door, peeped in, still as you did, but the sight he saw was different. The children lay sleeping in their little beds close together, and my grandfather and his wife bent over them; she with such a dark, determined look upon her face that old José said his hair stiffened upon his head, and a chill of death crept over him, and he (my grandfather) holding her back and whispering in her ear. But all at once she tore herself away from him, and snatching up a pillow pressed it upon two of the little heads lying close together, and held it down so tight—so tight—that in a few moments the poor little limbs ceased to struggle, and the murdered children lay very quiet.

"The youngest, the baby, a pretty little curly-haired darling not three years old, waked as she went toward his little bed, and, smiling up in her face, held out his arms to be taken. She hesitated one moment, and my grandfather cried out,

"'Not him, Thereza; not the poor little Francisquinho!'

"But she looked at him with her great fierce eyes, like a wolf, and saying, 'All or none, my husband,' she crushed the pillow down upon the little sunny head, and bent like a black shadow of death over the poor little struggling form. Then José crept away as he had come, and went to his own room, but had hardly been there an hour when a servant came to call him. The children had died, and the master was very ill, all of some dreadfully contagious disease, he said, and the mistress was calling for Maestro José.

"So he went, and listened to her story, and said nothing, but set himself to watch over his master, who was raving in delirium already.

"When morning came he buried the three poor little babies in the thicket at the back of the garden, where they had tried to hide from the foul death that was pursuing them; he buried them, and said nothing, for was not my grandfather's safety and honor more to him than his own—more than the law, or even revenge upon that wicked woman?

"Two days more and my grandfather was dying. In the last hours his senses came back to him, and he confessed all to José, with the wife standing by and mocking at every word he said, for already her mind was wandering. But my grandfather, not heeding her, told the whole story; and he gave him a sum of money and jewels, and bade him carry all the servants with him and go to Brazil to spend the rest of his life, lest the secret should ever escape his lips; and he gave him the deeds of a small estate there, writing with his own dying hand that they were to be made over to him forever. Then he made José carry him into the chamber where the children had died; and when the night came round again, and she was watching beside him with her fierce wolf-eyes, he died. It was at that moment, senhor, that they first came."

"They?"

"The children, the Little Saints, as the people call them. José saw them standing at the foot of the bed, and looking so sadly, so pityingly, at the dying man that he felt they were forgiving him the cruel wrong he had permitted toward them. He saw them too, and starting up in his bed with a great cry, he threw out his hands as if to keep them off, and fell back—dead. And she—she saw them, and it was then that she uttered that terrible shriek whose echo you heard last night, senhor. It was when she saw those three, and knew that they were to haunt her forever through all her miserable life, that her senses gave way, and with that dreadful shriek she rushed out of the room and out of the house, and fled through the gate, and José after her. When they brought her back he took her into the house, and laid her upon her bed, and locked the door upon her, while he went to look at his master, but he was already dead and cold. So when night came he went for the priest, and my poor grandfather was buried—but not with the rites of the Church, for, alas! he had died in his sins, unshriven and unforgiven. There was no inquiry into his death or that of the children, for my grandfather was very rich, and the priest and the

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mayor were very poor, and José knew how to manage them. The next day the padre came again to bring the last unction to the dying woman; and when all was over José collected the frightened servants, whom he had kept in the farthest part of the house all this time with talk of deadly contagion, and carried them over to Fayal, and a few days after they all sailed together for Brazil. Then the property all came to the poor neglected and despised little daughter running barefoot among the peasant children at Conceiçao, and she had a guardian, and was educated, and grew up and married, and she and my father died three years ago, and I am all alone in the world, senhor. You see that, as the priest says often happens, the sins of the fathers are punished in the children, and I suffer for the wickedness that was done here forty, almost fifty, years ago. So, senhor, when José had told me all this story, and begged me to do something to ease his dying moments, I promised that when the anniversary of that cruel night came round I would visit this place, and spend the night upon my knees praying for the souls of those who died so fearfully here; and the old man smiled and closed his eyes, and never spoke again. I told my confessor of my vow, and he said it was a holy one, and he promised to spend the night in praying that I might be prospered in my pious task; and I gave him money that masses may be said for a whole year in the little chapel upon one of my estates in Fayal, and so I think I have done all that I can; have I not, senhor? But it was very terrible, and I am so glad that you came, although you frightened me so much."

"But, senhora, did you actually see any thing supernatural last night?" inquired I, as she paused.

"How can I tell, senhor? I heard something. I knew that some one was near, and I fixed my eyes upon God's clear sky, and prayed to Him as fervently as I could. At last I heard that awful shriek, and the next thing was your voice. But see! there comes Jeronyma; she is my old nurse, senhor, and she came to watch with me last night. We are staying at a house that I borrowed of a friend in Fayal, so that I might keep my vigil without exciting remark. I will go to meet her. Adios, senhor."

She rose, and, making me a stately and graceful reverence, was already moving away, when I arrested her.

"But, senhora, may not I hope to see you again? May not I ask your name?"

She hesitated a moment, then said:

"A young woman like myself can not receive a young gentleman as her guest among us Portuguese; but I am called Senhora Donna Katrina, and if you are ever in Fayal, it may chance that we shall meet at the house of some mutual friend. Adios, senhor."

"Adios, minha senhora. We shall meet again."

So ends the story of Os Santinhos, but not the story of Donna Katrina and myself; for that is not done yet, and my daily prayer is that it may not be finished for many, many years.

THE GROWTH OF OUR THEORIES OF THE WEATHER.

IN the traditions of almost every nation whose history runs back to a traditional period there is an account of some divine messenger to whom their fathers were indebted for a knowledge of agriculture. The origin of such a tradition is evident enough. It seemed in those early days the only explanation possible to account for so great an advance from the poverty, uncertainty, and anxiety of a life dependent upon the finding of such roots and fruits as nature might fortuitously afford, to the security and ease implied in agricultural pursuits. From the first rude attempt at agriculture, however, up to the present complicated scientific condition of that industry, we know that all our advance has been gained by the patient process of experience and thought. Analysis, synthesis, and comparison, the only methods we have for arriving at truth, have given us our theory of manures, the rotation of crops, and demonstrated the advantages of draining, or of subsoil plowing.

Some divine messenger may have brought the crooked stick which served as the first plow; but we know that the steam-reaper was so much of a human production that we have granted a patent to its inventor, as a reward for the thought and labor he expended in making it. With the aid of chemistry, accuracy and precision have been introduced into many departments of agriculture, and, in place of the old empiricism, we have the certainty of scientific knowledge. The cultivation of the earth as the primal and chief business of mankind, forming as it does the very corner-stone of social life and social progress, we find is aided and improved by increase of human knowledge in any and every direction.

The farmer of to-day is not only called upon to expend the sweat of his brow in earning his bread, but he finds that he must also tax his brains. The strength and endurance of his muscles will not come amiss; but the breadth and scope of his general knowledge, the accuracy of his observation, and the fineness of the tissue of his brain are of more importance still. Nor is the end yet reached. We have applied science to the study of the chemical constitution of the soil; we can tell what elements the manures we apply must have in them to produce certain results; we can decide upon the needed moisture of the land, and regu-

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late it by draining; but for all the influences upon the crops we desire, which the summer's rains or droughts, the early or late frosts, the chill or heated terms, may have, we are helpless, and have to depend upon such conditions as the natural course of events may bring for us.

We are almost as far from knowing that the atmosphere can be cultivated and the climate regulated as our savage forefathers, who lived upon such roots and fruits as grew spontaneously, were that the soil itself could be brought under their control. In this case, as with agriculture, it is only as increase of knowledge gives increase of power that our conception of our domain over nature widens; and an examination of the gradual growth of our theories of climate will show that it lies as directly in the path of human progress to apply scientific knowledge to the regulation of the wind and the rain as it has been to modify the soil.

Meteorology, though by no means as yet an exact science, has taken its place in the scientific advance of the century, and has reaped the benefits which all special branches of investigation have reaped from the new spirit of positive inquiry which characterizes the present scientific thought of the world. A century ago it was impossible that any thing like a general theory of the climate could be made, since there were neither the data in existence upon which to form such a theory, nor was mankind in possession of the means for arriving at such data. The students of the weather could rely only upon their individual observations; and to our, as to their, unaided senses it appears as though nothing could be more capricious than the weather; as though sunshine and showers succeed each other with no regard to rule or reason; as though the wind blows where it lists, and brings heated or chill terms with it as it wishes.

The barometer, however, first enabled us to measure and record the pressure of the atmosphere, and note its changes; then the thermometer enabled us to do the same thing with its temperature; then the investigation of the electric phenomena of a thunder-shower robbed the lightning of all its terror as the manifestation of some angry divinity, by showing that it was the natural operation of a force diffused through almost all the processes of nature.

The effect of these discoveries, affording the means of a more extended and accurate observation of nature than the world ever before possessed, led naturally to an increased interest in the study of meteorology, and this, in turn, produced further means of investigation. Neither the barometer nor the thermometer was found adequate for giving us all the data we needed concerning the condition of the atmosphere at any moment. There are other conditions upon which the chances of rain or drought depend. Not only the weight and the heat of the air are important to be known, but also its comparative moisture, and its electric condition.

For obtaining these data we have also instruments. The tests of the electric condition of the air, whether positive or negative, and also how strongly it is charged, or, as the phrase goes, what is its electric tension, are numerous but delicate, and can hardly be used except by experts. That, however, of the comparative moisture of the air is very simple. It consists simply of two thermometers placed side by side; the bulb of one is left exposed, while that of the other is covered with a bit of muslin, the end of which hangs down into a cup of water. The effect of this arrangement is that the muslin enveloping the bulb is kept moist by capillary attraction. If, therefore, the air is dry, and absorbs moisture, the water in the muslin on the bulb evaporates quickly, and in this process absorbs heat from the quicksilver in the bulb, thus causing the mercury to descend. If, however, the air is moist, the muslin retains its water, and the mercury is not affected by it. The difference or similarity of the reading of the two thermometers is, therefore, the test of the moisture or dryness of the air.

The simplicity and value of this instrument as a weather gauge should bring it into almost universal use. In indicating the weather it is more reliable than any other instrument which we have as yet, and, furthermore, as we shall see, has had an important effect in modifying our theories of rain.

Besides these instruments, we have others for measuring the force and direction of the winds, the amount of rain and snow which falls, and, finally, the telegraph is coming rapidly into use for the purpose of instantaneous intercommunication between distant points. By its aid, for the first time in the history of meteorology, it becomes possible to follow a storm in its entire course, noticing its commencement, its course, its changes, and its end. The effect of thus extending our powers of observation and introducing accuracy into our measurements of the various elements upon which our climate depends, has been the same in the study of meteorology that it has in all the other sciences. Our theories of climate have grown in order to keep pace with our increased means of observation, and from being local have become cosmical. The limitation of our unaided senses makes this the natural course in every science. To the first observers of the stars it seemed indisputable that this earth was the centre about which they all revolved, and an entire system of celestial mechanics was constructed to account for their circulation.

In meteorology an analogous growth has

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taken place. Our showers were at first supposed to result from entirely local causes, and the theory formed for explaining them dealt only with such causes. The evaporation from any spot was supposed to be carried up into the colder regions of the atmosphere, and, being there condensed into cloud, was returned again as rain from where it rose as vapor. The use of the wet and dry bulb thermometers has shown, however, that evaporation is a sign of clear weather instead of rain; or, as Steinmetz, one of the best authorities, states in his "Sunshine and Showers," "Invariably, the greater the *evaporation* the less the *rain*, and *vice versa*, in every month and on all occasions"—page 144; and again, "An approaching thunder-storm is indicated by a rapid decrease of the daily *evaporation* during hot weather"—page 262.

It is now agreed by the best observers that our rain-falls are produced by the clouds in the upper strata of the atmosphere; and most probably the electric conditions upon which the fall of rain depends are to be found only there. The moisture which the atmosphere gathers by evaporation is condensed and deposited as rain only as it is subjected to the agency of electric forces. This we may accept as a demonstrated truth. That the moisture carried off from any spot by evaporation enters into the grand atmospheric circulation, is also a fact which any one can demonstrate to himself by observation. In every dry time in summer we see the earth growing day by day dryer as the hot sun evaporates the moisture from the ground, and yet the clouds may gather in the early evening only to disappear before the next day, when the same course is repeated. Every one who has ever noticed the weather must have seen times when it seemed as though it was trying hard to rain and could not. From this has come the common proverb, "All signs fail in a dry time."

Considerations of this kind, which have been arrived at only by observation, have forced meteorologists to abandon local causes for the explanation of rain; and Steinmetz, with others, fully recognizes that the showers of England originate in Continental Europe.

The true theory of our climate, of the yearly supply of moisture by rain, is probably, however, that put forth recently by Mr. Thomas B. Butler, of Hartford, Connecticut, in a work entitled, "A concise analytical and logical Development of the Atmospheric System." As this work was "printed for the author," an outline of its theory will not be amiss. Stated generally, his theory is that the *normal* condition of the weather is clear, and that the changes in it are produced by currents which originate in the tropics, and, following regular laws, circulate in the upper atmosphere about the earth, producing, or rather inducing, in special localities, as they influence or are influenced by special local causes, the phenomena of the weather. The originating force of these currents he finds in the electric or magnetic forces induced by the sun.

That there is some connection between the spots on the sun and the activity of the terrestrial magnetic currents has been for some time the opinion of philosophers. In the Proceedings of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, for March 8, 1864, is an article by Mr. Baxendell, F.R.A.S., upon "Periodic Changes in the Magnetic Condition of the Earth and in the Distribution of Temperature on its Surface," in which he says: "It has long been suspected that the same causes which produce the spots on the sun's disk must in some way have an important influence on the phenomena of our own atmosphere. The facts now given convert this suspicion into a certainty, and it is not, perhaps, too much to say that meteorology can never take rank as a true science while our knowledge of the sun remains in its present imperfect state." Other observers have come to the same conclusion.

Steinmetz quotes from Mr. Fullbrook, the well-known writer on rain-fall and meteorology, as follows: "From extensive observations he believes he has established the fact that whenever two planets form a right line with the earth, some disturbance connected with their light, electricity, or magnetic reaction takes place in the atmosphere, and a much larger quantity of rain—especially about the fourth or fifth day after—is the result; and the greater number of the more violent and extensive storms and hurricanes have occurred at or about the time of this *excess* of rain. This fact Mr. Fullbrook assures us," says Steinmetz, "he has verified by the investigation of three hundred consecutive conjunctions of planets in longitude, using the registers of Luke Howard for the vicinity of London, between the years 1807 and 1830 inclusive."

Unquestionably the forces in action upon this world are in connection with, and influenced by, those operating in the universe. The attraction of gravitation, which makes the rain fall, is the same force which, in a wider sphere, keeps the planets in their orbits; and a drop of dew assumes its spherical form by the action of the same force which rounded the earth and the sun himself. The circulation of the atmosphere, like that of the tides, is caused primarily by the action of cosmical forces, and the currents in the atmosphere, like those in the oceans, result from the action of universal causes. Mr. Butler in his work is, however, the first writer on meteorology within our knowledge who has claimed that this regular circulation in the atmosphere is the cause of the apparently fickle changes in the weather; that this circulation, as it is regular and constant, can

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be observed, and the laws regulating its action discovered, and, as these are modified by local causes, the weather thus prognosticated.

Further than this, in his work he gives the results of his own observations upon this regular circulation of stormy conditions, and has illustrated them with most suggestive diagrams and maps. Of course it is impossible for any single observer, even though he uses, as Mr. Butler has, all the information which the casual observation of others may afford him, to get all the data necessary for formulating the laws regulating so vast a theatre of action as the atmospheric circulation of the world covers. Before this can be done thoroughly the world itself must be encircled with reliable observers, furnished with all the appliances necessary for making scientific and accurate observations. The organization of human society upon this planet is as yet very far from having reached this point of perfection. In fact, accurate and reliable meteorological observation is a matter of very recent origin. The instruments necessary for making such observations have not been in the possession of mankind longer than twenty or thirty years, and there is still need for further inventions. But the results which have been already attained with the fragmentary and incomplete materials at command promise fair for what we shall learn when, the telegraph encircling the world, placing scientific observers, stationed at all points, in instantaneous communication, the origin and progress of atmospheric changes may be traced with accuracy.

Toward this the world is tending; and one of the most important effects of this growth of our theories of the weather—of raising it from the plane of local to universal considerations—is that it affords another proof of the necessity and wisdom of union instead of discord among the inhabitants of the globe.

This necessity and wisdom are more apparent when we consider that the control of the weather is a domain for human industry. As yet the influence exerted by mankind upon the weather has been empirical and not scientific. But we know that the clearing of forests, the draining of land, the building of railroads, and a variety of other works, must and do affect the weather, since by these the normal conditions by which the weather is produced are altered.

Though this subject has engaged the attention of many writers upon meteorology and physical geography, and they are agreed that great changes in the climate are due to human agency, yet the want of accurate observation has made it impossible to arrive at more than general conclusions concerning the climatic effects that human industry has produced. While our theories of climate were local, the effects of such human interference were, of course, supposed to be only local; but with the conception that the climate depends upon a universal circulation, which is affected by local causes, the interest in the production of such causes becomes also universal; and from this to the conception that it is only by a union and scientific application of the means at the command of mankind for affecting the climate that the universal interests can be furthered is but a step, though an important one, in the development of peace and good-will among men.

Thus far in the advance of our knowledge of the forces at work in nature we have always found them our friends, and that by their control we have improved our condition; nor is it questionable but that the control of the weather would be a continuation of the same experience. To attain this point is not as much an advance upon our present condition as our methods of agriculture, of transportation, of communicating intelligence by the telegraph, and a thousand other results of our complex civilization are upon the conditions of isolation and barbarism in which a large portion of the earth's inhabitants are still sunk, and from which the most advanced nations have raised themselves.

Precisely by what means these results are to be attained it is impossible to say. The necessities of civilization have developed the railroad and the telegraph. But though it was evident that the growing needs of mankind required some improved method of transportation and communication, it was impossible beforehand to exactly determine what that method would be.

THE WINTER WEDDING.

THE air is thick with falling snow,
The white drifts fill the street;
But, decked with flowers, the church, within,
As summer-time is sweet.
My earliest and my truest friend
To-day a bride will be!
Strew Love's own roses in her path,
For worthy Love is she.
And glad to twine her bridal wreath
Of orange flowers was I,
Though well I know the wedding kiss
Is Friendship's last "Good-by!"

Her girlhood's hopes and fears I knew,
Its pleasures and its cares;
But in a woman's highest bliss
No other woman shares.
And, grateful that this joy is hers,
I do not grieve to see
Her willing footsteps choose a path
That leads away from me.
For well I know the stars must fade
From out the sun-lit sky,
And evermore the wedding kiss
Is Friendship's last "Good-by!"

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Editor's Easy Chair.

"I HAVE no doubt," said an old and sagacious citizen of Washington, as he rolled the Easy Chair along one of the spacious avenues, "that a hundred years hence thousands of people from all parts of the country will have their winter houses in this city, as they have their summer houses elsewhere." Certainly the great attractions of the city are not generally considered. Washington as a city has been always a joke. The common feeling is that it was an absurd site, selected in obedience to a foolish theory of the geographical centre of what would probably be the national domain, at least until time had slowly developed the illimitable West. Then it was laid out for a great city, and upon a remarkable plan; and such was the faith in the rapid growth of a city that the plateau upon the east front of the Capitol, upon which it was designed that the settlement should be made, became a point of speculation, so that the city grew up behind the Capitol; and the city of society and the public offices is now in the neighborhood and direction of the White House, while the Capitoline city has a certain sad and solitary character, like that of the royal heir in exile.

At an early day somebody called it a city of magnificent distances, and he told the truth, but not the whole truth. When that is said all is not said. The very distances, the noble breadth of the streets, make it a city full of sunshine and thoroughly ventilated. There is no more cheerful city in the world than Washington on a bright autumnal day. Yet it has nothing of what is called the metropolitan character. The chief street of business is Pennsylvania Avenue, the broad, straight, smoothly paved road between the Capitol and the Treasury. But there are no fine shops, and in the evening it is one of the least brilliant of city streets. The peculiar plan of the city, which at every few rods breaks the line of the main street with another crossing it at an extraordinary angle, not only utterly bewilders the passenger, and destroys the imposing uniformity of a continuous range of building, but gives the stranger a perplexing sense of advancing sideways, and he feels as if constantly bearing away from his direct line. The buildings, many of them, are low and mean and shabby, often with the air of a remote provincial town. But as you stand in the middle of the great avenue, and see the Capitol rising from the foliage and terraces at its base, its symmetry and magnificence seem almost too disproportionate.

The Capitol is the superb and conclusive argument against a removal of the seat of government. It is one of the most imposing buildings in the world. Indeed, there is none for great national purposes to be compared with it. Vast sums of money, however, have been squandered upon it. It is the monument of a thousand shameless jobs. It is a miracle of wasted space and inconvenience. Incongruity and tastelessness and absurdity abound in it. But as you drive over the heights, miles away from the city, that marvelous dome is still the most impressive and beautiful object that you see; and as you stand at night in front of the Capitol, when the moon is full, looking at the façade of either end, you feel the truth of the poet's lines,

> "Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
> As the best gem upon her zone."

The unblemished whiteness of the building is striking. It sparkles in the moon. Yet in the fullest sunshine it is never glaring to the distant eye. The neighborhood of Washington is so picturesquely rolling that the dome is constantly set in the finest landscape conditions. Its effect is like that of the grandest natural object—a mountain or the sea; and it gives a character to the entire landscape which would otherwise be wanting. The associations of the city are modern and political; but every great work of plastic art that touches the imagination belongs to the common realm of poetry. On some soft, rich October day, when the warmth of the sun is ripe, not crude, sweet as the juices of the fruits it mellows, drive to the cemetery on Georgetown Heights, a beautiful and sunny city of the dead. Then, pushing out upon the Rockville pike, you will see the Potomac Valley to the left and the shining line of the stream, and further round toward your right, as you turn, the Capitol. Turning at a certain point sharply to the left, and winding round along a narrow road, just upon the verge of the hill as you begin to descend, stop and look.

On such a day, in such a light and air, all things are beautiful. But here, on this rough road, among these untilled fields, this land of whose romance even Hawthorne despaired, you suddenly see at the same moment two of the most memorable views which your memory will bring back from Europe or from all historic and romantic lands. What magic spell inthralls you—for you see at once the dome of St. Peter's from the Villa Doria, and the towered castle of Chillon upon the Lake of Geneva! It is the Capitol dome, with the long white line of the building itself, and the pile of the Georgetown College, which from this point seems to stand upon the edge of the Potomac, that broadens, apparently landlocked, into a placid and gleaming lake. It is a view which adds to the charm of the American landscape the fascination of romantic and historic suggestion. It is one of the pictures which memory never loses, which gives us, in a certain sense, all the beauty with none of the sadness of the scenes which it recalls.

The interior of the Capitol, however, is almost as saddening as its exterior is imposing. It is painful to see the wasted space and the inconvenience. The lower story, or basement, is so dark that nothing is fairly seen except that it is an arched vault of beautiful marbles, the arches frescoed like the Golden House of Nero, or the exquisite passages of the Vatican, in whose decoration Raphael imitated the old imperial palace. The designs in this part of the Capitol seem to be American birds and flowers, with portraits interspersed—a rich profusion of form and color which is surprising and provoking, lost, as it is, in obscurity. Then groping up a marble staircase, with your hand resting upon a bronze railing elaborately and beautifully wrought, but hidden in the darkness, you enter the President's room, which is all marble and color, with long mirrors, and portraits in fresco of the members

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of the first cabinet. It is but a step to the Senate-chamber, an unimpressive, obscure, and unventilated room, which has no contact whatever with the outer air.

The desks were removed, as we saw it, so that we could observe a system of ventilation which is partly controlled by every Senator. There is an opening like the register of a furnace under each seat, through which fresh air is forced up, and the Senator may either permit it to blow over his august person, which in a hot July evening may be agreeable, or he may close it. But there is a top, or cover, which must be turned up or down to open or close the aperture, and it is immovable. To the question what this was meant for, the reply was a benignant smile and the remark that it was designed to prevent Senatorial expectoration into the ventilating tube! For it appears that the fathers of the state are wont to give these conduits of fresh air a *quid pro quo;* and they had therefore been closed. But it was found that the chamber was too uncomfortable, and they have been again opened.

All the elaborate details of decoration in this chamber would be wisely exchanged for an immediate contact with the outer air. If the room had been so built that there might have been great windows through which the sunshine could stream in winter, and which in the early April and May days could be thrown wide open, the influence upon the health of the Senators and upon their debates could not but have been of the utmost advantage. Honorable gentlemen must then have been very eloquent to win the attention of their colleagues from the lovely grounds of the Capitol, or the soft distances beyond the Potomac. If beside the dim cloak-room, where at a single open fire-place Senatorial expectoration proceeds in the winter, there had been a balcony overhanging the shrubbery of the western front, upon which, in pleasant weather, the wise men might lounge, with all the world before them for expectorative purposes, the long session might have been endless, but it would have been delightful. But to the imposing exterior every thing has been sacrificed except the intrinsic magnificence of the marble rooms, especially the withdrawing-room, which is very fine.

The architect might plead that his task was almost hopeless. It was to include one most inconvenient building in another and a greater; and it is interesting to remark how from the dull chrysalis of the old Capitol the glittering result has emerged. The central building, or the nucleus, is of a composition which is painted white, and would therefore be a little mean in its impression if it were not absorbed in the real grandeur of the whole pile. Passing from the Senate-chamber across queer little "wells" for lighting the corridor, you may look in at the old chamber, in which now the majesty of the Supreme Court of the United States is enthroned. Its simplicity is impressive. A bench of judges whose collective aspect is not unworthy the sentiment of the tribunal, its central figure already historical in the political history of the last twenty years. And this small and modest chamber was "the decorated scene" of the careers of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and of other men of conspicuous names, which, however, already begin to seem smaller than the last generation supposed them to be.

The Rotunda, or great central hall of the Capitol, is now happily freed from all scaffolding, and no longer looks like a second-rate old curiosity shop. It is a very impressive place, and worthy of the building. A curious observation presently discovers the remarkable pictures which surround it, among which the immortal shin-pieces are still the most conspicuous and the best. There is a quaint bareness and simplicity in the representation of the signing of the Declaration of Independence; but it is most interesting from the singular harmony of the whole with the conception of the scene which we get from history. The men of that time had a certain plain dignity and intelligence, which justified Chatham's famous eulogy of the Continental Congress. They have, in the picture, the aspect of respectable and resolute yeomen; and, could it have been painted at the time, and placed in Windsor or Kew, the British majesty itself, and the lord in the blue ribbon, might have seen in these faces the hopelessness of the struggle with the colonies.

The entrance to the Library of Congress is just out of the Rotunda, and as you pass in you stand in one of the best-arranged libraries in the world—only restricted by space. The rapid increase of the collection may be estimated when it is remembered that a copy of every new book issued in the United States is deposited here. Yet such is the excellence of the method of distribution that any book wanted is instantly found. The library is, of course, fire-proof, and the knowledge, experience, and sagacity of the librarian, Mr. Spofford, are felt in all the details of the management. The public service of such a man in such a place, with such associates as Dr. Gill, is incalculable. His realm is the mine from which will be painfully taken the substance of how many speeches yet to be! Upon these silent iron shelves what embryo eloquence reposes! Facts which will amaze senates, arguments which will persuade countries and change policies, illustrations which will thrill and charm the future, are all piled here, unconscious and unformed!

You step out upon the western balcony, looking toward the city. There, overhanging the beautiful terraces clustering with foliage, the librarian will perhaps remind you that Humboldt said that he knew no finer near prospect than that before you. Beyond the green descending foreground the great avenues of the city stretch away. There, to the southwest, are the heights of Arlington, and there the Fairfax Seminary. The Potomac, a line of silver, melts with the misty horizon, and you may see, possibly, the few spires and masts of Alexandria, and remember that, like "the Jerseys," it was good enough ground for Washington to tread, and that there he went to church. And as you once more gaze below upon the terraces, perhaps a tall, erect, stalwart man, with his thin hair lifted by the wind, and his hands sunk in the pockets of a thin blue overcoat, will pass beneath you, with a companion, descending the steps toward the city. It is the head of the third great branch of the government, the official descendant of John Jay—the Chief Justice of the United States.

But an Easy Chair rolling itself about the Capitol, and stopping every where to look with

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interest, must see the old chamber of the people —the old hall of the House of Representatives— which it remembered but a few years since as an antechamber full of old apple-women and plaster casts. How incredibly small it is for a hall of so great historical renown! It is semicircular, and there are narrow little galleries, and shapeless, queer windows at the side, like those in a cellar. It is not light, nor dignified, nor tasteful, nor pleasing, and it leaves an odd impression of the ancestors who thought it a fine room. Yet these columns and walls have heard extraordinary eloquence, and have seen the beginnings of illustrious careers. There, for instance, high up on the wall, is a full-length portrait of the most famous orator of this hall—Henry Clay. There are one or two other portraits upon the walls, but they are mere waifs and estrays. There is apparently no design of a Congressional gallery.

Upon the floor are a few statues, arranged also without apparent design, except in two instances. There is a plaster copy of Houdin's Washington, which a painter in a white cap and overalls was gravely covering with white paint. It is a statue of peculiar interest, because the face is moulded from a mask taken from the living Washington. Opposite the Washington stands Miss Vinnie Ream's statue of Lincoln, which, whatever be the excellent qualities of the artist, is not a good statue. It lacks totally the ideal aspect of Mr. Lincoln—that which every body saw who saw him, and which every body recalls now that he is no more seen. This statue represents a limp, ill-favored man, and that is all. Near to it are the two statues which have been first contributed to the Congressional gallery of famous Americans. Each State is to give statues of two of its most famous sons, and Congress will keep them for our admonition and admiration in the old Representatives' Hall. Little Rhode Island is the first State to respond to the proposition by the statues of Roger Williams and General Greene.

There is no portrait of Roger Williams, and the sculptor, Mr. Simmons, has therefore made the figure of a benign, apostolic man, clad in the simple and picturesque costume of the Pilgrim age. The sweet and gentle graciousness of the aspect well becomes the apostle of "soul liberty," as he called it. So might Roger Williams have looked as he greeted the Indians at What Cheer Rock, upon the Seekonk, and so looking, have stepped ashore upon the bank of the Mooshausuc. In giving this work to the gallery, Rhode Island contributes the statue of the man who, of all the early settlers, had the deepest insight into the laws of human liberty—an insight which has been seldom rivaled to this day. The other Rhode Island statue is that of the Quaker soldier, General Greene, the friend of Washington. It is a fine, manly figure, in the Continental military costume.

These two figures stand alone, the first in the gallery. Rhode Island, indeed, could not be perplexed in her choice. Her founder and father is still the reverend object of her pride; and that he, first of all our great men, proclaimed, not religious toleration, but religious liberty, is a glory which will forever signalize the little State. No portrait of him, as we said, survives. In the State which associates his name with banks and churches and halls, there is no other monument to him. But "what needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones?" If in the hearts of Rhode Islanders and in the spirit of their State the soul liberty of Roger Williams remains, he asks no other monument: and art, as in this statue, may fondly fashion the gentle and gracious figure which the imagination sees.

It is easy, if you linger long in the bare hall, which, despite its absurd want of every thing that makes a hall stately and imposing, is yet full of interesting associations, to perceive that when statues of their illustrious sons are contributed by the other States, it will be a striking historic gallery. It is certainly better to devote it to patriotic memories, to make it a Walhalla, than to abandon it to pea-nut peddlers and candy merchants. And passing out of it, leaving behind the memorable shades of the men of our first national epoch, we push on to the new Hall of Representatives, the illustrious arena of the second epoch of our history. This will always be memorable as the hall in which the people's House carried on the recent war. It is like the Senate-chamber, but larger and really more imposing. Its famous men are too recent, perhaps, to mention; and who shall say which of them Time, the devourer, will spare?

This is a perilously conspicuous stage. To this room the eyes and ears of the whole country are turned. You may loiter into the gallery during the session, when there is no exciting debate, and watch the members writing and reading newspapers, and chatting and clapping their hands for pages, and moving through the aisles, and pairing upon the sofas in earnest or listless conversation, reposing their honorable feet upon costly furniture, and expectorating at the expense of the nation—and yet the slight orator who is addressing the chair in a voice that you can scarcely hear as you lean from the gallery to listen, will be heard to-morrow morning from Katahdin to the Pacific. He must beware what he says, and before the eyes and ears of forty millions he is at the mercy of the clearer thought, the greater knowledge, the sharper wit of every man around him. Like Hamlet's shadowy father, he must be armed cap-a-pie.

And only he who is so armed can be a leader of this House. Knowledge, experience, imagination, rhetoric, passion, are useless without something more. Upon this field the warrior must not only have every weapon, but he must have every one at hand, so that in an instant he can whip it out, and drive it flashing to its point. He may rise to speak, full of his subject, warm with it, his copious tongue flowing with eloquent persuasion, or his clear intellect shaping the hardest facts to his purpose as a diamond cuts glass; but it is not enough, if he is not ready for every interruption, every question, every innuendo. He must catch every ball tossed at him, and hurl it triumphantly back. The swift reply, the sparkling repartee, the contemptuous sneer, the crafty suggestion—they will all bar his path, and he must throw all lightly down, and go smiling on his way. If he falters, he falls. If he can not answer every question, and baffle every objection, and turn back every argument, he fails. The weak link of the chain is found, and it is its strongest point.

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He is the leader of such a popular assembly who takes the field against all comers, and holds it; and who is able, by sheer personal force, to control the mass. But what familiarity with rules, what quickness, what parliamentary fence, this requires? Ambitious gentlemen come up to the House, promising youth are sent here by admiring constituencies, bravoes and brawlers force themselves in; but the laws are absolute. The ambitious gentleman, fresh from his history of Pym and the Long Parliament, has somehow failed to read between the lines what Pym's secret was. The promising youth, who carried every thing before him in the college debating society, sits in a ludicrous stupor upon the edge of a charmed arena into which he dare not venture, or ventures only to show that he should not have tried. The bravo, who has bullied or bribed his way to this focus of public attention, finds himself reflected by the telegraph and the press to those forty millions of spectators very much as a rogue is reflected in the detective's photographic gallery. They all thought to be leaders, and they are all ignominiously led.

So there are wise men who serve silently. There are those who for half a dozen years are heard only when they answer as the roll is called. It is temperament and real modesty often, and a disinclination or an inability to speak. Those who are of another kind do not always remember that they are ever in their great taskmaster's—the country's—eye, and they pay the penalty. Repartees in such bodies often live in history longer than speeches. An apt quotation is often better than many arguments. There are unfortunate clever men who have advanced boldly to this scene, and when they stood in the very centre of regard all their talent and sagacity have suddenly disappeared under a witty repartee. Woe, woe to the hapless representative over whom close the waves of inextinguishable laughter. Single-speech Hamilton was not more surely and fatally named than he will be. He may have read of the thoroughly equipped soldier, master of strategy and of arms, who marches in pipe-clayed perfection to a victory scientifically sure. Alas! and here darts an Indian from ambush, and with one dextrous turn of his gleaming tomahawk has circled the head of the soldier, and vanishes with a whoop, dangling triumphantly his dripping token of victory. Alas! alas! but the representative slain upon this floor by a repartee is that perfectly pipe-clayed soldier.

If those who enter this charmed circle, which from the gallery we curiously regard, would only remember upon what a luminous height they stand, we should all be the gainers. For if they reflected that whenever they rise "their measure is taken" by the whole country, there might be a wholesome fear. Some of them, indeed, denounce the glass which holds them up to nature. Some are so exquisitely foolish as to defy the press. They might as well defy oxygen. It will still vivify the air we breathe, as the press will still reflect events, and comment upon men and current history. A representative defying the press is the African king breaking the thermometer to change the weather. Let him change his dress, not crush the thermometer. The man who in this hall defies the press is a man who in the heart of a huge reverberation shouts "Liar! liar!" and from every point, with accumulating thunders, the returning peal crashes deafening upon his own brain, "Liar! liar!"

Let us go. But even the harmless droning that we hear as we rise will echo wide and far to-morrow morning, and be every where heard. Do you think with longing of the enchanted bugle that only those could wind who had music in their souls? or of the claymore of Wallace that only those could lift who were sons of giants? But, patience and patience! Carlyle sneers bitterly at the infinite tongue of the age, at the Jabesh Windbags, and the endless talk-bodies called Parliaments and Congresses. England is doomed, he thinks, because of talk, talk, talk. But better, surely, that the battles of progress and liberty should be fought with tongues in this great chamber than with shot and shell upon the awful field, and with heart-break in a thousand homes. Better the free tongue than the free lance.

We pass from the stately building in which, however imposing it may be, the chief interest is not of art, but of politics, through the old hall again and the Rotunda, and stopping at the fine bronze doors, which are worthy the portal they guard and adorn, we step out upon the eastern front, where the President takes the oath at his inauguration. On one side is the group of the frontiersman and the Indian, and on the other Persico's absurd statue of Columbus. But in the common, or park, or pleasure-ground, in front of the Capitol upon this side, is the statue which invites us as we stand here. The absurd Persico Columbus, standing with a forward movement, and with one foot behind the other, is in the act of hurling a huge ball, like a bomb, at a figure sitting calmly yonder with its great marble hand raised as if to catch it. The comedy of this relation of the two statues is inevitable. They are the Greek ancestors of the ball-rolling comrades of Hendrick Hudson among the Catskill Mountains. Let us have our laugh, and pass on.

As we cross the spacious street to enter the grounds in which we see the sitting statue, an eager little girl and her older sister, or her young mother, pass us, and the little girl exclaims, as she looks up to the groups upon the Capitol steps, "Oh, come! Come over and see where those beautiful images are!" We, too, will see a beautiful image. It is in the centre of the grounds, and it is the long-ridiculed statue of Washington by Horatio Greenough—one of the noblest works ever produced in this country. As you stand before it you are conscious of the purest atmosphere of art. It makes that first, deep, satisfactory impression of all really fine works of art—an impression of earnestness and devotion. Possibly, indeed, the remembrance of the sculptor affects the feeling with which his work is seen by those who knew him. He was wholly absorbed in his art, and proud of it. He was a man of clear thought, of original imagination, of admirable accomplishment, and of a most flowing and eloquent tongue. He lived for many years, during the whole period of his activity, in Italy, like many of our chief sculptors — Powers, Crawford, Story — a practical alien.

Looking at his noble statue of Washington, it

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must, perhaps, be frankly allowed that really fine and satisfactory to the imagination as it is, yet, for its purpose, and under the circumstances, it naturally strikes most Americans as a mistake. Here is a colossal statue of Washington, our Virginia planter of a hundred years ago, our revolutionary general, our first President, who is familiar to us in every detail, to the very shoe-buckles and sword-hilt of his time, and he is shown to us as a Roman in a toga, leaving his breast and shoulder bare, with sandals upon his feet, and sitting in a curule chair. That is evident. If it be a fault, let us confess it, and then acknowledge the grandeur and dignified repose of the figure—the serene majesty of the head and the expression. How solemn and tranquil and inspiring the presence of the statue is! Washington sits with the left hand stretched out upon the knee and holding an empty sword-sheath, in act of surrender or renunciation, and the other hand lifted points with the finger to heaven. "This won it; that shall keep it," is the legend which the lofty mien and simple action engrave upon your heart.

If you say that it is absurd to seat the gentleman, who lived only yonder beyond the masts of Alexandria, half naked in the open air, and exposed to the chances of the weather, the reply of the artist would be that it is not that gentleman; it is not the Continental general, in cocked hat and breeches; it is not the grave and stately President; but it is the tutelary genius of America expressed in his form. It is Washington as the imagination sees him—Washington not as general nor as President, but as man. It is the ideal Washington. And this idea of the sculptor perpetually asserts and vindicates itself in the statue. But to express it fully the work must be lifted in treatment out of the mesh of local and little associations. It must be treated as the old poets treated their heroes—as if they were gods. And to effect this, says the artist, certain conventionalities of treatment, which, because they are so, do not confuse the mind, must be adopted.

The difficulty here, however, is just what we see. The conventionalities are both local and characteristic. If the artist would represent man ideally, he must be nude. The toga is a Roman dress, with Roman associations, as much as the cocked hat and breeches are the Continental dress, with Continental associations; and inevitably, therefore, in looking at the statue, we do not see Washington as man or as tutelary genius, but Washington as a Roman. But the essential grandeur of the work transcends all such criticism. The true criticism, from the point of view of art, probably is that an ideal sitting figure should be in perfect repose, with which the upward action of the lifted arm is inharmonious, and, therefore, a fault. Yet this, again, while we remark it as we walk around the statue, does not affect the greatness of its impression. The gracious benignity of the face is godlike, but it is Washington's. The face is as recognizable as that of Houdin's statue, and satisfies the imagination, which Houdin's does not. For *our* Washington is our fathers' Washington, and more. We do not and can not see him as they did; and it is this which the sculptor perceives.

The back of the curule chair is exquisitely wrought, and at each side of the back is a figure—one is Columbus meditating upon the New World, the other an Indian musing upon the end of his race. On the outer sides of the seat of the chair are two bass-reliefs: one is the young Hercules strangling the serpents, the other, young Apollo in his chariot driving in the day. You see how harmonious, how felicitous, how thoughtful, yet how broad and large every detail is. Upon three sides of the granite pedestal are Lee's words—"First in War, First in Peace, First in the Hearts of his Countrymen." But upon the back of the seat is the artist's inscription, also in the Roman tongue, as his work is technically Roman—"*Simulacrum istud ad magnum Libertatis exemplum nec sine ipsa duraturum Horatius Greenough faciebat.*" As you read you feel that this is the work of no "self-taught" prodigy, no mechanic, no puffed and praised favorite, but of a thoughtful, educated, imaginative man, who heroically leaves to the judgment of posterity a work which must inevitably be at first ridiculed and misunderstood. Story's more famous works we know as yet only in the photographs; but we recall no statue in this country so grand and impressive as Greenough's Washington.

The sun is setting, and already the shadows gather about the Capitol. Facing its massive pile and the exquisite colonnades of its front sits the serene figure of our great hero, our father, our demi-god. His raised hand is a hand of benediction. Upon the temple of the people before him he invokes the Divine favor. And looking out from that temple upon his grave and noble form, the representatives of the people see the lofty mien of Heaven-trusting character and upright devotion which can alone preserve liberty, and with it national life. O conscript fathers! the heaven-pointing finger is one of warning. "*Nec sine ipsa duraturum.*"

Editor's Literary Record.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

FIRST on our list are five books of science and travel whose illustrations make them seasonable, and whose entertaining and instructive matter make them valuable as well.—*The Earth*, by Élisée Reclus (Harper and Brothers) affords a new illustration of the increasing popularity of science and scientific literature. Even we can remember, and our hair is not yet gray nor are our eyes spectacled, when geography was of all studies the driest and most barren and uninteresting. Now we find, holding a high place among the Christmas books of the year, alike by the attractiveness of its dress, its ideas, and its style, a solid volume of nearly 600 pages on the history of the earth—*i. e.*, on geography in its widest sense. It embraces four parts: first, "The Earth as a Planet," which treats of its place in the planetary system, and its probable, or rather hypothetical, origin; second, "The Land," which treats of the

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distribution of continents, their forms and relations to each other, and the contour of the earth's surface, including mountains, valleys, and plains; third, "The Circulation of Water," embracing not only the action of springs and rivers, but also of snow and glaciers and subterranean streams; and fourth, "Subterranean Forces," in which volcanoes, earthquakes, and similar phenomena are described. The volume contains over two hundred and fifty maps, twenty-three of which are full, or double-page, and are very handsomely printed in colors. The map of the Alps is an admirable specimen of color-printing. From this brief outline the reader may get an idea of the comprehensiveness of the work. In matter it is fresh and modern; and while something of its French origin remains in the warm and glowing style, yet the author has never suffered his imagination to run away with his judgment, and never gives a brilliant hypothesis the place of a scientifically ascertained fact, as some of his scientific countrymen occasionally do—Pouchet, for example.

Science and art contribute similarly in presenting in *Corals and Coral Islands*, by Professor JAMES D. DANA (Dodd and Mead), a book equally attractive by reason of its author and its subject-matter to men of science, and by reason of its agreeable style and its handsome illustrations to the popular reader. It is an octavo of 500 pages, with over eighty wood-cuts, and three lithographic maps. Professor Dana's name is a sufficient assurance that we have the best and latest information on the subject, and those which are related to it, and he possesses, what few so scholarly men do, the power of conveying scientific information in a manner to bring it within the comprehension of unscientific readers.

Water and Land (Harper and Brothers) constitutes the third volume of Mr. JACOB ABBOTT'S series of "Science for the Young." It possesses the same features which characterize its predecessors—clearness and precision of statement, amplitude of illustration, and fullness and freshness of scientific fact and theory. The results of the latest investigations are incorporated in these volumes, whose title—"Science for the Young"—is not altogether adequate to describe their general character. They are, in fact, too far advanced for any but those youths whose minds have already reached some degree of maturity, and are quite as well calculated to meet the wants of men and women possessing scientific tastes, but lacking scientific education. In a word, they are well adapted to fill in science very much the place which is filled in history by the deservedly popular series of "Abbott's Illustrated Histories." The volume before us is fully illustrated with pictures which are useful as well as attractive.

In *Around the World* (Harper and Brothers) Dr. E. D. G. PRIME gives a narrative of his trip from New York round the world to New York again. In his preface he gives some useful directions to any reader who may be inclined to take a similar pleasure excursion. The difficulty of such a trip, and the dangers attendant upon it, are less than one might suppose who had not read the author's statement that in his case it was accomplished "without accident of any kind; without the occurrence of serious illness to any of the party; without missing a steamer or a train; without detention for a single day—scarcely for an hour; and without the loss of the most trifling article of baggage." The narrative is a plain, simple, straightforward story of what the writer saw and what he experienced, with no attempt to create interest by imaginary adventure, or to enhance it by imaginative coloring. But it is full of information—as though written by one who had much to say, and no time or space to spend in ornament. It is elaborately illustrated.

We have very little faith in the literary endeavors of boys of sixteen. But there are some children who appear to be born, not with a silver spoon in their mouth, but with a gold pen in their hand; and the juvenile author of *A Boy's Journey round the World* (Harper and Brothers) appears to be one of these fortunate children. He started (so the preface of his father, Samuel Smiles, assures us) for Australia at the age of a little over sixteen. For about eighteen months he remained there, finally returning by the way of San Francisco and New York. He kept a full journal of his adventures, and wrote full letters home (for friends, not for the public), and out of these his father has arranged this book. If, as we are assured—and the style of the narrative sustains the statement—the editor has left the writer to tell the story in his own way and in his own words, the writer is warranted in keeping his pleasant pen in hand, for his way is an exceedingly pleasant way, and his words well chosen.

WE find on our table several books of poetry that are appropriate to the gift season, of which we put first, as most distinctively a Christmas book, an exceedingly elegant little volume, of a little over thirty pages, very tastefully illustrated, entitled *The Baby's Things*, by EDWARD ABBOTT (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.). It is just what its sub-title designates it—"A story for Christmas-eve." It is not, and does not pretend to be, a great poem, being both short and simple; but it is, what is in some respects better, a very tender and touching one, and admirable not merely in the lesson it inculcates, but yet more in the moral sentiments its reading invokes; for we should pity the mother who could read it with eyes unmoistened and with heart untouched. If Mr. Abbott succeeds in converting in any heart a paralyzing sorrow into an inspiring Christian trust by his poem, as was done in the case of the mother by her dream, he will have wrought a work as beneficent as it is wondrous.

Songs of the Heart (Charles Scribner and Co.) is well worthy of its predecessors, "Songs of Life" and "Songs of Home." It embraces in poetry a large selection of English and American poets, and in pictures represents a large proportion of our best American artists. Pictorially it is purely American, and, we think, better in its average than the similar collection of last year. There is a good deal of variety in both themes and treatment. The delicious bit of woods on page 29, by M'Entee, the polar days, by Moran, and the two contrasted sea pieces, by Parsons, may be taken to illustrate the range. And there are few or no pictures that are commonplace, and that have to depend on their companions to carry them.

A. D. F. Randolph presents anew to the public

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FREDERICK SAUNDERS'S *Festival of Song*, in very handsome dress. In this "Series of Evenings with the Poets" Mr. Saunders, beginning with Chaucer and ending with Jean Ingelow, interweaves a little gossip about the writers with copious selections from their works. If he had attempted less, he would have done more. If he had selected a smaller number of poets, and given us, with some gossip of their lives and characters, and some general description of their literary characteristics, selections enough from their works to illustrate his criticisms, his work would have been both more entertaining and more instructive. As it is, his comments only suffice to give the book a fragmentary appearance, without adding much to our knowledge of the authors from whom he culls his selections. Yet it is a book of pleasant fragmentary reading; and if one were to read it through, he would, doubtless, get a very fair view of the general course of the history of English poetry.

Songs of the Spirit (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.) is a fitting companion to that admirable collection of two years ago from the same house, "Christ in Song." It is a collection of hymns to and concerning the Holy Spirit. The plan originated with Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, Bishop of New Jersey, but has been carried out and completed by Mr. F. M. Bird. The latter, in his introduction, speaks of it as "in some sort a contribution to the history of doctrine." It should rather be characterized as a contribution to the history of Christian experience, which is another and more important matter. It embraces hymns from the days of Ambrose to the present day, and includes selections from the English, Latin, Italian, German, Danish, and French. The author professes to include in his volume all hymns of any poetic merit—and some without much—that belong to his subject. We note, as a curious fact, that while Watts has contributed but three such hymns, Charles Wesley has contributed twenty-four, and that the doctrine or experience of the presence of the Holy Spirit has been growing in the Church—the ancient hymns being the fewest in number, while the present century contributes over two hundred and seventy. In some sense the book may be said to be a curiosity in literature; but it is really much more than that; and as an addition to the stores of spiritual poetry which the Church is accumulating, takes a place quite peculiarly its own.

A new and greatly enlarged edition of *The Poets of the Nineteenth Century* has been issued by Messrs. Harper and Brothers in season for the holidays. The additions comprise judiciously selected specimens from the works of American and English poets who have risen into prominence within the last twenty years, and a large number of fine engravings from original drawings by some of the foremost artists of the day. It is, as it now stands, we think, the most perfect of any of the collections of modern poetry before the public.

We have also new editions of the works of several of the poets, both English and American; *Burns's Poems*, with thirty-two full-page illustrations (Lee and Shepard), which are above the average degree of merit; *Goldsmith's Deserted Village* (J. E. Tilton and Co.), the illustrations in which are fair, but lack in clearness and freshness; *Yesterday, To-day, and Forever* (Robert Carter and Brothers), a handsome red-line edition, with a portrait of the author; *Longfellow's Poems* and *Bret Harte's Poems* (James R. Osgood and Co.), with illustrations (Christmas, like misery, makes strange bed-fellows); and *Bryant's Poems* (D. Appleton and Co.), in a small, compact volume, in fine but clear type. We are also glad to see a new edition of *Thomas Hood's Works* (Porter and Coates), whose humor often rose to genuine sentiment, and rarely degenerated into vulgarity. It is far better to go back for pure fun than to take clownish attempts at it in bad grammar and bad spelling, because, forsooth, it is American! The only value of the illustrations in this edition of Hood consists in the fact that they appear to be exact reproductions of the art of a quarter of a century ago.—*Reynard the Fox* (Lee and Shepard) is a burlesque poem from the German. There is a good deal of humor in some of the pictures, but the fable, drawn out through 200 pages of rhyme, grows tedious.

Homely Scenes from Great Painters (Cassel, Petter, and Galpin) depends almost entirely upon its illustrations for its value. It contains twenty-four full-page photographs of home scenes by various English artists. It is not to be expected that the letterpress in such a work as this will be of much value, and it is not. There is a little pleasant gossip about each picture—enough to fill the interstices, and make the collection really a book. And those who need for every picture an interpreter will find Mr. TURNER a good enough cicerone through his own picture-gallery. But cicerones are generally bores, and such a gallery is to be judged not by the exhibitor, but by the exhibition, and that, in this case, is exceptionally fine. The principle on which the selection has been made, that of taking only homely subjects, is a good one, and the subjects themselves are well selected. Some of them are exceedingly beautiful; and none of them are poor or even commonplace. The twenty-four pictures represent twenty different painters.

Outline Illustrations to Shakspeare, by MORRIS RETZSCH (Roberts Brothers), is a volume, in form and character, something like Darley's "Margaret," of years gone by. We miss something of the simplicity of the American artist. The German symbolism is carried too far, and some of the scenes—those in "Macbeth" particularly—are somewhat exaggerated, and even in exceptional cases conventional. But there is something wonderful in the genius by which, in most of these pictures, a few lines have been made to tell a difficult story. Hamlet, in the grave-yard scene, for example, is a study which any lover of Shakspeare will enjoy turning to again and again. Indeed, it is characteristic of these pictures that they require and repay study, do not tell their tale to a superficial observer, and are not exhausted in one examination.

We have two books of illustrations from the pencil of the lamented PAUL KONEWKA—*The Catastrophe of the Hall* (Porter and Coates), which is a children's rhyme, telling the story of the quarrel and reconciliation of two cats, in which the artist has done wonderfully well, considering his very meagre subject; and *Falstaff and his Companions* (Roberts Brothers), which we like much better than his "Faust" of last year,

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and almost as well as his "Midsummer Night's Dream" of the year before. "Falstaff" is capitally conceived.—*Good-Night and Good-Morning* (Roberts Brothers) is a pretty little poem of six verses exquisitely printed in color, with an illustration and an illuminated page to each verse—an exceedingly handsome piece of work (English, we judge) in engraving and printing, as well as in composition.

Lee and Shepard issue illustrated editions of *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Gulliver's Travels*. Those of the first volume are of uneven merit. There are some scenes which the artist had better have left to the reader's imagination—the entrance into the Celestial City, for example. But there is a good deal of power in others; and we may well commend the edition as a decided improvement on the ordinary illustrated editions of this book, which has usually been marred rather than beautified by the artists. The illustrations to "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels" are in the modern style of rough but vigorous drawing, which we do not greatly admire; but they are, particularly those in the latter volume, very good of their kind.—Of the literary merits of P. G. HAMERTON'S *Unknown River* (Roberts Brothers) we have no space to speak. Of the illustrations, which are etchings from nature, we can give no better idea, perhaps, at least to any one who has ever looked over an artist's port-folio, than to say that they resemble very nearly an artist's studies from nature, albeit somewhat more finished than such studies usually are. Of course they are imperfect; but they are spirited and vigorous, and except in one or two cases, where the drawing is inaccurate, are all the more interesting from their unfinished appearance.

OF course Santa Claus has not forgotten the children; does them, indeed, in the substantial character, if not in the appearance, of their literature, more than ordinary justice. *Dogs and their Doings* (Harper and Brothers) is a record of marvelous stories, credible and incredible, of the sagacity of the dog race. If one were to believe all that the Rev. F. O. MORRIS, B.A., has gathered up and here preserved, he would find no difficulty in Darwin's theory, unless, indeed, he were perplexed to conceive how the ordinary human mind should have fallen so far below canine intelligence. However, these anecdotes are none the less interesting because some of them are apocryphal; and we need not vouch for the historical accuracy of them all to vouch for their interest. The book is beautifully printed on tinted paper, and the engravings are, some of them, superb, and not one of them poor. It is emphatically a book for boys; only, if you do not want your boy to have a dog, beware of this book! If, however, he has a dog already, and you want to teach him kindness and sympathy for it, there is no better instructor.—*The Country of the Dwarfs* (Harper and Brothers) is a new book by PAUL DU CHAILLU. It tells, in his inimitable way, the story of his adventures in Africa with savage beasts and quite as savage men. It is more entrancing than most fictions; quite as strange, and a good deal more useful than most of them are. We confess to a warm liking for Paul, and hope he may live long to interest his great host of readers, young and old, by the stories of his adventures. He has recently returned from a trip to Sweden, Norway, and Lapland, and will soon tell us of his new adventures.—We thought last year when we read "Puss-Cat Mew" that its author, whose very name — KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN — appears as though it had been bewitched, was the best modern fairy-story teller we had ever met with. *Moonshine* (Macmillan and Co.), which is his contribution this year to the children's entertainment, does nothing to abate our respect for the author. Every writer has his best work, and "Moonshine" appears to us not quite so fresh and sparkling as its predecessor. But one need not read farther than the dedication in order to assure himself that this author has a lively imagination, and of just the kind to take hold of children's fancies.

Macmillan and Co. also publish three very pretty books for children, with illustrations by L. FRÖLICH.—*Puss and Robin* is a sort of nursery rhyme for very little folks, though it is by no means the nonsense that it is generally supposed nursery rhymes must be.—*The Lost Child*, by HENRY KINGSLEY, is a touching little story of a wanderer and his death. It has the charm of a weird poetic imagination about it, such as rarely invests stories for children.—*Little Lucy's Wonderful Globe* is a very ingeniously constructed story. It is the longest of the three, and is adapted to an older class among the little readers. Lucy, in a series of dreams about the globe she has been examining, is introduced to every country in succession, and wonders beyond measure at some of the strange things she learns in her dream-lessons. Though M. Frölich's drawing is not always correct, there is great genius in his pencil, which tells a wonderful story in a few graphic lines. In this respect he has certainly caught the true secret of art for the little folks; which, whether in picture or pencil sketches, consists in saying a great deal in simple and easily comprehended forms.—A somewhat similar book in design is *Distant Cousins* (Roberts Brothers), which puts geography in an equally attractive form. The twelve sketchy illustrations are admirable.

Three little books that ought to incite the very little folks to read for themselves are furnished in *The Rosedale Books*, by Mrs. D. P. SANFORD (E. P. Dutton and Co.). Mrs. Sanford has done very wisely not to confine herself to words of one syllable, a limitation which always results in unnatural sentences, and generally in doubtful grammar. Without doing this, she has succeeded very well in confining herself to simple and generally short words, so that her stories fairly justify their sub-title, "Easy reading for the dear little ones."—*Sing-Song* (Roberts Brothers), which CHRISTINA ROSSETTI by her pen, and the brothers DALZIEL by their pencil, have contributed to make rich in song and picture, is a great improvement on the old-fashioned nursery rhymes. A poem is the better, even for the smallest children, for having a moral meaning or a genuine feeling in it, as most, if not all, these little rhymes do.—The *Children's Album* and the *Children's Sunday Album* (Lee and Shepard), reproduced from the English, will also prove very attractive to the little folks, though the illustrations, which are numerous, would hardly bear the test of severe artistic criticism.

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FICTION.

Richard Vandermarck, by the author of "Rutledge" (Charles Scribner and Co.), is a pure love story. There are but three characters in it—Pauline, Richard, and Mr. Langenau. There are some other personages in the story, but they are hardly characters, and neither add to nor detract from it. They are simply essential to its machinery, a sort of subordinate stock company to sustain the stars. The whole interest of the story—which is autobiographical in form—centres in the experiences of the narrator—Pauline d'Estree. Her passions impel her to one lover, her judgment inclines her to the other. The one proves at last to be a married man, and in his despair and wretchedness commits suicide, so saving the infatuated Pauline from a worse fate. The other bides his time, and in after-years wins the girl, whom the reader can not help feeling to be but poorly worthy of him. There is very little action in the story, save the rescue of Mr. Langenau by Richard, and his subsequent suicide; nothing to be called incident, Yet the writer's power in depicting the stormy experiences of poor Pauline is such that the story never grows dull, and one reads it almost at a sitting, not to trace the fortunes of the characters or to learn the issue of the plot—for, as we have said, there is but little plot, and the characters are few—but to see what is the outcome in Pauline's own character and life; whether the storm wrecks her or she weathers it. The book ends unsatisfactorily—indeed, can hardly be said to end at all—breaking off abruptly in the middle of a conversation, almost in the middle of a sentence, as though the author had become alarmed at the intenseness of his own narrative, and dared not try to tell what fruit this episode of passion brought forth in the future life, lest the calm should seem insipid after such a storm. It is, in a word, a novel of far more than average power, but of power not altogether healthy. Young girls are quite apt enough to think it a romantic thing to fall desperately in love with such characters as Mr. Langenau is represented to be, and do not need any incentive in that direction.

We do not wonder that the author of *Joshua Marvel* (Harper and Brothers) has been compared to Dickens, though the comparison might do him an unintentional injustice. Dickens gave birth to a score of literary imitators, who caught the superficial characteristics of his style, without imbibing his spirit or even imitating his painstaking assiduity. Like Dickens, Mr. Farjeon takes his heroes from the common people, and his scenes from common life. Like Dickens, he is in sympathy with the poor. Like Dickens, he has a wonderful power of minute observation. And, yet once more like Dickens, he has the artist's power to transfuse what he sees with a poetic glow which redeems it from the prosaic realism of a mere literary photographer. These are all admirably illustrated in the picture of Golden Cloud's funeral; and the humor of the birds in their mourning, and the pathos of poor Dan in his grief, are woven together with a genius which is quite foreign to the average modern novel. But about midway in the book the character of the story changes. Joshua Marvel is carried off to sea, and in the course of wild and improbable adventure which follows, wherein love and revenge are inextricably intermixed, the tale loses something of its peculiar charm, and becomes more like a "novel of the period." Yet even here the author's genius is only obscured, not laid aside. And if Solomon Fewster is an improbable rascal, and the Lascar an all but impossible villain, neither of them is commonplace, and neither of them is made to violate the laws of his own improbable nature in order to carry out the plot to its consummation.

Hannah (Harper and Brothers) possesses one element of interest peculiarly English. It is written against the absurd law, happily unknown in American jurisprudence, which forbids a man from marrying his deceased wife's sister. We believe it is the second novel in which Miss Mulock—for by that name the literary world still knows her best—has ever undertaken to conduct a campaign against any legalized injustice. Still, her story is not controversial, but emphatically domestic. It ends in the prohibited marriage despite the law, Hannah and her husband taking refuge from English injustice on French soil. The interest in the book centres, after all, not in its polemical purpose, but in its characterization and its moral power. Even Miss Mulock herself has never drawn a finer character than Hannah, or more powerfully portrayed the bitter trials and noble triumphs of a true woman's life.

CHILDREN'S STORIES.

Muskingum Legends (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) reads very much like a "made up" book. The stories and papers, isolated, might do very good service as light reading in a weekly or monthly periodical, but they contain nothing to distinguish them from hundreds of similar productions which every week showers upon us, or to merit their permanent preservation in book form.—*Summer in the Forest* (American Tract Society) is a pleasant narrative of experiences in the Adirondacks, and how a Sabbath-school in the wilderness came of Christian labor in vacation-time.—*Four, and What they Did* (Hurd and Houghton), occupies half a volume of stories for young folks, and gives its title to the book. They are stories of Western life, and are capitally well told.—*Little Jakey* (Hurd and Houghton) is a touching story of a little blind German boy, told by himself to a blind companion, and reported in his broken tongue. There is genuine pathos in it, although the reader grows weary of the broken English which characterizes the whole narrative.—*August and Elvie* (Dodd and Mead) is one volume of a new series by Jacob Abbott. The many readers who have been delighted with the story of Jonas's management of Rollo, and Beechnut's management of Poinny, and Juno's management of Georgie will read with equal interest and benefit how August managed Elvie. Critics say that such characters are unnatural. They are certainly uncommon—more's the pity. But Mr. Abbott's aim is to show not how children are governed, but how they should be.—*The Old Back-Room* (Dodd and Mead) is a story of boy life and a mother's labors. With nothing remarkable in either plot or character, it is a natural, healthful, and entertaining story, which no boy can well read without being better for it.—*Tiptoe* (American Tract

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Society) is decidedly superior to the average Sunday-school stories. It is more religious and more natural. Such a combination ought not to be rare in literature, but it is—so rare that our children are very much in danger of growing up to believe that piety and artificialness are almost synonymous terms. The anonymous author (for Katherine Williams is a *nom de plume*) inherits the ability to instruct and interest children; and we hope that "Tiptoe," which is her first story, may not be her last.—*The Seymours* (National Temperance Society) is a somewhat overwrought temperance story. Whether tales of experiences so sorrowful really have the moral effect which appears to be popularly attributed to them as a warning to those in danger, we think is somewhat doubtful. If they do, the daily newspapers ought to prove more efficacious instruments in the temperance cause than they now appear to be.—*Bending Willow* (Robert Carter and Brothers) is a tale of missionary life among the Indians of the Northwest. The theme is more romantic than the story, which is somewhat prosaic and literal.—*What the World made Them* (G. P. Putnam and Son) is a story of American life, with a glimpse of what purports to be college experiences, in which the anonymous author has drawn on a wild imagination for a picture of "hazing."—In *Stories from Old English Poetry* (Hurd and Houghton) Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson has undertaken to introduce the children into the romances of the early literature by translating into modern prose stories chiefly from the verse of Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare.—To the admirers of Mrs. E. Prentiss we can not better describe *Aunt Jane's Hero* (A. D. F. Randolph) than by saying it is characteristic of her pen. It is a story of heroism in bearing the common ills of a common life—a heroism begotten by suffering in a soul by nature not heroic.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

It was a fortunate and fitting choice which selected Henry T. Tuckerman to write the *Life of John P. Kennedy* (G. P. Putnam and Son). Mr. Kennedy belonged at once to politics and literature, and achieved in each a success so considerable as to justify the belief that, if he had devoted himself exclusively to either, he might have occupied a foremost position in American history. In politics he belonged to the era which produced a Clay and a Webster, and if he did not equal them in power, he was not surpassed by either in high-toned honor and literary culture. In literature he belonged to the age that begot a Hawthorne and an Irving, and though he did not possess the idiosyncratic genius of the one, he hardly fell behind the other in the purity and simplicity of his style. His life is, therefore, a perpetual protest against demagogism in politics and sensationalism in literature; and for the interpretation of such a life it would be difficult to find a writer more admirably fitted than Henry T. Tuckerman. It is not often that we come across a memoir that has much value except as a memorial to friends. The "Life of Kennedy" is one of those exceptional biographies which we wish every aspirant for American honors, whether political or literary, might read.

From John A. Froude we have a second series of *Short Studies on Historical Subjects* (Charles Scribner and Co.). They include his famous address on "Calvinism;" one on the "Condition and Prospects of Protestantism," that affords a curious illustration of his incapacity to understand the religious faith which he travesties; two on "A Fortnight in Kerry," which no less illustrate the strength of his prejudices, while there is hardly one in the volume which is not, at least, entertaining reading.

Agnes Paschal is the memoir of a Revolutionary pensioner. As a memoir, there is nothing in the subject to give it special interest or value; but as a glimpse of pioneer life in Georgia from 1776 to 1869, it is at once instructive and entertaining.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For considerably over half a century Mr. Jacob Abbott has devoted a busy life to the education of the young—part of the time as a teacher, more of the time by his pen. The final result of these years of experience, hitherto given in fragmentary forms in fiction, he has embodied in *Gentle Measures in the Management and Training of the Young* (Harper and Brothers). The title characterizes the volume without the explanation which follows it, which is, nevertheless, worth quoting as a brief statement of the work which the author has endeavored to perform, viz., the exposition and enunciation of "the principles on which a firm parental authority may be established and maintained without violence or anger, and the right development of the moral and mental capacities be promoted by methods in harmony with the structure and characteristics of the juvenile mind." We regard it as one of the very best, if not the very best work of his hands. It has all the freshness and unction of the "Young Christian" and "Corner Stone," combined with the serene practical wisdom of large experience and mature years. It is animated by the spirit of Christian love, and founded on a deep knowledge of juvenile human nature. To young heads of families its sagacious counsels can not but prove invaluable; and if judiciously carried into effect can not fail to exert the most salutary influence on society. It deserves to constitute a standard work on education, and adds much to the already large debt which the community owes to the author.

We are heartily glad to see such tasteful and convenient editions of *Jeremy Taylor* and *Thomas à Kempis* (Lee and Shepard). These little volumes, pocket size, are capital in form, and they reproduce for the present age what is perhaps not perfectly adapted to its spiritual wants—for the age is less meditative than that which produced these books—but so well adapted to all ages that nothing more modern has succeeded in superseding them.—Messrs. Appleton send us the first three volumes of a new edition of *Charles Dickens's Works*. We are heartily glad to receive it, because a cheap, handy, and tasteful edition of the works of the great novelist was a desideratum. Each story is comprised in one small duodecimo of three or four hundred pages. Of course the print is fine, but it is clear. For readers of good eye-sight and small incomes it is an admirable edition.—Another old friend also comes to us in a new dress in Hurd and Houghton's new edition of *Sam Slick*, with illustrations by Darley.

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Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

OUR last summary extended to the beginning of September; and we take up the thread again, renewing our oft-repeated reminder that we do not attempt more than a brief notice of such discoveries and announcements as are of popular, rather than of strictly scientific, interest.

Announcements of discoveries in theoretical and applied science in the proceedings of the various scientific associations held during the past summer are very numerous, although consisting largely of what has been already dwelt upon to a greater or less extent. Various notices, however, derived from the communications before the British and American associations, will be found in our pages.

In *Astronomy* the principal interest has centred in the preparations for the observations of the solar eclipse of December, 1871, although this has not been shared by the United States, which furnishes no representative, as it did to the observations of the eclipse of 1870. The English authorities have taken the necessary steps to send out parties from England, inviting several astronomers from America to accompany the expedition, who, however, were unable to respond. Mr. Jansen goes on the part of the French government, and the scientific bodies of Australia and New Zealand are expected to participate. Two new asteroids have been announced since our last report, constituting the 116th and 117th of the series. One of these was discovered by Professor Peters, of Hamilton College, who has attained great distinction in the line of planetary discoveries. Papers have appeared on the relation between terrestrial radiation and the zodiacal light; the determination of the period of the sun's rotation, by magnetic observations; and upon the parallax of *a* Lyræ, etc. The reappearance of Encke's and Tuttle's comets has just been announced, and spectroscopic observations of their light are in progress at the Washington Observatory.

In *Terrestrial Physics* we have reports of experiments in India with the pendulum for the determination of the mass of mountains, from which it would appear that the density of the earth at the surface decreases as we proceed from the sea-shore to the higher elevations of the mountain ranges; the observations showing this having been made under the direction of Captain Basevi, of the Indian service, who has, unfortunately, quite recently succumbed to his zeal for scientific research, dying of fever in the Himalayan Mountains.

In *Meteorology* we have numerous publications of statistics of observations at various stations, thus increasing largely the amount of material for further scientific investigation. A paper by Streintz shows, as the result of careful discussion of reliable observations, that the moon does not exercise any appreciable influence upon the weather, contrary to the opinion of some quite eminent writers.

The Signal Service of the United States has made an additional movement for utilizing its mission by inaugurating a system of signals throughout the country, along the sea-board and the lakes, for the purpose of giving warning of the approach of storms where the wind is expected to exceed the velocity of thirty miles per hour.

In *Chemistry* we find great activity—perhaps more than in any other department of research—and various new substances continue to be brought to light. Among these we may mention *regianine*, found in the walnut; *acridine*, a new anthracine derivative; *carnine*, found in flesh, etc. Solet announces the discovery of two distinct spectra in the flame of sulphur.

In *Geology* we have an able paper by Professor T. Sterry Hunt, delivered before the late meeting of the American Scientific Association, upon the geognosy of the Appalachians and the origin of crystalline rocks; articles by Professor Dana upon the great glacier of the Connecticut Valley and of New England, etc.

The various geological surveys, of which mention has already been made, have continued their operations in the field, and several have closed their labors for the season, bringing back a large amount of material for investigation during the coming winter.

The science of *Geography* has been essentially advanced since the date of our last report, various memoirs having made their appearance, and reports of expeditions in the field presented to the public. Among these may be mentioned the safe arrival at Upernavik of the *Polaris*, under Captain Hall, and the prospect of valuable scientific results from the expedition. The expedition of Rosenthal into the arctic seas; the preparations of the Russian Geographical Society for expeditions next year; the fitting out of an expedition aiming at the pole by way of Behring Straits, under Lambert; the voyage of the *Pomerania* in the Baltic; the renewed examination into the currents of the Mediterranean by Dr. Carpenter, on the *Shearwater;* the voyage of Brenner in the Indian Ocean; the exploration of Madagascar by Grandidier, and that of Nachtigal in Africa; the report on South America by Dr. Habel, etc., are among the enterprises to be mentioned. By far the most interesting geographical research, however, has been that of Payer and Weyprecht on the *Ice Bear*, a sailing vessel, which left Tromsöe only in May last, and, returning in October, reported having penetrated to 79° north and 43° east, into an open sea, through a belt of drift-ice. It is more than probable that several expeditions will repeat this route during the coming summer season, and that among the numerous parties, all striving for the common end, the secrets of the polar region will be largely brought to light.

As connected with this same subject of polar exploration, we may mention a valuable paper by Dr. Robert Brown upon the geography and physical character of the interior of Greenland.

In *Zoology* various memoirs of greater or less interest have made their appearance, increasing the known number of species of animals, or contributing information in regard to their geographical distribution or monographic relationships. Among those that may be mentioned more particularly is the discovery of a new lophioid fish (*Oneirodes*), by Lütken, and a memoir upon the genus *Certhiola*, by Finsch; a pa-

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per upon the relation of the ganoid fishes to the plagiostomes, by Günther; essays on the classification of fishes, by Professor Cope, and on that of the mammals, by Professor Gill; a memoir upon the subterranean fauna of the Wyandot Cave, by Professor Cope; continuation of the great works upon the birds of Great Britain, by Gould, on the birds of Europe, by Sharpe and Dresser, on the *Phasianidæ*, by D. G. Elliot, etc.

Nothing specially interesting has been announced in the department of *Anthropology* beyond various communications made to the British and American associations, etc. Among the latter are the reports on explorations in Kent's Cavern and in Denbighshire, in England, of Cessnola's explorations on the island of Cyprus, etc.

In the way of researches in *Physiology* there has been much activity, although most of the papers are of more special interest to medical men. We have articles by Vohl and Eulenberg upon the action and character of tobacco-smoke, by Bert upon the effect of both increased and diminished pressure upon animals, by Professor Bernard upon the effect of heat upon animals, by Dr. Craig upon the effect of heat upon the human body, further explanations by Dr. Richardson of his theory of a nervous ether pervading the body, papers by Sorby upon autumnal foliage, and by Cailletet upon the absorption of moisture by leaves, etc. In domestic and household economy the artificial preparation of milk, according to a process published by Dubrunfaut and Gaudin, would seem to open up a new field of inquiry.

Under *Horticulture* we have a valuable paper by Mr. Riley, the State Entomologist of Missouri, upon the new grape leaf and root insect, *Phylloxera vastatrix*, showing its origin in the United States, and the history of its spread in Europe.

As usual, the departments of *Engineering*, *Mechanics*, and *Technology* have had many contributions at the meetings of the associations, the reports of which, as well as the current journals, embrace numerous important articles, which we can not pretend to reproduce. Among these, however, may be mentioned investigations into the disastrous explosion of gun-cotton at Stowmarket, England, shaking our faith in the idea that this agent is harmless unless exploded under certain conditions. The completion of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, and the regular passage of trains through it, unattended by any of the inconveniences that were anticipated, is a subject of special note; advantage having been taken of this by physicists, in various ways, for solving certain problems in terrestrial physics, such as the behavior of the pendulum at different depths, the internal temperature, etc. A paper by Bischof upon the Dinas Stone, a recently discovered and, as yet, comparatively unknown fire-proofing material, is likely to be of importance in the present epoch of great conflagrations.

The publication of a report on the mining statistics of the Western United States for 1870, as prepared by Mr. Raymond, furnishes important information in regard to this branch of applied science in America.

The appearance of the Report of the Department of Agriculture, and of the first part of the Report of the Commissioner of Patents, for 1870, will be a matter of interest to our readers.

Some of the other more important points to be referred to under this head are papers by Alloway upon the preparation of peat; the announcement of new and improved substances for waterproofing cloth; the substitutes for the use of the bichromate of potash in dyeing, in consequence of its recent great increase in price; papers by Dr. Percy on the manufacture of Russia iron; the preparation of phosphorus bronze; the new self-lighting, inextinguishable signal lamp devised by Holmes; the discovery of fuchsine and other new dyes, etc. Much advance has also been made in regard to the coating of metals in the wet way with tin, copper, nickel, etc.

Most important of all, perhaps, is the announcement of a new principle in the manufacture of glue, where the removal of the moisture is effected, not by evaporation, as heretofore, but by contact with certain salts, which rapidly absorb the water, and leave the glue ready for the final operation in the course of a few hours.

As usual toward the close of the summer, numerous papers relating to *Hygiene* have made their appearance, treating upon general sanitary questions and special conditions. Among other announcements, we are warned not to have implicit faith in carbolic acid as a disinfectant, but rather to depend upon such substances as the permanganate of potash, etc. Dr. Crace Calvert even informs us that heat is not to be relied upon for the destruction of the germs of disease, unless the temperature be brought up to between three and four hundred degrees, which, when employed for disinfecting cloth, frequently involves its scorching or entire destruction.

Under the head of *Miscellaneous Announcements* we have the sad news of the destruction of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, with all its precious natural history collections and library; the announcement of the intended celebration of the four hundredth birthday of Copernicus, on the 19th of February, 1873, at the village of Thorn; the visit of Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys, the eminent naturalist, to the United States; the announcement of further experiments upon the psychic force by Mr. Crookes, etc.

Our obituary notices embrace the names of Mr. J. De Carle Sowerby, a zoologist and botanist; Dr. Miller, a botanist; Dr. Schweigger-Seidel, a physiologist; Dr. Schloenbach, a geologist; Dr. Gerlach; Professor Hincks, of Toronto, and Mr. Robert Russell, of Scotland. The most important gaps in the ranks, however, are those caused by the deaths of Dr. J. E. Holbrook, of Charleston, an eminent zoologist, Mr. Charles Babbage, and Sir Roderick Murchison.

For fuller details in regard to the various points adverted to we must refer our readers, as usual, to the "Scientific Record" of the *Monthly* and the "Scientific Intelligence" of the *Weekly*.

BLUE DYE FROM MOLYBDENUM.

According to late experiments by Professor Böttger, based upon some previous researches of Dr. Schönn, if molybdic acid be dissolved to saturation in concentrated sulphuric acid with heat, an uncolored clear fluid is obtained, forming a double acid of sulphuric and molybdic acid. If a little of this double acid be placed in a porcelain dish and heated till it begins to throw off white vapors, and then a certain quantity of ab-

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solute alcohol be gradually added, a beautiful blue color is developed, as if by magic, by means of which silk can be dyed without the use of any mordant.

FREEZING OF WATER.

In a recent communication to the Academy of Sciences of Paris M. Boussingault described some experiments showing that water is not liable to freeze, irrespective of the degree of cold to which it is submitted, as long as it is not allowed to expand in order to change into ice. In one instance water inclosed in a strong steel tube was exposed to a temperature of −13° Centigrade without congelation. This, however, occurred instantaneously on unscrewing the steel end of the tube. The fluidity of the water was made manifest by small steel spheres which moved freely inside of the tube during the whole process, and would have been stopped by congelation.

ACTION OF MAGNETISM ON GASES TRAVERSED BY ELECTRICAL CURRENTS.

In a paper by MM. A. de la Rive and E. Sarasin, in the *Bibliotheque Universelle*, the following conclusions are announced as the result of a long series of experiments upon the action of magnetism on gases traversed by electrical currents: 1. The action of magnetism exerted upon a portion only of an electric jet traversing a rarefied gas causes an augmentation of density in this portion. 2. This action exerted upon an electric jet placed *equatorially* between the poles of an electro-magnet produces in the rarefied gas an augmentation of resistance proportional to the conductivity of the gas itself. 3. On the contrary, it causes a corresponding *diminution* of resistance when the jet is axially between the two magnetic poles. 4. When the action of the magnetism is to impress a continuous movement of rotation upon the electric jet, it has no influence upon the conductivity if the rotation be in the plane perpendicular to the axis of the iron cylinder detaining the rotation, and diminishes it considerably if the rotation takes place so that the jet describes a cylinder round the axis. 5. These effects do not seem to be due to variations of density, but to perturbations in the arrangement of the particles of the rarefied gas.

INFLUENCE OF COLD ON THE STRENGTH OF IRON.

We have referred to the experiments of Mr. Brockbank in regard to the influence of cold upon the elasticity and strength of iron, and to the theory of M. Joule and others that cold, instead of weakening iron, actually adds to its strength. Mr. Peter Spence has lately presented to the Philosophical Society of Manchester a further communication on this subject, in which he expresses his adhesion to the opinions of M. Joule, and has no hesitation in stating it as a law that a specimen of cast iron having at 70° Fahrenheit a given power of resistance to transverse strain, will, when reduced to the temperature of zero, have that power increased by three per cent. After the reading of this paper Mr. James Garrick queried whether the results were legitimately deducible from the experiments mentioned by Mr. Spence, and thought that, for reasons adduced, the iron must have been of an inferior quality, and unfit for the purpose of reliable experiments. The impression, however, at the present time is gaining ground that cold at least does not increase the tendency to fracture of iron, and that the greater amount of breakage is probably due, as previously suggested, to the diminished degree of elasticity of the road-bed, in consequence of the freezing of the soil.

DUCKHAM'S SELF-INDICATING WEIGHING-MACHINE.

The London *Mechanic's Magazine* for August 19 gives a figure of what it considers a very important mechanical improvement, namely, Duckham's Self-indicating Hydrostatic Weighing-Machine. This consists essentially of an open-top cylinder filled with water or oil, and fitted with a water-tight piston and pressure gauge; and when used for weighing goods is simply interposed between the crane on which they are suspended and the goods themselves. The indicator on the dial-plate turns as the object is lifted, and the weight is read off at once, the work being accomplished with the utmost celerity and accuracy. The machine is in use at the Royal Gun Factory, where masses of from thirty to fifty tons in weight can have their amount ascertained within a small fraction.

WATERING STREETS WITH SALINE SOLUTIONS.

The subject of watering the streets of cities with saline solutions, which, by their hygrometric properties, shall reduce the amount of evaporation, and consequently the frequency of application, is one that has excited much interest; and while the earlier experiments were rather unsatisfactory, later experiences have been more favorable. Quite recently the subject has been investigated in Hamburg, where 2500 pounds of water were combined with 125 pounds of chloride of calcium and 125 pounds of common salt; and this was distributed carefully in two applications over a surface of 1500 square yards, so as to make the entire surface moist. The first result was simply a positive inky smell, unaccompanied by the development of any saline crust, such as had been noticed previously. As a question of economy, it was found that the cost of this amount of saline material for one application was at least thirty times as great as one of pure water; or, in other words, thirty waterings with pure water could be made at the same expense. In reference to the use of ordinary sea water for streets, it is thought that this is advantageous only where it is cheaper than fresh-water, the development of an unpleasant smell being quite marked in most cases. The city of Newport, Rhode Island, is watered by contract with sea water, and it is said that the odor rising from the streets thus watered is sometimes almost insupportable.

TEMPERATURE REQUIRED TO KILL MICROSCOPIC ORGANISMS.

The discussion of experiments made in regard to spontaneous generation has proceeded upon the assumed basis that live germs are destroyed by exposure to a heat of 212°, or that of boiling water. Suspecting that this might not be true in all cases, Mr. Crace Calvert has lately instituted a series of investigations on the subject. Different substances were employed by him, par-

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ticularly such as have generally formed the basis of experiments—namely, solutions of sugar, infusion of hay, solutions of gelatine, and water that has been in contact with putrid meat. Small tubes were selected of very thick and well-annealed glass, each tube about four centimeters long and five millimeters in diameter of bore. The substances to be operated upon were introduced into them, and left exposed to the atmosphere long enough for the germ life to be developed. Each tube was afterward hermetically sealed and wrapped in wire-gauze to prevent any accident to the operator in case of the bursting of the tube. They were then placed in oil baths, and gradually heated to the required temperature for half an hour. Without going into the details of experiment, we may mention, as the general result, that protoplasmic life was found to be only slightly affected by a temperature of 212°, and that even at 300° it is not entirely destroyed, except in the case of gelatine. In another case the temperature of 400° Fahr. was required to destroy life.

These experiments, therefore, show that the life found by previous experimenters in boiled liquid was not due to spontaneous generation, but to life which had remained in the fluids, as in none of the experiments on record, as made by the advocates of the spontaneous generation theory, was heat raised above a temperature of 300°.

Proceeding to the other extreme of temperature, Mr. Calvert subjected some putrid meat liquor, containing a large quantity of animalcules, for twenty hours to a temperature ranging between that of the freezing-point of water to 17° below it. When the ice was melted animalcules were found to have maintained their vitality, and in two hours they resumed their original activity. This corroborates the experiments of Professor Melsens, who ascertained that the most intense cold does not destroy the active power of vaccine lymph.

PROOF OF THE NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS BY THE SPECTROSCOPE.

In the September number of the *American Journal of Science*, Professor Daniel Kirkwood presents the testimony of the spectroscope in regard to the truth of the nebular hypothesis, beginning by calling attention to the supposed annihilation of this hypothesis by the observations of Lord Rosse and of Professor Bond, both of whom succeeded, in March, 1846, as they thought, in resolving certain supposed nebulæ into stars. These observations were considered by the majority of astronomers as fatal to the claims of the nebular hypothesis. But, according to Professor Kirkwood, this has more than recovered from the shock it received, and the more recent application of the spectroscope to the investigation of the nebulæ proves its truth conclusively. The general result of the later examinations he sums up in the following manner:

1. The ring nebula in Lyra, the dumb-bell nebula, the great nebula in Orion, and others which might be named, are not, as was but recently believed, extremely remote sidereal clusters, *but their light undoubtedly emanates from matter in a gaseous form.*

2. According to Lord Rosse and Professor Bond, the brighter parts near the trapezium (in the nebula of Orion) consist of clustering stars. If this be the true appearance of the nebula under great telescopic power, then these discrete points of light must indicate separate and probably denser portions of the gas, and the whole nebula is to be regarded rather as a system of gaseous bodies than as an unbroken vaporous mass.

3. Progressive changes in the physical condition of certain nebulæ are clearly indicated by the fact that nuclei have been established which, as shown by their spectra, are not wholly gaseous, but have passed, at least partially, to the solid or liquid form.

4. The spectroscopical analysis of the light of several comets reveals a constitution similar to that of the gaseous nebulæ.

The spectroscope, then, has *demonstrated* the present existence of immense nebulous masses, such as that from which Laplace supposed the solar system to have been derived. It has shown, moreover, a progressive change in their physical structure, in accordance with the views of the same astronomer. In short, the evidence afforded by spectrum analysis in favor of the nebular hypothesis is cumulative, and of itself sufficient to give this celebrated theory a high degree of probability.

PARALLAX OF A STAR.

The bright star, *α* Lyræ, now conspicuous in the northwest every evening, must now be added to the few of which the parallax is known with considerable accuracy. Dr. Brünnow, formerly director of the observatory at Ann Arbor, and now astronomer royal for Ireland, has lately computed a series of careful and most accurate measurements on this star, made by comparison with a minute star near it, known as Struve's Companion. The result is that the parallax is almost exactly one-fifth of a second. An idea of the smallness of this angle may be formed by reflecting that the smallest visible object subtends an angle of about one minute; so that if the angle which Dr. Brünnow had to measure were increased three hundred times, it would still appear to the naked eye as a mere point. Yet this is the angle subtended by the distance from the earth to the sun as seen from the star. The corresponding distance of the star is a little more than a million times that of the sun, or about 93,000,000,000,000 miles. Previous determinations of this parallax, by Peters and the Struves, have ranged from one-tenth to one-fourth of a second; but the extreme difficulty of measuring so small an angle made them all a little doubtful.

NEW SPECIES OF SIEBOLDIA IN CHINA.

The interesting announcement has lately been made to the Academy of Sciences in Paris of the discovery in Western China of a new species of giant salamander (*Sieboldia davidiana*), closely resembling in general character the well-known species of Japan, but differing in several important points. These consist principally in the less confluent character of the tubercles on the surface of the head and anterior portion of the body, and their greater degree of regularity, forming regular lines, with well-marked figures. The eye is inclosed in a double range of tubercles, which, on the internal face, become angular like a very open V, while in the Japan species the tubercles present

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only a confused arrangement. The Chinese animal, too, appears to have the fingers and toes a little longer in proportion, and the general color of the body darker. It lives on the frontier of the Celestial empire, in the clear and limpid waters which descend from the mountains of the Khou-kou-noor, where it reaches enormous dimensions, some specimens having been met with weighing from fifty to seventy pounds.

CARBOLIC ACID IN SNAKE POISONING.

Nature informs us that, according to recent French investigations, the application of carbolic acid, after the bite of the viper, is a remedy both for local and general poisoning. The acid is to be used in the proportion of two parts to one of alcohol, and must be applied at once, since if given internally, or applied to the wound at a late period, it has no effect. It is believed to act not by neutralizing the poison, but by contraction of the small vessels, thus preventing absorption.

TRANSPARENT GREEN VARNISH.

A beautifully transparent green varnish is made by taking a small quantity of "Chinese blue," with about twice the amount of finely powdered chromate of potash, and stirring these in copal varnish thinned with turpentine. A thorough grinding of this mixture must be made for the purpose of intimately incorporating the ingredients, as otherwise it will not be transparent. A preponderance of chromate of potash gives a yellowish shade to the green, and a deficiency increases the amount of blue. This varnish, thus colored, produces a very striking effect in japanned goods, paper-hangings, etc., and can be made very cheaply.

VARIATION OF COLOR IN BIRDS WITH THE LOCALITY.

The subject of variation of color in birds, as expressing specific distinctions, has for a long time occupied the attention of ornithologists; and while with some the slightest difference in shade was sufficient to establish a separate species, a wide variation is allowed by others without affecting the idea of specific identity. We are gradually, however, coming to appreciate the influence which external conditions, such as light or shade, moisture or dryness, varying temperature, latitude, etc., produce upon color; and so long as the general pattern remains the same we can allow a great variation in tint, and even in size, since, as is well known, this depends largely upon latitude or altitude of birth-place and residence. As a general rule, it may be said that as we go southward from a north temperate latitude, with the increasing temperature and brighter sky the colors are deeper and the size less; and, on the other hand, in proceeding northward and into more clouded atmospheres, the dimensions become greater, with a decrease in general brilliancy. In sandy or barren regions the accompanying birds become of a grayish tint, while in red soils a reddish shade will be appreciable.

Again, in certain regions the birds exhibit a tendency to melanism, or a blackening, this being noticeable in Florida, and more especially in the West India Islands, as compared with the United States. An instance of this is seen in the common red-winged blackbird, the female of which, as found in the United States, is variegated with brown, yellowish, and grayish streaks, the male alone being a glossy black, with red shoulders. A blackbird is found in Cuba, however, the male of which is undistinguishable from our bird, excepting in the smaller size, while the female is of a uniform lustrous black, differing only from the male in the absence of red upon the shoulders. Similar comparative peculiarities are presented in quite a number of West Indian birds.

CELESTIAL ORIGIN OF POSITIVE ELECTRICITY.

M. Becquerel has recently presented a memoir to the Academy of Sciences of Paris upon the celestial origin of atmospheric electricity, or rather of the positive electricity distributed in enormous quantities in the planetary spaces. This he finds in the hydrogen electrized positively which escapes continually from the sun. According to modern observations the solar spots are in reality cavities, by which the hydrogen, and the various substances composing the solar atmosphere, escape from the photosphere, this hydrogen being the result of a decomposition, bringing with it positive electricity, which is distributed in the planetary spaces, diminishing in intensity more and more toward the earth, in consequence of the poor conducting power of the more and more dense strata of the air, and of the superficial crust of the earth, this latter being negative only because it is less positive than the air.

For this electricity to be propagated in any medium, some substance is necessary as a vehicle; and it is established, in fact, that the luminous properties of electricity belong in a great degree, if not entirely, to the ponderable matter across which the electric discharges are transmitted. The auroras result from the discharges of this electricity, thus explaining, according to M. Becquerel, the rustling or crackling sound heard by the inhabitants of the polar regions. This occurrence, although apparently well attested, has been denied by some; but the experience of M. Rollier, the intrepid aeronaut who was carried in his balloon last December from Paris to Norway, and landed upon a snow-covered mountain 10,000 feet high, confirms this view. This gentleman remarks, in his report of the voyage, that while passing through a thin fog he perceived the brilliant rays of an aurora tinging every thing with its strange light. Very soon a curious and incomprehensible roaring was heard; but this, after a time, ceased entirely, with the development of a decided odor of sulphur, which was almost suffocating.

GRAPHITE IN GRAY OXIDE OF IRON.

From recent investigations of Sneller we are informed that the graphite segregated in gray oxide of iron consists of pure carbon, but that there is no free graphite-like silicon associated with it, although some occurs in combination. The quantity of carbon which remains enveloped in the hardening of a fluid cast iron appears to be dependent on the proportion in which the carbon was dissolved in the liquid iron, and upon the rapidity with which the transformation took place from the liquid to the solid state, rather than upon the quantity of foreign ele-

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ments, such as manganese, sulphur, phosphorus, silicon, etc., thus not upon the height of the temperature at which the iron was treated. While in puddling nearly all the silicon is burned before the carbon becomes oxidized, this process of oxidation in the Bessemer method comes on about equally with the two elements, if not even more rapidly with the silicon. The remarkable fact that the same amount of silica which makes the Bessemer and cast steel cold-short does not affect the quality of wrought iron under all conditions appears to depend upon the circumstance that steel contains the silica in a state of chemical combination, while in wrought iron it only occurs as a slag.

ON NOMENCLATURE OF UNITS OF FORCE AND ENERGY.

Professor Everett calls the attention of the British Association to the necessity of giving names to *absolute* units of force and of energy—that is, units not varying with locality, like the gravitation units vulgarly employed (pound, foot-pound, etc.), but defined by reference to specified units of mass, length, and time, according to the condition that unit force, acting on unit mass, produces unit acceleration. He proposed that the units of force and of energy (or of work), thus related to the gramme, meter, and second, be called respectively the *dyne* and the *pone;* and the names *kilodyne*, *megadyne*, *kilopone*, *megapone* be employed to denote a thousand and a million of these fundamental units. After the reading of the paper the subject was considered by the mathematical and physical section of the association, and a committee was appointed, conjointly with one from the section of mechanical science, for the purpose of framing a nomenclature of units of force and energy.

NEW COLORING MATTERS.

Professor Baeyer has lately brought to the notice of the Chemical Society of Berlin a new class of coloring matters. Thus, if pyrogallic acid be melted with naphthalic acid and some other substances, a new coloring material is obtained, named by him *gallein*, which appears in the form of either a brownish-red powder, or of small metallic green crystals. If this be boiled with a good deal of water, with addition of zinc and dilute sulphuric acid, the dark color of the liquid is transformed, after a certain time, into a light reddish-yellow. Some resinous matter will be separated from this by filtering, and the liquid becomes clear; but, on cooling, is clouded again by the separation of some oil drops, which after a time become crystallized. Ultimately large brownish-red crystals are obtained, which consist of *gallin* mixed with a little gallein.

If gallin be heated with twenty parts of concentrated sulphuric acid to 200° C., the reddish-brown color of the solution changes after a time to a greenish-brown. After the reaction is completed, the mass is to be boiled in a large amount of water, and the very voluminous deposit washed with hot water. This consists of *cœrulein*—a substance readily soluble in hot aniline, with the production of a beautiful indigo-blue color. Other substances referred to in Professor Baeyer's paper are cœrulin, reforcin, fluorescein—the latter of which will impart a beautiful yellow color to silk and wool without any mordant.

Attention is called to the similarity of gallein, gallin, cœrulein, and cœrulin to the coloring matter of wood. The relationship is particularly striking between gallein and the coloring matter of logwood, and between cœrulein and the lokao of the Chinese.

SOLVENT OF INDIGO.

According to the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, Venice turpentine, or paraffine, heated to the boiling-point, will dissolve indigo with the same blue color as a solution of sulphuric acid; in petroleum indigo forms a carmine solution, while in spermaceti it produces a carmine-violet, and in stearic acid a blue color.

MALLEABLE BRONZE.

It is said that in consequence of the announcements made some months ago before the Academy of Sciences of Paris in reference to the subject of malleable bronze, this substance is now likely to come into practical use in European and American art. The existence of such a substance has long been known from specimens of very ancient origin, and from its use by the Chinese in the construction of their tom-toms. It may be prepared from bell-metal bronze, to which 20 per cent. of tin has been added, and heating to a dark red. This generally brittle metal thus becomes malleable, and can be readily forged and rolled out from a thickness of three or four millimeters to that of a half to a quarter of a millimeter. In the operation the density of the metal is increased, and it can be welded easily, preserving its entire homogeneity. The whole secret rests in giving the bronze the proper degree of heat, since, without this, it remains brittle.

ARSENIOUS ACID AND ALBUMEN.

The preservation of albumen for manufacturing purposes is a problem of much interest, in view of the great use of this substance in the arts, one method consisting in the addition of a slight amount of arsenious acid, or arsenite of soda. The use of the former is, however, sometimes inconvenient, on account of the great insolubility; and that of the latter is occasionally objectionable on account of its alkaline action affecting the application of the albumen. For the purpose of obviating these objections, Paraf suggested the boiling of the arsenious acid with glycerine, in which it is quite soluble; after allowing the solution to cool, and to stand for twenty-four hours, a few drops may be added to the albumen. The same substance can be added to gum-arabic, paste, and other substances, to prevent fermentation, putrefaction, and the development of fungi. It will, of course, be understood that arsenic in this preparation is highly poisonous, and its use with substances intended to be eaten is, therefore, out of the question.

LIEURNUR METHOD OF REMOVING NIGHT-SOIL.

The difficulty of solving the problem of the economical and speedy removal of night-soil is a subject that is continually pressing upon the attention of our cities with increasing weight, and numerous propositions looking toward this end have

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been discussed or adopted. Among others, that of Mr. Lieurnur, of Haarlem, has been received quite favorably, and is being brought into practical application in various portions of Europe. This consists in the establishment of a series of iron pipes, which bring the soil into iron reservoirs, and which are so connected with an air-pump as to be capable of exhaustion. When this is done the connecting pipes are opened, and the pressure of the air forces more or less of the excrement with which they are laden into the reservoir. From this it is taken up by means of a pump into a specially arranged air-tight wagon, and carried off to be manufactured into a fertilizer.

OINTMENT FOR GUN-BARRELS ON THE SEA-SHORE.

It is said that an ointment made of corrosive sublimate and lard will prove an effectual protection against the rusting of gun-barrels on the sea-shore.

ELECTROPLATING METAL WITH NICKEL AND COBALT.

A process devised by Mr. Nagel, of Hamburg, for coating iron, steel, and other oxidizable metals with an electro deposit of nickel or cobalt consists in taking 400 parts, by weight, of pure sulphate of the protoxide of nickel by crystallization, and 200 parts, by weight, of pure ammonia, so as to form a double salt, which is then dissolved in 6000 parts of distilled water, and 1200 parts of ammoniacal solution, of the specific gravity of 0.909, added. The electro deposit is effected by an ordinary galvanic current, using a platinum positive pole, the solution being heated to about 100° Fahrenheit. The strength of the galvanic current is regulated according to the number of objects to be coated. For coating with cobalt, 138 parts, by weight, of pure sulphate of cobalt are combined with 69 parts of pure ammonia, to form a double salt, which is then dissolved in 1000 parts of distilled water, and 120 parts of ammoniacal solution, of the same specific gravity as before, are added. The process of deposition with cobalt is the same as with nickel.

NEW FOSSIL CRUSTACEANS.

According to Mr. Woodward, twenty-three new species of fossil crustaceans have been discovered and described within the last year, one of them, of a very extensive distribution, occurring in Upper Silesia, in Turin, and in three distinct localities of England. He gives in his adhesion to the views of Mr. Billings in regard to the possession of feet by trilobites, and thinks that this fact, if established, would carry the isopod class back in time to the earliest paleozoic rocks. He dissents from the views of Dr. Packard, who, from the examination of their embryos, proposes to bring the king-crab, or common horseshoe-crab of the United States, near to the trilobites.

WATER-PROOFING PREPARATION.

A method of rendering woven fabrics waterproof, without filling up the interstices of the cloth so as to prevent the passage of perspiration, is announced by Professor Balard. For this purpose acetate of alumina is prepared by dissolving an ounce of acetate of lead in a pint of distilled water, and three-quarters of an ounce of sulphate of alumina in the same quantity of water. These solutions having been mixed and filtered, the cloth to be rendered water-proof is immersed in the mixture for a quarter of an hour, and is then drained and dried in a current of air.

COLORS OF FOSSIL SHELLS.

In an inquiry into the possibility of determining the original colors of fossil shells, by Kayser, it was found that reds were more durable than any other color, this tint being appreciable in forms where their nearest living allies were of somewhat similar shades.

PARKES ON EFFECT OF DIET AND EXERCISE ON ELIMINATION OF NITROGEN.

Dr. Parkes, while investigating the effect of diet and exercise on the elimination of nitrogen, had for his subject a very healthy, powerful, and temperate young soldier. He conducted one series of experiments in which the man was fed on ordinary diet, and the amount of nitrogen content was kept as near as possible constant. In a second series prepared food was given so as to keep the amount of nitrogen introduced perfectly constant; and a third series was made with non-nitrogenous food. These experiments showed distinctly an increased elimination of nitrogen in the period of rest after severe exercise, confirming Dr. Parkes's former results, and supporting the statement of Liebig on this point, in opposition to that of Voit. Whether it was diminished during exercise or not was not clearly shown by the experiments. The non-nitrogenous diet for five days neither raised nor lowered the temperature in the rectum of the patient, but apparently did not affect the health, nor did it alter the frequency of the pulse; but the heart's action became weak, and the pulse soft. The experiments proved that force necessary for great muscular work can be obtained by the muscle from fat and starch, though changes in the nitrogenous constituents of the muscles also go on, which have, as one effect, an increased elimination of nitrogen after the cessation of the work.

GILDING AND SILVERING SILK.

According to a formula published by Grüne, for silvering or gilding silk, the silk is to be soaked with a 5 per cent. solution of iodide of potassium, and dried; then (in non-actinic light) dipped in a 5 per cent. solution of nitrate of silver, containing a few drops of nitric acid, and well drained; next exposed for a few minutes to sunlight, and then dipped in a 2 per cent. solution of sulphate of iron. It immediately becomes gray, from reduction of metallic silver, and, after washing and drying, only requires burnishing in order to acquire the metallic lustre. By repeating this treatment, varied, however, by adding a little free iodine to the solution of iodide of potassium, the silver deposit becomes stronger. By laying the silvered silk in a very weak solution of chloride of gold, the silver becomes chloride, and gold is deposited; and by then removing the chloride of silver by a solution of hyposulphite of soda, washing, drying, and burnishing, the appearance of gilding is produced, if the deposit of metal be sufficiently thick. The purest chemicals must be used in order to secure satisfactory results.

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INHALATION OF DUST BY WORKMEN.

The injurious effect of exposure to the dust of various manufacturing establishments has not unfrequently been dwelt upon with more or less force; but we are hardly prepared for the result of certain specific investigations on this subject. It has long been a disputed point whether the particles of iron, silica, etc., merely lodge within the air-cells of the lungs, or penetrate through their walls into the tissue between them. But Professor Zenker informs us that, on examining the lung of a woman who had been exposed to the dust of iron oxide, used in preparing books of gold-leaf, he found the powder in the tissue between the air-cells and in their walls, as well as in their cavities. From less than two ounces of this lung over twelve grains of iron oxide were obtained by chemical methods; so that, if equally distributed through both lungs, there must have been at least three-quarters of an ounce inhaled. In another case—that of a workman exposed to the dust of a mixture used in preparing ultramarine substances—he found a quantity estimated at fully an ounce.

ILLUSTRATION OF PSYCHIC FORCE.

A correspondent of *Les Mondes*, writing in reference to the communications which have appeared in regard to the "psychic force," narrates a curious fact as coming within his own experience. He states that a favorite dog had been in the habit of taking up his abode upon a skin of a white bear in his master's chamber. On one occasion, while the dog was reclining upon the skin, the writer looking at him and admiring the entire confidence with which he rested his head upon the skin of this polar monster, the thought suddenly came into his mind as to the effect that would be produced upon the dog if it were a real bear, and not a mere skin. In a flash the dog gave a sudden bound, and got as far off the skin as possible, his ears erect and hair standing on end, with his mouth open, and exhibiting the utmost anxiety and terror. It was a long time before the animal could be induced to approach the skin and recline upon it as before, several days elapsing before this could be brought about.

NICKEL AND COBALT PLATING IN THE WET WAY.

Professor Stolba, of the polytechnic laboratory of the Polytechnicon, of Prague, a chemist who has been the first to announce to the world several important technical discoveries, especially in reference to the plating of metals, has just published, in Dingler's *Polytechnic Journal*, an article upon the method of coating metals of all kinds with nickel and cobalt in the wet way, or by boiling; and he thinks that it will be quite possible to imitate the effect of, and even to furnish a satisfactory substitute for, the method by electroplating, which has lately come so generally into use.

The value of nickel plating is, of course, well understood, and it is now very much used wherever polished iron or brass is liable to corrode, as is particularly the case in the vicinity of salt-water. In large yachts, where expense is no consideration, all the metal work, as also the machinery of sea-going steamers, is often treated in this way; a notable instance of which may be seen in the yacht *Resolute*, a splendid vessel lately built for Mr. A. S. Hatch, of New York.

The details of Professor Stolba's process are too complicated for our pages; but we may say, in general terms, that it depends upon the action of salts of nickel in the presence of chloride of zinc and of the metal to be coated. The substances required are: first, a suitable vessel for conducting the operation, which may be of porcelain or metal; second, a suitable salt of nickel, which may be either chloride, sulphate, or the sulphate of nickel and potassa; third, a solution of chloride of zinc; fourth, clippings of sheet zinc or zinc wire and powdered zinc; fifth, pure hydrochloric acid. Cobaltizing, as Professor Stolba terms it, is conducted in very much the same way—a salt of cobalt being used in place of the salt of nickel.

DURATION OF VISION.

Professor Ogden N. Rood, of Columbia College, in a late number of *Silliman's Journal*, has an article upon the amount of time necessary for vision, and refers to an experiment of Wheatstone's, which seems to show that distinct vision is possible in a period of less than one-millionth of a second. He, however, refers to experiments of his own, by which electric sparks were produced whose duration was only the forty-billionth part of a second; and yet, during their continuance, the letters on a printed page were plainly to be seen; and in polariscope observations the cross and rings around the axis of crystals could be appreciated, with all their peculiarities. He thinks, however, that while this period is sufficient for the production of a strong and distinct impression upon the retina, a smaller interval will suffice for many purposes, and that four-billionths of a second, and, perhaps, even a shorter time, may be sufficient. This, according to the professor, is not so wonderful, if we accept the doctrine of the undulatory theory of light; as, according to it, in four-billionths of a second nearly two and a half millions of the mean undulations of light reach and act upon the eye.

REMOVING THE SMELL OF PETROLEUM.

Professor Stolba publishes what he considers the best method of completely removing from glass or other vessels the smell of any petroleum which may have been previously contained in them. This simply consists in introducing a suitable quantity of milk of lime and shaking it around thoroughly, and, after allowing it to stand for a time, repeating the operation in a few minutes. At the same time the external surface of the vessel is to be washed with a rag dipped in the same substance. Petroleum forms an emulsion with the milk of lime, and can thus be readily removed. If particles of thickened petroleum adhere to the glass, these can be removed by washing with fine sand, or by other mechanical means.

After emptying out the emulsion produced, it is only necessary to rinse with water, after which as much chloride of lime as will go on the point of a knife is to be introduced and shaken with water, and then allowed to stand about an hour, the exterior being rinsed off in a similar manner. If the liquids referred to are used hot, this operation will be materially facilitated.

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INJURY OF GREAT BATTLES TO VEGETATION.

A remarkable feature attendant upon the late French-German war is said to have consisted in the destruction of vegetation in the vicinity of the great battle-fields, this being not simply the result of mechanical injuries, but of some more potent agency, and, according to one writer, the result of the enormous mass of powder burned during the battles. As soon as the powder is exploded sulphuric acid is distributed through the atmosphere, and driven forward by the winds until it is carried by rains down into the soil, where it destroys vegetation; the effect being quite similar to that of the same gas as thrown out of manufacturing establishments. As, during the war, many thousand tons of powder were burned, it would be quite easy to understand that an immense number of cubic feet of sulphuric acid must have been thrown off into the atmosphere.

RESEARCHES UPON TOBACCO-SMOKE.

Some recent investigations, by Drs. Vohl and Eulenberg, upon tobacco-smoke are likely materially to modify existing views in regard to the physiological action of the weed. Their paper is divided into three parts, the first of which treats of the chemical composition of commercial tobacco for smoking, for chewing, and snuff; the second contains the results of an examination of the products generated by the combustion of tobacco during smoking; and the third describes the physiological effects of the bases extracted from tobacco-smoke.

Commercial tobacco for smoking purposes was invariably found to contain nicotine, amounting sometimes to 4 per cent. or more, while in tobacco used for chewing and snuff only minute traces of that alkaloid could be detected; so that nicotine poisoning from chewing or snuffing would appear to be very problematical. The authors state that, as a fact, no such cases are on record.

Among the gaseous products given off during the smoking of good tobacco and cigars, there were found oxygen, nitrogen, marsh gas, and carbonic oxide, besides the more readily condensible gases and vapors—sulphureted hydrogen and hydrocyanic acid, and occasionally sulphocyanic acid; this case being produced at a later stage by the action of sulphureted hydrogen on hydrocyanic acid. The acid and non-basic products formed are, formic, acetic, metacetic, butyric, valeric, and carbolic acids; creosote, perhaps caprylic and succinic acids also; the latter from fermentation of the malic acid well known to exist in the green tobacco plant. There are also a solid hydrocarbon and a liquid hydrocarbon of the benzole series.

The most interesting fact in the inquiry was that no nicotine could be detected among the basic products of the distillation, proving that the injurious effects of tobacco-smoking are not to be attributed to this substance; on the contrary, it was in the alkaloids of the pyridin or picolin series, well known to be produced during the destructive distillation of wood and other vegetable products, that the poisonous influences were found. These were tested upon pigeons and guinea-pigs, and were found to produce tetanic spasms, irregular action of the heart, and death. The same bases, obtained from other sources than tobacco, produced similar effects. As the same pyridin bases are among the products of the distillation of opium, the authors are inclined to attribute the effects produced by smoking this drug not to morphia, but to the picolin series of alkaloids.

PARCHMENT-PAPER.

The use of parchment-paper for the preparation of deeds and other purposes is increasing very rapidly, and is replacing the genuine parchment in a great many of its applications. An improved method of preparing this substance, according to a late article, consists in using the commercial oil of vitriol in an undiluted state. The paper is first passed through a solution of alum, and thoroughly dried, previous to its immersion, thus preventing any undue action of the corrosive principle of the vitriol. After the application of the acid the paper is passed into a vat of water, and then through an alkaline bath, to be again washed. Written and printed paper may undergo this improved process without materially affecting the clearness and distinctness of the letters, and the paper retains all its qualities, even after being wetted several times in succession, while paper prepared in the usual manner loses, to a great extent, its pliancy, and becomes hard and stiff.

STONES IN THE STOMACH OF COD-FISH.

Among the curious things connected with the cod-fish is the frequency with which large stones are found in the stomach. These are of various sizes, sometimes, in a large fish, weighing many pounds; and it is a popular belief among fishermen that these are taken in just before a storm for the purpose of anchoring themselves during the expected swell of the sea. This is supposed to be corroborated by the fact (if it be one) that all the fish taken before a storm agree in this peculiarity, whereas at ordinary times nothing of the kind can be detected.

DIFFERENCE IN GRAVITY OF ISLANDS AND CONTINENTS.

We have already informed our readers in regard to certain experiments that have been prosecuted in India with reference to the determination of the intensity of gravity on an island station as compared with that of one inland, or on the continent, in the same latitude. As the result of observations upon an island west of Cape Comorin, we are informed that gravity on the coast was found to be greater than inland, and at an ocean station like Minicoy greater than on the coast.

CHLOROMETHYL AS AN ANÆSTHETIC.

According to a report by Dr. Rossi, experiments instituted at the University of Padua upon the use of bichloride of methylene as an anæsthetic showed that out of 108 operations in only eight was there any vomiting, and that in every respect this chloromethyl should have the preference over chloroform for surgical purposes, having for the last three years replaced both chloroform and ether in that city. The London *Medical Times and Gazette* gives the experience of Mr. Spencer Wells in 250 operations with this substance, showing a close coincidence in the general results with those of the Italian operators.

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BALESTRA ON THE MIASM OF THE PONTINE MARSHES.

Mr. Balestra, in a series of investigations upon the nature and origin of the miasma of the Pontine Marshes, found the stagnant waters filled with organisms of various species, and among them one in particular, which was abundant in proportion to the degree of putrefaction in the water. This is a small alga, which floats on the surface of the water, and presents the appearance of drops of oil. At a low temperature these germinate very slowly; but during the warm weather, and when exposed to the air, they reproduce very rapidly. The author, finding that the addition of a small quantity of arsenious acid, or sulphite of soda, or (still better) of the neutral sulphate of quinine, destroyed the vitality of this plant, infers that the miasma of the marshes is due to its existence and propagation; and that the well-known agency of these medicaments in curing fever depends upon their chemical action upon the plant which causes it, especially as its spores are found to be disseminated every where through the atmosphere. The plant is not developed in a dry season, although it makes its appearance in great quantity during moderately rainy weather occurring in a warm season. The non-occurrence of the fever in the winter, according to the author, is due less to the cold, which prevents the vegetation of the plant or retards the decomposition of organic substances, than to the abundance of the rain, which covers the places where these spores exist, their dissemination into the atmosphere being thereby prevented, and only facilitated by the drying up of the soil, which allows the spores to float readily.

CAUSE OF THE INCREASED EXPLOSIVENESS OF CERTAIN BODIES.

According to *Les Mondes*, the explosive properties of inflammable matter are not dependent on the elevation of the temperature of the atmosphere, but upon its hygrometric state, as explosions take place in winter as well as in summer. Gunpowder during a drought will acquire spontaneous explosive qualities, even without any elevation of temperature, and is more ready to act from the smallest spark. The least quantity of oxalic acid, however, is sufficient to prevent spontaneous action of explosive materials, and without, at the same time, modifying the propelling properties of the powders. Thus if a pulverulent mixture of sulphur and chlorate of potash, or any other combustible substance ready to furnish detonating compounds, be combined with one-third part of oxalic acid, and then heated even to the degree of fusion, there will be no explosion. The action of the acid is believed to have a catalytic influence that precedes the abandonment of the basic particle of water of this substance, any excess of acid being without effect upon the general result. It is suggested that this, if true, will have an important bearing upon the manufacture of explosive substances generally, in reality changing them at will from fulminates to simple explosives.

REPORT OF THE TIDAL COMMITTEE OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

In the report of a Tidal Committee to the British Association, Sir William Thomson stated that the chief object of the originators of the investigation was the determination of long-period tides, and particularly the lunar declinational fortnightly tide, and the solar declinational semi-annual tide. The reason for desiring the determination of such tides with great accuracy was that this would give a means of estimating, with absolute certainty, the degree of elastic yielding which the solid earth experienced under the tide-generating influences of sun and moon. It was quite certain that the solid earth did yield to some degree, as it must do so unless it were infinitely rigid. It had long been a favorite assumption of geologists that the earth consisted of a thin shell of solid rock, twenty to fifty miles thick, according to various estimates, inclosing an interior filled with melted material—lava, metals, etc. This hypothesis was, however, untenable, because, were it true, the solid crust would yield with almost as perfect freedom (on account of its thinness and great area) as if it were perfectly liquid. Thus the boundary of the solid earth would rise and fall under the tide-generating influences so much as to leave no sensible difference to be shown by the water rising and falling relatively to the solid; showing that if the earth, as a whole, had an average degree of rigidity equal to that of glass, the tides would be very much diminished from the magnitude corresponding to a perfectly rigid globe, with water like that of our seas upon it. This consideration, he had shown, rendered it probable that the earth had considerably more average rigidity than a globe of glass of the same size. The mathematical calculation showed a somewhat startling result, to the effect that a globe of glass of the same size as the earth, if throughout of exactly the same rigidity as a small glass globe, would yield, like an India rubber ball, with remarkable freedom to the tide-generating influences, thus leaving a very much smaller difference to be shown by water if placed on the surface of such a globe, and estimated in its rise and fall relatively to the solid bottom on which it rested. The precise agreement of precession and nutation, with dynamical estimates founded on the supposition of the earth being perfectly rigid, made it probable that the earth was, in reality, vastly more rigid, as a whole, than any specimen of surface rock, in the condition in which it is when experimented on in our laboratories. The proposed tidal observation and calculation he considers to be the only method which gives directly, and without any possibly doubtful suppositions regarding interior arrangement of density on the earth, a measurement of its elastic yielding to the tide-generating influences.

FLETCHER'S RHYSIMETER.

Mr. Fletcher communicates to the British Association an instrument which he calls the Rhysimeter, intended to indicate the velocity of flowing liquids, and measuring the speed of ships through the water. The principle resembles that of the anemometer of Mr. Fletcher, by which he is able to measure the speed of hot air, flame, and smoke. In both instruments the impact force of the current, and also its tendency to induce a current parallel with itself, are measured, and become indicators of the force and velocity of the stream. A modification of the apparatus is used in measuring

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the speed of ships, the indicator, in size and appearance resembling a barometer, being placed in the captain's cabin. The instrument can be made self-registering, marking on a sheet of paper the speed obtained at any instant of time. It is said that it has already been introduced on board some of the larger steamers plying between England and America, and has proved of great value, superseding entirely the crude process of "throwing the log," as it shows at any moment the exact speed of the ship.

PROPOSED CONNECTION OF SCIENCE AND THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

Colonel Strange, in view of the want of harmony between the British government and the learned men of the country upon scientific questions, suggests that two additions be made to the ministry: first, a Minister of Science, and second, a permanent Consultative Council, to advise the various departments through the minister.

The duties of the council would be, first, to advise the government on all questions arising in the ordinary routine of administration submitted to it by the various departments; second, to advise government on special questions, such as the founding of new scientific institutions, and the modification or abolition of old ones, the sanctioning of scientific expeditions, and applications for grants for scientific purposes; third, to consider and decide upon inventions tendered to government for the use of the state; and fourth, to conduct or superintend the experiments necessary to enable it to perform these duties.

COLOMBIAN CURE OF THE BITE OF A POISONOUS SERPENT.

A native of Colombia has lately announced that the bite of a poisonous serpent can be cured by simply dropping melted sealing-wax upon the fang-marks, the result being a slight cautery and a complete exclusion of the air in consequence of the adhesion of the wax.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record is closed on the 24th of November. On the 7th of November elections were held in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, Maryland, Virginia, and Mississippi. In each of these States, excepting Virginia, Mississippi, and Illinois, State officers and a Legislature were to be elected. The election in New York resulted in a Republican majority of nearly 18,000—a gain of over 50,000. The State Legislature elected is Republican in both branches by a two-thirds majority. In New York city, with the exception of William M. Tweed, every Tammany candidate for the State Senate was defeated. — In New Jersey, Joel Parker, the Democratic candidate for Governor, was elected by a majority of 6000. The Legislature, however, remains Republican, as last year. — In Wisconsin, Governor Fairchild, the Republican candidate, was re-elected by a majority of over 8000; and Governor Austin, of Minnesota, by a majority of 10,000.—In Illinois, General Beveridge, the Republican candidate for Congressman at large, received a majority of over 14,000. —In Maryland, the Democratic candidate for Governor, W. P. Whyte, was elected by 15,000 majority—a loss of 3000 from the majority of 1870.—In Massachusetts there were four parties in the field. W. B. Washburn (Republican) was elected Governor by a majority of about 14,000 over all.—In Mississippi, the Republican majority was from 15,000 to 20,000.

During the present year elections have been held in twenty-two States, and of these fifteen, with 171 electoral votes, have gone Republican, and seven, with 51 electoral votes, have gone Democratic.

Governor Campbell, of Wyoming Territory, in his Message to the Legislature of that Territory, November 9, advised against the repeal of the woman suffrage enactment.

The President, October 25, appointed General Thomas W. Bennett, of Indiana, Governor of Idaho Territory, to succeed Governor Bowen, resigned.

Governor Bullock, of Georgia, having resigned his office, was, October 30, succeeded by Benjamin Conly, the President of the State Senate. A special election for Governor was to be held early in December.

Peter B. Sweeny, Commissioner of Public Parks of the City of New York, resigned that office November 1.

Mayor Hall, of New York city, November 18, appointed Andrew H. Green Controller, in place of Richard B. Connolly, resigned.

Thomas Murphy resigned his office as Collector of the Port of New York November 18. The President immediately appointed General Chester A. Arthur his successor.

George H. Boker has been appointed minister to Turkey.

William M. Tweed was arrested in New York October 27. Bail-bonds were filed for $2,000,000.

The report of the Civil Service Reform Commission was submitted to the President's cabinet by George William Curtis November 10.

Toward the last of October Delegate Hooper, of Utah, sent to the President a petition fifty feet long, in favor of polygamy, signed by about 2500 Mormon women. The petitioners say that their husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers are now being exposed to the murderous policy of a clique of Federal officers intent on the destruction of an honest, happy, industrious, and prosperous people; and they therefore ask for the removal of the Federal disturbers of the peace, or at least to stop the disgraceful proceedings, or send candid and reliable men to Utah to investigate the question of the constitutional rights and liberty of the people.

In the case of the People of the United States in Utah *v.* Thomas Hawkins, the jury, October 20, rendered as its unanimous verdict that the defendant was guilty of adultery, as charged

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in the indictment. On the 28th Chief Justice M'Kean sentenced Mr. Hawkins to a fine of $500 and to imprisonment at hard labor for three years.

The murder of an American citizen by a Chinaman at Los Angeles, California, led to the outbreak of a riot in that place, October 24. Over $20,000 worth of property was plundered from Chinamen, and a large number of the latter must have been killed, as eighteen bodies of the victims were found.

The first "narrow-gauge" railway in America, a line seventy-six miles in length, has been opened in Colorado, between Denver and Colorado Springs. It has a gauge of three feet, and is the beginning of a road that is to extend south to the Rio Grande River and Mexican boundary. The narrow gauge in these sparsely populated regions, it is thought, will prove profitable.

The violent storm of November 14 proved very destructive to property in the Northeastern States. Houses and trees were blown down; railway communication was interrupted; there were unusually high tides along the coast; and a large number of vessels were wrecked.

In Louisville, Kentucky, on Sabbath evening, November 5, the column supporting the main floor of the African Baptist meeting-house gave way, creating a panic in the congregation. In the struggle to escape from the building nine women and two children were trampled to death.

The steamer *City of New London*, of the Norwich and New York line, was burned to the water's edge, November 22, in the Thames River, five miles below Norwich. Three of the passengers and nine of the crew were drowned after their escape from the burning vessel.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1871, the tonnage built within the limits of the grand divisions into which the country is divided was 5631 tons less than for the preceding fiscal year. During the year 1870 the tonnage built on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts was 170,116; in 1871, 150,853 tons. Pacific coast, 1870, 12,720 tons; 1871, 3923 tons. Northern lakes, 1870, 37,258 tons; 1871, 44,377 tons. Western rivers, 1870, 56,859 tons; 1871, 72,139 tons. It will be seen that there has been a marked increase in the tonnage built on the Northern lakes and Western rivers, and a large falling off on the Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific coasts.

The Grand Duke Alexis arrived off New York November 19. A public reception was accorded him in this city on the 21st. The next day he was presented to the President at Washington by the Russian minister, Catacazy.

The United States District Court of the District of Columbia has decided practically against Mrs. Sarah Spencer's claim to the right of voting, but theoretically in its favor. The various opinions given by the judges of the court indicate that in their view the Fourteenth Amendment has invested woman with citizenship, and that the Fifteenth Amendment has made her a voter every where but in the District of Columbia.

OBITUARY.

The Hon. Thomas Ewing, ex-United States Senator, died at Lancaster, Ohio, October 26, aged eighty-two years.

Major-General Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, died at Nice, October 26.

General James M'Cleary, member of Congress from Louisiana, died in New York city November 5, aged thirty-four years.

Colonel David Stanton, Auditor-General elect of Pennsylvania, died November 5.

SOUTH AMERICA.

In the Brazilian Parliament, September 27, the bill for the emancipation of slaves was finally passed. The bill immediately emancipates 1650 national slaves. All the children of slaves born after September 28, 1871, are declared free, but the bill subjects them to unpaid service for their labor until they come of age. By its provisions from 5000 to 10,000 slaves will be annually emancipated. Slaves are allowed to acquire property by inheritance or gift, but the power to effect savings by extra work is made dependent on the owner's consent.

EUROPE.

The most important feature of European history during the month is the resignation, October 26, of Count Hohenwart, president of the Council of Ministers, and the other officers of the Austrian cabinet. This event was soon followed by the resignation of Count von Beust, the imperial chancellor.

In order to understand the situation of the Austrian empire, as connected with these events, we must briefly allude to the Austrian constitution and government, as these have existed since 1867. The changes then and since introduced have been due to the influence of Count von Beust in the imperial councils. Only five years ago Count von Beust was premier of Saxony. He came to Austria as an exile after the victory of Prussia in the memorable campaign of 1866. Austria, defeated, with Venetia lost, and with discontent in Hungary and the other provinces, adopted the fugitive. On the 30th of October, 1866, Francis Joseph appointed him Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and committed to him the task of reorganizing the empire. The most important measure undertaken by him was the conciliation of Hungary. The autonomy of Hungary was granted—*i. e.*, that province was granted its own parliament, ministry, and government. June 8, 1867, Francis Joseph became King of Hungary under the new constitution, receiving the crown of St. Stephen. The alliance thus gained by the Austro-Germans, who in Cisleithan Austria constituted only thirty-eight per cent. of the population, was of the greatest importance, for the Hungarians were as much interested in resisting the pretensions of the Bohemian Czechs and the other Sclavonians of the empire as were the Austro-Germans themselves.

But, notwithstanding this alliance of the Magyar interest with the German, it seems still a question whether it will prove sufficiently strong to resist the operation of forces which threaten the dissolution of the empire. Bohemia, the most powerful province of Cisleithan Austria, demands the autonomy that has been granted to Hungary. The emperor has been vacillating. At first, led by Count Hohenwart, he seemed inclined to concede to the demands of Bohemia. But the opposition of the Germans compelled him to retrace his steps. The Reichsrath revolted from the policy of concession, as involving in the end the inevitable dissolution of the

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empire. Then the Hohenwart ministry resigned. The efforts of the emperor have since been directed to the maintenance of the constitution as it now stands. He placed Von Kellersperg, formerly governor of Bohemia, at the head of his cabinet, with instructions to meet the demands of the Bohemians and of other disaffected provinces by a tender of terms compatible with the essential principles of the constitution, and to be discussed in the Reichsrath, to which Bohemia and all the other provinces are expected to send their representatives. The Bohemian Diet, following the example of Hungary in 1866, refused to elect representatives to the Reichsrath. The imperial government then issued a decree (received at Prague November 16) ordering the immediate election of members of the Reichsrath directly by the people of Bohemia.

Count von Beust has been so intimately associated with the German interest that his resignation of the chancellorship will have a conciliatory tendency, although the policy by which he has been guided will also influence his successor, Count Andrassy, formerly Hungarian Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

Field-Marshal Ludwig Benedek, commander-in-chief of the Austrian army in the memorable battle of Sadowa, died at Gratz, Styria, October 25.

The members of the Council General of Corsica did not elect Prince Napoleon for their president. He was present in the Council October 24, but the members would not listen to him. His partisans protested against the elections as "not conducted in a manner to allow a free expression of the wishes of the people."

The French army is being reorganized into ten army corps, consisting altogether of about 350,000 men, besides cavalry and artillery.

President Thiers insists upon modifications in the Anglo-French commercial treaty of 1860, restoring to the French tariff its old protectionist character. Owing to the alterations proposed by France in the treaty of 1860, some information has been collected by the Cobden Club bearing on the commercial policy of France, from which we take the following: "In 1859 the special commerce of France, imports and exports combined, amounted to 3,907,000,000 francs, or £156,280,000, to which aggregate amount the following countries, with which treaties have since that time been concluded—viz., England, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, and Holland—contributed 1,697,000,000 francs, or £67,880,000. In 1866 the special commerce of France amounted to a value of 6,229,000,000 francs, or £249,160,000, to which the above-mentioned countries contributed 3,175,000,000 francs, or £127,000,000, against 1,697,000,000 francs, or £67,880,000, as before stated, in 1859; showing an increase of 1,478,000,000 francs, or £59,120,000. Italy has been expressly excluded, owing to the difficulty of making an accurate comparison between the trade of that country, when it was composed of several distinct states, and when it forms, as it now does, an independent commercial unit. The development of the foreign trade of France under the policy of recent years has been attended necessarily by a large increase in the tonnage engaged in it; and although the principal part of this increase consists of foreign shipping, there has been a very marked progress in the employment of French tonnage also in the foreign trade of France, as well as in her colonial trade; the national tonnage engaged in the coasting trade—a trade, be it observed, which, with some unimportant exceptions, is exclusively reserved to French navigation—having, on the contrary, declined. French trade with England forms about one-fourth of the whole foreign trade of France, while English trade with France forms only about one-tenth of the whole foreign trade of England.

A terrible colliery explosion occurred in a mine near St. Etienne, France. Fifty-two miners were in the pit, all of whom are reported to have lost their lives.

The Russian army, though by far the strongest of European armies in point of regiments, is only prospectively so in point of men. In case of war no more than 783,000 men, with 1572 guns, could, according to present arrangements, be concentrated on the western frontier. As a considerable portion of these would be required for garrison duty and frontier service, no more than from 500,000 to 600,000 would remain available for campaign service. As Germany has 1,000,000 of men at the lowest, Austria 800,000, and Turkey 700,000, that is by no means a formidable force for so colossal an empire. The defect will, however, be remedied, and a just proportion between area and army established, by the army reorganization sanctioned last year and now in progress. By this means the regular available army will be soon increased to 1,234,460 men, with 2488 guns, exclusive of fortress and dépôt garrisons, marching detachments to relieve the active troops, and the whole army of the Caucasus. The marching detachments are calculated at 255,000 men, the remainder of the army at 1,603,000 men, and the militia and reserves available in time of war would swell this force to the colossal number of 3,500,000.

A fire broke out in Geneva, Switzerland, November 13. The Rue Rhone was laid in ruins.

A colliery explosion took place at the Seaham mine, near Newcastle, England, October 26, resulting in great loss of life.

The convention between Switzerland and a combination of German banks and firms for the construction of the St. Gothard line was perfected October 10. The various governments grant a subsidy of 85,000,000 francs; the company to find the remaining 102,000,000 francs.

The Belgian government has forwarded $20,000 to America for the relief of the Belgian settlers in Wisconsin who have suffered by the forest fires. The government has also opened a subscription for voluntary contributions for the same object.

The whaling fleet in the arctic seas has met with a great disaster. In September last, while chasing an immense school of whales beyond Cape Behring, the fleet was hemmed in by ice-floes, some of the vessels being sunk at once or driven ashore. Finding their lives in imminent peril, the captains concluded to abandon all the vessels most dangerously situated, and betake themselves to those that had a chance of getting out safely. This they did, and arrived at Honolulu safe. The number of whalers lost is thirty-three. The loss of property is estimated at $1,500,000.

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Editor's Drawer.

ONE of the genialest of the old British essayists, Richard Cumberland, on the last day of the year 1789, took up that delightful pen of his, and wrote the two paragraphs that follow, expressing with greater beauty than can he whose pleasant duty it is to prepare the monthly Drawer for "dear old *Harper*," the feeling that comes upon him on entering the new year:

I am sitting down to begin the task of adding a new volume to these essays when the last day of the year 1789 is within a few hours of its conclusion, and I shall bid farewell to this eventful period with a grateful mind for its having passed lightly over my head without any extraordinary perturbation or misfortune on my part suffered, gently leading me toward that destined and not far distant hour when I, like it, shall be no more.

I have accompanied it through all those changes and successions of seasons which, in our climate, are so strongly discriminated—have shared in the pleasures and productions of each; and if any little idle jars or bickerings may occasionally have started up betwixt us, as will sometimes happen to the best of friends, I willingly consign them to oblivion, and keep in mind only those kind and good offices which will please on reflection, and serve to endear the deceased.

In Cumberland's time flourished a Scotch poet named Grahame, who, having a wee bit word to say of New-Year's, said it thus:

Long ere the lingering dawn of that blithe morn
Which ushers in the year, the roosting cock,
Flapping his wings, repeats his larum shrill;
But on that morn no busy flail obeys
His rousing call; no sounds but sounds of joy
Salute the ear—the first-foot's entering step,
That sudden on the floor is welcome heard,
Ere blushing maids have braided up their hair:
The laugh, the hearty kiss, the *Good New-Year*
Pronounced with honest warmth.

The grandam eyes
Her offspring round her, all in health and peace;
And thankful that she's spared to see this day
Return once more, breathes low a secret prayer
That God would shed a blessing on their heads.

Not many notable things have occurred on New-Year's Day. Four, however, may be mentioned:

On the 1st of January, 1308, William Tell associated himself with a band of his countrymen against the tyranny of their oppressors. For three hundred and forty years the opposition was carried on, and terminated by the treaty of Westphalia, in 1648, declaring the independence of Switzerland. Thanks to that apple business and the opera, W. T.'s name is kept pretty green.

On the 1st of January, 1651, Charles II. was crowned at Scone King of the Scots; and

On the 1st of January, 1800, was formally consummated the union of Great Britain and Ireland; and

On the 1st of January, 1801, Piazza, the astronomer at Palermo, discovered a new primary planet, the first of the asteroids, which he called Ceres.

So much for statistics.

Now for the regular thing!

In the "Life of Catharine M. Sedgwick," recently published by Harper and Brothers, we find an anecdote, told by her father with much gusto, of Dr. Bellamy. One of Dr. B.'s parishioners, who was a notorious scamp, came to him, saying, in the parlance of the divinity that pervaded Berkshire County at that period, "I feel that I have obtained a hope!" The doctor looked surprised. "I realize that I am the chief of sinners," continued the hypocritical canter. "Your neighbors have long been of that opinion," rejoined the doctor. The man went on to say out the lesson: "I feel willing to be damned for the glory of God." "Well, my friend, I don't know any one who has the slightest objection."

Another anecdote of the same divine: One of his church was up before that solemn tribunal for some profane words spoken in wrath. He was a man liable to be provoked to a sudden gust of passion by a scamp, but tender and cherishing as a June dew to the widow and fatherless. After hearing the evidence of his accusers, Dr. B. said: "The poor man is a grievous sinner on one side, but, my friends, I think he has more of the milk of human kindness in his heart than all the rest of my church together!"

In the same volume is this anecdote of Washington, now first published:

"I have heard my father relate an instance of the repelling dignity of Washington's manner on an occasion when it was proper for him to repress familiarity. Gardoqui, the Spanish minister, at one of the general's levees, advanced from the crowd, and, with an air perfectly easy and familiar, slipped his arm within the general's, and began to whisper to him. He only began, for Washington shook him off with a look that would have awed temerity itself. Gardoqui shrank back into the crowd, and paid the penalty of his forwardness in silence and shame."

In September, 1828, Miss Sedgwick went to the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary at Salem. "Judge Story was very sensible and animated, and did not tire us with a two hours' harangue. We dined at his house. Old Dr. Holioke, a man past his hundredth birthday, walking firmly and erect, and looking like the representative of far-gone ages, was present, and gave great interest to the scene. At the dinner Judge Story held up a large pewter platter, a relic which belonged to the first settlers, filled with an indifferent pear, called the Endicott pear, planted by the first governor, Endicott. 'Here,' he said, 'is what the Pilgrims had;' and then, elevating an elegant silver basket filled with nectarines, peaches, and grapes, 'Here,' he said, 'is what their children have.'"

In her childhood the only political parties in the country were Democrats and Federalists. Miss Sedgwick, naturally enough, thought every Democrat was grasping, dishonest, and vulgar, and would have in good faith adopted the creed of a stanch old parson, who, in a Fast-day sermon, said, "I don't say that every Democrat is a horse-thief, but I do say that every horse-thief is a Democrat!"

How good this! Writing to Mrs. S. K. Minot in 1846, Miss Sedgwick says: "Last evening I was apologizing to Mr. Field for playing cards in his presence, and said I hoped he was not of the opinion of a certain gentleman in New York, who had written to entreat I would change the game of marbles (mentioned in my little tract

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as, of course, one of the boys' plays) to kite, because marbles were immoral, as by betting they involved an appeal to God, as did cutting and dealing cards, it being all regulated by the interposition of Providence. 'So,' said Mr. Watts, 'is cutting wood, especially Billy Brogan's; for, when he lifts up his axe, Heaven only knows where it will strike!'"

Alluding to the financial crisis of 1837, Miss Sedgwick says: "How we are to get out of this hobble I know not; but if we are true to ourselves, I am sure it will be, as the old women say, a *sanctified* Providence. The exclusive love of riches must abate when their uncertainty is so proven. Men must learn the worth of those acquisitions, those fountains of respectability and happiness, that are independent of the fluctuations of the money market; that a man need not look at the price of stocks to graduate his enjoyment of the caresses of his children, the pleasure of a good new book, or the enjoyment of nature on one of these exquisite spring days; that he need not speculate to relish a simple dinner; that Champagne and *pâté de foie gras* are not essential to his happiness, nor blonde nor Mechlin to his wife, nor Italian and music to his daughters. I wrote a little article for John O'Sullivan, editor of the *Democratic Review*, called 'Who and What has not Failed,' which, it seemed to me, showed a great balance in favor even of the real bankrupts."

A FEW good things (about all there are) from "The Literary Life of the Rev. William Harness:"

Among the distinguished persons with whom Mr. Harness was acquainted, he not unfrequently met the celebrated Sheridan. He was present at some of the sumptuous entertainments with which the dramatist regaled his friends, and remarked that, although his guests denounced his extravagance, they never refused his invitations. Sheridan was not devoid of that vanity which so often accompanies talent. On one occasion, at a Theatrical Fund dinner, he made a very high-flown speech, in which he spoke of himself as being "descended from the loins of kings!" "That is quite true," said Dr. Spry, who was sitting next to Harness. "The last time I saw his father [an actor] he was the King of Denmark."

Sheridan's solicitor found his client's wife one day walking up and down her drawing-room, apparently in a frantic state of mind. He inquired the cause of such violent perturbation. She only replied "that her husband was a villain." On the man of business further interrogating her as to what had so suddenly awakened her to a sense of that fact, she at length answered, with some hesitation, "Why, I have discovered that all the love-letters he sent me were the very same as those he sent to his first wife!"

Rogers, the poet, seems to have been somewhat unfortunate in his servants. On one occasion, when in the country, his favorite groom, with whom he used to drive every day, gave notice to leave. Rogers asked him why he was going, and what had he to complain of. "Nothing," replied the man; "but you *are* so dull in the buggy."

Speaking of France brought him to the following story, to which he gave considerable effect: "An Englishman and a Frenchman had to fight a duel. That they might have the better chance of missing one another, they were to fight in a dark room. The Englishman fired up the chimney, and, by Jove! he brought down the Frenchman! When I tell this story in Paris," observed Rogers, "I put the Englishman up the chimney."

Mr. Harness had many other little interesting scraps about Rogers. The poet greatly disliked letters of condolence, and when he had that melancholy duty to perform, he generally copied one of Cowper's. Lord Lansdowne once spoke to him in congratulatory terms about the marriage of a common friend. "I do not think it so desirable," observed Rogers. "No!" replied Lord Lansdowne. "Why not? His friends approve of it." "Happy man!" returned Rogers; "to satisfy all the world. His friends are pleased, *and his enemies are delighted!*"

Moore was a friend of Rogers's, and also of Mr. Harness's. Speaking of Moore's taste for biography, and the number of memoirs he had composed, Rogers one day cynically observed, "Why, it is not safe to die while Moore is alive!"

At Mrs. Siddons's receptions Mr. Harness became acquainted with Theodore Hook, who was then in general request in fashionable and literary society. His love of merriment sometimes caused him to indulge in pleasantries which, though sufficiently harmless in themselves, verged too closely upon the limits of propriety. One evening Mr. Harness, who shared the prejudices then entertained about waltzing, observed to Theodore that he was glad to hear that he disapproved of the new dance. "Well, I don't know about that," returned his friend; "'tis a mere matter of *feeling*."

Among Mr. Harness's more intimate friends was the millionaire Hope, author of "Anastasius." He frequently invited him to Deep Dene, where Mr. Harness found himself surrounded by the talent and wealth of England. The tone of the conversation sometimes amused him much; as when Rothschild observed to Hope that a man must be "a poor scoundrel who could not afford to lose two millions."

One day, at Deep Dene, Mr. Harness found the tutor of Mr. Hope's sons pacing up and down the room in the most distressing agitation of mind. "Is there any thing the matter?" inquired Mr. Harness, anxiously. "The matter!" he replied; "I should think there was! Three of the worst things that can possibly happen to a man: I'm in love, I'm in debt, and I've doubts about the doctrine of the Trinity!"

There was as much careless freedom in Talfourd's household as in that of most men of genius; Goldsmith himself could not have desired a more entire absence of conventionality. One day, when Mr. Harness was dining at their house, in company with several judges, the Sergeant and Mrs. Talfourd sat through dinner each with a cat in the lap. On another occasion Mrs. Talfourd requested him to carve a chicken which was placed before him. He essayed to comply, but on his making the attempt the bird spun round and shot off the dish. Mr. Harness, on examining the cause of it, found that he had been given a fork with only one prong! "Will you be so good as to cut that tart before you?"

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said the hostess to another guest. "Certainly, if you desire it," was the reply; "but perhaps you are aware that it has not been in the oven?"

The Bishop of Exeter was remarkable not only for erudition, but for that social tact and elegance which rarely accompany it. One day his lawyers were dining with him, and he wished his wife to retire from the table early, that he might discuss with them his course of action in one of those unfortunate suits in which he was so constantly involved. The lady, however, found the legal gentlemen agreeable, and notwithstanding repeated nods and winks and hints from her lord, remained immovable in her place. At length she understood his meaning, and rose hurriedly to depart. "What! so *soon*, my love?" demanded the bishop, blandly, as he opened the door for her with an obsequious bow.

Conversing with Bishop Selwyn, then of New Zealand, and recently a visitor to this country, Mr. Harness asked him whether his ministry had been attended with success. "With very little, I grieve to say," was the reply. "A short time since I thought I had brought to a better state of mind a man who had attempted to murder a woman, and had been condemned to death. He showed signs of contrition. I gave him a Bible, and he was most assiduous in the study of it. He gave altogether such a promise of reformation that I exerted myself and obtained for him a commutation of sentence. I called to inform him of my success. His gratitude knew no bounds; he said I was his preserver, his deliverer. 'And here,' he added, as he grasped my hand in parting—'here is your Bible. I may as well return it to you, *for I hope that I shall never want it again.*'"

A country rector, coming to preach at Oxford, in his turn, complained to Dr. Routh, the venerable principal of Magdalen, that the remuneration was very inadequate, considering the traveling expenses, and the labor necessary for the composition of the discourse. "How much did they give you?" inquired Dr. Routh. "Only five pounds," was the reply. "Only five pounds!" repeated the doctor. "Why, I would not have preached that sermon for fifty."

At a dinner-party a somewhat dull couple, who affected literature, informed their friend that they were going to visit the city of Minerva. Mr. Harness, who happened to be sitting next to the humorous Jekyll, heard him mutter to himself, "To the Greeks—foolishness!"

From an English paper received by last steamer we quote the following anecdote of Mr. Disraeli and an Irish member, and can imagine the delight it gave the ex-Prime Minister:

A genuine Hibernian, of somewhat colorless politics, was returned by an obscure Irish constituency, and on his arrival at St. Stephen's the "whips" of both parties were anxious to secure him as a supporter. Toward this end Viscountess Beaconsfield (then Mrs. Disraeli) sent him an invitation card. During the evening the company got dispersed into groups, in one of which were Disraeli and the new member, who had been thoroughly overpowered by the brilliant conversation and elegant condescension of his host, to whom, by way of compliment, he said, in the purest brogue, "I have never read your novels myself, but my daughters have, and, bedad, they say they're moighty clever!"

"Sir," said Disraeli, drawing himself up, and looking his admirer full in the face, "that *is* fame."

This from a Missouri correspondent:

One of our leading attorneys commenced practice at the Kingston (Caldwell County, Missouri) bar at the close of the late unpleasantness. He had gained a commission, and thought he could do with the world about as he pleased. He had brought suit against a party who disrespectfully died before our legal friend could get service of process on him. Nothing daunted, he came into court, and suggested that the death of the defendant be entered upon record, and asked for an order of publication. The judge smiled blandly, and raising one eye meditatively to the ceiling, asked, "Mr. ——, do you think the *Caldwell County Banner of Liberty* circulates where *this* defendant has gone?"

Our Episcopal brethren will appreciate this, from a late English book: The Bishop of Oxford having sent round to the church-wardens in his diocese a circular of inquiries, among which was, "Does your officiating clergyman preach the Gospel, and is his conversation and carriage consistent therewith?" the church-warden of Wallingford replied, "He preaches the Gospel, but does not keep a carriage."

The Rev. Mr. P—— is well known to the citizens of —— as a decidedly eccentric person, but zealous and full of good works. A short time since he met at the house of a friend Dr. K——, the leading physician of the same city. While chatting after dinner, the parson asked the doctor as to the reality of the ailments of one of his parish dependents, a Mr. George Washington Haynes Tibney. Whereupon, the peculiarities of this person being spoken of, the doctor related he had on one occasion been asked by him for the gift of a dollar. He replied that he had no money to give. Mr. G. W. H. T. persisting, the doctor finally gave him a fifty-cent stamp. Mr. Tibney looked at it contemptuously, and handed it back, saying, "I guess you need this, doctor, more than I do. I never take less than a dollar."

"Then," continued the doctor, "I took him by the nose, and, leading him to the door, kicked him out of my office."

"Did you kick him, doctor?" cried the excited Mr. P——. "Did you really kick him? Oh, I am *so* glad, as *I have often, often felt like kicking him myself!*"

Below will be found a careful compilation of the various nicknames given to the States and people of this republic, valuable for reference: Alabama, Lizards; Arkansas, Toothpicks; California, Gold-Hunters; Colorado, Rovers; Connecticut, Wooden Nutmegs; Delaware, Musk-Rats; Florida, Fly-up-the-Creeks; Georgia, Buzzards; Illinois, Suckers; Indiana, Hoosiers; Iowa, Hawkeyes; Kansas, Jayhawkers; Kentucky, Corn-Crackers; Louisiana, Creoles; Maine, Foxes; Maryland, Craw-Thumpers; Michigan, Wolverines; Minnesota, Gophers; Mississippi, Tadpoles; Missouri, Pukes; Ne-

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braska, Bug-Eaters; Nevada, Sage-Hens; New Hampshire, Granite Boys; New Jersey, Blue Hen's Chickens, or Clam-Catchers; New York, Knickerbockers; North Carolina, Tar-Boilers, or Tar-Heels; Ohio, Buckeyes; Oregon, Web-Feet; Pennsylvania, Pennites, and Leather-heads; Rhode Island, Gun-Flints; South Carolina, Weasels; Tennessee, Whelps; Texas, Beef-Heads; Vermont, Green Mountain Boys; Virginia, F. F. V.'s; Wisconsin, Badgers.

A GENTLEMAN has recently contributed to *Notes and Queries* the following *jeu d'esprit* on Lord Eldon's well-known habit of doubting. It was written by Sir George Rose:

A CHANCERY SUIT.

Mr. Leach made a speech,
  Impressive, clear, but wrong;
Mr. Hart, on t'other part,
  Was tedious, dull, and long;
Mr. Parker made that darker
  Which was dark enough without;
Mr. Bell spoke so well
  That the chancellor said, "I doubt."

MR. CHARLES H. WEBB, whose witty productions have frequently appeared in the publications of Harper and Brothers, has discarded literature to devote himself to making large sums of gold in Broad Street. After Mr. Evans returned from Brazil, some two years ago, and published three brilliant articles on that country in *Harper's Magazine*, Evans met Webb, and narrated some of his hunting exploits—how he had bagged monkeys, tapirs, etc.

"Are you a good shot?" asked Webb.

"Oh, I can snuff a candle," was the reply.

"That's why you went out there to practice on *tapirs*," said Webb.

A certain United States judge, a scholarly man and brilliant conversationist, but noted as an interminable talker, one day said, "There's Webb, now, a clever fellow, a brilliant fellow; what a pity he has an impediment in his speech!" On hearing it, Webb observed, "There's Judge ——; he's a clever fellow, a brilliant fellow; what a pity that he hasn't!"

Three or four years since, when it was thought that General Butler would be pushed for the Presidency, Webb quoted:

"Of all the sad words of tongue and pen,
  The saddest are 'We may have Ben.'"

"You don't think I'll ate with a nagur?" asked the cook, when a colored waiter was engaged.

"I don't know," answered Webb, "I'll speak to him, and see if he has any objections."

FATHER FOLEY, parish priest in a New England fishing town, was a clergyman much beloved by his own flock, and well liked by "the heretics" likewise, for his genial manners and capital stories. His reverence, though, of course, a strict disciplinarian, went not a step further than the letter of the law allowed. He was far from ascetic in his religious devotion, being a jolly lover of good living, and by no means averse to a glass of "something hot," when paying a visit to a member of his parish. On one of the fast-days—a cold, bleak one, too—Father Foley, on his way from a distant visitation, dropped in to see Widow O'Brien, who was as jolly as himself, and equally as fond of the creature comforts, and, what is better, well able to provide them. As it was about dinner-time, his reverence thought he would stay and have a "morsel" with the old dame; but what was his horror to see served up in good style a pair of splendid roast ducks!

"Oh, musha! Mistress O'Brien, what have ye there?" he exclaimed, in well-feigned surprise.

"Ducks, yer riverence."

"Ducks! roast ducks! and this a fast-day of the holy Church!"

"Wisha! I never thought of that; but why can't we ate a bit of duck, yer riverence?"

"Why? Because the Council of Trent won't lave us—that's why."

"Well, well, now, but I'm sorry fur that, fur I can only give ye a bite of bread and cheese and a glass of something hot. Would that be any harrum, Sir?"

"Harrum! by no manes, woman. Sure we must live any way, and bread and cheese is not forbid."

"Nayther whisky punch?"

"Nayther that."

"Well, thin, yer riverence, would it be any harrum fur me to give a toast?"

"By no manes, Mrs. O'Brien. Toast away as much as ye like, bedad!"

"Well, thin, *here's to the Council of Trint, fur if it keeps us from atin', it doesn't keep us from drinkin'!*"

No one enjoyed this story better than Father Foley himself, who never tired of telling it.

WE are indebted to a Concord, Massachusetts, correspondent for the following account of an old lady's first ride in the cars:

Miss Prudence Pettingill, at the mature age of sixty-one, made up her mind to visit New York for the first time in her life. She had never seen a railroad, as such things had been unknown in Aroostook County until this summer, and the ancient farm-house in which she lived was seven miles from the station. So she sits calmly upon a seat placed on the great wooden platform which surrounds the country dépôt, and gazes with amazement upon the train which arrives, pauses a few moments to take on passengers, and then proceeds upon its journey. The station-master interrogates the old lady, who sits placidly watching the departing train.

"Why did you not get on, if you wished to go to New York?"

"Git on!" says the old lady—"git on! I thought this whole consarn went!"

Having explained to her that the platform was stationary, the man kindly advises her to wait for the express train, into which he escorts the maiden, and finds for her a seat by the side of a benevolent old gentleman. Clutching fast hold of the seat in front of her, she is at first very much alarmed at the speed at which they are going, but gradually becomes calm, and much interested in the novelty of her surroundings. The old gentleman answers her many inquiries very civilly, and, among other things, tries to explain the use of the telegraph wires, and tells her that messages are sent over them at a much greater rate of speed than they are traveling. "Wa'al, wa'al," says the old lady, "you don't

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ketch me a-ridin' on 'em, for this is as fast as I want to go, anyhow." She has seen so many wonderful things that she makes up her mind at last not to be astonished at any thing; and when the train dashes into the one which had preceded it, owing to a misplaced switch, and the poor old lady is thrown to the end of the car among a heap of broken seats, she supposes it to be the ordinary manner of stopping, and quietly remarks, "You fetch up rather suddin, don't ye?" Being provided with a seat in the forward car, which was uninjured, she arrives without farther accident at her journey's end, and is surrounded by an eager crowd of hackmen, and listens in wonder to their oft-repeated call of "Hack! hack!" Grasping her umbrella in one hand and her bandbox in the other, she looks down into the face of the loudest driver with the compassionate inquiry, "Air you in pain?" From the consequences of his wrath she is rescued and carried safely home by her nephew, who has come to the dépôt to look for her.

Scene in the cars:

A candy-boy, passing through a car, meets a cross old gentleman, and says, "Pop-corn! pop-corn!"

"Hain't got no teeth," angrily replies the man.

"Gum-drops! gum-drops!" calls the smart boy.

At the close of the trial of that bad Dr. Rosenzweig, before Judge Hackett, a gentleman who happened to be seated by the side of the Court was moved to quote from an old English author a verse that was, many years back, written for a precisely similar case:

The learned recorder,
In luminous order,
Put the facts like a logical reasoner;
The jury thought fit
To consider a bit,
And then—they convicted the prisoner.

A San Francisco correspondent writes:

Your story of Brother Rooney, in the October Drawer, reminds me of a veritable fact that happened to our new Governor in the last Presidential campaign. A mass-meeting was to be held at Gilroy, California, and there was a great gathering. The boys improvised a battery of artillery out of a couple of old anvils. As soon as it was dark the battery opened fire—one for Grant and Colfax, the other for Seymour and Blair. The first boomed finely, followed by three cheers for Grant; the other flashed in the pan, and a few voices piped, "'Rah for Seymour!" After a while the magnates appeared, the meeting was organized, and old Colonel Hanson, the chairman, doing his level best to introduce the speaker, when —bang! went the big gun, and three cheers for Grant. Fizz! went the little fellow, and three for Seymour. The colonel drew himself up to about six feet seven, and looking away over the crowd, and evidently forgetting his prepared speech, said:

"If our Democratic friends will not disturb the meeting, I will feel obliged to them. *One* jackass is enough at a time. Gentle*men*, the Honorable Newton Booth!"

A traveled gentleman sends us the following, which is to be found in the entrance-way of a hotel at Lahore. It seems to be an honest and laudable purpose of the landlord satisfactorily to "fix things" between his guests and himself. Some of his ideas could be advantageously acted upon in this region:

Gentlemen who come in hotel not say any thing about their meals they will be charged for and if they should say beforehand that they are going out to breakfast or dinner, &c., are if they say that they have not any thing to eat they will not be charged, and if not so, they will be charged, or unless they bring it to the notice of the manager of the place, and should they want to say any thing, they must order the manager for and not any one else, and unless they bring it to the notice of the manager, they will be charge for the least things according to hotel rate, and no fuss will be allowed afterward about it. Should any gentleman take wall lamp or candle light from the public rooms they must pay for it without any dispute its charges. Monthly gentlemens will have to pay my fixed rate made with them at the time, and should they absent day in the month they will not be allowed to deduct any thing out of it, because I take from them less rate than my usual rate of monthly charges.

From an article in a late English magazine on "Our Judges," we quote a few anecdotes of the British judges, prefacing them with a strange remark made one day by Lord Campbell to Chief Baron Pollock. At that time they were both members of the House of Commons. "Pollock," quoth Campbell, "we lawyers receive the highest wages of an infamous profession." The writer truthfully adds, "It is a sad thing for a lawyer—a sad thing for any man—when he does not believe in his own work."

A prosecutrix in a criminal case at the Suffolk Assizes resorted to the expression, "I said to myself," so frequently as to excite some merriment.

"Mrs. Taylor," said the Chief Baron, "you must not tell us what you said to yourself, unless the prisoner was by."

Baron Alderson—learned, gentle, and good—could make puns, and had much drollery. A juryman once said that he was deaf in one ear.

"Well, then," said Alderson, "you may leave the box, for it is necessary that jurymen should *hear both sides.*"

Sometimes, when two courts are close together, the disagreeable circumstance happens that a counsel thunders so loudly in one court that he disturbs the business of the other. Once, at Buckingham, a chief justice addressing the grand jury heard a tremendous row in the civil court. Asking what the noise was, he was told that Sergeant —— was opening a case.

"Very well," said he; "since Brother —— is *opening*, I must *shut up*;" and ordered all the doors to be closed.

The judges can tell odd stories of going circuits. The functionaries, and sometimes even the prisoners, are much disgusted if, instead of a Westminster judge, they have to deal with some counsel whose name has been included in the Commission. A prisoner for murder was greatly annoyed because he had to be tried by a "journeyman judge." A sheriff once told a judge that they had been "often jobbed off with sergeants instead of judges in those parts, and was he really a *bona fide* judge?" Having had his mind satisfied on this point, the sheriff gracefully took his place by the side of the judge on the back seat, but was politely informed by the judge that etiquette required that he should sit opposite.

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Once a judge complimentally told a mayor that he presided over an ancient city.

"Yes, my lord," was the answer; "it *always* was an ancient city."

We expect it was the same gentleman who expressed a hope that Mrs. Judge and all the little Judges were well.

A sheriff asked a judge at a circuit dinner if he had gone to see the elephant in the last place.

"Why, no, Mr. High Sheriff," he replied, "I can not say that I did, for a little difficulty occurred; we both came into the town in form, with the trumpet sounding before us, and there was a point of ceremony to be settled which should visit first."

A judge who was summing up a case was greatly disturbed by a young counsel who was talking aloud. With great benignity, he said,

"Mr. Gray, if you ever arrive here, which some of these days I hope you will do, you will know the inconvenience of counsel talking while you are summing up."

A curious story is told, illustrating the legal precision of a great judge. He asked a magistrate at a circuit dinner whether he would take some venison. The gentleman answered,

"Thank you, my lord, I am going to take boiled chicken."

Lord Tenterden retorted,

"That, Sir, is no answer to my question; I ask you again if you will take venison, and I will thank you to answer *yes* or *no*, without further prevarication."

The story was originally told in the *Quarterly Review*, but it is challenged by Lord Campbell.

The most upright and impartial judges, who endeavor to keep their judgment perfectly balanced, are liable, human nature being what it is, frequently, and perhaps insensibly, to take a side. Some judges have left it on record that when a case has been fairly opened, and the testimony was given clearly, honestly, and in a pleasing way, they had made up their minds on one side before they heard the other. Mr. Grote discusses this subject in one of the admirable notes to his immortal history. Wise judges watch against this tendency, and are able to conquer it. Still, in the case of any protracted trial, it is easy to see on which side the judge's opinions rest, and even his sympathies. With some judges the habit of advocacy has grown so inveterate that they have been quite unable to lay it aside. If ever they have seriously tried, they have not succeeded in the attempt. The case has even been known of a judge on the bench thundering like an advocate at Nisi Prius. A judge once said that he had only *lost two verdicts* since he had been raised to the bench. What one likes to see in a judge is, a quiet, vigilant watchfulness, the alert eye, the unwearying hand, the thoughtful, composed manner. I have seen cases where, except to the initiated, the judge seemed little more than a passive spectator for a considerable portion of the case—but he would have interfered at any moment—and when his proper time came he showed how complete had been his grasp of the case, and how acute his attention to all details. An able judge once said, "Nobody knows how much energy it requires in a judge to hold his tongue." The most conspicuous example of an intellectual failure in fairness was Sir John Leach. He delighted to gallop through his cases. He was so fast that a stage-coach was named after him "The Vice-Chancellor."

We have culled these few anecdotes for the entertainment of our brethren of the bench and bar, to whom we may say, in the last words of that great Chief Justice Lord Tenterden, "Gentlemen of the jury, you may now retire and consider your verdict."

THE person and feelings of a clergyman have in every civilized country been regarded with respect, while any attempt to injure the one or the other has been visited with reprehension. But the church courts have not always left to magisterial punishment those who assailed the members of their body. Mr. William Russel, minister of Kilbirnie, complained to the presbytery of Irvine that one of his parishioners had denounced his doctrine as "dust and gray meal." The presbytery ordained the delinquent to humble himself on his knees at the presbytery table, and thereafter to indicate repentance next Sunday on the stool in Kilbirnie kirk.

THE Rev. William Coupar, Presbyterian minister at Perth, attained considerable popularity among his people, who were proportionately disappointed when he accepted the bishopric of Galloway. In his official residence, in the Canongate of Edinburgh, he was visited by an old woman from Perth, who had been much attached to his ministrations. She was ushered into his parlor, where the new-fledged bishop was seated in his episcopal vestments. It was dusk, and the bishop had two candles burning before him.

"So you have left the gude cause," said his visitor.

"I have got new light, Janet," said his lordship.

"Maybe," returned Janet; "for when you were in Perth you were content wi' ae caunel, and noo ye burn twa! And that's yer new licht."

SPEAKING of parsons, a story is told of one who is "favored" with absent-mindedness and a short memory. He has a habit of forgetting something he intends to say in the pulpit, and then, after sitting down, will rise up again and begin his supplementary remarks with "By-the-way." Recently he got through a prayer, when he hesitated, forgot what he was about, and sat down abruptly without closing. In a moment or two he rose, and pointing his forefinger at the amazed congregation, he said, "Oh! by-the-way—Amen!"

A GENTLEMAN eminent in the engineering and mechanical world, while enjoying his summer vacation in the interior of Pennsylvania, found in the grave-yard at Milford a stone on which was cut the following:

Here lies the Body of
JOHN BRECK,
Who departed this life April 9, 1809, aged 18 years.

Come, all ye mourners, to the tomb;
See here a youth cut off in bloom;
Although he's hurried to his last,
We hope the Lord hath found him rest.

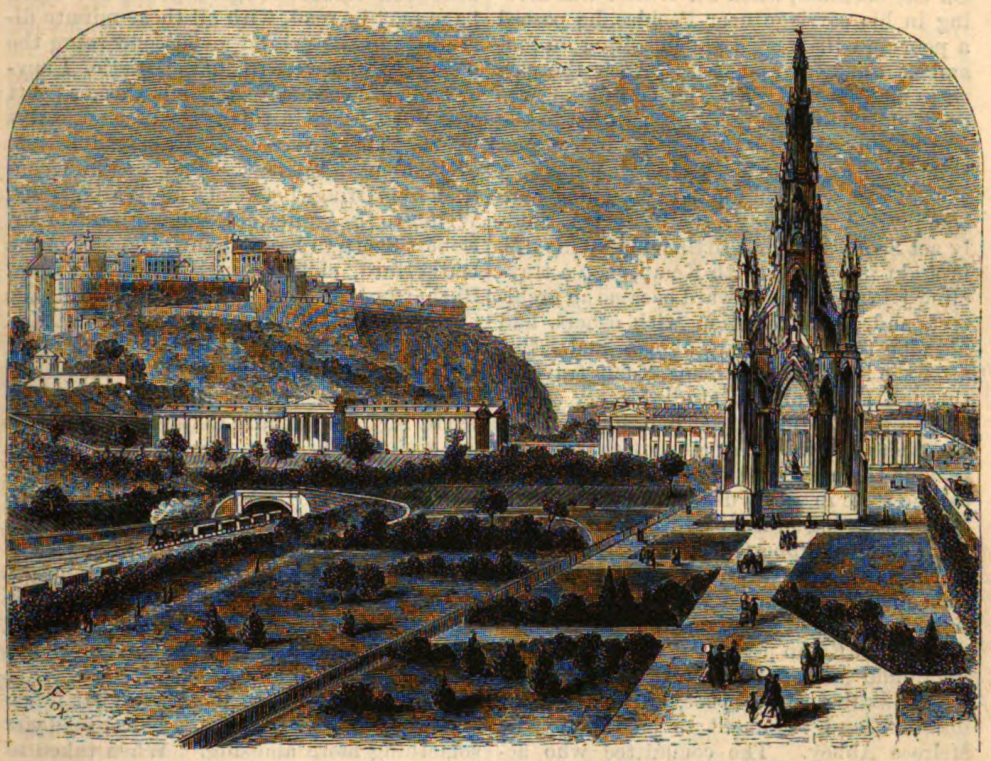
This be a warning to ye all—
Should at your house a sick youth call,
It's not a secret for to keep,
But let the parents *know* of it.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXI.—FEBRUARY, 1872.—Vol. XLIV.

THE SCOTT CENTENARY AT EDINBURGH.



EDINBURGH CASTLE AND THE SCOTT MONUMENT.

IT is now about ninety-two years since a poet, visiting at the house of a friend in Edinburgh, was attracted by some lines attached to a picture of a soldier dying in the snow. "Who," he asked, "can be the author of these lines?" There were old and some learned persons present, but they could not answer. A boy in the room, some eight years of age, said, "They are by Langhorne, Sir." The poet fixed his large, bright eyes upon the lad, and, moving to him, said, "It is no common course of reading that has taught you this." Turning to the company, he said, "This lad will be heard of yet."

The poet was Robert Burns; the lad was Walter Scott.

So slight yet so significant was the contact of the two most famous Scotch thinkers — the two most different of all those thinkers who have made a little belt of Scotland more remarkable for the men of genius reared on it than any other land of equal extent save ancient Greece—as they passed each other on the highway. It is memorable now as we reach a memorial year in the history of that lad whose career Burns prophesied. On the first day of August one remembered it, looking from the little monument of the earlier poet upon that matchless monument in the distance, whereon the workmen are as busy washing and scraping away any dust that may have gathered upon the marble figure seated beneath its Gothic canopy, as we who look on are to restore the ideal image of the man to life, freeing it from any unreal colors which admirer or critic might have cast upon it since the pen

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fell from his hand, and the rounded work was bequeathed to the judgment of mankind.

The poor statue looks somewhat embarrassed under the eyes of the crowd perpetually gathered to observe the cleaning of him. A wonderful monument it is! Not less the memorial of the great author than of the unhappy architect whose life and exquisite genius it represents. There is something sadly romantic in the story of this architect, the finest Scotland ever produced. On one occasion, when Sir Walter was driving in his carriage near Peebles, he passed a poor and ill-dressed youth toiling on foot amidst the heat and dust. After the carriage had dashed past, the coachman was ordered to halt, and Sir Walter called to the youth and asked him where he was going. It happened to be to the same place to which the baronet was bound, and the young man was invited to occupy a seat. By this kindly act Scott was, for a little while in his life, brought in contact with Kemp, then a traveling joiner, who afterward became an architect, and, in competition with others, had his plan for this monument accepted. But after the incident with Scott, Kemp traveled through England, and studied every cathedral in it. He then passed over into France, and there studied every ancient church. He became the most consummate master of the Gothic style in all its details. While he was thus possessing himself of the secret of his future art he supported himself by common work, as any journeyman would. It was soon after his return from France that designs for the Scott Monument were invited; that which Kemp presented was a beautiful pyramidal pile of Gothic turrets covering a seated statue of the poet, each moulding, foliation, and ornament to be taken from Melrose Abbey. The committee who accepted this design found Kemp living in great poverty with his small family. Just as his great work was nearing completion his dead body was found in the water, the result, it is believed, of an accident. Public honors were paid to his memory at the funeral, and then he was forgotten. But on the occasion of the Centenary, when visitors from near and far were gathering around the beautiful structure, Dean Ramsay discovered that poor Kemp's widow and four children had been since his death struggling along on a pittance of twenty pounds a year, with what the woman could add by needlework. There has been an honest shame at this, and one of the best results of the Centenary has been a subscription which will render the remnant of Mrs. Kemp's life comfortable, and enable her to educate her children.

At a little distance from the monument stands the noble edifice of the Royal Scottish Academy, in which was to be seen, during the months of July and August, the "Loan Exhibition in Commemoration of Sir Walter Scott." The Queen consented to be the special patroness of this exhibition, and sent to it various interesting pictures. There were in the exhibition four hundred and ninety-six objects, all of which bore some relation to Scott or to his personal friends. There were here spread out volume after volume of the poet's manuscripts, those of his novels and poems being nearly all carefully preserved. He wrote in large blank books, well bound, and with a small but neat and clear chirography, so that each page may be read, with all those minute directions to the printer, even concerning the dashes, which were so characteristic. I never realized what a tremendous worker Scott was until I beheld this array of manuscript books. There were numberless manuscripts of incidental interest. One was the contract of marriage between "Mr. Walter Scott, Writer to the Signet, eldest lawfull son of Mr. Robert Scott, in Sandieknow, and Mrs. Anne Rutherfurd, eldest daughter of Dr. John Rutherfurd, Professor of Medicine in the Colledge of Edinburgh, and the deceast Mrs. Jean Swinton, his first spouse, daughter of the deceast Sir John Swinton, of that Ilk," etc. There is the manuscript of a letter written by Mrs. A. Cockburn to the Rev. Dr. Douglas, giving an account of Scott when a child. "I last night supped," she wrote, "in Mr. Walter Scott's. He has the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on. It was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his hands and eyes. 'There's the mast gone!' says he; 'crash it goes! they will all perish!' After his agitation he turns to me. 'That is too melancholy,' says he; 'I had better read you something more amusing.' When taken to bed last night he told his aunt he liked that lady. 'What lady?' says she. 'Why, Mrs. Cockburn; for I think she is a virtuoso, like myself.' 'Dear Walter,' says Aunt Jenny, 'what is a virtuoso?' 'Don't ye know? Why, it's one who wishes and will know every thing.' Now, Sir, you will think this a very silly story. Pray what age do you suppose this boy to be? Name it now, before I tell you. 'Why, twelve or fourteen.' No such thing; he is not quite six years old. He has a lame leg, for which he was a year at Bath, and has acquired the perfect English accent, which he has not lost since he came; and he reads like a Garrick. You will allow this an uncommon exotic." There is a small portrait of the sensible and amiable face of the writer of this earliest mention of Scott's genius, and also a miniature of the boy who made such an impression upon her. This miniature, which belongs to James Young, Esq., represents a boy who had certainly made an impression upon the artist who painted it. There is the greatest care

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taken in giving the strong, full brows, the already noticeable towering of the forehead, and the full, pulpy, voluptuous lips. I have never before seen a case in which the face of the six-yearling so closely resembled that of the sixty-yearling. There is, perhaps, more gravity about the face of the child. As a boy Walter Scott was not beautiful; but the face is remarkable, and has a look of reserve.

To return to the manuscripts: one of the most interesting was the original of "Rob Roy." It was presented to Mr. Constable by the author in 1822. In 1831 it was sold by Mr. Constable's trustees, and purchased by the famous John Wilkes, M.P. It was re-sold in 1847, and purchased by Mr. Cadell, of Edinburgh, presented by him to Lockhart, and at last found its way into the possession of Mr. Hope-Scott, its present owner. In this beautiful and complete manuscript volume is inserted the following note by Scott to Ballantyne, his publisher:

"Dear James,—
"With great joy
I send you Roy.
'Twas a tough job,
But we're done wi' Rob."

Here, too, is the original manuscript of Scott's translation of the Morlachian ballad of the wife of Asan-Aga. It is entitled "The Lamentation of the Faithful Wife of Asan-Aga, from the Morlachian Language." This version is a translation from Goethe's version—"Klagegesang von der edlen Frau des Asan-Aga"—beginning,

"Was ist Weisses dort am grünen Walde?
Ist es Schnee wohl, oder sind es Schwäne?"

This version begins:

"What yonder glimmers so white on the mountain,
Glimmers so white where yon sycamores grow?
Is it wild swans around Vaga's fair fountain?
Or is it a wreath of the wintry snow?"

There are twenty-seven stanzas, and they were written about 1798. The Morlachian ballad was first published by Herder in his "Volkslieder," and a literal version appeared in the late Professor Aytoun's "Doleful Lay of the Wife of Asan-Aga." Why Scott's version has not been published is a mystery; it is very spirited and characteristic.

Besides a careful pedigree of the Scott family made by Sir Walter himself, we have occasionally some illustrations of what kind of fruit grew upon that tree. For example, there has been transferred for this occasion from the Abbotsford Library an old book with this title: "A true History of several Honourable Families of the Right Honourable name of Scot, in the Shires of Roxburghe and Selkirk, and others adjacent. Gathered out of Ancient Chronicles, Histories, and Traditions of our Fathers. By

"Capt. Walter Scot,
An old Souldier, and no Scholler,
And one that can write nane
But just the letters of his Name."

This book was printed in 1688, and in it Sir Walter has written, opposite the title-page, the following lines:

"I, Walter Scott, of Abbotsford, a poor scholar, no soldier, but a soldier's lover,
In the stile of my namesake and kinsman do hereby discover
That I have written the twenty-four letters twenty-four million times over;
And to every true-born Scott I do wish as many golden pieces
As ever were hairs in Jason's and Medea's golden fleeces."

It is a notable fact that although the Scott family was so old, and always considered a "talented" family, it never seems to have produced any very distinguished individual except the one who has made the name famous, though Sir Walter always believed that a brother of his, had he lived, would have been superior to himself. Mr. Carlyle has made it a sort of proverb that "great men are not born from fools;" and Mr. Francis Galton has shown that talent runs in families; but the facts attesting this also prove that consummate genius — as in the case of Burns, Shakspeare, Napoleon, Dante, and Goethe—generally exhausts and ends the family gift. Goethe, whose eagle eye few things of this kind escaped, in speaking of Voltaire and Louis XIV. in "Rameau's Neffe," has a foot-note, in which he observes that it seems a law that when a nation or a family is about reaching the end of its destiny, some great man comes forward to embody and fulfill it. Like a hidden vein of water, it springs through him, fountain-like, into the air, and is redistributed to the elements.

An interesting object in the collection was Meg Dod's punch-bowl, once cracked by Sir Walter, and now a valued relic owned by Mr. Walker, of Peebles. It will be remembered that when Sir Walter accidentally broke the bowl—a handsome one for those days—he was so afraid to meet the said landlady that he crept stealthily out of the house, taking the cracked bowl with him, and rode away to town. There he found a skillful workman who repaired the bowl very neatly, and then he returned with it. Meg scolded him sharply, indeed, not on account of the breakage, but for leaving a respectable house in such an unseemly way, and in the night, all on account of "a bit o' crockery." There are two walking-sticks, one that was habitually used by Sir Walter, who gave it to William Laidlaw, his gamekeeper, by whom it was presented to Dr. Charles Mackay; the other, a curiously crooked one of thorn, cut by the baronet at Abbotsford in 1830, and by him presented to John Leycester Adolphus, author of "Letters on the Authorship of Waverley." Near these is the great man's pipe, its stem a foot long, and its wooden bowl a carved head of some huge king with a crown on it. Sir

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Walter's gold watch and chain; his pencil-case; the basket which held his baby-clothes (cherished by Miss Aytoun); the dress in which he received George IV. (a plaid coat, scarlet waistcoat with twenty large glass buttons, and no trowsers—for reasons which will occur to all who are familiar with the Highland costume); his snuff-boxes; his piper's bagpipe: these and various other relics were on view, and were generally surrounded by larger companies than were attracted by the case where the original manuscripts of his chief works were exposed to view. I have observed all through Europe that the crowd is generally more attracted by some little thing related to the every-day personality of a famous man than by the more imposing monuments of his greatness. At Berlin it is Frederick the Great's clothes, at St. Petersburg Peter the Great's hat and boots, and every where it is the Virgin Mary's hair or smock, or some saint's toe-nails, which excite the most eager interest. Relic-worship is so deep in man that it is a wonder no philosopher has distinguished him from all other animals as possessing this proclivity. But why should it assume the form of preferring a man's pipes to his poems? At Stratford one or two common clay pipes found on the site of the house which Shakspeare built certainly excite more attention than the early folios. Is this a survival of the Roman Catholic adoration of holy relics, which have generally to be made small, and representing once unimportant objects, so as to avoid criticism or skepticism? A peasant who will believe in a bit of bone from St. Peter's finger would begin to doubt if St. Peter's fishing-boat and tackle were presented.

Few things in the exhibition interested me so much as one or two objects connected with the authoress of "Auld Robin Gray," Anne Lindsay, the life and soul of a memorable social and literary circle. Here are three volumes associated with this gifted woman. "Lays of the Lindsays: being Poems by the Ladies of the House of Balcarras." This volume—a quarto of 123 pages—was designed by Sir Walter Scott as a contribution to the members of the Bannatyne Club, but after being printed it was suppressed. By its side there is a letter written by Sir Walter to the secretary of the club, in which he says:

> "The Lays of the Lindsays *have been recalled and canceled*, Lady Hardwicke having taken fright at the idea of appearing in a printed though unpublished shape. We are, however, to have Auld Robin by himself, and I wish you would speak to Mr. Lizars about engraving on my account the inclosed frontispiece, drawn by Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, and let me know the damage when you write again.
>
> "I am, dear Mr. David, yours assuredly,
>
> "WALTER SCOTT."

The letter is dated at Abbotsford, October 3—probably of the year 1824, for in the following year appeared the second of these relics: "Auld Robin Gray: a Ballad. By the Right Honourable Lady Anne Barnard, born Lady Anne Lindsay, of Balcarras." (She was the eldest daughter of Alexander, sixth Earl of Balcarras, and in 1793 married Andrew, son of Thomas Barnard, Bishop of Limerick. She died in London, 1825.) The third relic of this lady is the manuscript and continuation of "Auld Robin Gray"—the autograph of the authoress—with an original letter to Miss Cummyng, signed with her maiden name. This was written from Broomhall, and about the year 1770. The exhibition is particularly rich in pictures and objects associated with that general intellectual life of Scotland which, in the past, as even at this day, manifests itself in snatches, so to speak. It may be safely assumed that if the genius which flowered into "Auld Robin Gray" had fallen on English soil we should have had whole parterres of it; and not less may be said of the genius which animated the lovely Miss Rutherford (afterward Mrs. Alicia Cockburn)—shown here in a beautiful miniature—whose exquisite song, "Flowers of the Forest," moistens half the eyes in Scotland every evening of the year. Aubrey de Vere says all the works of great genius have been occasional; it is certain that many, if not most, of the finest products of Scottish genius have come quite unprofessionally, wild flowers springing up in unnoticed spots, unbidden by publishers, fed by the inspiration of the hour.

There are no fewer than one hundred and twenty-nine portraits of Sir Walter Scott! I suppose that there never was another literary man who had so many portraits taken of him. Of these pictures thirty-five are paintings, the rest being engravings, some of which are copies of the painted portraits. The famous man was painted at his breakfast, in his garden, in his study, among his family, among his literary friends, among his servants, and at nearly every period of his life from six to sixty. Watson, Northcote, Sir F. Grant, Sir W. Allan, Sir E. Landseer, Calvin Smith, Wilkie, Sir Henry Raeburn, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Watson Gordon, Gilbert Newton, Andrew Geddes, Graham Gilbert, Gourley Steel, Thomas Philips, Henry Pickersgill, James Hall, Robert Scott Lauder, W. Nicholson, C. Leslie, John Ballantyne, Gatti, Pasto e Marte, Knight, and Vasalli, all have aided in transmitting the Wizard of the North to posterity pictorially; while Chauntrey, John Greenshields, and other sculptors have conveyed to us his form and moving. The variations in the representations of the man, when we consider the vast number of the portraits, are singularly few; but where they do occur they are remarkable. It is plain there were two Sir Walters, according to the eye that looked upon him. Some have painted the

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courtly baron in fine raiment, surrounded by luxury and grandeur; others have given us the rough Scotch countryman, with all his stumpiness of form and rude strength of feature. Sir W. W. Knighton has sent here a large painting of "Sir Walter Scott sitting to J. Northcote, R.A.," and the made-up, constrained attitude of the poet is really ludicrous. He is attitudinizing painfully as Sir W. Allan painted him in "The Study at Abbotsford," where he seems to be saying to himself, "If this fellow isn't off soon I shall certainly change this posture for one that he would not select." Sir E. Landseer has painted the bard's dogs admirably, but the bard is not Sir Walter: it is an idealized nobleman for London society to go into raptures over. Of this pretentious class of portraits is also that of Sir John Watson Gordon, who has represented him writing in his study in Castle Street, Edinburgh, after the fashion in which the Scotch Tories would like to think of their fellow-Tory who had cast much needed lustre upon the aristocratic order. Philips makes him Byronic in look and dress. Beginning with the portrait (doubtful) of his mother, a fine-looking, firm-nosed old lady, we can trace out the real features of her son here where David Wilkie makes him look like an old woman, and Andrew Geddes or Calvin Smith show the rugged "power," the precipitous forehead, the heavy under-face, all lit up by the fire that may break out as flame or sunbeam. Several of these portrait pictures must be looked at attentively to be appreciated. Of this kind is that of the Abbotsford family, painted for Sir Adam Ferguson in 1817 by Sir David Wilkie. Sir Walter and Lockhart are dressed like farmer and field hands, and the ladies are barefooted and bare-necked dairy-maids or washer-women. The characters do not disagree with them much, and though the ladies are pretty, their beauty is rustic. Anne Scott (Mrs. Lockhart), particularly, had that element in her look, and probably in her disposition also, for in the drawing-room at Abbotsford there is another picture representing her as a barefoot peasant with a basket on her arm. "The Author of Waverley in his Study," painted for R. Nasmyth, Esq., by Sir W. Allan (1831), is also a wonder in its way. It was the last for which the author sat. Sir Walter is represented in his study at Abbotsford, surrounded by all those curiosities and relics which he prized so highly. He is reading Queen Mary's proclamation previous to her marriage with Darnley. At his feet, on the rug, is his favorite stag-hound, Maida. The still-life of the picture is all from Abbotsford, where the objects represented are still shown to the visitor. The vase which Byron presented him, the keys of the old Tolbooth at Edinburgh (Heart of Mid-Lothian), the sword of Montrose, the rifle of the Tyrolese patriot Speckbacher, the ancient Border bugle, the brandy-flask of James VI., Rob Roy's sporan (purse) and long gun, Claverhouse's pistol, Napoleon's brace of pistols, and many similar things, environ the Border Minstrel as his natural frame. This picture has been engraved by John Burnet, but the engraving gives little idea of the rich, impressive depth of feeling it contains. It belongs to the National Portrait Gallery of London—that very valuable though small collection which no wandering American ever thinks it worth his while to visit. Only second to this in interest is Gourley Steel's "Scene at Abbotsford during the last days of Sir Walter Scott." The old man is bolstered up in his chair, and is feebly and sadly caressing his favorite dogs. The gamekeeper who has brought them in hangs his head in sorrow; a female servant hides her emotion behind a screen at one corner of the room. The old baronet feels that he is bidding his humble comrades a final farewell; but there is no weakness in his look, nor sentimentality in the artist's rendering. Here, too, is a portrait painted in 1820 by John Watson Gordon, now owned by the present Lord Napier, for whose ancestor—the late Marchioness of Abercorn—it was painted. Here are two letters, hitherto unpublished, addressed to Lady Abercorn by Sir Walter, in relation to this beautiful picture:

"EDINBURGH, 1st *July*, 1820.

"The portrait is advancing, by the pencil of a clever artist, and will, I think, be a likeness, and a tolerably good picture. I hope to get it sent up before I leave town; at any rate, I will have it finished so far as sittings are concerned. If I look a little sleepy, your kindness must excuse it, as I had to make my attendance on the man of colors betwixt six and seven in the morning."

"ABBOTSFORD, 2d *August*, 1820.

"The dog which I am represented as holding in my arms is a Highland terrier from Kintail, of a breed very sensible, very faithful, and very ill-natured. It sometimes tires, or pretends to do so, when I am on horseback, and whines to be taken up, where it sits before me like a child without any assistance. I have a very large wolf-greyhound, I think the finest dog I ever saw, but he has sat to so many artists that whenever he sees brushes and a palette he gets up and leaves the room, being sufficiently tired of the constraint."

One of the most charming pictures I ever saw is "Sir Walter Scott and his Friends at Abbotsford," by Faed. The author is represented in the height of his personal and intellectual vigor reading a manuscript to his literary friends. The persons present are James Hogg, Henry Mackenzie, John Wilson, George Crabbe, Lockhart, Wordsworth, Jeffrey, Sir Adam Ferguson, Moore, Campbell, Sir W. Allan, Sir D. Wilkie, Constable, Ballantyne, Sir Humphrey Davy, and Thomas Thompson. Not only are all these portraits, but each has a characteristic attitude and expression. Never was there a picture which more completely conveys the meditative genius of Wordsworth than that which one finds in this vast work; and the Ettrick

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SIR WALTER SCOTT.—[FROM THE MASK TAKEN AFTER DEATH.]

Shepherd, kilted, and nervously biting the curved end of his cane, gives a most vivid impression of the man who, while he loved to sit at Sir Walter's feet, always felt restless when in the presence of his fashionable friends.

But all the portraits of Scott find their best foot-light in the mask of his face and head, taken after death, and now owned by Mr. Hope-Scott, of Abbotsford—the first engraving of which ever permitted to be made I am happy in being able to place before the readers of this Magazine. Nothing else that I have seen shows so well the tower-like elevation of the head, or the strange jutting of the brow over the deep-sunk root of the nose. It is to Mr. W. F. Watson, of Edinburgh, that the reader is indebted for the privilege of seeing this mask; and in making this acknowledgment I take occasion to remark that, great as were the treasures and reliques of the Loan Exhibition, the collection there seen was of less interest than that which has been made by the gentleman to whom I have referred. Mr. Watson, with a high literary enthusiasm, a highly cultivated taste both for letters and art, and with, happily, ample fortune, has surrounded himself with paintings, manuscripts, letters, books, and multifarious reliques, not of Sir Walter Scott alone, but of all the great men of Scotland. These things, each a treasure, he possesses to the extent, literally, of thousands. In his house one moves from room to room, every wall of room or hall being completely covered over with pictorial memorabilia of Scotland by the great masters, while the tables, the cases, the very chairs, are stocked with objects of beauty gathered from the homes and studies of the great fraternity of Scottish thinkers. Never, until visiting the abode of this accomplished gentleman, had I realized how deep is that sentiment in all of us which reverences all that reflects, however slightly, the *personnel* of a great man—the



BRONZE CAST OF THE HEAD OF SIR WALTER SCOTT AFTER DEATH.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

lower form of which is the relic-worship of the superstitious, the highest that hero-worship to which the greatest living Scotchman has called us. It is, after all, much to read from the page on which the eye of Burns once rested, to gaze on the face whose lineaments were dear to him, to read the casual letters, to observe the sweet miniatures of friends around which once hovered the fancies and the delights of those whose work has made our life more deep and rich. Mr. Watson has not only original portraits of the great Scotsmen, but of their friends, their sweethearts, and originals of their characters—those whose names alone are known to the world. It is his hope, as it is that of all who know any thing of his quite indescribable treasures, that he may be able some day to lay before the world a descriptive volume with careful illustrations of them. If that hope be realized, the world will not get a mere catalogue of curiosities, but have the means of forming new conceptions of the lives and associations of some of the most interesting characters in literary history.

The 9th of August, the day fixed upon for the Centenary festival at Edinburgh, was a beautiful day. I walked out in the early part of the day to see the decorations of the city. These were very few. Prince's Street, the glory of Edinburgh, which runs along the verge of the gardens which lie near the Castle, surround the Scott Monument, and terminate in a horribly dingy square devoted to the ugliest railway station that ever deformed the heart of a beautiful city, had some floral festoons that were really beautiful. Sir Walter Scott, sitting under the Gothic canopy of his monument, was elegantly adorned with flowers, and held a fine wreath around his hand. But there the efforts of the city seemed to terminate, and save for a dozen straggling flags, about two to a street, one could find no evidence of any outlay upon the celebration. The day's joy was best reflected in the delight of the crowds streaming along the streets at get-

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ting an unusual holiday. The most conspicuous celebration was furnished by a circus company, which paraded the streets, and which, though their procession was deplored by the chief citizens, gave the populace a great deal of amusement. We had an Ivanhoe in armor that fitted him ill, a Queen Elizabeth highly rouged, and sundry characters from the Waverley novels which were exceedingly droll. The spot near the University where Scott is said to have been born was adorned with a bower of green boughs, surmounted by a kind of May-pole with a streamer at the top. Several public-houses had daubs of the poet's creations in their windows, the favorites being a brick-dust hag in a boat, whom inscriptions enabled us to identify as the Lady of the Lake, and Ellen Macgregor, with her foot upon her native heath.

This reference to the native heath reminds me to say that, after the Loan Exhibition, the most creditable thing I witnessed at Edinburgh in connection with the Centenary was the performance of "Rob Roy" at the theatre. The actors were, with two or three exceptions, very good, and rendering the dialogue, as they did, in pure Scotch, one had perhaps little reason to envy his Majesty George IV. his enjoyment of the same play at the same theatre, as the play-bill of that evening preserved in the exhibition certifies. On one evening the performance was turned into a kind of celebration, when a prologue written by Lord Neaves was recited. Lord Neaves is rather a busy little nobleman with complimentary work of this kind, and he is not always felicitous. His poem on this occasion was what Thackeray would call "emusing." But Lord Jerviswoode, and the Lord Justice-General, and other distinguished personages present declared it capital, and I must not withhold it from transatlantic readers:

"This very month one hundred years ago,
In our own town—the site we still can show—
A babe, new-born, its life-long task began,
To look on nature and to study Man.
No seer or wizard saw, by second-sight,
How full that boy would be of life and light;
No stray Guy Mannering traced with prescient gaze
The horoscope that showed his future days;
And none would have believed a prophet's words
Foretelling what this festival records.

"Nor even, while first he ran his young career,
Did sure prognostics of his fame appear.
The plant put forth no rash precocious flowers,
But seemed to bide its time and nurse its powers.
Yet soon the sense of noble tastes began:
The heedful Child was father of the Man.
On every side he found what swelled his store
Of Scottish story and of ballad lore.
Wood, Water, Wilderness, rejoiced his soul,
And old Tradition fixed her firm control.

"Full well in him such influence could inspire
The patriot's zeal, the poet's fervent fire:
Could bid him strike the harp with fearless hand
In honor of his own, his native land;
On Britain's brow new garlands to bestow,
And rival all but Shakspeare's name below.

"To you, assembled here, I need not tell
The varied strains he sang, and sang so well.
Never with Nature, Faith, or Hope at strife;
Replete with action, energy, and life,
His flowing numbers opened up the past,
Gave men and things the forms that long will last,
And lent to lake and mountain, sea and shore,
Unnumbered charms not seen or felt before.

"Then came a pause; but when he ceased to sing
A Great Unknown stepped forth, with Gyges' ring
His magic power all hearts and minds subdued:
The sun had set, but Night had not ensued.
No aid from verse this new Enchanter sought,
But yet his wand poetic wonders wrought.
Each form of many-colored life he drew,
To nature ever, and to Scotland, true;
Nor did he leave (let this be ne'er forgot)
'One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.'

"Rumor was rife; conjecture seldom slept;
But sure no secret e'er was better kept,
Till on that night, which Actors love to name,
Scott and the Great Unknown were found the same.

"And here, I'll say, that we, perhaps the most
Of all he favored, may his kindness boast.
Prompt to uphold the rightful Drama's part,
He prized the Artists, while he loved the Art.
Kemble, Young, Terry, to his heart were dear;
Mathews and Murray found his warmth sincere.
Therefore, to-night, to aid the general joy,
We bring our grateful tribute—in 'Rob Roy.'
Its parts, alas! can now be filled no more
By those who gave them such success of yore;
And some, I see, as round my eyes I cast,
Will loudly speak in praises of the past.
The Bailie's oldest friends will heave a sigh;
But crowds are here who never saw Mackay;
Who knew not Duff, that matchless Dugald Crater,
So true to human—or to Highland—nature.
We'll do our best; and what they now behold
I trust the young will praise—when they grow old.

"So now farewell! though neither You nor We
The next Centenary will likely see,
'Tis something to have swelled the loud acclaim
That pays due homage to so great a name.
For his sake, then, to this our Mimic Scene
Be as indulgent as he would have been."

If my reader has been impressed by Burns's first recognition of Scott when eight years old, and with Mrs. Cockburn's letter, quoted above, describing the wonderful traits of Scott when a child, he will be no doubt surprised that Lord Neaves should have occupied the first fourteen lines in disparaging the early promise of the bard; and I need not give a hint to the enthusiasts for Burns, Byron, and other magnates concerning the line which places the Abbotsford poet next to Shakspeare. The detective critic, when he reads,

"Each form of many-colored life he drew,"

will instinctively add,

"Created worlds and then imagined new."

However, I have known worse prologues than this of Lord Neaves, and the audience seemed to have never heard a better. But I wish I could paint for those who shall peruse these words the radiant faces of the Olympian deities in the gallery, who hold the fates of plays in the palms of their hands, when the battle was going on between the men of Rob Roy and the English

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troop sent to seize him, or when the "honest rogue's" valiant spouse cries, "My foot is on its native heath!" I have sometimes thought, when in other parts of Scotland than cultivated and charming Edinburgh, that if the Scotchman be scratched, the Rob Roy element in him will appear. The enthusiasm of the small boys at the theatre for that hero-highwayman made me suspect that the same element appears even there in an embryonic way. And my experience of the Centenary banquet compelled me to the conclusion that some confusion as to the fundamental compact of society survives in a certain class of mature minds even in that centre of refinement and culture.

"You Scotch are always *canny*, you know!" said an American to a true Scotch gentleman. The gentleman addressed colored up, but, seeing that the American did not mean to offend, he answered by saying, "As I presume you were at the Scott banquet last night, it is a bad time for me to defend us from the charge." The American was completely bewildered by this reply. He had evidently mistaken the sense of the word "canny," and I ventured softly to hint to him that it meant *stingy*. Whereupon he apologized to the Scotch gentleman, declaring that by canny he had meant shrewd, but by no means stingy. The reference of the Scotchman to the Scott "banquet," as it was, I must say, cannily called, reminds me that in referring to the festival I am touching a thing the disgracefulness of which those who have given to Edinburgh the repute for hospitality which it really merits felt more bitterly than the outraged guests from abroad. Possibly, the intelligent and refined citizens to whom I refer were not altogether without fault. They ought never to have permitted a set of ignorant and obtrusive men to get possession of the entire arrangements for celebrating the Centenary of Sir Walter Scott. But the traditional fashion which takes the majority of respectable people to the Highlands or sea-side on the first really summer day is very strong, and such were only too glad to leave the preparations for the festival of August 9 to a set of (for the most part) vulgarians. Indeed, the fact that the 9th was selected instead of the 15th of the month—the real birthday—showed a sad degree of indifference among the upper classes, for the alteration was made in view of the recognized impossibility of getting eminent personages to lay aside their guns, after the moors were lawfully opened for sport, on account of any literary occasion whatever. Thus it happened that, after paying each a pound for admission to the "banquet"—a sum which is the ordinary price for a public dinner of over a dozen courses, including Champagne—we were all stuffed into a low-roofed hall, the arrangements of which seemed to have been made with an eye single to cheapness. Amidst a sea of rubbish, daubed rags claiming to be considered flags, and the like, the persistently exploring eye could now and then catch something that was interesting. A gigantic figure of Sir Walter Scott had been specially and spiritedly painted by the artist Herdman, and contributed to the occasion; and there was the Scott coat of arms—a moor, a mermaid, a woman holding the sun in one hand and a crescent moon in the other, the motto being "Watch Weel"—a painting which was the first work of the now famous Thomas Faed. A Scotchman had sent from the far West of America a noble elk-head, between whose horns were the words, "Triumphant be the Thistle;" and there was an old armorial trophy made of ancient weapons like those with which Sir Walter Scott loved to surround himself. A few good bronzes of Scott's characters were visible also amidst the general ugliness.

Those present sat on a bare and narrow plank, and ate and drank (such as had courage so to do) from another bare and narrow plank raised before them. For each dozen guests there was a dish containing two hard, green apples, several sour plums, a bunch of grapes, and (for every three dozen) a pine-apple. For every dozen persons there were two decanters of fluids called by the official and the humorous "wine," one containing an acrid juice labeled "claret," which suggested the possible taste of logwood and vinegar, the other being a "sherry" whose genuine Hamburg origin I should never have suspected had not the individual who furnished it instituted legal proceedings against a Glasgow paper for publishing a similar opinion. And this was all that two thousand people were given in exchange for two thousand pounds! At first the curses of the hungry crowd were deep; then they began to calculate the amount which the canny committee would make—the amount expended by them for each guest being variously estimated at sixpence and at eightpence. Finally they became merry. No lady could stir without shattering a wine-glass, evoking a glad exclamation, "Another sixpence out of them!" When the Lord Mayor of London, toasting Edinburgh, remarked that it had given England the founder of its Bank, some one said pretty loudly that the committee might found another bank on the proceeds of the banquet. Few were daring enough to drink the "wine;" some who tasted it suddenly put their handkerchiefs to their mouths thereafter; but the waiters were not so cautious, and many of them soon became sadly demoralized. One of the chief waiters at the table where I was seated was so influenced that I saw him seated in a large pannier of wine-glasses, with his legs and arms sticking out, two other waiters, who were vainly attempting to pull him out, being in a fair way to end in reclining upon

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MEDALLION DESIGNED BY SIR NOEL PATON.

him. One of the leading committee-men—whose presence reminded me that even against those officials the charge of meanness must not be made indiscriminately—was not only a good fellow, but an ardent teetotaler. When I observed that perhaps the committee generally were teetotalers, and that the bad wine was cunningly provided to induce us all to take the temperance pledge, a gentleman near me said, "At any rate, *that* man could have known nothing about the wine, for he will never taste liquor; he has been in a beastly state of sobriety for twenty years!"

Before the speaking began another trouble arose. Having no good place to deposit hats, canes, and umbrellas, the guests who sat on the "platform," temporarily raised around the main room of the Corn Exchange, placed the said articles under their seats. What was their dismay on finding that beneath these seats there had been vacancy only, and that every article so deposited had fallen down several yards into dark and dirty stalls. There was a general outcry, and after a good deal of trouble the waiters went beneath to find them. To the consternation of many, they returned reporting that the articles could not be found. Others comforted us by reporting that they were all stolen; and I fear that many of them were, though the one lost article in which the writer hereof was interested followed him to London about two weeks later. But mark the economy which did not even put flooring beneath the seats!

I omitted to state that one other thing given us for our money was a paper medallion, which, though designed by Sir Noel Paton, I venture to say was the very worst thing of the kind ever drawn. On a pedestal that seems to be flat and oblong there is set, unevenly, a bust of Sir Walter Scott, who is casting sheep's-eyes in a most unseemly manner at two damsels. One of these damsels is panoplied, and her face expresses the utmost astonishment at the height to which she has to reach in order to crown the bard; while the other, an angel, whose wings both come out of the left shoulder, looks upon

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us with some dismay as (with a hand sadly disfigured by some accident) she points to the word "SCOTT"—a word not unnecessarily placed beneath the bard's face. At the bottom are the lines of Burns:

"Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear;"

and at the top is a sentence which one at first thought was meant for Latin, but which must have been intended as a puzzle for the amusement of the company. Most of us gave it up. The sentence is, "Bardorum Citharas Patrio qui reddidit istro."

The speaking was, on the whole, fortunately, better than the miserable frame-work which surrounded us. Sir William Stirling Maxwell, from whom much was expected, did indeed make little less than a failure, so far as his delivery was concerned. Not only did he hesitate, falter, and every now and then stop altogether, but, when speaking, he was inaudible to five-sixths of those present. In what he said, also, he was at times infelicitous, as, for instance, when (being himself a high Tory) he undertook to give credit to Scott for those miserable Tory pamphlets whose every sentiment time has shown to be short-sighted and false, and which Scott's friends regarded, when they appeared, as signs of a failing intellect, and his wisest admirers now never mention. For the rest, Maxwell's speech was commonplace. But the same can not be said of the speech which followed, that of the Lord Justice-Clerk (Moncrieff), who, with a clear, fine voice and simple manner, made a very witty and telling address, in response to the toast of "Our National Literature." The best thing he said was a rejoinder to Sydney Smith's famous saying (which the Scotch can never forgive), that "it requires a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head." To this the speaker said: "Sir Malachi Malagrowther, if he had been alive, would probably have rejoined that it is only English jokes which require the scalpel to introduce them." This retort is so obvious that it is a slight reflection on the Scotch that it was never made before. In speaking of the expressiveness of Scotch phrases, the speaker well remarked that their dialect contained some rich words that had been lost out of English. "My own feeling," he said, "of the

'Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
Blythe and merry but and ben,'*

scarcely admits of an English rendering that suggests to the Scotch ear all that is winsome in domestic life. 'Tryst' has a sweeter sound than a 'rendezvous;' and to 'dree a weird,' although it does not sound so fine, is perhaps as expressive as Campbell's sentiment—

'To bear is to conquer our fate.'"

* Contractions of by-out and by-in; meaning within-doors and without.

The speaker alluded in splendid terms to Burns, and for the first time during the evening the whole meeting broke out with real and hearty cheering. Dean Stanley had come primed with a speech which he had to throw aside. Moncrieff had taken it so completely out of his mouth (as I afterward learned on good authority) that much credit is due the dean's self-restraint (unless it be due to the absence of knives and forks) that he did not run something sharp into his lordship, by whose side he sat. But it is probable that the dean's prepared speech was not so good as the one he really did make. This was certainly a very good one, and well delivered. True, a good many present winced at the one piece of discriminating criticism on Scott which was heard during the whole evening: "I might grant," he said, "that there are hundreds of mistakes in detail, hundreds of confusions of chronology, topography, and the like. The British Association would almost go mad at the fact that this great genius has made the sun to set in the German Ocean. The Palestine Exploration Fund would have its hair set on end at the dreadful confusion of sacred topography in the Tales of the Crusades. A Scandinavian scholar, a friend of mine, can never forgive the author of 'Ivanhoe' for having confounded the Scandinavian god Zernebok with some Saxon goddess. But in spite of all these mistakes in detail, it remains certain that in the novels of Walter Scott we have an insight given us into the history of former times more true than any historian had formerly given us. Not even from Philip de Comines do we know Louis XI. so well as from 'Quentin Durward;' and he has made us more intimate with James I. than with any sovereign now living." After a graceful and hearty speech from Cyrus Field, who was received with great warmth, and from a Dutch gentleman, the toast-master called out, with a stentorian voice, "Mr. Turkey-nuff!" Into such a name had he coined that of the great Russian novelist, helped thereto by the sapient committee, who had printed his name on the programme Tourqueneff.

But why not? The English *Men of the Times*, which gives a column and a half to J. M. Mason, has no mention of one of the greatest novelists living; and though when Turganef* arose the crowd was at once impressed by the old man's grandeur—for he is even nobler in presence than Thackeray, whom he resembles—they did not realize who he was. The buzz of conversation went on, and those of us who wished to hear had to leave our seats and draw close to him. In earnest language he declared that English

* The French spell it Tourguenief, and (so much may be said for the Scotch toast-master) I believe the author himself signs his name in a new way according to the country he is in. But critical Russians spell it Turganef.

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literature had exercised a vitalizing influence upon the Russian mind, and that the two men who had most influenced it were Byron and Scott. Among other things the speaker said, "Our national poet, Pushkin, used to say that if Scott treated with such calmness and simplicity kings and heroes it was because he felt himself their equal before posterity, and they formed for him his natural and every-day society." Turganef also spoke impressively of the influence Scott had exerted upon foreign writers in reminding them of how much may be gained by looking close around them in their own countries, and by approaching literature by the path of national feeling and patriotic sympathy. Various Scotch noblemen made speeches, but said nothing very noteworthy. Lord Houghton, whom I have suspected in late years of being rather lazy in the preparation of his many after-dinner speeches, made a brief and eloquent speech in response to "The Roof-tree of Abbotsford:"

"To build up a roof-tree, to raise up children, and bring together kinsmen beneath it, to be himself a local habitation as well as a name, Abbotsford as well as Walter Scott, this thought haunted every happy hour, and added gloom to the sorrow of his later years. To you, at least, there is nothing strange in this desire; and whatever the philosopher or the divine may find in its indulgence to criticise or condemn, he must admit that this devotion to an idea does not prevent a Scotchman from attending sedulously to his more material interests in this life, or from maintaining the firmest faith in that which is to come. Assuredly the affluent day-dreams and long, methodical labors of the author of 'Waverley' might sanction and justify the most enthusiastic visions of the cadet of Harden and the kinsman of Buccleuch. But it was not so to be. Oh, the wild winds of fortune that raged against that roof-tree! Oh, the sharp and rapid strokes of death that strove to bear it down! Where is the band of mourners who of right bore the last sable covering over that chief of the hearts and minds of men? Gone the brilliant Lockhart, whose delightful biography of his father-in-law there are few here who this week have not read once more —gone William Scott of Raeburn, Charles Scott of Nesbitt, James Scott of Jedburgh, Sir James Russell, Robert Rutherford, William Keith, and Lord Polwarth—gone the boy for whom he wrote those charming tales —gone the two sons, the natural inheritors, then in the prime of life! Is it that Nature, in her wide compensation, assures most certainly the full hearth and the distant progeny to the less gifted and the more obscure? Is it that Providence desires to spare the descendants of the greatest the responsibility or the burden of a glorious name? We have no Shakspeare, no Milton, no Bacon, no Newton, no Pope, no Byron; Italy has no Dante, no Petrarch, no Ariosto, no Alfieri; Germany has no Goethe, no Schiller, no Heine; France has no Montaigne, no Descartes, no Racine, no Voltaire, no Lamartine. Yet here it is not altogether so. Beneath the roof-tree of Abbotsford stands a youthful form, the last lady of the line; to her we tender Scotland's affectionate homage and the sympathetic interest of mankind, and pray that she may long live in health and happiness to cherish and transmit the memory of this illustrious day."

The room had been hot, to begin with, and had gradually become stifling. In the centre of it there had been a large block of ice, two feet square, cut into the shape of Edinburgh Castle. We who sat at a distance from it beheld with envy the siege of the eager souls near it under which the fortress yielded, and when it had melted away we also melted. Some, also, who had come expecting something to eat, became hungry and moved off. Owing to the fact that the hospitalities of Edinburgh had not left me to the tender mercies of the Centenary committee in this regard, I was enabled to remain to the end of the affair, and join in the hearty singing of the social hymn of Scotland, "Auld Lang Syne," which the two thousand sang, and kept on singing along the streets far into the night.

Any sentiment about Scott that one might have lost by a too free indulgence in the celebrations at Edinburgh was restored to him who was fortunate enough to pass from "Auld Reekie" to the solemn grandeurs of Melrose. Mr. Emerson once said that men required rhyme and rhythm as they do beautiful architecture. I never knew the full meaning of that saying until I stood amidst the sad, sweet, dream-like ruins of this holy place. In that solitude poetry seemed the only language that could be spoken; and the mind ached to see once more that poet who had loved to stand there alone, and read aloud from the strange tomb that fascinated him:

"Earth walketh on the earth
Glistering like gold;
Earth goeth to the earth
Sooner than it wold:
Earth buildeth on the earth
Palaces and towers;
Earth sayeth to the earth,
All shall be ours."

No fitter epitaph could be written for a stone under the walls of Melrose, and to turn from the walls so steadily lapsing into Nature's domain is most thrilling. Yes, Nature is taking back again what Art took from her heart and raised for a temporary purpose. The ivy has climbed over the trees of stone till the birds see no difference between them and the forest, and build their nests in them. The carven foliations sow

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themselves to real leaves; and the bluebell is there to call the reverent to worship. The souls in pain, whose writhing heads and forms sustained the niches of saints, have fulfilled their time and task: the saints have nearly all crumbled, and the burdened ones are being set free by the light, and smile in flowers.

After having passed some mornings in observing portraits of Scott and his friends, and pictures of his environment, I was the better able to invest Abbotsford with some of the realities of the old days. As I approached the superb castle I saw, as it were, the wraith of the old baronet in the field—the tall, thick-set, ruddy-faced, and rugged man, with somewhat heavy features, relieved by a keen, restless, and humorous gray eye; limping, he is yet elastic, and his dress—gray trowsers, green jacket, and white hat—is an odd blending of the vesture of youth and age; and the whole benevolence of the face beams out when he pauses to speak a few words with the gardener, and whistles low to the dog that bounds to receive his gentle patting. Such were the face and form which the best art of Scott's time had rescued from mortality. Yet the pictures were of transient impressiveness in comparison with one face I casually saw at Abbotsford. There passed along the garden a fair and stately young lady, whose face showed her lineage. There was little of the Lockhart look. The face is that of Scott.*

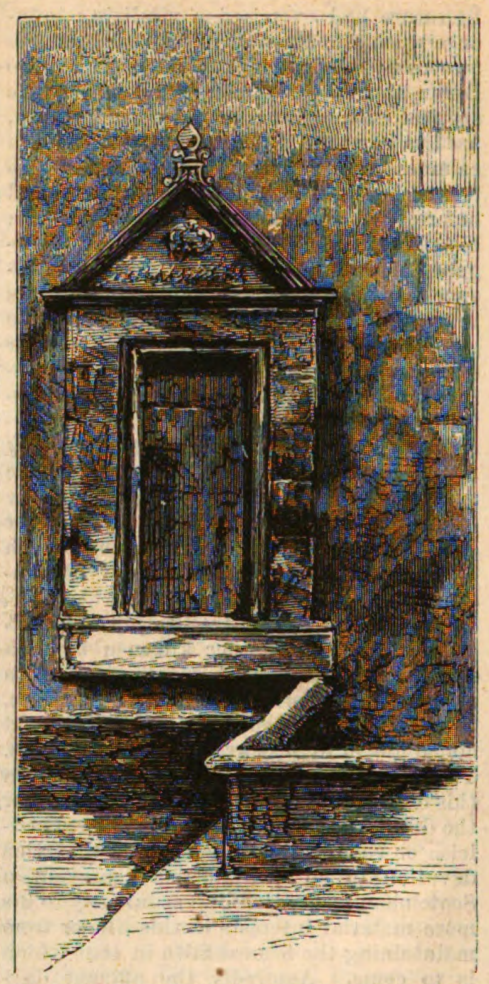
Abbotsford is now, far more than when he who built it so described it, a "romance in stone and lime;" for he had gradually added to it memorials of that old Scotland which never passed away so long as he lived, and hallowed all by the bequest of his own spiritual presence. No sooner do we pass through the ample gate-way than we enter the antiquarian realm. Hung on the gate is the iron collar by which offenders were fastened at Thrieve Castle in the time of the Douglases, who dwelt there. All around the mansion, incorporated in the wall or set against the inclosure, are old armorial relics, with inscriptions. On one is the device of a sword, with the words, "Up with ye sutors of Selkyrke!—A.D. 1525." Another has on it—

"By night, by day, remember aye
The goodness of ye Lord,
And thank his name, whose glorious fame
Is spread throughout ye world.—A.C.M.D. 1616."

The stone fountain which once stood upon the Cross of Edinburgh, ancient querns, the stone which was once above the old college hall of the same city, inscribed with the line of Seneca, "Virtus rectorem ducemque desiderat: vitia sine magistro discuntur," and many other curious old things, survive to give to the building, in itself quite modern, the sentiment of antiquity. The most interesting thing of this kind is the old portal of the Tolbooth, which was presented to Sir Walter Scott when that building was pulled down, in 1817. Above it are the words, "The Lord of armeis is my protector; blissit are they that trust in the Lord.—1575." Near the door-way is a figure in marble of the poet's favorite dog, Maida, with the inscription:

"Maidæ marmoræ dormis sub imagine, Maida,
Ad januam domini; sit tibi terra levis."

But the exterior objects at Abbotsford are not all from Scotland. There are old Roman figures, Egyptian gods, pieces of ancient pottery; and foreign things of the same description surround the court-yard. Entering the door, we are shown the ancient keys of Selkirk jail, and the gag for scolding wives (husbands, of course, never scold); the keys of the Heart of Mid-Lothian, or old Tolbooth; the last suit of clothes worn by Scott



PORTAL OF THE OLD TOLBOOTH, TRANSFERRED TO ONE OF THE WALLS OF ABBOTSFORD.

* Mr. Hope-Scott, the present owner of Abbotsford, is one of the Hopes of Hopetown, not a descendant of the author of "Anastasius." He married a daughter of Lockhart, and added the name of Scott to his own. The lady I saw was his daughter, the great-granddaughter, therefore, of Sir Walter Scott.

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KEY OF THE OLD TOLBOOTH WHEN USED AS A PRISON.

—white hat, scarlet waistcoat, plaid, and gaiters, all under glass; Marie Antoinette's clock; the grate of the murdered Archbishop Sharpe; the trunk, with its spring lock, in which the poor girl shut herself up, as related in the "Mistletoe Bough," whereof the attendant tells us, to our astonishment, that it was "sent from Venice to Sir Walter Scott, and was brought from a remote part of the building a few years ago that the Queen might see it."* But every thing in this little entrance hall is curious. The wainscoting is from Dunfermline Palace, and the carvings are copied from Melrose and Roslyn. The roof is adorned with sixteen armorial shields of the Scott family, three of them bearing clouds and the words, "*Nox alta premit.*" And there is a double row of escutcheons, whose story is told by the words, "These be the coat armories of the clanns and chief men of name wha keepit the marchys of Scotland in the auld tyme for the kynge. Trewe men war they in their tyme, and in their defence them God defendyt." We pass through a little gallery of pictures, the most notable of which is one of Queen Elizabeth dancing the Highland fling. Then we see the armory, all glittering with the interminable varieties of knives, cutlasses, daggers, swords, guns, pistols, and arquebuses, wherewith the ancient Scotsman fulfilled the whole duty of man—love God and kill your neighbor. Here is Rob Roy's musket (thereon "R. M. C."), and other heroes' guns; also their swords and daggers; Bonaparte's pistols, found in his carriage after Waterloo; pistol of Claverhouse; sword given by Charles I. to the Marquis of Montrose; blunderbuss of Hofer's lieutenant; and along with these ancient matchlocks, Roman spears, and the like; so that a military Darwinian in our company found himself able to make out the evolution of deadly weapons from the first flint arrow, without any "missing link." In a case I observed Queen Mary's charity-box in accidental proximity to a thumb-screw, showing how close thorn and rose grow together on the religious stem. Also Burns's tumbler, Queen Mary's seal, Rob Roy's sporan, or purse, a pocket-book embroidered by Flora M'Donald, a silver urn presented by Byron. These and many other relics found enthusiastic worshipers in our party.

I enjoyed more the drawing-room, with its beautiful Japanese paper and figures, its superbly carved old chairs (presented to Scott by George IV.), and its exquisite pictures. In the drawing-room and dining-room there are invaluable portraits and busts—Chantrey's bust of Sir Walter, portraits of Essex, Cromwell, Charles XII. of Sweden, Claverhouse, Charles II., and the head of Queen Mary in a charger. In the dining-room (the room in which Scott died) there is the portrait of the ruddy, stalwart "Beardie," the great-grandfather of Sir Walter, who, after the execution of Charles I., vowed never to cut his beard again until the Stuarts were restored. Such was the house-maid's version; but as Charles II. was crowned just two years after his father's execution, it is evident that Beardie had learned to cherish his immunity from shaving, and continued his shaggy appendage for other than patri-



THE ENTRANCE HALL, ABBOTSFORD.

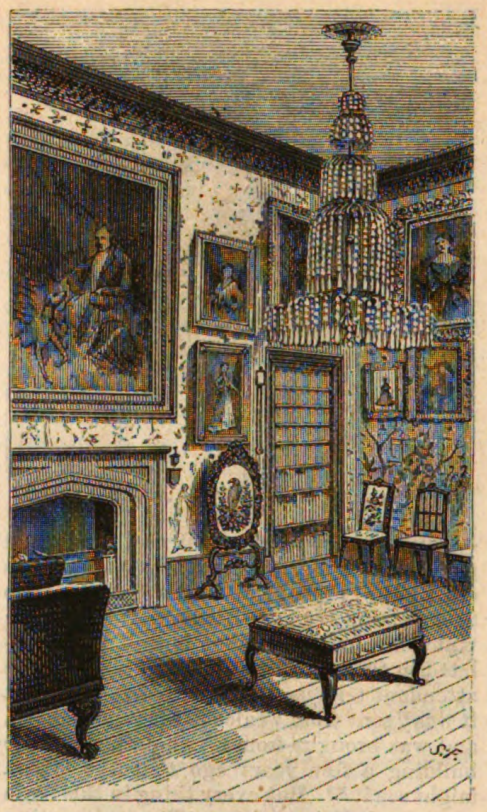
* This box, or chest, is shown in the accompanying engraving, "The Entrance Hall." It stands on the right, beyond the fire-place.

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otic motives. There is a charming picture of Hogarth, by himself; one of Nell Gwynne; Mary Scott, the blooming "Flower of Yarrow;" and Anne Scott, as a barefoot dairymaid. One of the pictorial treasures of Abbotsford is a series of six admirable little paintings by Turner, all in one frame. They represent the castles of Tantallon, Linlithgow, Hawthornden, Bothwick, and two scenes of Edinburgh, all being in the very best style of Turner.

From the library, with its twenty thousand volumes, we pass into the study, which engravings have made so familiar to all. Silently our little company enter the last room, silently stand, and file slowly out. For there, in that chair of leather, at that table, Walter Scott sat at his task.

A few years ago I strolled along the seashore at St. Andrews with Robert Chambers, and heard him speak of the days when he sat beside Walter Scott in this very room. I seemed to look into the great man's eyes and hear his happy voice, as I looked into the eyes and heard the voice of one who learned from Scott what untiring industry joined to talent could accomplish. And it was with peculiar interest that I read in *Chambers's Journal* two years ago these words: "I know no brighter picture in the history of genius than this of Sir Walter Scott sitting down to his morning task dressed in the green velvet shooting-jacket



DRAWING-ROOM, ABBOTSFORD.



ABBOTSFORD—ROOM IN WHICH SCOTT DIED.

of a Scotch laird, with his books and papers around him on the desk and on the floor, his favorite hound eying him from the rug, a couple of spaniels gamboling with his children in the garden, and the songs of the birds pouring in through his half-open window. Scott knew nothing of those feelings of irritation that make composition a torment to so many men. His study was always open to his children no less than to his greyhound. He never considered their tattle as any disturbance; they went and came as pleased their fancy. He was always ready to answer their questions; and when they, unconscious how he was engaged, entreated him to lay down his pen and tell them a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a ballad or a legend, kiss them, and set them down again to their marbles or nine-pins, and resume his labor as if refreshed by the interruption."

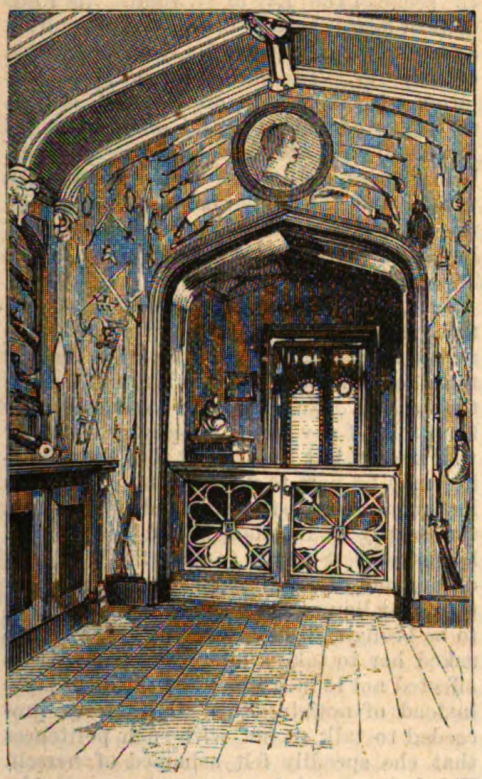
Even when we remember that he had, by advice of his physician, ceased from

> "lengthening the day
> By stealing a few hours from the night,"

and learned that it is better to burn daylight from five to nine in the morning* than lamplight from eleven to three at night, after Byron's fashion, it must remain a marvel how

* In the winter he kindled his own fire to spare the servants.

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THE ARMORY, ABBOTSFORD.

he could manage to accomplish so much in a house perpetually full of visitors, and a neighborhood where his every step was waylaid by lion-hunters. Anne Scott states that there were on one occasion thirteen ladies'-maids in the house; and Lockhart mentions sixteen uninvited parties coming in one day. Cadell, one of Constable's partners, expressed to Scott his wonder that he could write at all. "I know," he said, "that you contrive to get a few hours in your own room, and that may do for the mere pen-work; but when is it that you think?" "Oh," said Scott, "I lie simmering over things for an hour or so before I get up; and there's the time I am dressing to overhaul my half-sleeping, half-waking *projet de chapitre;* and when I get the paper before me it commonly runs off pretty easily. Besides, I often take a doze in the plantations; and while Tom marks out a dike or a drain as I have directed, one's fancy may be running its ain rigs in some other world."*

* I have been informed by several elderly gentlemen that Scott's was the most generally known figure about Edinburgh. He could be seen every day by any one who chose to walk into the court-room, where he sat, with two others, on whom (especially in later life) he threw the chief burden of administering the law. It was while sitting in that place that many of his novels were composed. He would sit in dreamy abstraction, quite oblivious of the lawyers' arguments, and equally unconscious of the large groups that were generally present for the sole purpose of gazing upon him.

Carlyle wonders that Scott did not set poison-paper for the fatal species of flesh-flies, or blue-bottles, who infested his abode. "A slightly splenetic man, possessed of Scott's sense, would have swept his premises clear of them: Let no blue-bottle approach here, to disturb a man in his work, under pain of sugared *squash* (called quassia) and king's yellow! The good Sir Walter, like a quiet, brave man, did neither." Lockhart's accounts of the parties at Abbotsford show that many who flocked thither were by no means blue-bottles. And even from those who were, one is bound to confess receiving occasionally considerable amusement. Thus, a few days ago, in looking over an old magazine, the *Mirror*, of date 1832, I came across the buzzing notes of an unmistakable blue-bottle which hovered obstinately around Abbotsford in the summer of 1829. The picture he conveys in his forgotten gossip is even more suggestive of what characters were around Abbotsford in those days than that of Lockhart. Here are some extracts:

"I came on the top of the coach from Jedburgh in company with two intelligent fellows, a young Englishman of fortune (apparently) and a Russian nobleman. We put up at the 'George,' where we found about five tourists, redolent of sketch and note books, drinking toddy and lying in wait to catch a sight of the lion of the neighborhood. The voracity with which they devoured any anecdotes of him was amusing. In the evening it came on a peppering storm. We had in old Davidson, the landlord of the inn, and my companions submitted him to an interrogatory of three long hours' duration. One little anecdote of fresh occurrence struck me as possessing some interest. About a month before a poor maniac presented herself at the gates of Abbotsford. She desired to see Sir Walter. The servant denied her admittance; but such was the earnestness of the poor creature, that 'auld Saunders' informed his master that 'a puir demented lassie was at the gett greetin' like a bairn.' Sir Walter had the kindest of hearts: 'Oh, admit her, puir thing,' he said. Her story was simply this. She belonged to Aberdeen; she was married to a young farmer in that neighborhood. The pains of childbirth had injured her mind" (I am compressing Blue-bottle somewhat; he says, for instance, "mental equanimity" instead of "mind"), "and, eluding her keepers one evening, she set forth to find the great enchanter whose works had beguiled her happier hours. She had traveled for a week; the distance from Aberdeen to Abbotsford was about one hundred and fifty miles. She had walked every step. Sir Walter did what he could to soothe her, and get her wasted frame recruited; but after some time deemed it necessary to send her to an asylum at Jedburgh. A post-chaise was sent for from old Davidson, and Sir Wal-

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ter induced the poor girl to enter it, promising to accompany her 'out a-ridin'.' She entered, looking for him to follow. The door was instantly closed, and the postboy, lashing his horses, darted off in a second. She gave a piercing shriek, exclaiming, 'Ah, deceitfu' man, hae ye beguiled me too!' and then sank back in the carriage, and buried herself in the deepest silence.....

"As I was pacing the great aisle of the abbey (Melrose) this night, a carriage drove up to the gate. 'Sir Walter Scott,' said the keeper, brushing past me to receive him. A lady alighted. I heard 'Good-night' responded by a person in the carriage, who drove off with it. It was dusk; the lady advanced with a stately step. I moved aside. 'In these deep solitudes and awful cells!' methought I heard her say. She ascended to the bell-tower. 'Who is that lady?' said I to the keeper when he entered. 'That, Sir,' said he, 'is Mistress Hemmins, the poet writer, wha is on a visit to Maistre Lockhart, and she wants to be alane, Sir, by hersel'.' I took the hint, and made for the 'George' and my glass of toddy, unwilling to deprive the world of those lays which Melrose, the rush of the Tweed, and midnight would no doubt inspire in the fair authoress.....I took the boat at the ferry, and, resting in the middle of the Tweed, saw a person on the opposite bank appearing and disappearing in the wood. He was dressed in a short green coat and cap, and was amusing himself with the antics of a large dog. 'Who's that, lassie?' said I to my little boat-rower. 'That, Sir? that's *himsel'*; that's the shirra' (sheriff).....I was introduced to Jamie Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. We got over a jug of toddy. Our conversation turned on the service of the kirk. I pointed out that a fair fame might be made by arranging the Psalms of David, and superseding the barbarities of Sternhold and Hopkins. James maintained that the present edition in use in Scotland could *not* be improved. He said the question had been agitated in the General Assembly, and Sir W. Scott was applied to, to furnish an improved versification, but he answered that it would be more difficult to get the people to adopt them than to furnish the same. Any alteration in this respect would be looked upon as little better than sacrilege, and he therefore advised that the present form should be continued in. 'Watty's a sensible chap,' said the Shepherd, 'and if he laid a finger on oor venerable psalmody I wad pitch a louse at him, wha hae ever loved the man as my ain brether.'.....We found the Tower (Smailholme) in possession of a party, and Mr. C—— rode forward to report, in case we should be deemed intruders. He came back shortly, and it was no other than Sir Walter himself, with several members of his family, who had accompanied him to bid a final farewell to *Smaillum Keep*, the scene of the 'Eve of St. John.' As I afterward heard, he was in the highest spirits, and repeated the poem for the gratification of his party. The party brought a cold collation with them. Before leaving, Sir Walter surveyed the beautiful prospect at his feet, the Tweed and Teviot meeting in sisterly loveliness, and joining their waters in the valley, with the golden fields of England in the distance; when, filling a glass of wine, he drank with fervor, 'Baith sides of the Tweed!'"

But this is enough of the matter as seen from the Blue-bottle point of view. Fortunately we can all get much closer to the lion than he could, and we find him much more than a lion. No pleasanter anecdotes have been told of any man. These are generally well known, but I will trust that the following may be new to my readers. Mrs. John Ballantyne was just married. She was young, the beauty of Edinburgh, and half spoiled by flattery. She was to meet Sir Walter at dinner, and resolved to put on airs, and show the great lion of the time that she was not to be brought to fawn even at his feet. He asked her to take a glass of wine, and she affected not to hear him; but the great man, instead of noticing this girlish folly, proceeded to talk to her with such politeness that she speedily felt ashamed of herself. This lady related that once, at her own table, on the occasion of a large and ceremonious dinner-party, there was a scarcity of spoons, and what added to the awkwardness, at the precise moment when the servant was washing the spoons for farther use a most determined pause in conversation occurred. The silence was so profound that no sound was to be heard save the whispers of the servants just without, and the washing of the spoons. At last the blushing lady's husband drank "Relief to all in distress," which broke the spell, and set all laughing, while Mr. James Ballantyne called out, with a line of Shakspeare:

"My lord, my lord, methinks you'd spare your spoons!"

"Not I, indeed, my lord," responded Mrs. B., "for I have none to spare." "Not amiss," said Sir Walter, in genial recognition of the lady's hit. Next day a parcel came to her, directed in an unmistakable handwriting, containing a dozen of the handsomest spoons that could be obtained in Edinburgh.

This same old lady relates a story which deserves to be told as one of the most singular among the curiosities of literature. She relates that once when her brother-in-law James was reading to her, Scott entered, and told him to go on reading. As the reader proceeded, Scott at first nodded approbation, then said, "Good!" next, "Very good!" "Charming!" "Powerful!" until at last the upper lip began to elongate, and even to tremble, and the tears fell. Snatching his

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staff, he strode across the room, and looked over Mr. Ballantyne's shoulder to see what the volume was. It was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." He was quite in discomfiture, dashed the tears indignantly from his eyes, uttered an impatient, "Pshaw!" and said, "God help me, James; I am losing my memory."

Mr. Alexander Ireland, of the Manchester *Examiner*, recently gave me an account of a visit he once made when a boy to see Abbotsford. It was long before traveling was made easy, and it was mainly through enthusiasm that this Edinburgh boy (the author of a charming bibliographical essay on the works of Hazlitt and Lamb) managed to get to the spot where so many bright creations beckoned him. "It was," to use Mr. Ireland's own words, "in 1828. The place was not shown when he was at home; but as I had seen him the day before in Edinburgh, I presumed he was not at home. I went in a friend's gig to Galashiels, and while my friend was pushing his business I walked to the bank of the Tweed opposite Abbotsford, and was ferried across. On presenting myself at the door, a servant told me that he could not admit me, as his 'maister was at hame, and naebody could be admitted when he was there.' At this moment Scott came into the hall on his way out to the grounds, and, on seeing me, asked the serving-man what I wanted. I told him I had come out from Edinburgh to see the place, not being aware that he was at home, as I had seen him in court the day before. He smiled, and said, 'Let him see every thing that is to be seen. You are welcome to see the place, Sir;' and then passed on, his dogs gamboling about him. He looked hale and hearty, was dressed in a black and white checked shepherd's plaid suit, and had a belt on, stuck full of knives, hedge-bells, little saws, etc., for cutting and pruning timber."

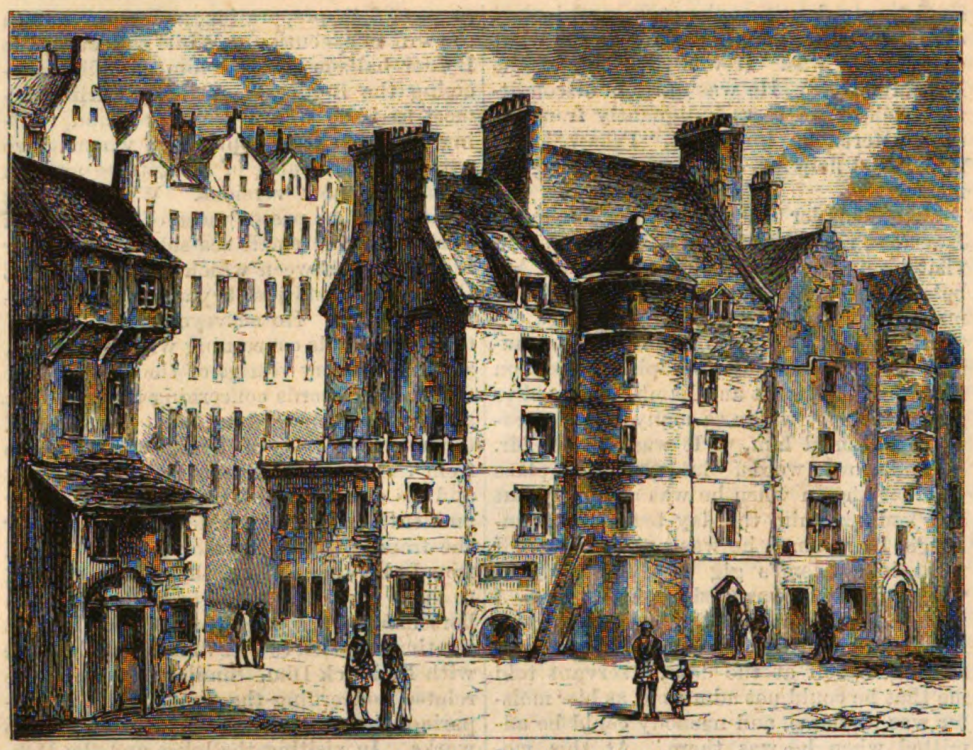
The most remarkable thing, perhaps, about the work of Scott was its occasional character. He begins translating a ballad to please a lady, and writes a great poem for another, for whom "he would have written a poem on a broomstick, if she desired it." The desire of helping an old school-mate's printing-press leads him to edit and annotate old ballads, and he has no higher ambition. The necessity of raising a thousand pounds to pay off his brother Thomas's debts was the final cause of "Marmion." And so literature lured him on and coaxed out of him by love or necessity the superb harvest that lay in him. He wrote rapidly, and wrote much—perhaps too much; but the facts show to be quite ungrounded the idea which some entertain that he was hasty in the sense of neglecting to attend to the details of his work. On the contrary, few authors have ever been so careful in preparation, as few have been so swift in execution. While collecting the Border ballads we find him actually traversing the Border, frequenting Carlisle almost as if he were a Cumbrian, and visiting all the aged people from whom there was the least chance of his getting any old ballads or new versions. While writing "Marmion" he passes most of his time at Portobello, the small sea-side village near Edinburgh, between which and the city lies Prestonpans, and just beyond which is Tantallon Castle. He surveyed every foot of the battle-fields concerning which he wrote, as well as every vestige of the historical or traditional records concerning the incidents and the men engaged in them. When about to write the "Lady of the Lake," he hastens from the Court of Session with Mrs. Scott and his eldest daughter to pass the summer amidst the scenery on which he had fixed for the frame-work of his story. He galloped from Lake Vennachar to the rock of Stirling, to make sure of the practicability of a good horseman riding over the distance within the time allotted to Fitz-James after his duel with Roderick Dhu. Similar facts might be related concerning the pains taken in preparing the materials of nearly all of his works. In visiting the lakes and the Hebrides I found the "Lady of the Lake" and the "Lady of the Isles" the best guide-books, and every natural tableau in them clearly traceable.*

During the Centenary festivities the Emperor of Brazil arrived in Edinburgh, and on the first morning of his stay he went at five o'clock in the morning, with the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" in his hand, to try and identify the localities about the region where the old Tolbooth formerly stood, described in the novel. A gentleman and lady at whose house he took luncheon assured me that the emperor had succeeded admirably in his identifications, which he declared to be due to the precision and vividness of Scott's descriptions. (Should my reader ever make a similar attempt, he may be assisted by the accompanying engraving, taken from an old painting of the Tolbooth in the possession of Mr. W. F. Watson.)

Scott's characters were also flesh and blood. His first love lives in Margaret Branksome ("Lay of the Last Minstrel"); the dearest of his early friends, William Clerk, reappears in Darsie Latimer; his father's friend, George Constable, is portrayed in Jonathan Oldbuck; an old character who used to stand bare-headed at a street corner

* Sometimes indeed, though rarely, Scott evolved his scenery from his inner consciousness. Thus, in visiting the locality in Dumfries-shire associated with "Guy Mannering," I could find no rocky place nor wildness resembling the environment which adds so much to the weird impressiveness of the apparition of Meg Merrilies.

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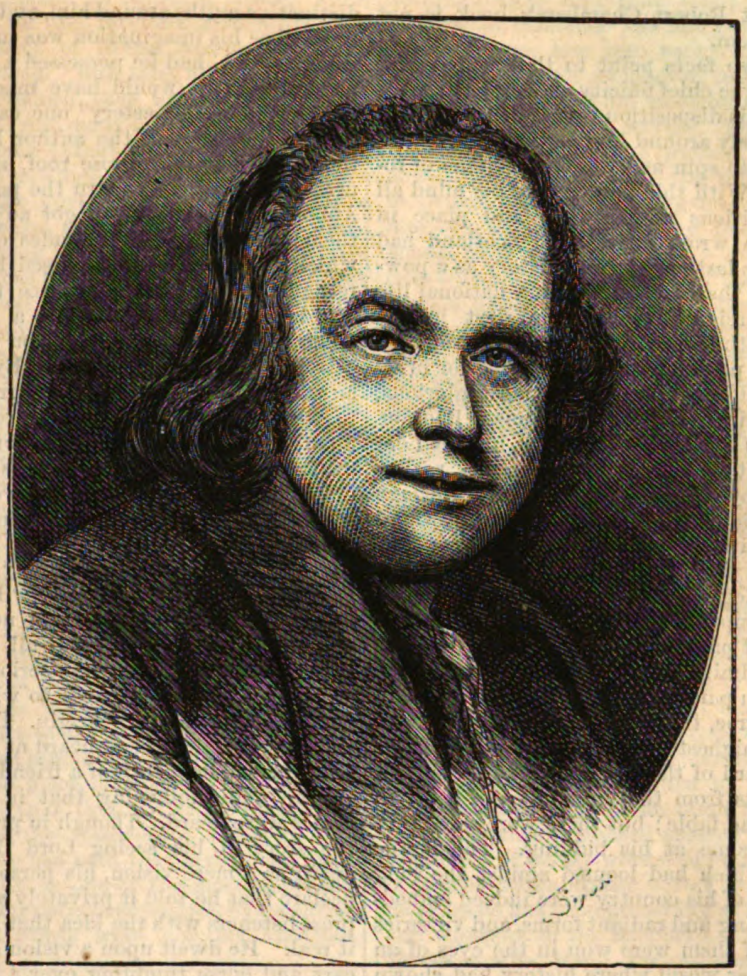
THE OLD TOLBOOTH (HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN).

in Edinburgh, trying to raise money enough to educate his son for the ministry, blended with Launcelot Whale, Scott's old teacher at the grammar school in Kelso—a grotesque, absent-minded old man near seven feet high—to make up Dominie Sampson; David Ritchie, the Black Dwarf, was a well-known personage; and in Saunders Fairford and Alan Fairford, of "Redgauntlet," we have faithful portraits of Scott's father and himself. Mr. Smellie Watson, R.S.A., has kindly permitted me to take a copy of the portrait of Jock Gray, the fidelity of whose delineation in Davie Gellatley—the droll letter-bearer of "Waverley"—living witnesses attest.

In a very wild spot about five miles out of Peebles there is still preserved some trace of the little hut—much smaller than that in which Thoreau dwelt at Walden—in which the Black Dwarf lived. The place from which he dug the stones of which he built his diminutive castle is pointed out. Those who now dwell there have built a larger house, but they have incorporated or imbedded the Dwarf's room in it, and taken particular care to keep in all its rudeness the window at which he was wont to sit. All around Peebles the traditions of the Black Dwarf are still quite fresh, and many anecdotes are told concerning him.

Scott was too much of an artist to be servile to his characters. He would introduce them for a purpose—often giving an etching of them generally—and leave them. Sometimes, therefore, his portraits of character, when associated with the originals, however good so far as they go, do them injustice by reason of their being applied too closely by the readers. In some instances, again, inquiry concerning some original has shown a much more interesting character than Scott has depicted. This is the case with Jock Gray. Jock, or John, Gray was by no means so "daft" as the Davie Gellatley of "Waverley." He lived at a place in the south of Scotland called Gilmanscleugh, and is said to have been known over an extent of fifty miles around by a singular kind of wit that mingled with his half wit. There seems, indeed, to have been a division of parties about him in Peebles, in Selkirk, and other regions, as to whether he was really crack-brained, or was only assuming that manner in order to conceal a deeper purpose, as Alcibiades at the banquet spoke more freely from his mask of intoxication. However this may be, Jock Gray by his power of mimicry became a terror to all the parsons of his region, insomuch that they grew pale when he entered the kirk. Seemingly, Jock paid no attention to the sermon; he was accustomed to walk softly about from gallery to gallery, like, some said, "an evil spirit." When he observed any one asleep in church he reached over and awakened him with a tap of his "kent;" if the offense was repeated, the blow grew proportionately severe. It is still a habit in Scot-

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JOCK GRAY, THE ORIGINAL OF "DAVIE GELLATLEY."

land to let those who "have a want" have their way in every thing, arising partly, I suspect, from the ancient sanctity attached to such persons, and no one ever thought of interfering with Jock during his wanderings through the galleries, or when he came at last to rest on the pulpit stair. On the next day he was pretty sure to be surrounded by a laughing crowd on some common, delighting them with a felicitous reproduction of the discourse, the knack of the preacher being caught. Jock was especially good at caricaturing any kind of pulpit exaggeration or loudness, and it is said that some vehement preachers were reformed by the dread of his powers of mimicry. Sometimes Jock recited a curious kind of doggerel, which he called his poetry. Some old people remember him as having, on one occasion when his mother refused him something, climbed to the top of the Eildon Hills, and, having rolled a snowball until it became of fabulous size, hurled it over a precipice, where it lay melting through the entire summer. His power of singing was good, and this, with his mimic talent, and a tenderness for his half-witted condition, procured for him a welcome in the farmers' cottages in the whole region around.

A great deal of interesting information, I have been told, concerning Gray and other characters of Scott, was contained in a book by Robert Chambers, entitled "Illustrations of the Author of Waverley." This book must have been one of the first, if not the very first, ever written by Mr. Chambers. It was published in 1822. It was noticed by Sir Walter Scott in the preface to the "Monastery," passed through two editions, and yet, after trying every important library, I have not been able to see a copy. Even Mr. William Chambers, Robert's brother, who printed the book, replied to my inquiry that he had no copy, and knew of no one who had. I have never known of a case in which a modern book seems to have so utterly perished out of existence. I have counted in the British Museum Library over four hundred and ten different works by or about Scott, representing over a thousand vol-

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umes, but Robert Chambers's book is not among them.

All these facts point to that which was, after all, the chief felicity of Scott's genius—namely, his disposition to seize on what was immediately around him as the material out of which to spin and weave his tissue of romance. With this tendency of his mind all the conditions of the time and place in which he wrote conspired. Scotland had closed the last page of her history as a power among the nations. With a national life and sovereignty merged and lost in the union with Great Britain, there remained from the past a story unsurpassed for brilliancy, full of situations the most glorious, and illuminated by rare heroisms. Back of these was a wild, half-fabulous, half-real environment of legend, tradition, and realms haunted by the poetic phantasms of German and Celtic superstitions. When Scotland had lost its distinctive nationality, it was necessary that all these, its rich store of history and legend, should pass by the wand of art into imperishable forms of beauty. Scotland must pass into poetry and romance. It may be admitted that Sir Walter Scott could only do in part what must necessarily be, in large degree, the work of many minds, and of that highest interpreter of all — Time. The Wizard of the North did indeed call all the spirits from the vasty deep of Scottish history and fable; but there were some that did not come at his bidding. The heroic figures which had loomed amidst the long struggles of his country were indeed embodied in living and radiant forms, and victories worthy of them were won in the eyes of an applauding world where history had shown them all but grand episodes of the dreary record of steady defeat. So far the work that had waited for the hand that could accomplish it was fairly done by Walter Scott; the great chiefs and warriors of ancient Scotland will always be seen and estimated as they appear in his pages. The same satisfactory account can not be rendered of his service in relation to the weird mythological and legendary lore of Scotland. He does, indeed, show a wide acquaintance with the ancient customs, superstitions, ghost stories, and, measurably, with the folk-lore of his country; but he clearly did not understand the value of these superstitions. His ghosts are uninteresting, his apparitions are purposeless, his elves are frivolous and unpoetic. In part this may undoubtedly be attributed to the fact that the science of comparative mythology hardly existed half a century ago; but still more it must be ascribed to the fact that no man who is himself superstitious can possibly interpret superstitions.

Scott dealt with the most commonplace supernaturalism, and has not even given us a good collection of the most significant and distinctive myths around him, and this plainly because his imagination was mastered by things which, had he possessed a philosophical intellect, it would have mastered. In reading "The Monastery" one can not help feeling that though the author had copied the mouldings of Melrose roof, and the figures on its walls, to adorn the panelings of Abbotsford, he had never got any nearer to them; and the mighty shades of the past which each represented passed by him unrecognized. He could not see the mystic eye beneath the mask. In a generation when the clear-headed Napoleon believed in astrological destiny, and when Byron prized an amulet taken from a Celtic barrow enough to steal it, one must not bear too severely upon the superstitions even of educated men; but, at the same time, it is impossible not to feel, in reading Scott's novels, the grotesquerie frequently introduced into them by this element. Those who have read Lockhart's "Life of Scott" and the "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft" will not need to be reminded that the great novelist was not only a ready listener to all goblin stories, but that his mind was seriously affected by personal experiences to which he attributed a supernatural origin. He connects (so early as 1818) noises heard at Abbotsford with the sudden death of a friend in London on the night following that in which the noises were heard. Though in print he tells the story of his seeing Lord Byron after death as a mere vision, his personal friends declare that he told it privately so as to impress listeners with the idea that he believed it real. He dwelt upon a vision he had of a cart and horse tumbling over a bank some two hours before such an occurrence actually took place. He believed in second-sight, and was vexed if any one explained instances of the kind on natural principles. Robert Chambers was once walking with Scott through St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, when they met a gentleman clad in deep mourning. They recognized him as an associate clerk of the court, and Scott conversed with him a few moments. The gentleman mentioned the death of a grown-up daughter, and said that it was not the first incident of the kind which had occurred in the family. After parting with him Scott shook his head, and referred to a Highland curse which had been uttered eighty years before against that gentleman's wife's family, on account of her ancestor having given up to the government the unfortunate Marquis of Tullabardine, who, flying from Culloden, had taken refuge with him in Dumbartonshire, relying upon some old family ties.

What true art can do with the element of mystery the countrymen of Nathaniel Hawthorne and of Poe need not be informed. Of that delicacy of touch which can use

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preternaturalism for mystical beauty, while reserving for the intellect a freedom from the necessity of literal acceptance, Scott knew nothing. But, after all deductions, it may be claimed that his romances made Hawthorne and many another possible; nay, that to some extent he determined the artistic form in which much of the imaginative work of the generation that followed him should appear, and that not alone in countries speaking his own language. The tribute of Goethe to Scott was no less significant than is that of the Russian novelist Turganef to-day.*

Auguste Comte, who refashioned the Christian Year into a Positivist Year, and substituted for the calendar of saints a calendar of great men, named the month of August after Dante, and set apart the nineteenth day of it for homage to Sir Walter Scott. In his "Positivist Library for the Nineteenth Century," consisting of one hundred and fifty volumes, Comte names "the seven masterpieces of Walter Scott: 'Ivanhoe,' 'Quentin Durward,' the 'Fair Maid of Perth,' the 'Legend of Montrose,' 'Woodstock,' the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian,' 'The Antiquary.'" It is curious that while Scott has received this homage from the French philosopher, the greatest of his own countrymen should have denied him the term "great." There is perhaps no piece of modern criticism more significant than that of Carlyle upon Scott, written in the *Westminster Review* in 1838. No one who has read that article can fail to recognize it as one of the most impressive and characteristic ever written by its author. "Winged words were not his vocation; nothing urged him that way; the great mystery of existence was not great to him; did not drive him into rocky solitudes to wrestle with it for an answer, to be answered or to perish." What splendor of the ages shines through these words! The sun-god whose dart pierces the python, the archangel with his foot upon the fallen Satan, St. George with the writhing dragon beneath him—these are the flaming banners that floated over the stone-mason's son of Dumfries-shire, who at the close of the last generation pointed men to new monsters to be slain—Pauperism, Anarchy, Wrong. "The thing he had faith in"—charged he whom the world now calls the worshiper of mere force!—"except power, power of what sort soever, and even of the ruder sort, would be difficult to point out." This criticism is, as I say, significant. Really it is the criticism of one age on another. It was toward the close of Scott's life that there arose over the horizon that little cloud which soon after his death darkened the whole sky with spiritual and social agitations. Scott felt the first breath of the fast-coming age of skepticism more than can be discovered from his works or his biographies. The steady refusal of Scott to go to church, and his resolute suppression of all conversation on religious topics when any considerable number were present, were regarded by his neighbors as ominous; and the blunt revelations of the Ettrick Shepherd showed that their suspicions of heresy were well founded.* He breaks off acquaintance with Paterson when he hears he has been preaching at Galashiels, and whispers to the Shepherd, "If ever you choose a wife, Hogg, for goodness sake, as you value your own happiness, don't choose a very religious one." He was tender of the religious feelings of all; and among some "Recollections," published by Fraser in 1837—which, though anonymous, I learn were written by Robert Gillies—there is a story of his being in great distress when his skeptical friend Pinkerton, the antiquary, got into a theological controversy with a lady at his table. A lady present came to his help by volunteering a new song, after which Pinkerton was beguiled into a discussion on the obelisks at Meigle. A gentleman who, when a boy, haunted the court-room to gaze on Scott, and, when a youth, saw him at Ab-

* Goethe's interest in Scott, however, was not so spontaneous as might be supposed from a sentence of his which has been considerably quoted of late. Mr. Carlyle told me that Goethe was attracted by Scott's having selected "Goetz" for translation as his first considerable literary venture; and at a later period he admired the vast extent of the labor which the novelist performed—none the less, perhaps, because he inclined to the belief that, like some Continental authors, he must have a kind of writing staff at Abbotsford, whose spinnings he wove into the tissue of his romance. Carlyle was on one occasion the bearer of some medallion portraits of Goethe which the latter wished to convey to Scott, and also of some very important suggestions, facts, and estimates, which the great German wished the author to be in possession of concerning Napoleon, whose life, as was known throughout Europe, he was writing. These medallions and the messages—which were as favorable an estimate of Napoleon as could be given in accordance with the facts—Carlyle took to Scott's residence in Edinburgh. But Scott had left for Abbotsford, to remain there for three months, before the elapse of which Carlyle had to leave for London. He left the portraits of Goethe at the house, and confided the messages to be delivered by Christopher North. Some time afterward he received from Scott an acknowledgment of the portraits, but there was no reference to the important messages, nor was there any trace of their influence in the biography of Napoleon. He (Carlyle) was somewhat annoyed at this; but after Scott's death he learned through Lockhart that Professor Wilson had never delivered them at all.

* Indeed, throughout Scotland Scott's popularity was seriously affected by the universal opinion that he had not written in a noble or appreciative strain of the Cameronians—those brave religious reformers who refused to bend to Charles II., and were hunted to death by Claverhouse and others. The story of those Cameronians is one which even yet thrills the Scotch breast so often as it is related, and their tombs around Peebles and in Dumfries are still visited by pilgrims as the tombs of martyrs. Scott wrote of them coldly, and he has never been forgiven for it. To this day, except with Scotch Tories, he is more reverenced in England than in Scotland.

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botsford—who also was intimate with the Laidlaws—assured me that the author was any thing but orthodox. I make these allusions only to show that he also had felt the touch of that period of misgiving and doubt which was so soon to overtake England and New England. When Carlyle and others were importing the daring speculations of German thought, Scott sat many an hour reading and pondering them, then sighed "for a small drop out of St. Leon's bottle in order to grow young again and join in working the Teutonic mines." But as Walter Scott's mother attributed her son's career to his lameness—but for which he would have been a soldier—so most of us will rejoice that he lived too early to be drawn out of his true realm into the stormy revolution of thought. From the overcast sky of that day which followed the mellow sunset of Scott's life Carlyle was himself the first thunderbolt. He whose burden rolled through the land—"Woe unto them that are at ease!"—was pretty sure to discern a hand of flame on the ornate walls of Abbotsford, where a comfortable old baronet had sat amidst light-hearted singers and story-tellers, sipping his wine and spinning out romances. Not beautiful could that mild satisfaction with the world as it was, that succession of literary picnics, be to a captain around whom all manner of Chartists, Socialists, Transcendentalists, and a hundred different reforms were struggling in the very thick of battle. It was from the depth of that sad, introspective age, and from the very Hamlet of the time—"sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"—that there came the stern criticism on Scott. We do not underrate the long transitional conflict that intervenes between the generation of Scott and our own—are we not all its children?—when we affirm that we can estimate more clearly the claims of Scott now than Carlyle could amidst the struggles of 1838. Not to pursue the question whether that introspective habit of mind which seeks rocky solitudes can consist with that "health" for which Carlyle so praises Scott, so many clouds have floated into light that we can afford to be calmer than our intellectual fathers, who called all to leave their tasks and help save the ship, and cursed as idlers those who lingered with any muse. Among other things we can see that it is not the office of Art to slay monsters for us. High as that work may be, there is a place for Shakspeare as well as for Luther. Indirectly, indeed, he who heightens the ideal beauty is also tugging at the long arm of the lever which raises the world; and there is a moral in the story that Apelles saved his country by a picture which touched the heart of Alexander after the Rhodians had failed to withstand his arms. There are, indeed, some who are for all time equally, and among these—very few!—Scott may not ultimately be set by impartial criticism. But the best that can be urged concerning him now is that strictly impartial criticism of him is, for the present, impossible. What! shall we count over the faults and appraise each blemish in the loved circle that surrounded us in the morning-time of life? In the far distance, and through the lens of a tear, one can see only the sunshine of their hair, and all their eyes are of tenderest blue. And, blending with those forms of memory, hardly less real than they, are those hallowed forms which from their haunt on the Tweed went forth to the ends of the earth. As they sat by us in the chimney-corner, and made the rainiest day brightest (if it meant a holiday with the blue-covered book), as they called us to heroism, or watched with deep eyes over our couches till shaped in our dreams, even so they are held fast in the heart of childhood in a sanctuary beyond criticism. The wings which this Dædalus made to bear us from the narrow confines of practical life are such as the sun can not melt; under its intensest beams these pinions are but painted anew. The experience of advanced life finds us still struggling to reach and realize those fair ideals.

Carlyle never met Scott in personal intercourse. At the time when the novelist was the great lion he (Carlyle) was repelled by Scott's vehement Toryism, being himself a warm radical. It was during the agitations which preceded the Reform bill of 1832, and Scott made himself much more odious to the reformers than can be gathered from his biography. Among other things he attended a popular meeting held at Galashiels, and made a speech, in which he wished the meeting to go in a body and help the Tory government to suppress the agitators by force. Personally popular as he was in his own neighborhood, this was more than the people could stand, and they hissed him vigorously; whereat the old man became very angry, and, telling them that he "had no more respect for them than the beasts of the earth," he took up his hat and left them. Carlyle sympathized with the indignation caused by these things among the liberals. One day, when walking with Jeffrey, they met the novelist, and while Jeffrey stopped to converse with him, Carlyle sauntered on. On Jeffrey's rebuking him for this, Carlyle said he could never see "any majesty in Scott." Nevertheless, in later times Carlyle was considerably more impressed by the largeness of the old man's labors, and, in particular, was interested in "Waverley." He told me of seeing him driving one day into Edinburgh, surrounded by his family, and seemingly the happiest of men. He looked after him as he passed, and acknowledged to himself that the fortune and happiness he witnessed had been well earn-

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ed. Not long after he heard that the "Wizard" was hopelessly bankrupt, and that the fine carriage and every thing else was for sale. Yet long after he had condoned Scott's Toryism, and come to esteem his works more highly, Carlyle could never share in the enthusiasm for him; and when lately the effort was very earnestly made to induce him to preside at the Centenary, he could not make up his mind that he would be in his right place at the celebration, and so declined.

Having said so much concerning the manner and the character of Scott's work, let us for the rest consider, in the light of the dates, circumstances, and amount of it, how unparalleled was his career as a phenomenon in the history of literature.

In 1783, when both were about twelve years of age, he and James Ballantyne were school-mates at the grammar school of Kelso. About sixteen years later Ballantyne had established himself at the same place as editor and publisher of the *Mail* (weekly) newspaper, and he requested Scott to write him some paragraphs on legal questions. This was in 1799. Scott had been studying law at Edinburgh, leading a harum-scarum life, and dabbling in politics. He had fed on the stories of Montrose and Claverhouse, had become a furious Tory, had mixed in a theatre riot in Edinburgh by attacking some fellows who swore by Robespierre and called for revolutionary tunes, had been bound over to keep the peace anent three broken heads laid to his charge, had written a war-song (1797), had been made sheriff of Selkirkshire with £300 a year, had been crossed in love, and had married. The suggestion of Ballantyne pleased him, and once, when carrying to the editor certain paragraphs of the kind mentioned, he showed him some metrical translations from Bürger, which he desired him to print. He had written the first of these, "Lenore," one night for Miss Cranstoun, who said he would be a "cross between Burns and Gray." When these ballads were printed to an extent sufficient to make a little pamphlet, Ballantyne printed them in that form, chiefly to prove the excellence of his typography to the Edinburgh folk. The pamphlet contained "William and Ellen," "Lenore," "The Wild Huntsman," "The Fire-King," and a few others, and was entitled "Apology for Tales of Terror." The copy of this little thing of seventy-six pages—described by its motto as "a thing of shreds and patches"—owned by Sir Walter Scott is in the Abbotsford Library. It bears the autograph, "Walter Scott," and opposite, in the same handwriting, "This was the first book printed by Ballantyne of Kelso; only twelve copies were thrown off, and none for sale." So much more did the author, at that time, think of the career upon which his friend was entering as a publisher than of himself—a humility which was characteristic. I felt deeply thrilled looking upon this lowly beginning of a life which was to give two hundred volumes to an admiring world. His next venture before the public was with translations of "Goetz," and "Tales of Wonder," without much success. After this Scott told the same friend that he was engaged in collecting some old Border ballads, and thought they might make "a neat little volume." This volume grew into "Border Minstrelsy," the first two volumes of which were printed by Ballantyne in 1802—800 copies—Scott's share in the proceeds of which amounting to £78 10*s*., the first money, perhaps, which his literary labor ever brought him. The earliest copy of this, with its beautiful picture of Hermitage Castle, was lent by its owner, Mr. Gibson Craig, to the Loan Exhibition at Edinburgh, and, seeing it, one can not wonder that it at once brought the "Ballantyne Press" into notice. It is probable that during Scott's romantic sojourn in the neighborhood of Carlisle, where he found his wife, he discovered what rich materials for a collection of this kind were scattered about. At any rate, the thousand copies first printed were soon disposed of, to be followed by five more editions before 1820, and to be translated into the German, Danish, and Swedish languages. The success of this work induced Ballantyne to remove his press to Edinburgh, where, in an obscure street, near Holyrood Palace, he began the issue of many of the most famous works in Scotch literature. Among the first things there printed was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," near 44,000 copies of which were sold between the year of its publication (1805) and 1830. Like "Lenore," the Lay owed its origin to a lady—the Countess Dalkeith—who told him the story of Gilpin Horner, and insisted that he should turn it into a ballad. In the year before that Scott had edited "Sir Tristrem: a Metrical Romance of the Thirteenth Century. By Thomas of Ercildoune, called the Rhymer." Only 150 copies were printed, and these at the price of two guineas each; so the work was little known. The tremendous success of the Lay led to a private partnership between the author and Ballantyne, by which the former was to have a third share in the profits of the business. By this time Ballantyne and Co. had become printers for Constable and Co. Two copies of the earliest issue of the Lay were in the exhibition; one that of the Abbotsford Library, the other belonging to the Queen. On the fly-leaf of the former was written, "Mrs. Scott; from her affectionate son, the author." The copy owned by the Queen was very interesting on account of the many additions made by the author, and the following on the fly-leaf: "This copy was prepared for the second edition, upon

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the principle of abbreviating the notes recommended by the *Edinburgh Review* in their notice of the poem. But my friend Mr. Constable would not hear of the proposed abridgment, and so the antiquarian matter was retained.—W. S., 15th June, 1821." In the same year (1805) Scott planned a rather ambitious edition of the British poets, ancient and modern, which was to be sold at a very high price; but the scheme was abandoned, and he went to work editing Dryden and writing "Marmion." The latter was published in 1808 in splendid quarto form; price one guinea and a half. Constable paid the author the handsome sum of one thousand guineas for it. Lockhart estimates the sale of it up to 1836 at 50,000 copies. Scott was much irritated by Jeffrey's criticism of "Marmion," and attributed it to political hostility. This led to a quarrel with Constable, and his aiding in the establishment of the *Quarterly Review* as a Tory rival to the *Edinburgh;* also to the setting up of the firm of Ballantyne and Co. disconnected from and competing with Constable. For the next two years Scott put forth editions of various works—"Queenhoo Hall," Carleton's "Memoir of the War of the Spanish Succession," "Memoir of Monmouth," "Sadler's Life and State Papers," the "Somers Tracts"—for all of which he was well paid. In 1810 the "Lady of the Lake" appeared (the manuscript of which was exhibited by Mr. Richardson, its owner), for the copyright of which he received two thousand guineas. Its sale is estimated by Lockhart as equal to that of "Marmion," or 50,000 copies up to 1836. Then he edited the poetical works of Miss Seward, with prefatory memoir. He wrote the "Vision of Don Roderick," to assist the unfortunate Portuguese of Massena, and it brought them one hundred guineas. Then followed "Rokeby." "I well remember," says Lockhart, "being in those days a young student at Oxford, how the booksellers' shops there were beleaguered for the earliest copies, and how he that had been so fortunate as to secure one was followed to his chamber by a tribe of friends, all as eager to hear it read as ever horse-jockeys were to see the conclusion of a match at Newmarket; and, indeed, not a few of these enthusiastic academicians had bets depending on the issue of the struggle which they considered the elder favorite as making to keep his own ground against the fiery rivalry of 'Childe Harold.'"

Immediately before the publication of "Rokeby" Sir Walter Scott's fame as a poet culminated. The man himself seemed, too, at his zenith. He had long had before his eyes an air-castle hovering on the banks of the Tweed, and now he was able to realize it. But just as he was building a cottage at Abbotsford came temporary embarrassments. The separation from Constable had proved disastrous to Ballantyne and Co., and Constable had to be applied to for aid, which he rendered, and this first cloud passed away. The first poem written at Abbotsford was "Rokeby," and it was, as to popularity, a failure. The "Lord of the Isles," the "Bridal of Triermain," the "Field of Waterloo," poem after poem, drama after drama, fell flat on the ear of a public whom Byron had carried away as a hurricane. The "favorite" was run off the track; and, to use his own expression, he will no longer "play second fiddle to Byron." Such was his conclusion when Ballantyne came one day to inform him that he must yield the poetical sceptre to his rival. Then died Scott the poet, and from his ashes arose the Wizard of the North.*

A sad man, somewhat confused by a paralysis fallen on his muse, searching one day for fishing-tackle, comes across the forgotten first chapters of an old story which he began to tell years before, but which a critical friend persuaded him to lay aside. Fished up so out of a forgotten lumber garret, the manuscript blossoms to "Waverley." The humiliated poet trembled as he put it forth. Never was severer seal put on lip than that which withheld Ballantyne from disclosing the real figure masked under "A. of W." To his publisher's pleading he answers with the following bit of pleasantry:

* Stunned though Scott was when Ballantyne told him that he must yield the palm to Byron, it is remarkable that neither then nor at any time during the long and avowed rivalry between these poets did any bitterness of feeling escape Scott. In that encounter, though Byron conquered as a poet, Scott shone more brightly as a man. When "Hours of Idleness" was published, Scott was undisturbed at the satire on himself in it. Mr. Gillies remembers that Scott said to him, after perusing it, "There can not be a doubt that Lord Byron has considerable power; how he may use it, or whether he will write any more, it is impossible to guess. *Facit indignatio versus;* but spleen and gall are disastrous materials to work with for any length of time." There is reason to believe that Byron regretted that the one uncourteous incident of the race should be on his side. Lady Blessington describes him as speaking of Scott's poems with enthusiasm, and of the author himself even with emotion. As for Scott, to the last he never thought of appealing against the verdict of the public on their respective merits. Mr. John Gibson, who was Scott's law agent, and who lives now in Edinburgh, says that when the author was amidst his pecuniary embarrassments, and expecting to be relieved of them by his pen, he (Gibson) expressed doubts of his being able to accomplish the gigantic tasks he had set for himself. Scott's answer generally was, "Time and I against any two."† On one occasion he said he had no fear of his works not finding a ready sale, "for since poor Byron died there is no other for whose works the publishers care so much as for my own."

† This was Scott's motto to his friends in those days. Mr. Gibson says that when he asked William Laidlaw, soon after Scott's death, whether he recollected any thing particular that had fallen from him on the death-bed, he said, "No; only I remember that one fine afternoon, when the sun was shining bright into his bedroom, but he was very low, I said, 'Cheer up, Sir Walter; you used to say, *Time and I against any two!*' Upon which he raised himself on his elbows, pushed back his night-cap, and merely said, '*Vain boast,*' fell back on his pillow, and relapsed into silence."

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"No, John, I will not own the book—
I won't, you picaroon!
When next I try St. Grubby's brook,
The A. of Wa—— shall bait the hook,
And flat-fish bite as soon
As if before them they had got
The worn-out riggler—Walter Scott."

He never acknowledged the authorship of the Waverley novels until 1827, when he did so in a speech at a theatrical fund dinner in Edinburgh. About 40,000 copies of "Waverley" were sold previous to the publication of the first uniform edition of the novels. Two years later (1816) appeared "The Antiquary," the first edition (several thousand) of which was exhausted in six days. This was in May. In December of the same year appeared "Tales of my Landlord," which was equally well received. "Rob Roy" (1817) started with an edition of ten thousand, which speedily vanished from Constable's shelves (the dramatic representation of it realized three thousand pounds); and the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" (1818) took Edinburgh by storm. In June, 1819, Scott revised the proof-sheets of the third series of "Tales of my Landlord," while on a bed of illness from which he thought he would never rise; but in December of the same year "Ivanhoe" came forth to electrify England. In that month, and January, 1820, he wrote the three political essays of "The Visionary." In March, 1820, Longman published "The Monastery," to be followed in September by "The Abbot." Next to "Ivanhoe" the greatest success of that period was "Kenilworth," with which the year 1821 opened. Between this and "The Pirate" (December, 1821) the indefatigable writer had put forth good editions of "Franck's Northern Memoir," "The Contemplative Angler," "Chronological Notes on Scottish Affairs, 1680 to 1701," and written a brief "Life of Smollett." The "Fortunes of Nigel" appeared in the May of 1822, and was especially popular in London; and the dramatic sketch, "Halidon Hill" (for which Constable paid Scott £1000), followed in the next month. The year 1823 brought forth "Peveril of the Peak," "St. Ronan's Well," and "Quentin Durward," which latter at once created a sensation in Paris, surprised and delighted to see Louis XI. and Charles the Bold rising again at the magician's call. The people of Innerleithen were rejoiced to find every trait of their scenery, and their neglected well (St. Ronan's), invested with romance for all time. "Redgauntlet" appeared in 1824—a novel whose charm was not at first so great as now, when it is known to be more intimately blended with the author's personal experiences than any other of his productions. In 1825 "The Talisman" met with an enthusiastic welcome. On March 1, 1826, the "Letters of Malachi Malagrowther" appeared, and on the next day Scott wrote "The first Epistle of Malachi, already out of Print." In June of the same year was issued "Woodstock," which brought Scott the sum of £8228.

While this novel, "Woodstock," was on his hands—indeed, when the first few pages of it were first written—the great crash came. The financial troubles amidst which the unfortunate firm of Ballantyne and Co. had wound up (temporarily only, for that firm exists to day in full vigor) had, by the aid of friends, left Scott unscathed. The kindly part borne at this period by Constable had brought Scott again to his old publisher. The unexampled success of the novels had brought the author to (for that time and region) great prosperity. The constant stream of romance which issued from Abbotsford, which he had now built into a castle, returned to him in a steady and full stream of gold. He had declined the laureateship in favor of Southey, but was made a baronet in 1820. He could spend £3500 in purchasing a company for his son, who had become a hussar, and the hospitality of Abbotsford had become imperial. In 1822 we find him receiving the King, and subsequently he was entertained by the King in London. So matters stood with the briefless barrister of the closing eighteenth century; and so they stood when, on a terrible day, Constable failed, and Scott had to leave proud Abbotsford a ruined man, over £100,000 in debt.

Never did man receive a shock with more nobleness. "God grant me health and strength, and I will yet pay every man his due," he said. When he heard of his bankruptcy he was engaged on the "Life of Bonaparte," from which he turned occasionally to "Woodstock." Between the third day after hearing of his ruin and the fifteenth day this stunned man had written an entire volume of "Woodstock." He declared his belief that for a wager he could have written the volume in ten days. Whatever may be the verdict on Scott as an author, there can be no doubt about what manhood was in him, when we read this entry in his journal of a fortnight after his loss: "I have now no pecuniary provisions to embarrass me, and I think, now the shock of the discovery is past and over, I am much better off on the whole.....I shall be free of a hundred petty public duties imposed on me as a man of consideration, of the expense of a great hospitality, and, what is better, of the waste of time connected with it. I have known in my day all kinds of society, and can pretty well estimate how much or how little one loses by retiring from all but that which is very intimate.....If I could see those about me as indifferent to the loss of rank as I am, I should be completely happy. As it is, time must salve that sore, and to time I trust it."

Mr. Gibson, at present Writer to the Signet

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in Edinburgh, to whom I have before referred as Scott's law agent, had charge of the sale of his furniture at Abbotsford. The following extract from a letter he received from the author in those sad times shows how his heart clung to the things which had surrounded him far more than did his pocket. "There is, by-the-bye," he writes to Mr. Gibson, "a large picture of the Cave of Staffa hanging in what was my room, which was given me by the laird, and therefore I should not like to sell it. Also another trifling thing in the dressing-room—a mahogany thing, which is called a *cat*, with a number of legs, so that, turning which way it will, it stands upright. It was my mother's, and she used to have the toast set on it before the fire, and is not worth five shillings of any one's money. Yours very truly, W. SCOTT."

Beneath is scrawled the following, which I give in fac-simile:



"THIS IS THE CAT."

It is needless to add that both the picture and the cat were secured by Mr. Gibson, and sent to the author.

In 1827 the "Life of Bonaparte"—in the preparation of which Scott had passed six weeks in Paris—appeared, and it brought the amazing sum of £18,000, which went immediately to Scott's creditors. From the continuing proceeds of his collected novels these gentlemen presently received £40,000 more. The "Chronicles of the Canongate," second series of "Tales of a Grandfather," the "Fair Maid of Perth" (all in 1828), "Anne of Geierstein," third series of "Tales of a Grandfather," the "History of Scotland," Vol. I. (all in 1829), the "Doom of Devorgoil," "Auchindrane," "Essays on Ballad Poetry," "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft," "Tales of a Grandfather" (fourth series), "Tales of my Landlord" (fourth series), and "History of Scotland," Vol. II., with several minor essays and reviews (all in 1830), represent the unequaled energy whereby the old baronet paid off his creditors sufficiently to return to Abbotsford with something of his old prosperity. Nay, his creditors, who throughout had acted honorably, now presented him with his library, furniture, relics, plate—in amount equal to £10,000.

But to accomplish all this the old man had given up more than he thought. He is found in 1830 lying senseless on the floor of his dear Abbotsford under an apoplectic attack. This is not the worst. A mad political pamphlet warns his friends that the mental life has suffered also; and when he has written the last novel, "Count Robert of Paris," that same old friend Ballantyne, who once had to tell him that he must concede the palm in poetry to Byron, is forced to tell him that "Count Robert" is an utter failure. Most sad is the entry thereon in his diary: "The blow is a stunning one, I suppose, for I scarcely feel it. I am at sea in the dark, and the vessel leaky, I think, into the bargain. I have suffered terribly, that is the truth, rather in body than in mind; and I often wish I could lie down and sleep without waking. But I will fight it out if I can." Alas! such efforts to "fight it out" as "Castle Dangerous" only proved more plainly that the night had come, in which, as he at last sadly said, no man can work. In a ship placed at his disposal by the government he sails to the far south, and in sight of Pompeii he writes a new tale for his friends to suppress—"The Siege of Malta." He even begins another, but now indeed the pen falls finally from his hand. To reach Abbotsford, that he may die there, is now the one task left him. By slow stages he is borne thither, and at last his old steward, Laidlaw, meets him at the porch. "Ha, Willie Laidlaw! Oh, man, how often have I thought of you!" In the effort to fondle the dogs that come about his knees he sinks to stupor. Slowly the weeks creep on; again and again he demands to be set up at his desk, only that his head may fall upon his breast, and the pen fall from his fingers. He will have the Bible and the church service read and re-read to him, listening with a serene light on his face in the intervals of his slumber. Until at last the slumber gently falls on his eyelids to be lifted no more. Of date September 21, 1832, is the brief note which Mr. Watson, of Edinburgh, showed me, written by William Laidlaw: "I have to inform you that Sir Walter Scott died an hour ago." What epitaph more fit and true for him than the last words he addressed to those who gathered around him: "I am drawing near the close of my career. I have been perhaps the most voluminous author of the day; and it is a comfort for me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which on my death-bed I should wish blotted."

They laid him to rest in Dryburgh Abbey, and the finest minne-singer and story-teller of Scotland could have found no fitter tomb. Embowered amidst venerable trees, festooned with ivy and every climbing plant, that spot which the Celts named Darach-Bruach ("The bank of the sacred oaks") reminds us how both pagan and Christian loved to worship where nature was most beautiful. (And yet, alas! an instrument supposed to be connected with human sacrifice was once found there.) "That no demons might haunt it," the grounds were consecrated on St. Martin's Day (A.D. 1150), but no consecration could keep the English

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TOMB OF SCOTT, DRYBURGH ABBEY.

of Edward II.'s time from devastating them. But poets, more than demons or English soldiers, always haunted the old abbey. Canon Patrick's muse mourned over its ruin five hundred years ago. Ralph Strode, author of "Witty Fables" and the "Image of Radulphus," the friend of Petrarch—"the philosophical Strode," as Chaucer called him—wrote and studied beneath these trees; and Gower, the poet (Chaucer's "moral Gower"), was a Dryburgh monk. About two and a half centuries ago Dryburgh was purchased by the Haliburtons, Scott's ancestors, and it was thus he and his family have been buried there. Haunted by other than poets is Dryburgh. Far beneath these graceful springing arches, and pillars so tree-like that they are now hardly distinguishable from the grove, are dungeons that still make one shudder, and holes for human hands to be wedged in with driven wedges around the wrist. One of these dungeons is called *Fatlips*. Its story has been told by Sir Walter himself: "An unfortunate female wanderer took up her residence in a dark vault among the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, which during the day she never quitted. When night fell she issued from this miserable habitation and went to the house of Mr. Haliburton, of Newmains, or to that of Mr. Erskine, of Shielfield, two gentlemen of the neighborhood. From their charity she obtained such necessaries as she could be prevailed on to accept. At twelve each night she lighted her candle and returned to her vault, assuring her friendly neighbors that during her absence her habitation was arranged by a spirit to whom she gave the uncouth name of Fatlips; describing him as a little man wearing heavy iron shoes, with which he trampled the clay floor to dispel the damps. This circumstance caused her to be regarded by the well-informed with compassion, as deranged in her understanding, and by the vulgar with some degree of terror. The cause of her adopting this extraordinary mode of life she would never explain. It was, however, believed to have been occasioned by a vow that during the absence of a man to whom she was attached she would never look upon the sun. Her lover never returned. He fell during the civil war of 1745–46, and she never more would behold the light of day. The vault, or rather dungeon, in which this unfortunate woman lived and died passes still by the name of the supernatural being with which its gloom was tenanted by her disturbed imagination, and few of the neighboring peasants dare enter it." The strange story of this woman was mingled with the legend of the "Smaylho'me lady" by Scott in "The Eve of Saint John."

"There is a nun in Dryburgh bower
Ne'er looks upon the sun;
There is a monk in Melrose tower,
He speaketh word to none.

"That nun who ne'er beholds the day,
That monk who speaks to none,
That nun was Smaylho'me's lady gay,
That monk the bold baron."

It was a relief to turn away from the dungeons and damp holes, with their weird memories and legends, and meet the only "Fatlips" of Dryburgh in a little merchant of photographs and of trifles, as plates, paper-knives, and boxes, "made out of Abbotsford wood." The only "bold baron" was a big, red-haired Scotchman, who stood at the gate and exacted a toll of fourpence on each one entering; this he did with the true baronial, or, I may say, Robroyal air wherewith the same exaction is made at every turn in Scotland; for going in a gate or not going in a gate, for entering a steamer or for leaving it, you must generally pay certain moneys. No doubt—and I give this theory to comparative mythologists gratis—the dragon that guarded Hesperian fruit, the three-headed dog that guarded Eurydice, and the like, were folk who demanded threepences of visitors. I know that if I were to describe the toll-takers who mulct strangers at every step in Scotland in accordance with my feelings, I should lay the basis for a new mythological monster. To the man who took twopence of me for getting on the Loch Lomond steamer at Torbet I said, "You ought to be ashamed of your-

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ST. CATHERINE'S WHEEL, DRYBURGH ABBEY—WINDOW IN THE REFECTORY.

self." "Ashamed of taking tuppence!" exclaimed Sandy, fairly bewildered at the idea there could be any disgrace in procuring that sum by any means whatsoever.

What a contrast would the old Premonstratensian monks, with their white cassocks and rochets, and shirtless skins, who used to pray and penance and punish themselves and the neighborhood here seven hundred years ago, find should they wake up, like the nuns in Meyerbeer's "Robert," and see us gayly disporting ourselves on the grassy floors, and making the old arches ring with our laughter! Did the dust of any of them stir that day as some scientific heretics, fresh from the British Association at Edinburgh, walked over it? Did the old Tory lords who sleep there not feel a bit of pain when a certain light-figured and fair girl, the daughter of John Bright, and a whole bevy of radical girls, went tripping about the sacred spot? And did Strode and Gower, the old poets, care not a spirit-rap as the author of "Day and Night Songs" passed by? Or have the ancient parties learned by this time that as Dryburgh sows itself into vine and flower, so thoughts and beliefs like theirs sow themselves into a harvest like that which waved momentarily over their dust that day when one of the science excursions visited that spot?

The day was very pure and perfect; a balmy summer day, with the gentlest of breezes fanning one at every step. I had asked the "bold baron," who, having taken our fourpences at the gate, reappeared as a guide, where was the exact spot in the abbey where the White Maid of Avenel was wont to appear in obedience to a spell. The guide answered that the spell which would call her up was now lost; but I pettishly remarked that I was well acquainted with the spell, and had only asked him for the spot. He had said the spell was lost in a humorous way; but when I replied that I knew it very well, he looked into my eye gravely, and seeing me quite serious moved away, though he had been plainly indulging hopes of another fourpence. Left to my own devices, and apart from the rest of the company, I selected the spot which I thought that most likely to be favored by the White Lady of Avenel, and lay down there to weave my spells.

I saw her coming out of the far past. First, as a face shaped by a pure white cloud, adored by wondering worshipers on the banks of the Ganges; next, as Aphrodite, white like the sea-foam from which she is born, idealizing the sensuous naturalism of Greece; later, as the blonde and golden-haired Frigga, the beautiful earth-goddess of Germany, who lit up the darkness when Odin rode forth on his wild hunt, until under the touch of Christianity she became the "Teufelsbrut" of superstition; and then again the glorified saint whom the Whitby peasant still sees now and then all radiant in the highest window of her ancient abbey of Streanshalh—

> "The very form of Hilda fair,
> Hovering upon the sunny air,
> And smiling on her votaries' prayer."

Lightly poised in the air stood the White Lady, her golden zone brighter than when Glendenning gazed on it, but her face not now terrible, but sweetly sad, betokening death, not coming but past. And from the deep avenue of the trees, whither her eye was directed, there came a shadowy procession. Of the old bridge over the Tweed the flood has swept away nearly all; but they who now bore the hearse, and followed it so mournfully, could pass through the air, and their footfalls, as they wound up the hill and entered the ancient cloister, made no leaf rustle. Seven hundred years old is that yew which gives its evergreen to be laid upon the palled coffin. "I am the resurrection and the life," reads the clergyman. Then his voice falters—it stops. For a few moments silent grief, unbroken save by some sobs that can not be suppressed, make the true funeral of him around whose lifeless form the great multitude has gathered. Relatives, old and young, old friends who must

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be assisted to the side of the grave, mothers who will have their children say in the future, "We looked upon the great man's coffin," servants who had known what it was to be treated as friends, peasants who had so often exchanged cheery greetings with one who added of his nobility to the whole district—all these gathered around the ancient Gothic portal. And long after the sound of the dust falling upon the coffin was past, and the harsh stroke of hammers riveting iron bars around the grave had ended, the throng lingered as if unable to tear themselves from the spot. The day sank toward the twilight, and at last the multitude has vanished.

From the phantom funeral* I turn, and behold! the White Lady is there still. She beckons to viewless forms in the air, and now these gather where the mourners of earthlier form had just now stood. Rank on rank they stood, these spirits, who had come to hover with downcast eyes around the Prospero whose wand, now broken, had called them into being. How shall I describe them? Oh, my friend reading this my vision, too near are these to your life and mine to be described! They are the friends of our childhood, recalling the days and the long evenings when they came from far to visit us, to twine about our hearts, to hover around our bedsides, and mingle sweetly with our dreams. There came the haughty Marmion, and the intrepid Fitz-James, Ivanhoe, and Macgregor—valiant or stern, proud or ambitious, they were now still and tender. They may have been foes whose fierce and gallant conflicts once made the whole air of heaven thunder and flash above us. Here their strifes ceased, and their weapons were sheathed. Wild but tearful, as on Ellangowan, Meg Merrilies was here fulfilling her prophecy: "I'll be seen in this glen mony a night after these crazed banes are in the mould." And Old Mortality was there, forgetting all other graves but one. Hush! what troops of stately spirits are these? Deep-eyed Lucy Ashton, hast thou found the heaviest sorrow at last? And thou, Di Vernon—at whose name there rise around me faces that grow dim as I look on them—our rapt little circle of the chimney-corner, for whom thy spell made rainy days the brightest! Hand in hand here, the genii of the summer sky and of the star-lit night, Rowena and Rebecca; arm linked in arm, the peerless Jeanie Deans and the hapless Effie; Mina, Brenda, Norna, brought their boughs of yew and waved them gently, as if keeping time to some music inaudible to me, but to which the ever-increasing host of shadows seemed listening. At last I, too, heard the theme; at first like an Æolian strain, it sounded more clear as the Last Minstrel drew near with his harp, and sang:

"Call it not vain; they do not err
Who say that when the Poet dies
Mute Nature mourns her worshiper,
And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed Bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distill;
Through his loved grove that breezes sigh,
And oak in deeper groan reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave."

* "The throng of uncovered and reverential mourners stole along beneath the tall and umbrageous trees with a silence equal to that which is believed to accompany those visionary funerals which have their existence only in the superstitions of our country."—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, 1832.

HOLLAND AND THE HOLLANDERS.

[Second Paper.]

CONSIDERED in all its aspects, Amsterdam is the most original and peculiar city in civilization. Thoroughly representative of Holland, it stands to-day a triumph of industry and energy over nature, and its commercial power and financial influence are felt throughout the globe. With the exception of Frankfort-on-the-Main, it is probably the wealthiest city, for its population, in the world; and its entire wealth has been earned by the most indomitable perseverance and untiring toil in the face of every obstacle.

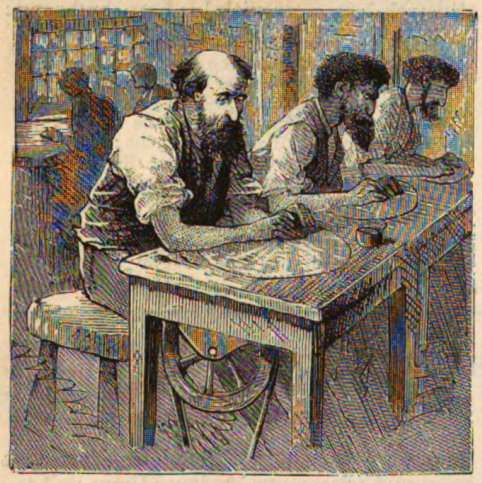
The metropolis of the Netherlands has been for generations one of the greatest banking centres of the Old World. More than fifty ancient and opulent firms do a large and prosperous business there, and the entire capital which all the bankers own and can control is said to be nearly $1,000,000,000. They hold the bonds and securities of every recognized nation under the sun. All kings and princes are in some way indebted to them; while on the sluggish Amstel float golden argosies from every clime.

One of the richest and most noted banking firms in Amsterdam is that of Hope and Co., established in the seventeenth century by Henry Hope, a Scotchman, a descendant of John de Hope, who went in 1537 from France to Scotland as a follower of Madeleine, queen of James V. A leading member of the house, some fifty years ago, was Henry Hope, who was born in this country; his father having been a Scotch loyalist settled in Boston, Massachusetts. He lived some time in Quincy, Massachusetts, and was a poor youth when he emigrated thence

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to England at the close of the last century. John Williams, an Englishman, who married Henry Hope's niece, and assumed the name of John Hope, afterward became the manager of the establishment. Among its silent partners was Thomas Hope, the renowned author of "Anastasius." Its financial relations with Holland, Spain, and Russia have been very intimate and extensive; and its influence at different times in Europe has been second only to that of the Rothschilds.

Gem-cutting has long been a specialty of Amsterdam, and was, at one time, exclusively confined to that city. The diamond-mills, as they are called, are entirely in the possession and under the control of Jews, nearly ten thousand of whom are employed in those establishments. There diamonds and other precious stones are cut and polished for all the jewelers of Europe—Antwerp being the only competitor Amsterdam has in this particular branch of trade. Unless you are a diamond dealer, you have no trouble in obtaining admission to the mills, the largest of which are partially worked by steam-engines.



DIAMOND-CUTTING IN AMSTERDAM.

The art of cutting and polishing is supposed to have originated in Asia at a very early period, but was first introduced into Europe by Louis Berquen, of Bruges, about the middle of the fifteenth century. He accidentally discovered that rubbing two diamonds together caused an abrasion of their surfaces, and from this soon deduced the art as it is now practiced. The process of polishing and cutting, as I observed in Amsterdam, is very slow and tedious, nearly every part of it, from the delicacy and exactness required, needing to be done by hand. The preparation of a single stone demands two months of continuous labor; and the famous Pitt or Regent diamond underwent two years of constant manipulation before it was complete. In the mills one diamond is employed upon another, each being cemented into the end of a handle, and a model of lead being taken of the gem to be cut, which determines the faces. The stones are then rubbed together with a strong pressure, and held over a metal box with a double bottom, the upper bottom being perforated with small holes, through which the diamond dust falls. The dust is of such value that it is very carefully collected, and, after mixture with vegetable oil, is used for polishing the gem upon a steel or cast-iron plate, which is made to revolve rapidly, sometimes by steam, as I have said, but generally by means of a treadle. The diamond powder is also used for cutting. It is placed upon a steel wire or saw, and this, drawn swiftly backward and forward, makes the required incision. When a large piece of the stone is to be removed, it is occasionally done with a fine chisel and hammer; but this so increases the danger of breaking or destroying the gem, that it is rarely resorted to. No kind of work can be nicer or more difficult, for the workman must thoroughly understand the character and peculiarity of diamonds, and must have an absolute knowledge of the cleavage planes before he can be trusted with their manipulation.

The usual forms of cutting are the brilliant, rose, and table. The first, composed of a principal face, called a table (surrounded by a number of facets), which, when set, is all that is visible above the bezel, shows the gem to the greatest advantage, wastes it the least, and is therefore generally preferred. The rose, which is remarkably brilliant, is flat below, while the upper surface is entirely cut into facets. The table, much less beautiful than the other forms, is mainly confined to thin stones with a large surface, and cut into facets at the edges. Outside of India the table is seldom seen; and in the Amsterdam mills I was told that at least three-quarters of all the stones cut are in the form of brilliants.

The world-renowned Koh-i-noor caused great disappointment at the Crystal Palace Exhibition in London in 1851 by its inability to develop its colored refractions unless surrounded by vivid lights, and was, indeed, much inferior in appearance to its glass model in the Tower; consequently, after much counsel and examination, it was sent to Amsterdam to be cut. Much fear was felt as to the success of the operation; but the most experienced cutters there were so confident of a prosperous issue that the undertaking was made, after great preparations; and the Duke of Wellington himself went through the form of beginning the work. The result was altogether felicitous; and now the Koh-i-noor really deserves the name, Mountain of Light, which it never did when in possession of Nadir Shah, who gave it its resonant baptism.

The Koh-i-noor is not, as is often sup-

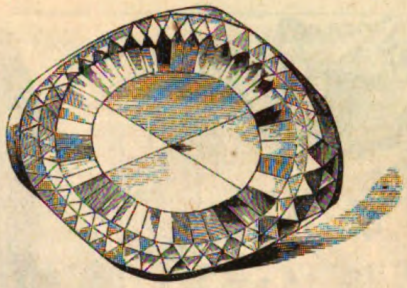
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posed, the largest diamond in the world. Before cutting it weighed only 186 carats, and was much reduced by the process. The Orloff diamond, bought by Catherine of Russia, is considerably larger, being about the size of a pigeon's egg, and weighing 195 carats. This splendid stone once formed, it is said, the eye of a Hindoo idol in a temple of Brahma at Pondicherry, was stolen by a French deserter, and, after passing through various hands, fell into the possession of a Greek merchant, who sold it to the empress for half a million of dollars, an annuity of $25,000, and a patent of nobility. Wilkie Collins, it is stated, founded in a measure his novel of "The Moonstone" on the history of this magnificent stone.

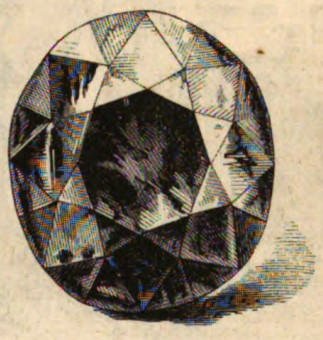
The largest and most valuable diamond known is presumed to be the one so long owned by the Sultan of Matan, Borneo. Its weight is 369 carats, and its estimated value from $4,000,000 to $5,000,000. The celebrated Austrian diamond, weighing 139 carats, is nearly the size of the Koh-i-noor; but the fact that it is yellow and of rose form renders it much less valuable. If it were white and cut in brilliant, it would be worth more than $1,000,000; but as it is, less than two-thirds of that sum would be considered a fair estimate of its price.

Nearly all the owners of the Amsterdam diamond-mills are wealthy; but the operatives, though they have what is regarded as very good wages in Holland, are quite poor. Like the watch-makers of Geneva, they usually inherit their trade, their fathers and grandfathers having been employed in the same business. They are regular as clocks, laboring so many hours every day, and giving the strictest and most absorbing attention to their exacting toil, which is a constant strain upon their brain and nerves, no less than upon their senses and their muscles. They need to keep their heads clear and their blood cool to perform all the delicate manipulations necessary. The least dullness of sight or touch, or the smallest variation in handling, might do more damage than a whole lifetime of wages would make good. They very rarely spoil any of their work by any fault of their own; for they are so disciplined and trained to their calling that their hands obey their mind almost with the perfection of machinery.

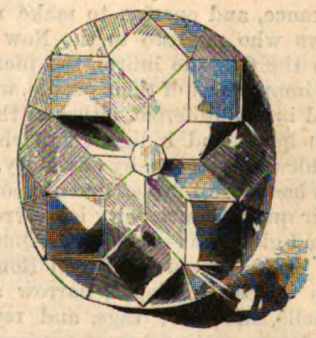
Diamond-cutting seems to me a most dismal trade. The hundreds of men I have seen engaged in the mills appeared wan and worn and melancholy, as well they might, with their perpetual and monotonous round of cheerless and consuming toil. To them each day is like every other day. The seasons and the years come and go, and go and come, without chance or change. Their world is but a revolving disk; the straining of the eye, the tension of the nerves, a painful pressure of the hand against the little gem



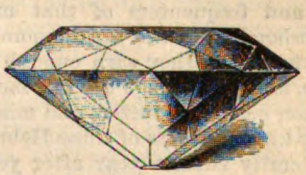
THE KOH-I-NOOR.
Before recutting.



THE KOH-I-NOOR.
Recut: Front View.



THE KOH-I-NOOR.
Recut. Back View.



THE KOH-I-NOOR.
Recut. Side View.

which mocks them with its brightness, and defies them with its impossibility of possession. So, in one unbroken repetition of wistful work, their life creeps darkly on, and only when the end comes does their rest seem to begin.

We Americans are in the habit of associating a certain degree of material prosperity with the Hebrew race, because nearly all of its members who come to this country manage, by reason of their superior shrewdness,

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THE JEWS' QUARTER.

perseverance, and energy, to make money. The Jews who migrate to the New World leave in the Old the infirm, the incapable, and the impractical of their people, who can be found in the different cities on the Continent helpless and indigent as rich men's sons suddenly overcome by adversity. Amsterdam has its full proportion of poor Jews, and their quarter in the city is as wretched, filthy, and gloomy as is the Jews' Quarter in Prague, or the noted Ghetto in Rome. It abounds in crooked lanes, narrow streets, vile smells, heaps of rags, and repulsive sights. Lazarus was a prince, perfumed and purple-robed, compared to many of the dwellers in and frequenters of that miserable neighborhood. Most of the diamond-cutters reside there, but they earn enough for self-support, and do not mar the fair face of day with their sores and tatters and misfortunes of every kind. Scores of those Hebrew families literally subsist year after year upon crusts, wear rags, receive alms or buffets from any or every hand willing to bestow one or unkind enough to give the other, and delude themselves with the fond fancy that they are living.

The prevailing opinion that there are hardly any poor in Holland must receive a positive negative from persons acquainted with the country. Strangers judge from outward signs, chiefly from professional beggars who waylay them with stereotyped petitions and invented woes. Failing to see these, they imagine the entire community comfortable and well-to-do. Public mendicants are scarcely known in Holland, as strict laws exist and are enforced against them, and as ample provision is made for the needy by the municipal and state authorities. I learned in Amsterdam that the city supported not less than twenty thousand poor, which, for its population, is a very large proportion — nearly one-eighth of the entire community. The almshouses are among the most conspicuous buildings in town, and are, of course, kept scrupulously clean. They are in general comfortably full, though never overcrowded; and I have noticed that many of the paupers were extremely aged—some of them, I should judge, not far from centenarians. A very considerable part of them are Jews, though why hundreds of the unfortunate wretches I had encountered in their dreary quarter were not also occupants of the almshouses I have never been able to explain.

The spin-house — or work-house, as it would be named with us—in the Nieuwe Prince Gracht, is well worth a visit, although its regulations and the character of its inmates have materially changed of late years. One of its divisions was formerly devoted to the correction of such offenses as disobedience in children, extravagance in wives, and drunkenness in husbands, and this division was so constantly thronged that even the conservative Dutch came to the conclusion that they were punishing as sins against the state what was merely a violation of the duties and proprieties of domestic life.

Should we determine to have such an institution here, and should we faithfully commit all offenders to it, we should need to occupy the whole Central Park with the building, and it is questionable then if it would contain the vast number of transgressors.

I found in the spin-house many young people, who had been sent there for idleness, the pettiest of pilfering, and the slightest encroachments on the rights of others—such errors as we should either pardon or entirely overlook. The Dutch seem resolved to have good and just government in every thing, and are in no way inclined to condone even such negative faults as we consider part of the freedom of individuals.

The society called Felix Meritis, occupying a building in the Keiser's Gracht, was founded and is wholly supported by the residents of the city. It is devoted to literature, science, and art; bears some resemblance to the Royal Institution of London; contains a library, a museum, a collection of casts of ancient statues, chemical and mathematical apparatus, and a fine concert-room and observatory. Able lectures are regularly delivered before the society, to which strangers and foreigners are admitted, and which furnish a mental stimulus and liberal means of improvement to the cultivated portion of the community.

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SCENE IN A DUTCH THEATRE.

Amsterdam has several theatres, where performances are given in French and German as well as in the native tongue. At two of the minor places of amusement variety entertainments are offered, and smoking and drinking allowed. One or two visits to these inferior theatres proved to me that, with all their natural staidness, the Dutch can make as much noise, with the aid of poor beer and common wine, as the nervous French or the excitable Italians. And then such clouds of smoke as they blew from pipes and cigars created an atmosphere similar to that of Liege, and made it impossible to see what was occurring on the stage.

The Dutch as a people are supremely domestic—even more so than their neighbors the Germans. Poverty may, and not infrequently does, prevent their marrying, but inclination never. Nearly every man whose circumstances will permit—and a very little money is regarded as an independence there—takes a wife before he is five-and-twenty, and he is usually engaged ere he is out of his teens. An engagement, though it often continues for a great while, is very seldom, if ever, broken, for the Hollanders are temperamentally disposed to keep promises, especially those of a connubial nature. They seem incapable of any kind of disloyalty, and flirtation, either before or after marriage, is hardly known to them. Their selection for life partners once made, they have no shadow of turning, but remain really as true as the needle to the pole. Domestic troubles arising from overgallantry on the part of the man, or from inconstancy in the woman, are very rarely heard of, and the dockets of the courts are almost entirely free from suits for divorce. The Dutch heart, like the Dutch mind, is somewhat sluggish, and extremely slow to receive new impressions. What it has once accepted it keeps closely and firmly, without desire for variety, and without thought of change. The passional and emotional element is omitted in the national character, which is steadfast to stubbornness, and faithful to pledges and convictions under every variation of fortune and every shadow of adversity.

A bachelor is esteemed a sort of social monstrosity in the land of dikes and ditches, and a deep-rooted prejudice exists against celibacy. Philosophers of Malthus's school do not flourish there. On the contrary, the Hollanders practically respect and obey the Scriptural injunction, "Be ye fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth." The Alpha and Omega of a Dutchman's life are competence and family; and the smallness of one is often accompanied by the largeness of the other; showing, even in that region of exceptions, that, while necessity may be the mother of invention, poverty is still the father of many children. It is not uncommon for persons of middle age to be the parents of eight, ten, and twelve lusty boys and girls, who give rich promise that in due

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season they will, in turn, contribute largely to the census of the kingdom. The private history of young persons patiently waiting until they can gather enough of this world's goods to justify them in beginning wedlock is often touching in its eloquent simplicity and earnest purpose. I have been told of numerous pairs, betrothed in their youth, who were forced by stern circumstance to delay their nuptials until their locks were thin and gray with age, and even of those who went loving and toiling, but still ununited, down the hill of life until, near the bottom, one was left alone, mourning, with a widowed but unwedded heart.

The preparations on the part of the expectant wife for her new condition are as many as with us, but with this difference—theirs are needful and substantial, while ours are chiefly luxurious and superfluous. An indispensable requirement to a Dutch bride is a vast quantity of personal and household linen, which the prospective husband must purchase, and she must make up. Such piles of sheets and pillow-cases, of towels and napkins, of table-cloths and esoteric raiment, are hardly known even to our munificence of outlay. Enough is purchased and fashioned into form to last, not for one or two years, but for the greater part of an ordinary lifetime. Cheap as such goods are in the Netherlands, money is so hard to get that their purchase, for persons in humble circumstances, demands much time and more toil. A romantic woman or an intense man, pricked by passion's burning spur, would be indifferent to such tedious collections. But romance, intensity, and passion, in our sense, are foreign to the Dutch, who cleave to custom and to precedent with unwavering zeal. Their ancestors, for many generations, have been unwilling to wed unless authorized by the possession of heaps of spotless linen, and they would be recreant to their country and themselves if they were satisfied with the smallest abatement of the prodigious supply. The washing of all this linen is a spectacle. It converts the homeliest dwelling into a spacious laundry, and renders water and soap, starch and flat-irons, the solemn and sacred agencies of an ablutionary providence. Day and night the process of rubbing, boiling, rinsing, drying, and all the rest goes on; the grateful but severe labor of the kitchen queen distracting her from every other consideration. She has her reward, thrice told, when the radiant linen is folded carefully away, and she wearily presses the snowy pillow her own red hands have made so spotlessly white.

After one has seen Amsterdam fully, the first of the suburbs he visits is the village of Broek. From my childhood I had heard it mentioned as the cleanest town in the world, and so many remarkable stories had been told me of its peculiarities and curious customs that I took advantage of my earliest leisure to go thither. Broek has a population of hardly fifteen hundred, is only six miles from the metropolis, and is reached by the ferry-boat to Buiksloot, one mile distant, whence I walked to this most unique of civilized settlements. As I passed through the harbor of Amsterdam I observed that it was fenced in, so to speak, with long lines of piles driven into the mud, and having open spaces at intervals to allow the ingress and egress of vessels. At night these openings are closed with booms—large trees covered with iron spikes—which are drawn across and firmly fastened with chains. I noticed also upon the wooden piers, stretching out from the shores and above the water, rows of small pavilions or summer-houses. To these the owners are in the habit of going in small boats during the warm weather, and whiling away a few hours in chatting, smoking, and drinking beer, coffee, or wine, each and all of which are grateful to the Dutch palate. As I moved along over the sluggish waters I had an admirable view of the city through a net-work of shrouds and sails, spars and masts, above which rose quaint steeples and curious towers without number. The story I had frequently heard that Fénélon had borrowed his description of Tyre from his knowledge of Amsterdam then appeared probable enough. From no other point is that great commercial centre seen to such advantage. It is a picture of prosperity and industry, illustrating the variety and extent of its trade with every quarter of the globe.

The road from Buiksloot to Broek is dull and monotonous even for Holland. It runs by the side of a canal, and I saw, for the first time, men and women harnessed to and dragging boats along what we should call the tow-path, after the manner of horses in this country. The boats, or rather barges, were freighted with fruit and vegetables intended for the city market. The labor of drawing them was not so great as it seemed; but still the sight of human beings employed in the place of beasts of burden shocked not a little, I must confess, my sense of fitness and my liberal ideas. The men and women, however, did not mind their degrading occupation: they were only concerned about reaching their journey's end, and disposing of the contents of the vessels, in which they probably had at least a partial interest. They were coarse and stout to the last degree, and, but for the difference in their garments, it would have been difficult to determine sex. The voice of the women was heavy and harsh, and their half-bare arms were as large and brawny as those of the men. I could not perceive a ray of intellect in the countenances of either, or any thing about them indicating genuine humanity. They merely gave me an impression of physical strength

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and stolidity, of being self-acting machines set in motion by a power superior to and independent of themselves.

I passed on the way a number of the peculiar habitations scattered all over Holland, and remarkable for their low walls and very high roofs, serving as store-rooms for winter stocks of hay. These are the cottages of the peasants and rural working classes, who, in such dreary but entirely cleanly abodes, rear large families, and are wholly content with earning two or three hundred guilders a year.



HUMAN DRAUGHT-HORSES.

After lounging along nearly three hours, I reached Broek, built on the border of a small lake, reminding me at first of some of the toy villages I had seen in the shops of Nuremberg. Many of the inhabitants are landed proprietors, retired merchants, and wealthy tradesmen, with numerous thrifty manufacturers of those small, round Edam cheeses, which are shipped from North Holland to every part of Europe and America. Neither horse nor vehicle is allowed to enter the town—a regulation of the place with which I had long been familiar; but if they were allowed, it would be of no benefit, as the streets are too narrow to admit the passage of any ordinary vehicle. The streets deserve the name of lanes, and are paved either with bricks or with small stones set in patterns after the fashion of our tiled floors. The stories so rife about mosaic pavements in Broek, like many other tales of a similar character, have no foundation in fact. Every thing, however, shows neatness in the greatest excess. All the walks and by-ways are strewed with sand, or shells arranged in exact and regular form; while the houses, mostly of wood, are painted in bright colors, chiefly white and green. The roofs are covered with polished tiles of different hues, which, with the apparently ever-fresh paint of the other parts of the buildings, reflect so much light, when the sun shines, as to dazzle and pain the eye.

The dwellings of the poor are, as usual, of one story and extremely plain; but the abodes of the rich are of a style not to be described by any ordinary terms of architecture. The Dutch idea of form and proportion must either be entirely deranged, or so fantastic as to be incapable of any other expression than the grotesque. The Broek houses are, on the whole, the absurdest I have seen. They look as if Grecian temples, Chinese pagodas, Saracenic palaces, Italian villas, Eastern mosques, and Persian bazars had had a common ague fit, and, after shaking themselves to pieces, had gathered up the fragments lying nearest, and, reconstructed in the most miscellaneous and chaotic fashion, had had the assurance to call themselves houses. Such are the habitations of Broek, illustrating a latent comic element in their occupants which they themselves never suspect. So far from this, they believe in all seriousness their homes perfectly charming, and can not admire them enough. The omnipresent canal exhales its fragrance under the windows of these whimsical retreats, which are frequently approached by rudely improvised bridges over the stagnant water. The front-doors are usually barred, and the shutters to the lower windows tightly closed, as if the inmates were prepared to stand a siege. If they were trying to keep out the odors pervading the entire kingdom, their caution would be natural enough; but they so delight in and are so accustomed to unsavory smells they could not, I believe, retain their health in a perfectly pure atmosphere.

The Prussians have named one of their towns Frankfort-on-the-Oder. The Dutch

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ENTERING A HOUSE IN BROEK.

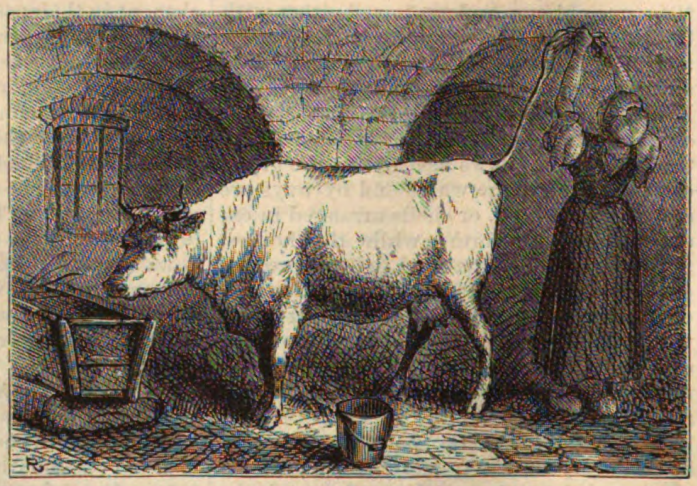
might add "on the Od(o)r" to any of their cities or villages with the fullest propriety, for the entire kingdom is on the odor in the highest and strongest degree.

Singular as is the outside of the Broek houses, the inside is still more singular; and I was resolved not to go away without inspecting one of these quaint interiors. I should have been glad to enter one of the larger and more pretentious dwellings; but not wishing to ask for such an impertinent privilege, I satisfied myself with a residence of the humbler sort. The front-door, as is the custom there, was not to be invaded—it is never opened except at a marriage, funeral, christening, or on some other important occasion—so I went round to the side-door, where several children, nearly all of the same size, laid down a wet cloth that I might wipe my feet upon it before entering. The general habit there is the Turkish one of removing the boots or shoes at the door, and walking in either in stockings or in the slippers or sabots always conveniently at hand. At almost every door in the village I had observed these pedal relays, not to use which would be regarded not only as a gross breach of decorum, but an inexcusable offense against neatness. Even the Czar Alexander, it is said, was obliged, when he visited Broek, to conform to this ridiculous usage.

The floor of the dwelling was of Dutch tiles regularly set, and the walls of deal boards, clean as any dining-table, and highly polished from constant scrubbing and rubbing. Every article of furniture, every utensil or vessel for culinary or other purpose, was without speck or spot. Not a thing was out of place, and the precision and order of the household were so conspicuous and rigid as to be positively oppressive. Each house has at least one apartment seldom opened or entered, which is forbidden generally to all the members of the family except the housewife. She enters this sanctum once a week, unfastens and opens the shutters, takes down all the china deposited on tiers of shelves, carefully rubs it, scours the walls and floor, polishes the stoves, and scrubs the furniture till she can see her face reflected all around her. Then she shuts up the apartment again until another week demands her toilsome and conscientious service.

Examining several of the stables in the village, I found them as faultlessly neat as the human habitations. In these the cows are kept, out of whose milk admirable butter and the Edam cheese are made. During the summer the cattle graze in the fields, but during the cold weather they remain in the stables. From one end to the other runs a gutter, above which and over each stall I observed a hook fastened to the ceiling. I suspected the object of this, and inquiry confirmed my conjecture, that the hook was used to tie up the tails of the cattle to prevent their draggling in the dirt and soiling their cleanly coats. Neither the peasantry of any other country of Europe nor the poor people of America live in the midst of any such neatness as the Dutch cattle.

I entered some of the dairies, and saw butter and cheese in different stages of preparation. That in press, soaking in water, and undergoing the salting process, was alike equally clean. The makers are so squeamish they seldom touch butter or cheese with bare hands, lest manual contact impart to it a shadow of sully.



A STABLE IN BROEK.

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One of the largest gardens of one of the most conspicuous houses in Broek is accessible, and is shown to all strangers, who are expected to remember the custodian in a financial way. This garden is unmistakably a curiosity. It is ten times more artificial than Isola Bella, or the grounds of the Pallavicini Villa, near Genoa, but very different in its artificiality. Such a collection and confusion of bridges, grottoes, arbors, summer-houses, rustic retreats, and pavilions, pagodas and temples, has rarely been made. It out-Broeks Broek. Various queer contrivances and designs confronted me wherever I turned. The ponds are full of ducks, swans, dolphins, naiads, and mermaids made of wood or pasteboard, and painted in bright colors. Some of the arbors and miniature temples contain figures large as, and made to represent, men and women, who (or which) by ingenious machinery smoke pipes, drink beer, gesticulate, go through military evolutions, and even sing, though candor compels me to confess that the voices I heard were not quite natural, and considerably out of tune.

I asked my chaperon the names of the songs and the language in which they were sung, as I failed to recognize either. He informed me that one of the puppets executed a national hymn, and another a popular love-song of Van Hooft. No doubt he was sincere (I should never accuse a Hollander of the slightest intention to jest); but I am confident that a national hymn or a love-song, rendered precisely in that way, would never rouse the Dutch to heroic deeds, or melt the heart of the most amatory swain. The singing of those lay figures may as well be acknowledged a failure. The sounds they emitted brought to mind the droning of a spinning-wheel, the grinding of a coffee-mill, the wheezing of an asthmatic engine, and the broken wail of a suffocating infant, all combined in one series of discordant notes.

Some of the residents of Broek, I have been told, go so far as to paint the smooth ends of the kindling-wood which they store in their outhouses for future use. I have even heard that the most rigid of the Calvinistic families have two handles to their pumps, one for what they call week-days, and the other for the Sabbath, believing, in their conscientious narrow-mindedness, that to use one handle all the time would violate the strict meaning of the Scriptures.

Clearly, Broek and its inhabitants are foolish and perverted enough without any such additions to their large stock of absurdity. They do not, however, as many suppose, typify Holland or the Hollanders. In the large cities they are thought ridiculous extremists, and their regulations and customs would not and could not be kept up, except in a small village whose people have a mistaken pride in adhering to antecedents, and treading in the narrow circle of their forefathers. The Broekites are simply lunatics on the subject of washing, scrubbing, and rubbing. They have no mind for any thing else. Soap and water is their deity, and they worship it most zealously. Household hydropathists they will be likely to remain until Amsterdam closes around them, and takes the nonsense out of their much-muddled brains.

Touching the reputation of the Hollanders for cleanliness, I must say that travel and attentive observation in that country have taught me that it is very materially overrated. Their cleanliness is excessive and preposterous in one direction, but defective and inadequate in another. Their passion for neatness extends almost altogether to external objects—to their houses, shops, gardens, and whatever implements or instruments they have constant need of. It does not satisfy any instinct of purity, or answer to any chastity of feeling. It is based on a certain necessity, and springs from a compulsory economy and the acquired thrift of the people. The climate of Holland is always damp, and its atmosphere precipitates soot and dirt of every kind; dampness and dirt make mould, decay, and waste. The Dutch, conscious of this, are forced, by the need of saving their stivers, to remove dirt and arrest pervading dampness wherever found. Consequently they must rub and scrub during the greater part of their natural existence to preserve themselves from monetary loss. With their earliest years they begin this battle against dampness and dirt, and the struggle lasts to the grave. What was an obligation soon becomes a habit, and the habit in due time becomes a tyranny. Every spot or speck or soil presents itself to them as something imperiling their earnings or their income; and so they attack it with the same spirit and energy with which they resisted the encroachments and exactions of Alva's armies.

To personal tidiness the Hollanders of the lower class are wholly indifferent. Their cottages and farm-houses will be models of order and cleanliness, while they themselves will be the opposite. They are by no means infatuated in respect to bathing or frequent change of linen, even when they might be pure and sweet without any actual expense. Those who are independent in circumstances, or who have made comfortable fortunes, very frequently fail to carry their notions of neatness into their privacy and personality. Physically and in their attire they can hardly claim precedence of the Latin nations, and are unequivocally inferior in this respect to the English and the Americans. There is no association or stimulus of economy with daily bathing and fresh linen; and so they are free from ecstasies in that regard.

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He would be a bold man who should charge the Dutch with any special delicacy of taste or appetite. Their food is often of the coarsest and strongest. They are fond of dishes we could not touch, and they dwell in atmospheres that would stifle us. Their cheese is potent beyond calculation, their pipes so ancient and puissant that no other mouth could hold them, and their stews and pickles too aromatic for common palate or ordinary digestion. At Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Leyden, Gorkum, Nimeguen, in fact, at every city and town I have visited, I have noticed practices and habits among the people which were positively repulsive. Again and again I have seen women washing fish and culinary vessels in the stagnant and noisome ditches and canals, and have been surprised to perceive these ablutions going on with the paddling of feet and throwing of offal in a most unpleasantly contiguous neighborhood.

One cause of the wide-spread fame of the Dutch for neatness is that they were neat before other nations in Europe had become so. Their habits of cleanliness are nearly the same now that they were generations since, while the remainder of the Old World people have greatly improved therein. Their fame has remained in spite of many reasons for their not deserving it, and the public has accepted what originally rested on very substantial grounds. Comparatively few travelers go to Holland, and still fewer see with their own eyes. Therefore, be the departures of the Dutch from universal cleanliness what they may, their reputation for it will continue to be proverbial through generations yet to come.

It has occurred to me sometimes that most tourists enter the towns of Holland early of a Saturday morning, when a most extraordinary cleaning (*schoonmaking*) invariably takes place. Then the front of every dwelling presents a most active scene. Scrubbing, scraping, brushing, rubbing, and mopping are pursued with superhuman energy by at least half a dozen persons on the steps, at the windows, on the sidewalks, and in the gutter. Hands, brooms, and mops are deemed insufficient, and small hose are employed (we have borrowed these from Holland) to deluge the dwelling and the entire neighborhood, including every passer-by.

Having had the misfortune to be abroad at a very unseemly hour on several Saturday mornings, I was so often splashed and wet by preoccupied servants and frenzied housewives, incurred such imminent risk of having my eyes put out by broom-handles, and of being knocked down with dripping mops, that I registered a solemn oath, in a blank leaf of Balzac, that I would never more set foot out-of-doors in Holland on Saturday morning until after ten o'clock.

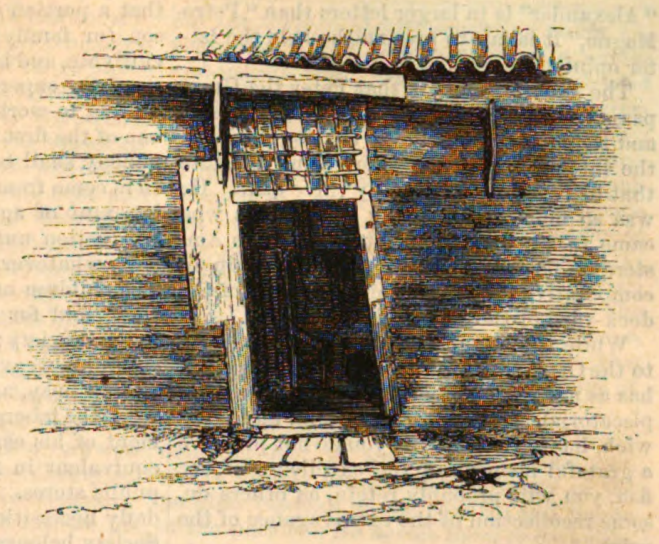
Zaandam is one of the attractions in the vicinity of Amsterdam. In going there I retraced most of my steps from Broek to Buiksloot, whence the road runs along the ridge of a vast dike, following the indentations of the shore, and keeping out the sea from a region already excellently supplied with water by reason of its numerous canals.

Zaandam, at the junction of the little river Zaan with the Ij, is remarkable for its windmills, of which it has some four hundred, many of them of gigantic size. They are very efficient in various ways—grinding corn, pumping up water for drainage, sawing timber, converting tobacco into snuff, crushing rape-seed into oil, pulverizing sandstone for floors, and powdering trass. Trass is a soft rock-stone brought from the borders of the Rhine near Andernach, and when finely ground, and mixed with sand and lime, furnishes an invaluable cement for constructing locks, sluices, and dikes, because it has the property of hardening under water.

To the dikes Holland owes its existence. They are immense ramparts of earth and stone raised all along the coast, and sufficiently strong to prevent the sea from forcing its way through them, and high enough to defy inundation. They are also required to restrain the channels of the rivers, which are nearly as perilous to the kingdom as the ocean itself. The first thing necessary to the dikes is a solid foundation, obtained by ramming down the soil, and by laying a substratum of clay, or, when that is not possible, by driving piles. The dike is formed of such earth as will cohere most readily, and its face is protected by the interweaving of willow twigs, whose interstices are filled with puddled clay. This wicker-work, being renewed every three or four years, makes such an active demand for willow boughs that the trees are extensively cultivated in Holland for that purpose. Not infrequently the dikes are planted with trees, because their spreading roots aid greatly in holding the earth together. Sometimes their base is faced with masonry, and strengthened by huge heaps of stones brought from other countries, while the upper part of the dikes, rising in some places as high as forty feet, is thickly covered with turf. The vastest of these artificial protections are at the Helder, and at the western end of the island of Walcheren. The annual expense of keeping in repair each of those stupendous dikes is not less than 90,000 guilders—about $36,000 of our money; and taking care of all the dikes of the kingdom and regulating the water levels cost from 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 guilders—$2,400,000 to $3,200,000. A special corps of engineers (waterstaat), numbering many men of science, receive regular salaries for guarding the country from all danger of inundation. During the winter, when great storms are common, these engineers are stationed at the points where an irruption of

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the waters is most to be feared, and ample supplies are at hand to resist old Neptune in case of need. Watchmen are posted day and night along the line threatened with attack to give instantaneous warning of approaching peril, and to summon from the neighboring villages workmen appointed by the authorities to the scene of danger. The rising tide at such times is watched with intense anxiety; and when the calamity is anticipated an alarm-bell is rung, and every man hurries to his duty. If the sea still rises, a new rampart is built on the top of the dike, and so rapidly that the water is almost always kept out. Should the strength of the dike be doubted, or a breach be made, sheets of sail-cloth or mats of rushes are placed on the outside to resist the action of the sea. In the event of all these precautions failing, a semicircular rampart is thrown up behind that part of the sea-wall which has shown signs of weakness, thus presenting an inner barrier to the remorseless foe. There have been numerous instances in which all these efforts have been ineffectual, and entire districts have been overwhelmed and lost, with thousands of lives, in the great rivers or in the ocean. What is now the Zuyder-Zee was dry land up to the thirteenth century, and the Gulf of Dollart, in the province of Groningen, was made in 1277 by an inundation which destroyed not less than forty-five villages. The average height of the Holland dikes is about thirty feet, and their breadth at the base seventy feet, with room enough at the top for a roadway. Their total cost is estimated at $1,700,000,000.



DOOR-WAY OF PETER'S HOUSE.

Zaandam is noted for the cottage in which Peter the Great of Russia resided in 1696, while working as a common mechanic in the ship-yards of Mynheer Calf, that he might instruct his subjects in the art of building vessels. The name he bore there was Pieter Bass. He is said to have been very popular with his fellow-laborers, because he wore the same common dress with themselves, and associated with them on the most democratic terms. When the Duke of Marlborough went there to see Peter, he could not distinguish the czar from any of the other mechanics, and Peter, as the story goes, was too much interested in his work to pay any attention to or even notice the duke.

The imperial cottage, which is of rough planks, and very far from straight on one side (whether from the giving way of the foundation, or out of compliment to the buildings in Amsterdam, I am not prepared to say), is carefully preserved there, and shown to every visitor. It has only two small rooms, and in one of them is Peter's bed, which closes in front with drawers, and bears a very striking resemblance to a cupboard. The czar was an original and a humorist, otherwise I could never be induced to believe he slept in such a thing, which reminds me more of an extemporized corn crib in the far West than the couch of an emperor. The walls of the small apartments are as thickly covered with names, cut with knives and in ink and pencil, as the walls of Shakspeare's house at Stratford, or the very questionable prison of Tasso at Ferrara. Above is a loft, only to be reached by a ladder, up which, I imagine, Peter climbed for exercise when he found that old corn-crib cupboard too luxurious a resting-place. This venerable relic, as it is styled, has been inclosed in a case, which can be covered with shutters to protect it from the weather. If I owned Peter's cottage, I think I should tow it out to the Zuyder-Zee and sink it; but as it is one of the sights of Zaandam, and brings in a number of guilders a year, it will remain there until it crumbles to decay. And when it does, I suppose some enterprising Dutchman will construct a new cottage, make it look ancient, and continue to draw upon the purse-strings of the curious. A marble tablet is let into the wall, with these words engraven thereon:

"PETRO MAGNO—ALEXANDER."

Whether the Emperor Alexander, who caused the tablet to be placed there with the inscription, thought that Peter's name added honor to his, or his name added honor to Peter's, can hardly be determined; but as

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"Alexander" is in larger letters than "Petro Magno," it is fair to presume he held the latter opinion.

The general belief is that Peter the Great passed a number of months at Zaandam; and though I do not like to destroy illusions, the integrity of history forces me to state that he remained there only three days. He was so much annoyed by the crowds who came to stare at him that he went to Amsterdam, and served his apprenticeship in comparative privacy within the walls of the dock-yard of the East India Company.

While you are at Zaandam, you should go to the Otter and get a fish dinner. That inn has as much reputation in Amsterdam for its piscatorial specialty as the Ship, at Greenwich, has in London. If you do not preserve a grateful memory of the excellence of the fish, you will probably retain, as others do, some recollection of the extravagance of the price.

The pauper colonies of Frederiksoord contain much that is interesting both to the philanthropic and the students of political economy. They are about three miles from the little town of Steenwyk, and were established by the Society of Charity (Maatschappij van Weldadigheid) at the Hague. The ground belonging to the colony is principally situated in Drenthe, but lies between that province and the provinces of Overyssel and Friesland. The establishment has two divisions—a free colony of voluntary settlers and a colony for the suppression of vagrancy and mendicity. The Society, an association of private gentlemen of fortune, bought, in 1818, some thirteen hundred acres of barren land, producing nothing save heath and turf, for the purpose of trying a philanthropic experiment. They settled upon this sterile soil a number of families who had long been beggars and paupers, and by inducing them to labor, and by managing them with great tact and skill, have made the land yield support to its tillers. That the colonists might have communication with the sea and other parts of the country, the little river As was rendered navigable.

I had been informed that the experiment had proved a lamentable failure, and I was therefore agreeably surprised to find the colonists comfortably lodged in houses built of bricks burned from the clay dug on the spot, and laid with mortar made from lime out of shells brought from the sea-shore, and burned with turf procured from the immediate neighborhood. And all this work has been done by themselves. The settlers, having nothing of their own, were fed, clothed, and furnished with such implements as they needed during the first year. The means so expended were gradually repaid; and for thirty-five years nearly all the colonists have supported themselves, and some of them have laid by considerable money. Upon inquiry I learned that a portion of land is given to each person (or family) on arrival. This he is to cultivate, and his labor and management are carefully supervised. Those who are unwilling to work are compelled to do so; for one of the first rules of the settlement is that nobody shall be idle. As many of the settlers come from cities, and are consequently ignorant of agriculture, they receive daily instruction until they are fully acquainted with whatever is needful for them to learn. The children are sent to schools established there, and for which teachers are procured by the Society; while the women are set to spinning, weaving, and sewing. Every body is kept busy, and at the close of each day's work the laborer receives a card with a statement of his earnings, for which he gets an equivalent in food and clothing out of the public stores. Whatever he earns above his daily necessities and his obligations to the Society belongs to him personally. Though each and all are under severe discipline, and subject to strict rules, they are fully at liberty to leave the colony if they like, after the annual harvest has been gathered. Those who stay, and prove to be steady, industrious, and trustworthy, have the land they cultivate placed at their own disposal, occupying toward the Society the position of tenants as soon as they have discharged their indebtedness.

Within the last ten years the colony has enjoyed more prosperity than at any time since its organization. All the travelers who have gone to Frederiksoord seem to have been agreeably disappointed, as I was, in the health and contentment of the people, and their generally flourishing condition. The paupers were certainly an almost hopeless class; for a Dutchman unwilling and determined not to work is far more indolent, and, as we should say, demoralized, than the representative of any other civilized nation. He inherits an industrious temperament; the atmosphere he breathes impels to labor; all his surroundings are constant rebukes to inactivity. The founders of the benevolent enterprise had the gravest doubts of its success, and the improvident men and women sent from the cities to Frederiksoord appeared to be of the lazily courageous kind who would rather die than work. When they were placed, however, in their new situation, and environed by new social agencies, they underwent a most favorable change. Not a few of them, after twelve months' experience, returned to their old vagabondage; but by far the larger part remained, and were greatly benefited; while many have really prospered, and could not be induced to quit the settlement. From not having a stiver, and from being wholly dependent upon alms, they have grown into large self-respect and proper pride through their remarkable reformation.

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The crops, as I was informed, had for several seasons past been large and remunerative. The residences of many of the colonists are inclosed with neat though small gardens of fruit and flowers, to which attention is given during leisure hours. Their houses are tidy and comfortable, their food wholesome and abundant, and their raiment neat and well adapted to the season and the nature of their labor. The effect of good and plenteous diet and of desirable surroundings is there shown to have improved very perceptibly not only the mental and moral, but the physical man. Those who have been members of the community for fifteen or twenty, or even ten years, I was told, looked altogether unlike the men and women they were on their arrival; and the children born in the colony clearly illustrate the theory of advancement under favorable conditions.

There are at present, I believe, some fifteen hundred persons in all—men, women, and children—at Frederiksoord. There have been, I understood, many more, and I have heard the number estimated as high as three thousand; but the former figures, so far as I can learn, are nearly if not quite correct. The expenses of the colony are necessarily very large, but they are, I am told, fully defrayed by its income. Some years, when the crops fail to turn out well, the revenue declines, and is not enough to meet the obligations of the Society, but on an average it proves sufficient. Whether the undertaking has "paid," considered merely in the light of a financial investment or a commercial speculation, I was unable to learn to my complete satisfaction. Some persons in Amsterdam declared it had, and others at the Hague asserted that it had not; but, judging from observation and from all sources at hand, I am of opinion that it must yield at the present time a fair percentage on the invested capital. The colony can hardly be considered any longer an experiment, having been established more than half a century. It has attracted wide attention, and elicited much interest in Holland—so much that the government, more than thirty years since, sent commissioners to Frederiksoord to investigate the plan of operations. After remaining there several weeks, and making themselves fully acquainted with all the details, they returned with a highly favorable report. This induced the large Dutch cities to transfer to the colony all the able-bodied inmates of the work-houses, the cities paying for their maintenance until they became self-supporting.

The founder of the colony was General Van der Bosch, who died some thirty-five years ago. While serving his country in the East he bought an estate in Java, with the intention of applying to it all the then known improvements in agriculture. He did not succeed at first according to his expectations; but discovering that a native and neighboring planter produced splendid crops, he acquainted himself with the system of the latter, and profited greatly thereby. This system consisted in the main in carefully and richly manuring the land, and cultivating it almost entirely with the spade and hoe instead of the plow. He introduced this plan into Europe, and practiced it at Frederiksoord (it is now general in Holland) with such success as we have seen. The soil there was extremely poor, but fifty years of hard labor and intelligent cultivation have supplied most of the short-comings of nature.

In wandering over Holland, as I have done, on foot, in trekschuits, and by rail, one is vividly impressed with many of the peculiar customs of the country and habits of the people. He deems them remarkable, and often absurd, merely because they differ from those he has been familiar with. What the Dutch do to-day we did, at least in part, a century or two since. Walking or driving through the streets of Arnheim, Utrecht, Alkmaar, or Haarlem, I have imagined myself on the island of Manhattan two hundred and thirty years ago, when the Dutch governors, instead of Tammany, ruled the city. What a blissful time that must have been when Peter Minuits bought this entire island from the Indians for twenty-four dollars, and no doubt thought it a high price too!

I have frequently seen oleaginous tradesmen and plethoric burghers drinking their beer and smoking their pipes in Holland in front of their shops or on the borders of a canal, who might have been friends of Wouter Van Twiller, and the immediate ancestors of the Van Rensselaers, Schermerhorns, Van Schaicks, and Van Runkels. To push back time for two centuries, and to have their early history reproduced, natives of Manhattan should journey in the Netherlands.

The Dutchwoman still uses the small stove (vuurstoof) which our mothers and grandmothers were wont to carry to church. The stove is a square box, open on one side to admit a pan filled with hot embers, and perforated at the top, so that the heat emitted will warm the feet. It is her inseparable companion, without regard to weather, not only at home, but is borne by or after her to the church, the theatre, or the houses of her friends. She employs it as a foot-stool, concealing it under her gown; and its perpetual presence has given rise to the indelicate fable concerning the sooterkin, of which Swift and Butler have made such lavish use.

Sickness in a house is signified by a paper fastened upon the door, with the physician's daily statement of the sick person's health, which prevents the need of knocking or

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DUTCHWOMAN CARRYING STOVE.

ringing to inquire after the patient's condition. In some of the towns of North Holland, where or whenever the feminine head of the household has become a mother, this paper is bordered with lace, and the great frequency of births in that, as in every other province, brings lace into active demand. The appearance of an infant in that land, so prolific of large families, is regarded by all the relatives and friends as a very joyous event. Any dwelling which a little stranger has thus mysteriously entered possesses, by an old law and by long custom, peculiar privileges and immunities. The residence to which a son or daughter has been added no outward disturbance is permitted to trouble for a fortnight. It is secure from legal executions, from duns and bailiffs; and soldiers, even in time of war, can not be quartered on the premises. All persons passing the house move lightly, and processions with bands of music interrupt their playing until they have gone by.

The *Aanspreeker*, as he is styled, can still be met in Holland, though he is disappearing before the steadily growing homogeneity of national customs. This person is regularly and professionally employed to announce the death of any member of a family to the friends, kinsmen, and acquaintances of the deceased. To symbolize his lugubrious office, he is clad in deep black, wears a shocking-looking wig, a superannuated cocked hat, covered with flowing crape, and frequently a short cloak. To me there is something very droll about this ambulatory obituary character. He always suggests the Mantuan apothecary, when well made up, in "Romeo and Juliet." The poor devil looks nearly as shabby, and quite as woe-begone; and I was under the belief that familiarity with his melancholy calling had eclipsed any cheerfulness of spirit he might originally have had, until I observed him on several occasions, out of his masquerade, imbibing beer, and laughing immoderately over a Dutch journal designed to be humorous. Then I knew his sorrow, like his inky cloak, must be professional; that he must be a genuine Mark Tapley, who would indulge in guffaws at his mother's funeral, provided he had not been engaged to convey the mournful intelligence to the other members of the family.

A custom prevalent, I understand, in Gotham, something more than thirty years ago, is still followed in many of the cities of Holland — that of the night watchmen winding their rattles, and making such an infernal noise strangers are very likely to be awakened with the drowsy fancy that Philip II.'s savage soldiers have risen from their graves, and are fighting their battles over again. Here the guardians of the peace used their rattles to call their brother minions of the moon to their aid; but there they create the racket to warn all thieves and robbers to fly before their lawful approach. This unique method suggests Dogberry at once; and, indeed, I have never seen a human creature off the stage who appeared so much like Dogberry as the Dutch watchman. He looks the character to perfection, with his heavy figure and protuberant abdomen, his dull eye and his solemn inanity of face. I am convinced, albeit we have no evidence that the poet was ever on the Continent, that Shakspeare must have seen a Holland watchman before he drew his incomparable oaf of Messina. There is too much fidelity to the original in the copy of the momentous old blockhead to make any other hypothesis plausible.



THE AANSPREEKER.

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Lounging one evening through the Cingel, I encountered and accosted a veritable Dogberry, in order to persuade him to repeat in his vernacular: "Write down—that they hope they serve God: and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains!" etc.

My success was not brilliant, partially from the fact that the harmless idiot could not understand a word of English; nor could he comprehend my classic Leyden Dutch. He made, however, numerous heroic attempts to render the quotation to the best of his ability; and I really fancy that the gibberish he uttered was more expressive of the interior meaning of the bard than the exact language of the play. The unfortunate simpleton was so anxious to deliver the speech that his violent efforts resulted in his falling into the canal. I left him there; knowing he was too corpulent to sink, and too dull to drown.

The first time I visited Leyden was from the Hague. The road is unusually pleasant for Holland, passing, as it does, a number of the châteaux of the nobility, and many country houses and gardens with their winding walks, fantastic bowers, stiffly cut hedges, and prim-looking beds of dahlias, hyacinths, and tulips, of which the Dutch are so extravagantly fond. The undulations of the surface of the soil show that the neighborhood is largely composed of dunes—sand hills one to three miles in breadth, and often forty or fifty feet high, formed by the blowing up of the sand from the sea-shore.

On the coast the dunes are mere loose sand heaps (driven here and there by every blast), which, moving on year after year, would cover the country, were they not restrained by artificial means. The loftiest dunes are at Camperdown, memorable for its naval battle, where the sand has reached an altitude of nearly sixty feet. To prevent the scattering of the sand and the inland progress of the dunes, they are sowed annually with reed-grass, whose roots spread so rapidly as to hold the sand together, covering the surface in a short time with a singular species of vegetation. This growth and decay form, before long, a layer of earth, on which good potatoes, and even plantations of firs, are raised.

Thus it is that the Dutch always turn the natural enemies of their prosperity and development to their own signal advantage.

Leyden is on that branch of the Rhine which alone retains its name as far as the North Sea. The branch has the semblance there of a broad canal, for which, indeed, I at first mistook it. I had considerable curiosity to see the mouth of the Rhine, and so went to Katwyk (eight miles from the city), where the mouth of the celebrated river is presumed to be. The mouth remained closed from the beginning of the ninth century until 1809, when the present sluices were made. Left to itself, the river was lost, before it reached the ocean, in the great beds of sand which obstructed it, and which were either below tide-water, or were so flat that a sluggish stream could not pass through them. With such obstacles, very little, if any, of the Rhine found its way out, but formed into great stagnant pools, and spread over the entire region in a miasmatic morass. To remedy all this, and to make a new outlet to the Haarlemmer Meer, a wide artificial channel was cut, provided with a triple set of sluices having thirteen pairs of gates. When the tide flows the gates are closed to shut out the sea; and when it ebbs they are opened by machinery to give their accumulated waters an opportunity to run back and wash away the sand collected on the outside by the waves. The volume of water passing out is estimated at one hundred thousand cubic feet per second. In spite of the enormous dikes at the entrance of the canals and on the sea-shore, and the size, strength, and ingenious contrivance of the flood-gates, the (merely nominal) emptying of the Rhine into the ocean, which I had fancied would be very interesting, proved a sad disappointment. As Sir Charles Coldstream says, "There is nothing in it."

Leyden, which at one time had a population of nearly one hundred thousand, has now less than forty thousand. It is a quiet, sleepy, university town—a sort of Dutch Oxford—and, like most of the cities of Holland, is intersected by canals, studded with windmills, surrounded by gardens, country-seats, and fertile meadows. Breede Straat is considered a wonderful street by the Hollanders, who do not hesitate to declare it the most beautiful in Europe. The Town-hall, in that thoroughfare, is a quaint and picturesque old building, whose lower story is occupied by butchers' stalls. The ancient castle De Burg, a very noticeable structure, is now an inn, and the grounds about it are converted into tea-gardens—a favorite resort both with the citizens and with strangers. In the Council Chambers of the Town-hall, among other pictures, is a portrait of the heroic and historic burgomaster, Pieter Adrianzoon Van der Werf. For nearly four months he held the city against the Spaniards; and when the starving garrison demanded that he should surrender, he replied: "I have sworn to defend the town; and, by God's help, I will keep my oath. Bread I have none; but if my body will sustain you, tear it to pieces, and let the hungriest devour it first." These brave words and his noble devotion shamed the clamorous and roused the faint-hearted. Leyden resisted until the flotilla of provision-laden boats, sent by the Prince of Orange, who had, some time before, cut the dikes of the Maas and Yssel, were carried by a tremendous and almost miraculous

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storm to the gates of the famishing city. The Spaniards were drowned by the swelling tides in great numbers, and in a desperate engagement by land and water were finally driven from their palisades and intrenchments, and a glorious and immortal victory was secured to the gallant Dutch.

The palmy days of the university are no more; but it still ranks high as a seat of learning, and its Museum of Natural History is one of the richest and largest in Europe.

I like Leyden for its quaintness and quietness, as I do other cities and towns of Holland, though I should deem it a misfortune to be compelled to live in any one of them. The entire country is so original and entirely unique that to travel through it fills the eye with strange pictures, and furnishes the mind with new ideas. Marvell, Goldsmith, and Beckford may ridicule it, and Voltaire may scoff at it in such parting words as "Adieu, canaux, canards, canaille;" but no one who becomes acquainted with Holland or the Hollanders can fail to admire a land so nobly gained and so bravely retained, or a people so determined and heroic, so conscientious and so true.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

CHAPTER VII.

A LITTLE later—it was in the early days of May—a steamboat stopped at "Damarin's Landing," just after dawn, to put on shore a passenger; and the long hoped for pet and pride of the family was received into the arms of his mother, father, and sister.

The wonderful transformation which youths undergo in a collegiate course of learning and dissipation has been a common theme for novelists, though the plowboy-poet says they only

"Gang in stirks and come out asses;

but here was a change worthy to be contemplated. Four years before, the subject of it had left Stone House as much of a plowboy as Burns himself, with only a good school education and only farm-house manners. He returned, at the age of twenty-four, with every aspect of a thorough-bred soldier, used to command, and tutored in self-reliance and self-respect. He had seen something, too, of the social world, and though he could not claim the polite distinction of being a man of the world, was yet very far from being the boy of the farm he was when, at the fall of Sumter, he buckled to his side the first sword he had ever beheld in his life. His face was decidedly handsome, with large blue eyes, a Roman nose, a mouth whose well-defined shape the full wavy beard he wore could not hide, dark chestnut hair, and a complexion naturally fair.

Tall, full chested, well proportioned, and well jointed, he was of that Northwestern pattern of man upon which nature, working under free conditions and on a virginal soil, has modeled ten millions of people, who sufficiently prove that the human race need not degenerate in America. Men of such a type can never be clownish, nor can any thing short of positively bad bringing up render one of them awkward. Having no idea of social inequality among neighbors, their manners are based on a sense of justice, and like the maple and walnut trees of their forests, though rough in bark, they are fine in grain, and capable of receiving any degree of polish.

When Bella, hearing of the arrival, rose and dressed herself to go down and do obeisance to her captor, she made her little toilet with some care; for to say that she was indifferent to the impression she would make on him were to say what has never been true of any female captive since Cleopatra captivated Cæsar.

But, for all that, she hated him—persistently, and on principle—and conceived her duty to South Carolina also required of her to despise him and his family for their low birth and inferior breeding, though her own superior breeding taught her to keep this last sentiment to herself. She was glad he was come, for now she hoped to be allowed to go directly to her home, and yet dreaded the awkwardness of meeting him; and for that reason did not make her appearance until all the family were seated at breakfast. He rose, however, as soon as she entered the room—rose like a real gentleman, as it struck her—and went and took her hand as if it were that of an old friend, though he had evident difficulty to restrain a smile at her excessive dignity and reserve. There was no going to school that day for Polly, and one girl never went without the other. But Bella could bear no part in the family holiday, so wandered into the garden, and through it into the old orchard on the river's bank, where, seating herself on the canoe-bench that has been named, she flung off the sun-bonnet which her head was becoming too hot to bear, and remained moodily regarding the opposite Kentucky shore, while her thoughts, following the direction of her eyes, went southward too; but while her eyes lingered on the great hill-side, where the opening flowers of the redbud and dogwood flecked with pink and white the young green surface of awakening vegetation, her thoughts traveled far beyond, to the land

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"AND SO REMAINED, SAYING NOT A WORD."

where the ilex and magnolia waited for no spring to renew their evergreen robes, to the land where violets and roses had bloomed months before, and to her home of long ago, made beautiful by them all. Southward, southward she looked for deliverance, and southward went her hopes, her prayers, and complaints. Where was her father, that he came not for his child? or her brothers, that they came not for their sister? And those in the house heard her calling aloud the names of her brothers, and hushed their conversation to listen and sympathize.

The general asked his sister to go to her friend; but Polly waited till the outcry ceased to be audible—for she well knew how Bella should be treated—and then went and sat down beside her, glided an arm round her waist, laid the drooping head against her own, and so remained, saying not a word.

A skiff, crossing from the Kentucky shore, and which the five-mile current had carried far down stream, now approached near enough to where the girls sat for the persons in it to be observed. The passenger who was being ferried over was a young man of medium size, dressed in a Confederate uniform, from which the gilt cord and other insignia had been removed. His hat was slouched and somewhat torn, and his boots were of reddish cowhide, into the tops of which the pantaloons were tucked. As the boat touched land, the stranger, taking a small valise in his hand, stepped on shore, turned and looked about, asked a few questions of the boatman as the latter was rowing away, and then began to ascend the bank. But he did not take the path which would have led up to the house: he took a road which, sloping round into a ravine that came to the river some little distance to the right of the house, conducted by a wide circuit to the avenue behind it, and in that way to the highway beyond, the road in question being the public way to the ferry, of which Mr. Damarin was proprietor.

He had not gone many steps, however, when Bella, who had started to her feet and been watching him with increasing agitation from the moment he came near enough for

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her to discern the color of his clothes, flew down the pathway, and flung herself on his breast, crying, "Brother! brother! brother!" and, as if unable to utter any other than that dear word, continued to repeat it in every possible intonation of affection and joy.

The brother—for such, indeed, he was—as soon as he could disengage himself so as to see her face, exclaimed, with equal delight, and greater surprise: "Bella! My God! is it you, safe and alive? My poor, sweet, dear little sister, alive and safe—and here?"

"I knew you would come for me, Charles," she said, with her arms still about him, and her cheek pressed to his shoulder. "I knew some of you would—you, or Edward, or father. And where are they? Where is father? Have they killed him, as they did mother?"

"You knew of mother's death, then? But—yes," he added, evasively, "Ned is well now. He was badly hurt twice; but he's well now."

"And father?" broke in Bella, impetuously.

He renewed his kisses, while thinking on what he should say; then resumed:

"Bella, my darling, you are a true Carolina girl, are you not? We of the South have got hardened in suffering and disaster, have we not? Tidings of death have been our daily news for so long—"

"When did he die?" said the girl, as, drawing away from her brother, she stood and regarded him with apparent calmness.

"Father soon followed mother," was the reply.

She remained for a few moments still as a statue, save for the violent heaving of her bosom, as if exerting a powerful will to master a powerful emotion. At length, flinging up her arms and eyes, and exclaiming, hoarsely, "An orphan!" she cast herself on the ground, and clutched her fingers deep into the sand. And there she lay, breathing heavily, but without uttering word or moan. Her brother would have raised her up, but while he stooped to do so, Polly, who had remained aloof till she saw Bella fall, and had then swiftly but quietly approached, laid a gentle hand on his arm, saying, as he turned toward her, "Please, Sir, let her be as she is; it's the best way to do when she has such a turn. We always leave her to herself. You are her brother, Sir?"

"I am, miss; and may I ask how my sister happened to find protection where they know how to treat her so kindly and considerately?"

And while Bella lay with her face to the earth, Polly told, in simple terms, the story the reader already knows, and told it with such effect that her listener, when it was done, realized how happy a refuge the orphan and exile had found—far better than she herself seemed to realize it.

"And we all love her," the farmer's daughter continued; "yes, indeed, every one of us; and now we shall be so glad you have come, for she did long for you so much. And you'll take her back to Multiflora, to her own beautiful, grand home she has told me all about. I know it's ever so much better than the one we have been able to give her here. And she'll be so happy to be with you all there; but"—and here the sobs came—"it will break our hearts to part with her. I'm sure it will mine."

And seating herself on the ground by her friend, she, contrary to her own prescription, put both arms about her waist and raised her up. Bella turned and stared at Polly as if she had never known her. After a little while, however, she appeared to come to herself, and approaching her burning lips to those of her comforter, kissed them; then looking in her eyes, found there the best medicine for her own tearless distress—namely, love and sympathy and weeping; and seated on the shore, they both wept together.

For many minutes Charles Johnston walked back and forth on the shore by the water's edge, with folded arms and fixed look, as if in anxious consultation with himself. Suddenly he stopped, as if he had decided what course to pursue, and, taking his valise in his hand, mounted by the path to the top of the bank, and opening the garden gate, approached the house. He was received at the door by Mr. Damarin, to whom he made himself known as Captain Johnston, of the Confederate army, and who invited him to enter the parlor, where he was presented to Mrs. Damarin and the general. Addressing himself more particularly to Mrs. Damarin, he proceeded to thank them all in the most appropriate manner for their goodness to his sister. "You have been a mother, madam," he concluded, "to an orphan girl—to a creature more needing protection than the most helpless infant; you have filled the part of the protector the most needed of all others; and may God Almighty bless you for it!" He then explained that himself and brother had just returned from the only visit to their home they had been able to make since the death of their father, in 1863.

"Your father is, then, no longer living?" interrupted Mr. Damarin.

"No, Sir; he died not far from here, as I will explain." The young man then went on to say that they had found the plantation in such a condition—its mills and barns burned, and the house at Multiflora stripped of every thing, even to books and papers, and occupied by about fifty of the late slaves—that nothing could be done to reclaim the property without a considerable capital, whereas they had none at all. He had therefore come to the North to search for the proceeds of the cargo of rice (which must have

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sold for more than thirty thousand dollars in gold), and which he knew it was his father's intention to place in safe hands somewhere outside of the Confederacy, to remain as a resource in case of the very disaster that had occurred. It was at the time when Morgan's raid was being turned into a retreat that Mr. Johnston had surprised his son, who held command in the raiding forces, by joining them, and asking permission to accompany the march, which he expected would escort him safely through the Federal lines on his way home.

From this down to the time of his death, which took place on the day following, the exigencies of the movement had permitted little conversation between him and them. He was shot by a bush-whacker, and died soon after, without recovering consciousness. No paper or memorandum had been found to give any clew to the disposition made of the funds, and the only filament of one they possessed was the surname merely of a friend of their father with whom he had sometimes corresponded. His name was Richardson, and his residence was then, or formerly, in Chicago; he was a banker, they thought. The captain's brother, Major Edward Johnston, had come with him as far as the new oil-fields in West Virginia, where he had remained to look for employment.

Most appropriately to the story would have come a request for Bella to be permitted to remain where she was until her brother returned from his errand of search; but this was prevented by Mr. and Mrs. Damarin both speaking at once, and begging she might be left with them, not merely till then, but until such time as a better home could be provided for her elsewhere, to which he was only too glad to consent.

"Where are the girls?" exclaimed the general, rather abruptly. "Shall we not go, captain, and look them up?" And he led the way into the garden, where, walking slowly, and speaking in a low tone, he continued: "I know very well how hard the fortunes of war bear upon gentlemen of the Confederate service. You will need money, perhaps, to make your journey. How much shall I lend you?"

With some difficulty the Confederate was made to accept fifty dollars, acknowledging the favor in phrases intended to conceal how pressing was his need, but in tones that quite sufficiently revealed it.

At the further gate of the garden they were met by those whom they sought. Bella ran up to her brother with almost a smile and many kisses, and then entwining both her arms round one of his, asked, "And when shall we go back to dear old Multiflora? To-day? Right now, shall we not? Oh yes, yes; this minute, this very minute!"

"Not immediately, my dear," was the reply. "It is important for us all I should make a long journey first; and should I happen to fail in the business I go upon, it may be necessary for you to remain some little time longer with your excellent friends, to whom you already owe more than your utmost gratitude can ever repay. Mrs. and Mr. Damarin have most kindly invited me to leave you with them, and I have consented."

Bella, who had hardly waited for him to be done, here burst forth:

"Leave me here—in yon stone prison-house, where I have borne a bitter captivity of nearly three years' duration—where I have been able to endure life only because of my daily hope that you would come, beneath the triumphant banners of the South, and reclaim me by force, as by force I was captured—where I never prayed for your coming without uttering a curse longer than my prayer against your enemies and mine? And now—now that you come to me—come to your sister, with every badge of a soldier stripped from your coat, I think the least you can do is to lead quickly away the poor emancipated captive, and not conspire with her enemies to prolong her imprisonment—"

"Bella! Bella!" interrupted her brother, astonished and alarmed. "Do you forget peace has been proclaimed?"

"Peace!" she replied. "There can never be peace between us and them, except the peace of death. If they will only exterminate us all, we will promise to be quiet. Will you—will the men of the South consent to remain under subjugation, not to the cowardly Yankees, but the more cowardly negroes, whom they have raised up to insult and degrade us more effectually than they could do it themselves? No! Southerners will not submit! They will take to the swamps and the mountains, with arms in their hands, and fight while they live! Charles, if ever again you would have me call you brother, rally to the fastnesses nature has made as refuges for desperate men, and there raise anew the flag of the palmetto and rattlesnake, and this time let the ground they are painted on be black. Raise that flag, and I will go with you and carry it—I will, so help me God!"

Her brother, who seemed to have given up all thought of reasoning with the infuriate little wretch—who, by-the-way, looked furiously beautiful the while—let her run on at will; and the two soldiers listened and looked, the one with mingled admiration, amusement, and concern, the other with feelings of a sadder shade. When at length she paused from exhaustion, the brother quietly remarked, "Such talk as this, general, may be pleasant to indulge in as a parlor amusement. Southern women have been very fond of it, but Southern men—those who survive—have had enough of it. Bella!" he exclaimed, as she was beginning

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afresh, "be done! Not another word! I'm ashamed of you; you, a lady born, the daughter of a South Carolina gentleman—how dare you requite the hospitality of this family, which you have so long enjoyed, with such vile nonsense, such vulgar rant as this?" As he said this he approached his face to hers with a severe expression, and looked sternly in her eye, as if it were that of a wild beast he would quell with a glance.

Bella quailed. Perhaps the emotions of the day had exhausted her nervous power; or maybe the idea of her language, which to her seemed magnificent, being thought nonsensical and, what was worse, vulgar, struck her with such astonishment as to arrest the flow of her wormwood and gall; or else it was because she had at length met her match, and her brother's terrible eye had done its work. But she was cowed—stood silent; astonished and alarmed, perhaps, but certainly sulky, until, for the second time since morning, that sedative water of heaven called tears descended to bless her.

"Brother," said Polly, approaching the general, "don't mind the poor thing's raving. She's half crazed with her troubles; she don't mean a bit of what she says—she don't indeed. She gets over it right away, and when she isn't angry you don't know how good and sweet she is!"

The general smiled, and merely remarked, aside to his sister, "It's well the fits don't last long, or she would be apt to die of them."

But the present fit, in its sulky stage at least, was not so quickly got over. It lasted a week or more. And though she now permitted her apologist to lead her into the house, yet no sooner had they entered it than she broke away, flew up to the chamber occupied by them both, and turned the key of the door against the swiftly pursuing Polly, as she did that of her heart against all entreaties for admission. And there she remained all day, except when, at the rather peremptory summons of Mrs. Damarin, she appeared for a minute to bid her brother a gloomy farewell as he was about to go on board the Cincinnati packet, which stopped at the landing on its way down the river about the middle of the afternoon.

At the twelve-o'clock dinner Captain Johnston was not a little surprised, considering the evidence of competence, if not wealth, he witnessed, to see the farm people make their appearance. The general, too, was surprised to find how much the same circumstance annoyed himself. But Robert Hagan was more affected than either when a timid glance up the table informed him Bella's seat was vacant. He never dared look that way more than once during a meal, but the knowledge that she was there was something to him—how much he could not reckon or imagine; but it was something.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE further northward the ex-Confederate traveled, the less respect was accorded him. Throughout the South, in Kentucky, and even in the lower portions of the Northern Border States, it is possible for one with clean person, good morals, and inoffensive deportment to go in threadbare jeans and battered hat and boots, and yet receive such tolerable degree of deference as will permit him to retain his own self-respect. But when such a one journeys into the more civilized regions of further North, and looks for even the least consideration at the hands of the bureaucracy of boats, trains, and hotels, he will find that not the front of Jove, nor the grace of D'Orsay, nor the air and port of a crown prince, can avail to save him from contempt. It wore terribly on the spirit of the young Carolinian, representing, as he did, a family sprung from baronial stock, and connected with the Alstons, Middletons, Haynes, and Hugers—accustomed to contemn and not be contemned—to find himself taken by the elbow and pushed about, addressed, and "snubbed," not by any means as if all men were equal, but as if, on the contrary, they were very unequal indeed, and he one of the most inconsiderable. He was not philosophic enough to find consolation in the thought that a gentleman disguised by misfortune can be discerned at first sight only by such as are themselves gentlemen, or connoisseurs of gentlemen; and he was galled to the very tissue of his nerves, and arrived at Chicago fuming with more hostility toward his late enemies than he had felt

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even in the heat of warfare, and was half sorry it was impracticable to follow Bella's advice, and find refuge in Pedee swamps or Appalachian gorges from a vulgarity so brutal. Thus, when he set out next morning in pursuit of his father's correspondent, his condition was far from what should be that of one who goes about a difficult search. He was discouraged in advance.

From the City Directory he made a list of the addresses of persons of the name of Richardson, which, judging from the occupations affixed, might include the address of the Mr. Richardson he wanted to find; then set out to call upon them in turn. The first on the list was a pork merchant, a pleasant enough person, who received him kindly, being used to deal with hog-drovers, but who soon satisfied him he could not be the object of his search. The next visit was to an old grizzly lawyer, lately come to Chicago, who in reply to one question popped off a dozen, which explored the case to the bottom, and then in a few words showed clearly that he could not be the man. The next was a railroad secretary, who left his desk and approached the person who, from the outside of the office railing, requested the favor of a few words with, "Well, what's wanted?" and on the business being opened to him, returned again to his desk, saying, as he went, "I know nothing of any such person; you will have to look further." Another Richardson was evidently too young; while another still, who was absent from the city, was a Scotchman, and very old, and therefore could not be the person wanted. And so the last name on the list was reached, which was also that of the Richardson whom some of the others thought might be the depositary of the funds. He was a banker, which circumstance, and that of his initials sounding rather familiarly to Johnston's ear, led him to entertain something like a hope. But each of the three times he called at the office of the banker the latter was either absent or too busy to be seen, and a fourth attempt had to be deferred till evening, and made at his residence.

As early as seven o'clock Johnston was pulling the bell at the door of an elegant mansion, such as bankers are able to dwell in. Yes, Mr. Richardson was at home, and the flunky would learn if he could be seen, if the visitor would wait in the hall. Presently a man, sixty years old, of heavy aspect, with white hair but black eyebrows, came out of the parlor, and on hearing the name of Captain Johnston, of the late Confederate army, seemed rather surprised, though not displeased, and conducted him into a magnificent parlor, where he asked him to be seated. "Well," remarked the banker, as they sat down, at the same time surveying the visitor from head to foot, and smiling strangely, "I suppose you are pretty effectually used up down South about these days?"

"Very much so," replied Johnston, whom something in the other's manner repelled, and made him resolve to go cautiously about his inquiries. "May I ask, Sir, if you ever corresponded with my father, Mr. James Johnston, of Georgetown District, South Carolina?"

"Johnston? Johnston?" repeated the banker. "When I was in the pork-packing business I used to deal with planters in all parts of the South, and I think I do remember making shipments to one of that name in South Carolina; but"—looking keenly at his questioner—"why do you want to know?"

"Another question, Sir, if you please: did you ever meet my father in person?"

"Very likely I have; but why do you ask?"

"Please permit me one single inquiry further: did he call upon you when he came to the North in 1863?"

"I don't think, my friend, you will make much further progress with me until I know your reasons for putting these questions."

This extreme caution made the young man feel sure he had found at last the depositary of the rice money, while at the same time that depositary, from some motives, good or bad, would be very slow to admit himself such.

"I had supposed, Sir," said Johnston, so much agitated as he felt himself nearing the hidden treasure he could hardly command his utterance, "that as the war was closed there would no longer be any occasion for further secrecy concerning the transactions between you and my father; but, in order that you may be frank with me, I will mention that my father is no longer living, and that I, as his representative, am come to ask you, if perfectly convenient, to give me a statement of the account he kept with you. I allude more particularly to the moneys he placed in your hands when he visited you in 1863."

"Hum!" grimly interjected the banker, his covetous under-lip pushing up and overlapping the upper one. "What did you say the amount was?"

"That, Sir," returned Johnston, feeling the importance of concealing that he had no proofs of the deposit, "depends on the price of gold at the time. I have not the memorandum in my pocket at this moment, but think the cargo must have sold for as much as thirty thousand dollars in specie; must it not?"

"Thirty thousand in specie," was repeated in the same tone; and a suspicious nose moved downward to meet the covetous lip. "And if your father had placed that sum with me, do you know what I would have done with it?" Here the eyes snapped out sparks of fire. "I would have had it confiscated before the sun went down! Thirty thousand dollars is less than a third of what

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your Southern gentlemen swindled me out of before they rebelled. They were brave enough to steal long before they found the courage to fight, and months before they dared fire a shot they repudiated their honest debts. The swindling, scoundrelly traitors! And now you have done your worst, and been whipped, cowed, and beggared, you have the impudence to come and demand payment of debts which you pretend Northern men owe you! Yes, with your hands hardly washed clean of the blood of loyal men, and the butternut rags still hanging about you, you are traveling through the loyal States on a collecting tour. If I had my way, every mother's son of you should hang for a traitor, and every acre of your land, and every horse, mule, cow, hog, sheep, and chicken that runs over it should be given to your slaves."

"So you deny the debt, then?" interrupted his hearer, white as a sheet.

"Deny the debt! Ha! ha! It so happens there's no debt to deny in the present case. No, no; if any bloody traitor ever brought money to Chicago, he gave it to some Copperheads to keep, and not to John Richardson, the rebel-hater."

The rebel-hater's visitor knocked him down, and rushed from the house.

"When does the first train leave for the South?" inquired Johnston of the clerk at the Sherman House.

"It is too late for the Cairo train, but one leaves for Cincinnati in twenty minutes. The omnibus is at the door now."

"Have my baggage brought down, if you please."

And he was soon speeding southward over the moon-lit prairie. Of course all idea of further continuing the search was abandoned — abandoned in disgust and self-contempt that he could ever have been fool enough to look for honesty, or honor, or generosity to a fallen foe from a race he had always known to be vile, though he had never personally known them at all.

He reached the steamboat landing at Cincinnati next day too late for any of the up-river packets except one bound for Wheeling, on which he embarked, being assured by the clerk he would be put off at Damarin's Landing about nine o'clock the same evening. His head was busy with forming plans for the future, but as yet he had decided on none of these, and his mind was in a condition to be drifted away easily by any side current that might come.

Soon after the cabin lamps were lit, a passenger approached him with a proposition to make up a game of euchre. "Only for amusement," said the man; "I never play in any other way." Johnston accepted, though quite aware that two or more of the players would be professed gamblers; for he had acquired remarkable skill at cards, and was not so wholly innocent of the various tricks of the profession but that he could meet and foil them. He won—won repeatedly, and pocketed considerable sums. The excitement about the table was high, for the company appreciated and enjoyed the state of things. Thus, when the bell rung for Damarin's Landing, and the clerk informed Johnston of it, he was not disposed to quit his winning game, and declined to go on shore. Late in the night he rose from the cards several hundred dollars richer than when he sat down.

In the morning his enticer approached him with a proposition to be his confederate in a gambling expedition to the oil regions of West Virginia, where vast sums were being lost and won by the in-gathering adventurers from all quarters of the land. The captain's skill at cards was such, he said, that if it were associated with some of his own professional experience and knowledge of men, there would be no doubt of their making "a big thing," as he expressed it. Johnston did not consent to the disgraceful proposal, but he did not absolutely refuse, and when the two left the boat at Parkersburg they stopped at the same hotel for the night, and the next day were seen traveling together in the direction of the new oil wells.

CHAPTER IX.

IT was about a fortnight after the departure of Captain Johnston from Stone House that Robert Hagan received orders that he should, early in the morning, take a skiff-load of wheat down to the mill at Concord, and get it ground. Pleased with the expedition, he was up betimes, and, after loading the little boat with as many well-filled sacks as it could carry and keep dry, he pushed off and pulled for the middle of the stream, intending to take advantage of the current in its full strength, since the morning fog, which filled the valley from the surface of the water to the level of the banks, and from thence up to the tops of the hills, was so dense that no steamboat would dare be moving to run him down. Thus, though he could but dimly see the stern of his own skiff, he felt absolute safety on the bosom of the mighty river.

O man! O boy! how little can you know where beneath the skies is safety or danger for boy or man! Robert had already turned the bow of the little craft down stream, and was pulling cheerily away, mentally defying the biggest steamboat on the river to touch or hurt him, though one of them, from her mooring close by, just then began to blow off steam with a roar so loud and so long it almost stunned his every sense, when—what's that? who goes there? As he sits at his oars, looking toward the stern, there

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glides noiselessly across the wake a boat formed of mist and shadow, bolt upright in whose stern seat, with folded arms and scowling front, was the spectre of the man he had killed! The next instant a blow between the eyes knocked the beholder backward into the bottom of his skiff.

The only condition upon which the presence of ghosts is tolerable is that they do not strike. One sense may support the perception of them, two hardly; and if the victim in the present case had possessed imagination, he would scarcely have survived the double shock received. As it was, pure and unadulterate horror thrilled him to the tip end of every uplifting hair of his head, and long he lay without nerve or will. When he was strong enough to sit up and look and listen, the din of rushing steam had ceased, and nothing was to be seen, nor any sound heard, except dimly and doubtfully far away what might be the noise of oars. Then the poor boy, drifting at the will of the deep, impetuous flood, enveloped with the white darkness of the terrestrial cloud, got upon his knees and prayed—prayed till his white visage grew purple, and the cold sweat that was upon him became hot, while his unpiloted boat was borne miles beyond its destination. He prayed that the vision of his victim—often before seen in dreams, never till now with waking eyes—might fade out of sight and mind, might go to its rest, might be received into heaven, or cast down into hell, or in some other way disposed of effectually and finally. He prayed directly to the spirit of the dead man to forgive him for the act of war, or murder, or homicide, in the first, second, or third degree, whichever it might be, and urgently recommended him to submit quietly to death, since return to life must be impracticable; begged that his tender years at the time he did the deed might be taken into account, as well as his ignorance of reading and writing, and that the provocation might be charitably considered, as it was in the celebrated Sickles case. He prayed finally that the Great Judge would pardon his soul when he himself should die, and admit him into that heaven, at least, where the murderer went whom he saw die on the gallows after singing a cheerful hymn on the scaffold. He promised never again to shoot any human being so long as he should live, and, above all, never to make war again—neither "on his own hook," nor on government account—no, not to save the life of a dozen nations.

Very foolish stuff indeed; but how much foolish stuff is uttered in prayer by people not near so much in earnest as poor Robert was!

His uncouth religious exercise did him good, and, what was more, his uncouth petition was granted; for the spectre never appeared unto him any more from that day forward, neither to his sleeping nor waking senses.

Having come out of his agony, he resumed the oars, which, being adjusted with swivels, had not gone adrift, and without knowing that it was one of them had "caught the crab" and struck the blow attributed to the ghost, rowed toward shore till the dead-water was reached, and then finding himself three miles below Concord, made every exertion to recover lost ground and time. But, do his best, he was unable to get back with his flour to Stone House until the close of the day. In the evening the gossip among the loungers under the apple-trees informed Robert that General Damarin had that day gone back to his command, to remain until he should be mustered out, and also that another brother of "the gal rebel," as Bella was unpopularly called, had been to see her. He was described as being taller than the other and much better dressed. The rumor also ran that he had brought bad news, whose tenor being unknown its quality had been guessed at by those who saw the serious faces worn by the major and Mr. Damarin during the long walk they took back and forth in the avenue, and observed the absence of Bella from the supper-table.

The true story was that Major Johnston had come as well for the purpose of seeing a sister from whom he had so long been separated, as to explain to her and her protectors why she could not yet be removed to her own home. He brought a letter from his brother Charles, communicating his ill success at Chicago, and apologizing for not calling at Stone House while on his way up the river. It seems the two brothers had met with some pecuniary success in the oil regions, and were then engaged in an enterprise from which brilliant results would come if it turned out well. The major gave his sister a one hundred dollar bill, and left twice as large a sum with Mr. Damarin to be given her as it should be needed; any indemnity for what he had already expended on her account being peremptorily declined by the large-hearted farmer, though he who offered it consoled his pride by resolving to renew the offer in more pressing form whenever he should be better supplied with the means of carrying it out. He remained nearly the whole day at Stone House, and, like his brother Charles, made friends of all its inmates, the general included, before he left.

The family supposed very naturally that the enterprise alluded to was digging a well for oil, or speculating in "oil lands;" but they were mistaken. It was something a good deal safer; it consisted in conducting a faro bank, and doing a general gambling business. Hardly an easier and surer road to wealth, if not respectability, exists than professional gambling well followed; that

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is to say, followed with cool head, steady nerve, and a close adherence to the principles which should govern it. But it seldom is well followed, and where attempted by young gentlemen like the Johnstons, who feel it to be a degradation, is almost sure to be pushed to hazardous extremes, and become associated with other vices incompatible with cool head and steady nerve, and especially incompatible with a thrifty care and disposition of the profits.

And thus, of course, it fell out with the two young Carolinians. For the first six months their success was most brilliant; for the six which followed, their course was down hill and among the rocks. The worthy object of saving a parental estate from decay, and reclaiming a sister from exile and dependence, which in the beginning they held up to themselves as a justification for using unworthy means, was lost sight of equally in the excitement of success and the despondency of failure. And before the end of a year they had gone many a mile on the road to ruin—and to crime. Now let the curtain drop, hardly again to be lifted, lest the reader, by following their career in its details of adventure, have his interest painfully abstracted from the true thread of this story, which he may hope will be spun of a brighter floss.

Wherefore, when another four seasons had come and gone, and the redbud and dogwood blossoms had again appeared and vanished on the Kentucky hills that frowned or smiled, according as their humor was, upon the Stone House and its people, Bella Johnston still found herself a prisoner there, with the day of her redemption more than ever uncertain.

On the second day following the visit of Major Johnston and the general's departure Mrs. Damarin, with the two girls, went on the boat to Portsmouth. And why did they go? Because Bella, despite her despondency, and through all her hatred and disgust toward her surroundings, both animate and inanimate, felt her pocket to be in peril of flames and combustion from the presence there of the one hundred dollar bill. Mrs. Damarin, who was invited to act as counselor, found it hard to keep the girl from buying every pretty thing she saw, in the order in which they met her eye, and quite impossible to restrain her from making all her purchases in double, so that Polly could have the same as herself; for Bella was as generous as she was inconsiderate. The bundles with which the tired shoppers returned home in the evening contained two black silk dress patterns, and numerous articles of flummery of the flimsier sort. But flummery and flimsiness had their use, and in the occupation of making up the materials purchased, with its difficulties, dilemmas, and deliberations, Bella found a solace, one of the best possible to a woman in grief. And here let it be said that whoever would defend the apparently barbarous custom of hanging our bodies in black when our souls are afflicted might best do so by taking the ground that it compels a widow, that chief mourner of all, to occupy herself in the dreary blank that comes in between death-bed and grave with selecting and arranging crape and bombazine, muslin and cambric, jet jewelry and japanned pins, handkerchiefs and gloves, collars and caps, frilling and quilling, piping and fluting—an occupation so distracting that it amounts to a sort of diversion, and becomes, in spite of her, pleasanter than she knows.

Thus Bella, who was not a widow, but a young maiden with a rich nature, responsive to all that gave interest or enjoyment, before the end of the fortnight required to make and fit the dresses and accessories, had become almost cheerful, and when her dress was finally tried on, seemed as happy as Polly; and though when taking it off she heaved a deep sigh, was careful not to do so until all the hooks and eyes had been unfastened.

After this the girls resumed their daily visits to the house of their instructor; and Robert was again happy in his daily duty of starting them off and receiving them on their return. Polly was happy that she was not yet bereft of her friend; and the friend, say what she might to the contrary, was at least comfortable.

CHAPTER X.

THREE months after he returned to duty General Damarin was mustered out of service, and came home again. Something had meanwhile happened to the young man that greatly altered him. A residence of three months with the family of a rich creole planter, whose elegant mansion he had during the owner's absence protected by making it his head-quarters, and in which afterward, on pressing invitation, he remained as a guest, had quite turned Damarin's head. He had seen pictures and statuary, and read guide-books, and listened to the conversation of his entertainers, who had spent a third of their lives in Europe, till he got fascinated with the Old World, and resolved on spending two years of his time and all of the savings from his pay in seeing, studying, and enjoying it.

Besides the desire to travel, the planter had inspired his guest with sentiments and purposes such as might worthily guide a young American favored by fortune with means and opportunity for making the precious but perilous exploration this one was about to undertake.

It was not until he had enjoyed a happy

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month of idleness with his family that he ventured to make known his intention of leaving them. The farmer, looking toward the future, had already begun to puzzle himself with the question what to do with a brevet general on a farm, for he could hardly expect him to fling off the uniform and take to the plow and reaper as of old; but the proposed solution of the problem was one that astonished him. "Travel!" he exclaimed; "travel for two years! Why, isn't that what you've been doing these last four years? Where on earth do you want to travel now? Isn't your own country good enough for you?"

"No, it isn't," broke in the weeping mother; "his own country ain't good enough for him, nor his own home, nor his own folks neither. I see how it is. Those great folks he's been with have done all this. They've spoiled my boy. He isn't my own Willy any more." Repeating herself in this last remark, and employing her old formula of reproof that used to be all-powerful to subdue the willfulness of the Willy of six years old.

And Willy had trouble enough to satisfy them he was, and would ever be, the same loving son he had been, and reconcile them to his executing what he failed to persuade them was any thing but a boyish whim.

During the two months he remained at Stone House, before departing on his travels, the young general and his young prisoner were of necessity thrown much in the way of each other. And as each of them expected this to be their last intercourse, it was more free and more truthful than otherwise it might have been. He, on his part, found the study of her real character and disposition as interesting as her strange, intractable conduct had formerly been amusing—found in it much that needed to be excused, but more to admire. But what required no study to unveil it, what rendered investigation into mental and moral qualifications, and all those matters so important in the case of an ugly woman, of but small consequence to a man vulnerable through the eyes, as most men are, was Bella's rich Grecian type of beauty; not as yet developed in its fullness, to be sure, but every now and then announcing with a flash of expression that it was coming—rising like water in the fountain, swelling like the bud in its calyx, kindling and coloring like the sky before sunrise.

And Bella, on her part, patterning her deportment after that of her brothers, as she felt bound to do, treated him with respect and outward amiability, though without abating any of her hatred, which she privately indulged in more than ever, now he was near enough to be hated intimately; for we know the true enjoyment of hatred, as well as of love, requires proximity of the object; and her enemy, having come within easy hating range, got thoroughly detested daily by the gentle companion of Polly and himself in their frequent rides along the ridge roads of the neighboring hills. And even while alone she would call up his image repeatedly to her mind's eye, to be hated again and again. After he had gone, too, she would call up the same image, though not to hate it; for what would be the use of hating one she could never see again?

"I do declare, Polly," said Bella, the day after the general's departure, "if my new black silk isn't half wore out already, while yours is as good as new!"

"No wonder," replied Polly, "for you've worn yours every day of the last fortnight."

"Have I?" said Bella.

ENGLISH IN SCHOOL.

NOT long ago I visited a gentleman with whom I am somewhat acquainted, though I have never learned to know him thoroughly, a professor of English in an institution of learning not a thousand miles away, and found him busily engaged in examining a large number of candidates for admission to his school. I have always felt an interest in the subject of English instruction, and have my own notions in regard to its dignity and importance as a branch of school and college learning, and I was therefore curious to know whether the professor's opinions tallied with my own, and what had been the result of his experience with the large number of young men whom he had had the opportunity to examine. In reply to a question on this latter point, he answered:

"Sir, it is lamentable. I am sometimes puzzled to know what boys in school do nowadays. The few who go to college, we know, study Latin and Greek after a certain fashion, and must, in order to obtain admission, give evidence that they have been over—of their real knowledge it might not be well, perhaps, to inquire too curiously—a certain number of books in those languages. But what are the rest of the boys about? Of one thing I am sure—they do *not* learn to use their mother-tongue correctly. Look at these papers." And he passed me a handful of examination papers, which, though the work of young men of sixteen to eighteen, seemed to be the productions of ill-trained boys of twelve. The writing, spelling, punctuation, and expression were all equally bad.

"I do not mean," continued the professor, "that they are all quite as bad as those. I have shown you the worst half. But I do mean that it is the rarest thing to find evidence in these papers of thought, of reading, or of real mental growth, such as you ought reasonably to expect in a young man of seventeen, the graduate of a high school. And yet I know they come from schools where the teachers are diligent, and the

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scholars not altogether idle. There can, it seems to me, be but one explanation of the astonishing fact that school life seems to pass over these boys and make next to no impression as regards improving their taste, gives them next to no real knowledge of English literature, and fails to make them in any degree masters of their mother-tongue. That explanation is that the *methods of teaching* are bad."

"Why," said I, "they study English grammar, don't they?"

"Yes," he answered, gravely; "but on the present system it is not begun early enough, nor pursued with sufficient thoroughness. If we were thoroughly consistent in our present method of teaching English, we should begin with the babies, and instead of teaching them, as the first words they utter, to say *papa*, *mamma*, *moo*, and all the rest of the infantile vocabulary—a foolish system, based upon that absurd doctrine which the learned Professor Max Müller so justly stigmatizes, you know, as the 'bow-wow theory'—we should be thoroughly logical and philosophical, and teach them, as their very first utterances, to say *noun*, *participle*, *preposition*, *objective*, *subjunctive*, and the like. These words, it is true, would be found to be slightly more difficult for the vocal organs at that tender age; but with our improved systems of vocal gymnastics, we might confidently expect to overcome the difficulty; and think what a firm foundation we should be laying! Why, 'Greene's Analysis' might be begun with clever children in the primary school, and the whole philosophy of linguistics completed at the earliest possible moment. There is, to be sure, a certain appearance of putting the cart before the horse in this method, because a caviler might object that you can not profitably analyze a thing till you possess it, and in all this philosophizing *about* language no provision seems to be made for acquiring the language itself; but then you know what treasure of pure English the children gather in the street, and what models of idiomatic style are set before them in the newspapers: so that seems to be provided for. And, on the other hand, the parents would be perfectly satisfied that their children were getting 'learning;' for the popular notion of learning is that it consists in hard words, and is something as far removed as possible from common-sense."

I laughed, and had to acknowledge that there was some truth in that. "But," I said, "you surely would not go so far as to exclude the teaching of English grammar from our schools?"

"I would exclude the teaching of our present English grammars," said he. "If I could have my way, I would gather them all into one huge pile, and, making a bonfire of them, offer them as a sacrifice to the wronged genius of our noble mother-tongue. The original pattern on which they are all constructed was made before the science of comparative philology was known, and by a classical scholar who took for his model a Latin grammar as Latin grammar was then understood. And as the Latin language is radically different in its structure from the English, being a simple and an inflected, while the English is a composite and an uninflected language, the consequence has been that a parcel of absurd forms and unmeaning rules have been foisted into our English grammars which represent nothing real in the language. And, worse than this, as our school-book makers of the present day are sure to be innocent of any sound knowledge even of classical, much more of comparative philology, and are in Egyptian darkness in regard to the general structure of the Teutonic family of languages, to which the English belongs, the result is that the handiwork of our booksellers' compilers as it increases in bulk diminishes in value; and the superstition that it is necessary to master the empty jargon and verbiage of these books is what kills the life out of English instruction in schools. All that they contain that is of the least value to children might be put into ten pages."

"I am curious to know," said I, "if you are going to take away one of the main pillars on which our public-school education rests, what you propose to substitute in its place?"

"I would substitute, for one thing," said he, "the real study of English. Grammar is metaphysics in disguise, though in the attempt to adapt the study to the youthful mind our school grammars become what Professor De Morgan very justly said that most school arithmetics were—ships of war with their guns thrown overboard. Grammar being properly the philosophical analysis of the structure of language, and language being the instrument and obedient servant of thought, grammar, properly studied, becomes the analysis of the mental operations, than which no study can be worse fitted for the youthful mind before its powers of abstraction and reflection are developed. What can be more preposterous than for children to attempt to master all the profound and subtile movements of a fully developed mind, as they display themselves in thought transformed into language—movements which tax the abilities of the maturest metaphysician to follow? We cover up all these real difficulties with a set of dry and empty rules and formulas, and then impose this abracadabra on the mere memories of children. What wonder they don't know their mother-tongue! If you would know what the real difficulties of grammar are, read Burggraff's 'Grammaire Générale,' or the paper on the nature and

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analysis of the verb in the Rev. Mr. Garnett's 'Philological Essays,' or the discussion on the nature of the parts of speech in the new edition of Mr. James Mill's 'Analysis of the Human Mind'—though I would not have you suppose that I agree to his philosophy—and then see what sort of a study this makes for children, even with its guns thrown overboard."*

"But what do you mean," I asked, "by the real study of English?"

"I will answer your question by another," said he. "How do your Cambridge College crews prepare themselves—for I suppose you know—for that great event, the college boat-race? Do they all put themselves into the anatomical class, and study minutely and microscopically the anatomy of the biceps and other muscles?"

"I never heard that they did," said I; "I think, as a general thing, they know very little of the anatomy of the biceps. I believe they put themselves into their boats and practice rowing every day."

"Exactly," said he; "and they thereby gain skill in the use of the oar, and strengthen their biceps, though they may know nothing of its anatomy. Do they not?"

"They certainly do."

"And of two crews, one of which had spent two-thirds of its practicing time in studying anatomy, while the other had spent the whole in rowing, which do you think would be most likely to win the race?"

"Clearly the latter," I answered.

"And do they sometimes even win the race without so much as knowing which the biceps is?"

"I think, in the present state of college anatomical instruction, that may safely be predicated of prize crews."

"Well," said he, "then I think we may safely affirm that though, other things being equal, such knowledge would not hurt them, yet it is clearly superfluous and unnecessary, so far as regards winning the race. Now the instruction which I would give to children in their mother-tongue is of a precisely similar kind. I would have them learn it first by using it, and in no other way. I am finding no further fault with grammar, which is a very noble study, and should by all means be cherished, in its proper place and time, than that it is utterly unsuited to be the chief instrument for the mental discipline of children, and, beyond the barest rudiments, should not be taught them at all.

"What should you think," he continued, "of the wisdom of those who, having in charge the bodily health of these children, should set them down day by day to a table spread with the bones of the meat, the chaff of the wheat, and the husks and rind of the fruit provided for them? Would not the youngsters present a somewhat thin and meagre bodily appearance? and would not their healthy youthful appetites rebel against such a diet, and call for something a little more juicy and nutritious? What would seem preposterous treatment of their stomachs is our orthodox school method of treating their brains. Instead, for instance, of making them love and appreciate Shakspeare, we teach them to *parse* him—a process which results in dime novels and other literature of that sort as their actual reading, though possibly some may attain the height of Mr. Tupper."

"You would, then, if I understand you," said I, "have the children learn English, even in school, by reading good authors, and by writing down their thoughts the best way they could, without regard to rules?"

"Yes," said he, "under the guidance of teachers who, having been taught to think and feel themselves, know how to make the children feel and think. How do you write yourself? Do you square your elbows and say, Now I will illustrate my subject by a metaphor? or, Now I will be sublime according to the rules of the much-to-be-discommended Mr. Quackenbos? Do you keep that vast abortion, Mr. Goold Brown's 'Grammar of English Grammars,' constantly by your side, and search painfully through his 1102 pages to see whether by chance you may not have violated one of his, say, 40,000 rules? I think you do no such thing. You know well enough that the two conditions of good writing are, first, clear thinking, and second, the command of a copious vocabulary, gained through a loving familiarity with good authors. Now I would have that sort of training begin in the primary school, just as I would have the children's training in science begin there."

"Training in science begin in the primary school!" exclaimed I. "Is it not enough to begin rhetoric there? You surely would not bring in all those formidable ologies besides?"

"Indeed I would," said he; "zoology, ornithology, entomology, ichthyology, paleontology, and all the rest of them. They contain the very objects the Creator has provided as the stimulants of childish curiosity, and—what is not so often observed—they are the main and proper subjects on which to begin the exercise of the child's faculty of language.* Which would you prefer as a

* Abundant evidence might be adduced to prove that the best and most idiomatic among English writers have paid small attention to the study of philology, and that very bad writers may be found among the grammarians; but nothing is more long-lived than an educational superstition.

* That the only possible instrument the human mind can employ in its abstract thinking is the symbol-language furnished by the phenomena of the material world was long ago observed, and is a principle in the philosophy of language which every new research only more fully confirms. The dry juiceless-

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school composition—a boy's description of his last shooting excursion, or a girl's faint reminiscence of last Sunday's sermon on the virtuousness of virtue? Are you going to be taken in by pedantic Greek names? What is entomology but catching and examining bugs? And can't a baby catch a bug, and wonder at its curious form and ways? And does not all science grow out of that very wonder?* What is the youthful mind curious about—at least till we deaden it with our preposterous schools—but about these very marvels of creation which we do our best to spoil for him with our learned jargon and our grammar rules? Why, every village school should be an Agassiz museum in miniature, and the children should be continually writing learned memoirs upon its contents—learned to them, though not, perhaps, to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences."

"There is certainly something in what you say," said I; "and I suppose, as you would have natural history begun in the primary school, you would have physical and, perhaps, chemical science begun there too; for there seems to be no limit to the number of studies you would introduce into this brave primary school of yours?"

"Indeed I would," said he, "and in one sense there is no limit, save the possible subjects of human knowledge. Children are even philosophers and metaphysicians in their own childish fashion, and ask questions sometimes which it puzzles their elders to answer. I would therefore include philosophy among my primary-school studies. And surely the unspoiled minds of children are 'of imagination all compact,' and a first and foremost primary study should be poetry. Our schools ought to be represented by a series of concentric circles, which should have the primary school for a centre, and then the little human soul should take its first feeble steps in all directions out into the vast domains of knowledge, and no further in one direction than into every other. But do you think a diagram of concentric circles would represent our school course now, so long as a dead grammar and an equally dead arithmetic monopolize the lower classes, while the upper are crammed with a farrago of undigested misinformation?"

"I am afraid our diagram would turn out a much more irregular figure," I answered. "There is certainly a deal of mere cramming now in the upper schools on subjects which can not be properly learned, because the foundation was not laid in the lower ones; and, on the other hand, a habit in the elementary schools of carrying the few subjects which make up the meagre course of study far beyond the real capacity of the children to understand them. But I anticipate one objection. How about providing philosophical apparatus for so many schools? Would not that prove altogether too expensive?"

"You mean the brass and mahogany gimcracks," said he. "They are nuisances in this stage of proceedings, for they lead the child to think of science as something different from the real investigation of the quiet forces in the midst of which he lives. If the teacher knows her business, she will know how to use the school pump for apparatus, and the pulleys in the window-sash, and will find lessons in the carpenter's shop and the grist-mill, and know how to teach chemical affinity with a tumbler and an old tin pan and a pinch of chemicals from the apothecary's. Then the boys will whittle out apparatus with their jackknives, instead of hacking the school desks to pieces—for Yankee boys must whittle—and will set up their mill-wheels in the brook, and thus we shall get the raw material to make engineers of.

"The part," he continued, "which grammar plays in cutting the throat of real English instruction is played by arithmetic in cutting the throat of real scientific instruction. After children begin to cipher, why should they not have something to cipher about besides everlasting bushels of wheat and barrels of molasses? Because there is nothing else provided for them to study, we carry on their study of arithmetic much too far and too fast, and, loyal to all the absurdities of our educational philosophy, entangle their minds in the metaphysical abstractions of the theory of numbers before we have provided them with any thing (except the molasses barrels) to employ these numbers upon. If arithmetical instruction were carried on slowly, and side by side with physical instruction, and as its instrument, the higher parts which are now learned by rote would come in at a point where they would be really understood. School instruction in arithmetic has been degenerating since the days of Warren Colburn. I declare to you, if I could have my way, I would throw our school arithmetics into the same bonfire with the school grammars. The sensible teacher does not need them, and to the child they are a mere darkening

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ness of much of our theology arises from the fact that our modern scholastics, profoundly ignorant of modern science, will persist in looking upon it as an enemy rather than a friend. You might as well look for an inside without an outside as for a true theology or a true metaphysic without true science; and we shall never succeed in teaching children language effectively till we begin the process as nature meant we should, by furnishing them first with the material out of which language is created—namely, a knowledge of material things.

* "I see, my dear Theætetus, that Theodorus had a true insight into your nature when he said that you were a philosopher; for wonder is the feeling of a philosopher, and philosophy begins in wonder. He was not a bad genealogist who said that Iris, the messenger of Heaven, is the child of Thaumas" (Wonder). —*Plato, Theæt.*, 155, *Jowett's translation.*

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of knowledge. The school arithmetic should be no larger than the school grammar. Then why, I should like to know, is not the science of form begun with children as early as the science of numbers, except that nobody knows how to write an elementary geometry, and fill it with real practical illustrations? I grant that something has of late years been done for art by the introduction of music, and sometimes when I hear the sweet singing of our school children I am tempted to pardon all the short-comings of our schools in consideration of its beautiful influence."

"You are a terrible Utopian," said I. "Why, I don't see but if you had your way school would be actually a pleasant place, and children would be absolutely interested in learning."

"Perhaps that would prove the remedy for several evils," said he; "truancy, for instance, and tardiness, and the dire necessity for the continuance of that relic of barbarism, corporal punishment, and the indifference of parents. But I am sure that one result would be that children would learn two things they do not learn now—namely, how to think, and how to use their mother-tongue correctly."

And I left him, pondering much over his Utopian ideas, but, on the whole, rather agreeing with them.

KING MIDAS'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

MISS MARLEY, the great heiress! It really seemed that she must be descended from somebody whose touch turned every thing into gold; and the name some spiteful wit coined on her appearance in the world—counting that between Washington Place and Forty-second Street, careful not to go too far east or west—fitted so perfectly that she would never get rid of it.

Yet, two years before, I suppose it would have been said that she had no ancestors to descend from, for she lived then up among the Berkshire hills with her step-mother, and the thrifty woman, like a genuine daughter of New England, made the most possible out of her stony little farm, and added to her means by receiving lodgers from town into her quaint old brown house during the summer months. But she died one rainy day, and Lydia sat down to meditate whether school-teaching, plain sewing, or following her step-mother's plan was likely to afford the most satisfactory livelihood.

She was interrupted in her meditation by the arrival of a letter from California, and the puzzling reflections were never resumed. Her uncle John, who had gone out to the Pacific shore twenty years previous, and had scarcely written a line since to the relatives who considered him the ne'er-do-well of the family, was dead, and Lydia became possessed of his precious ingots.

She kept herself quiet all that spring and summer, but the next autumn she wrote a clear, matter-of-fact letter to Mrs. Phillips Saymore, whose blood, as every body knew, was nearly as blue as a Spanish hidalgo's, and whose verdict made or unmade people, though she had not been able to put new carpets on her floors for the last ten years. The summer before Lydia's mother died Mrs. Saymore had spent several months at their house, and the granddaughter of Midas understood her thoroughly — pride, debts, limited means, and all. She announced a straightforward proposal; she wanted to live in Mrs. Saymore's house, and be introduced by her into the pomps and vanities of a wicked world. There was still a year to elapse before she would reach her majority; she had a right to choose a guardian to assist her trustees; if Mrs. Saymore would accept the position, and so many thousands that I will not excite your envy by setting them down, the opportunity was open to her.

Mrs. Saymore, like most azure-blooded people of this era, knew better than magnificoes in old times did, that pride has limits. She was willing to be guardian to an heiress, and to accept the reasonable emoluments accruing therefrom. It was useless to invent a romance about Miss Lydia, or attempt to shroud her antecedents in pleasing mystery; too many New Yorkers were familiar with Berkshire and her mother's house for that; so Mrs. Saymore followed her ward's advice, and told the simple truth; it was enough.

Miss Marley arrived, and her guardian, looking at her with critical gaze, said, inwardly,

"She's better than a beauty—thoroughbred in appearance as a duchess! I remember her perfectly now; she was an uncommon girl. She can write English too, her letter showed, and that's more than Madame Chonfleur's pupils can."

Miss Marley bore the scrutiny with beautiful unconsciousness, and read her hostess's verdict in her face.

"My dear," said Mrs. Saymore that evening, after they had grown comfortable and confidential, "the season has hardly begun; you will have plenty of time on your hands; would you like a few French lessons? You know every body must speak it nowadays."

Miss Marley did not even smile; she answered fluently in the angelic language itself, and fully satisfied her companion.

"Where did you find masters?" she asked.

"Oh, an old French lady has lived near us all my life," replied Miss Marley, carelessly. "The homeopathic doctor taught me German, and I used to get through the winters by prosing over algebra and Latin with him."

"Never mind those," shivered her guardian. "Your French is beautiful; I don't

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speak German. Well, suppose you were to find out if you had a voice."

Miss Marley went to the piano, and sang an old English ballad so charmingly that Mrs. Saymore felt something damp back of her eyelids.

"Perfect!" was all she could say in her surprise.

"It ought to be tolerable," returned the heiress, coolly. "Miss —— used to come to our house summer after summer, and she taught me."

She mentioned the name of an opera singer as well known for her generous heart as her beautiful voice, and Mrs. Saymore was dumb; she had expected a parvenue, and found a prodigy. But a little lecture on the habits of society was necessary. Her ward listened to the end.

"Three winters ago," she said, "I staid a month with the Geddis girls; you were in Europe. They couldn't pay us their bill, and invited me to visit them, and very rude they were. But I went to three balls and two dinners; as nobody spoke to me, I had plenty of leisure to watch people. I dare say I sha'n't do any thing very outrageous."

Mrs. Saymore did not pursue the conversation: there was an odd smile on the heiress's lip which made her unwilling to offer further suggestions.

In due time Mrs. Saymore gave a ball to usher her ward into the world—a ceremony as important as a christening and the dinner after. The venerable lady never made mistakes in matters of taste, so there were no new carpets on the floors; every thing was heavy, ancient, and faded as ever. That fresh *tapisseries* should brighten her stately rooms Mrs. Saymore fully intended, but only gradually; she did not choose people to whisper that the heiress had refurnished her house.

Miss Marley wore white silk, and crimson roses in her hair, and disappointed the Geddis girls and feminines of their ilk, who had prophesied that she would display all the colors of the rainbow, and more jewels than a Hindoo idol. She behaved like any other reasonable young woman; only there was an entire lack of self-consciousness, apparently, which few could emulate.

So Lydia Marley floated easily up to the lofty height to which fate had called her, and found herself often more bored and solitary than she had been in the farm-house mending pillow-cases and feeding chickens, varying her occupations by studying big Latin books of an evening when the household duties were disposed of. The round of balls, dinners, operas, amused her for a little, but this was not what she had expected. She wanted something to fill up her life, and she no more reached a realization of her dreams than she had done while trying not to rebel at the narrowness of her old existence.

Sitting in her opera-box one night—the box she was careful to call Mrs. Saymore's—and watching the brilliant throng listlessly from the shadow of the amber curtains, she saw a face which carried her back to her girlish fancies, and she knew—for she never attempted to deceive herself—that from that time to this they had not ceased to influence her actions and plans.

"There's Lasley Payne," Mrs. Saymore said to a lady who had come with them. "I heard he was back from Europe. I declare, he is handsomer than ever."

The summer before her mother died Lydia had seen the young man daily for weeks—he was staying for a time near them. She had never exchanged a word with him—could not have told that he had ever looked at her—but somehow the recollection of that tired face, with its melancholy gray eyes, had remained photographed on her memory with a vividness which surprised herself. I am not telling you that she had been idiot enough to love him, or fancy that she did; but the thought of him came up afresh as her new life opened before her, and it was a disappointment, as if missing a friend, when she learned that he was across seas.

On the way home that night Mrs. Saymore wondered why Payne had not come up to speak to her, as she had known him since he was a boy. They met him out the next evening; but he was not introduced to Lydia. The next morning she encountered him in the street. When she returned home he had just left the house. Had he chosen the opportunity when he knew that she was absent? It looked like it; for more than a week went by, and though they met each other night after night, he never found his way into the adoring circle which surrounded her.

"The first person who has not rushed up to pay court to my money," thought the heiress; and it meant a great deal to her.

Mrs. Saymore gave a musical party one evening—the new carpets were down—and Lasley Payne condescended to appear; but he was devoted to an ugly little Frenchwoman, famous for her wit, and Lydia was busy trying to keep the dandies from talking to her during the music. At last Mrs. Saymore was beside her, saying:

"My dear, Lasley tells me he has never been introduced to you. Miss Marley, Mr. Payne. My ward and my old friend's son ought to know each other."

Lydia looked up into the handsome face, and read in it plainly enough the fact that he by no means agreed with his mother's friend in her opinion. Miss Marley was neither angry nor hurt. This sort of indifference was rather agreeable after the surfeit of devotion she had undergone. Somebody called Mrs. Saymore away while he was saying something about the music in a tired fashion.

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"You needn't victimize yourself further, Mr. Payne," she said, good-naturedly; "Mrs. Saymore has gone."

"And Signor Rubelli is going to do something wonderful on the piano. I always notice you never let people talk to you when there's music," he answered.

He had observed her, then, unconscious as he had hitherto appeared of her presence! He stood by her until the signor had finished his musical calisthenics; then he said a few more civil words, and went off and hung over Alice Gray, as he was in the habit of doing frequently, Lydia had remarked.

That was the beginning of an acquaintance, however; and the next day but one he called to inquire if Mrs. Saymore had recovered from her fatigues. On Lydia's return the old lady told her that he had been there, and was coming back to dine, and see them safe into their opera-box.

When Lydia went down stairs after the dressing process, which cost her much more trouble and thought than it did in general, much to her maid's secret wonderment, she found old Beau Courtenay as well as Lasley Payne; so, naturally, the younger man fell to her share. Mrs. Saymore and her contemporary were deep in a discussion about matters and people connected with their youthful days; and Miss Marley marveled if Payne would act bored, and rather made up her mind, if he did, she would go quietly to sleep before dinner was announced. But he was lively and agreeable, on the contrary, and looking as handsome as only a blonde man with violet eyes can manage to do. They were turning over a volume of rare old prints on the table, tracing resemblances in the faces to people they knew, when he said, abruptly:

"I have never been able to decide whom you reminded me of. The first night I saw you at the opera I fancied that I had met you before."

"You had," she replied, coolly; "I recollect it perfectly."

"In Europe?" he asked.

"In Berkshire, two years ago; over that." He looked up inquiringly.

"I was driving the cow home," said she, playing with her bracelet, and showing a pair of slender white hands which a countess might have envied. "The boy proved false that night; so I went after Cherry myself, and Cherry was obstinate, and didn't want to go home."

"Very wicked of Cherry," returned he, laughing.

"I stepped in the mud, and you came along and turned Cherry on the straight road," continued she. "I was so dreadfully ashamed that I forgot to thank you: let me make amends for my rudeness now."

"I should like to see those old hills again," he said.

"Some time, when I have been every where, and am tired of the world, I shall go back there to rest," Lydia said.

"Do you find the world so very interesting?" he asked.

"No; but I shall like to travel. After all, I think the real want is for something to do."

"I should think you had enough. Not satisfied with being a fashionable woman, one hears of your charities, your hospitals, and your good works generally."

"One hears too much of them; but it is not always my fault, though you do sneer, Mr. Payne."

"I did not mean—"

"Me to see it," she interrupted, smiling still.

But dinner was on the table, and this talk ended for the time, because Beau Courtenay always waxed amusing over his wine—fortunately for him, else I am afraid he would sometimes have gone fasting to bed.

It was a pleasant evening to Miss Marley. She was sorry when she met Payne the next day at somebody's breakfast that the ice had congealed anew, and they seemed as far off from acquaintance as ever. But Mrs. Saymore had him at the house again, and again the evening passed delightfully to Lydia. As more than a fortnight of these alternations ensued, she found herself puzzled, and was thinking a great deal more about the man than she was aware of. Then Alice Gray went to Washington, and Mr. Payne had plenty of leisure time on his hands; and Mrs. Saymore was always begging him to go here or there with them, or keeping him to dinner, and tyrannizing over him in a friendly way, so that the two young people were constantly thrown together; and when he chose not to be moody or distant, he was very agreeable.

"It is not my fault that I come so often," he said, frankly, during the first week. "You must blame Mrs. Saymore."

"I don't think I feel inclined to blame any body," Lydia answered. "Am I so very formidable a person?"

"Formidable is not exactly the epithet I should have chosen," he said, with a quick glance from under his long eyelashes that made her heart throb.

But he straightway waxed moody and satirical, as if vexed with himself for showing any earnestness, and was bent upon going away. In the end he was persuaded to remain, and talked of all sorts of things which other men did not, as if an old woman were worth attention and a young one not exactly a pretty puppet, with only a capacity for understanding flattery.

That was the beginning of three beautiful weeks to Lydia Marley—the sort of enchanted episode during which one neither thinks nor reasons, is content to float on through the charmed atmosphere like some dreaming

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night in a fairy legend. It would be useless to elaborate the record; it could not fail to sound commonplace, with its account of balls and breakfasts, of operas, and the few hours of solitude, which only increased the potency of the spell that was upon her. But you know the story. When you lived it you did not find it tame or old; it was fresh and new, as when it first descended in its glory upon Eden. Three blessed weeks, then she wakened, and found herself in no elf-land bordered by the Greek poet's purple ocean, but cast, faint and wounded, upon a barren shore, where the black rocks cut her feet, and only brambles grew, that tore at her like living hands.

She had been driving and to see some pictures with Blanche Osgood, and came home so tired that the bare idea of mounting the stairs was not to be endured. Mrs. Saymore was out, so she went into a little snuggery, off one of the parlors, which appertained especially to herself, and where she was supposed to read novels and write the letters in which her sex are fond of indulging, or look over her trustees' accounts, but where, of late, she had done more castle-building than became a young woman with too many millions to have a right to be visionary and romantic.

She lay down on a sofa, and went as sound asleep as if she had been a new Perdita among her flowers, instead of one of the family of Midas. She was roused suddenly by the sound of voices in the room beyond —heard them, as she lay there between sleeping and waking, and one of them was a voice which so often mingled with her dreams that at first she could not tell whether it was real or only the fancy which had haunted her during her slumber. It was the voice that had piqued her often with its languor and indifference—had touched her by some pathetic thrill—made her heart beat by sudden intonations of passion and tenderness; but it possessed neither of these now.

"My dear old friend," it said, "there never is any use in arguing about such matters. I love Alice Gray, and I fairly detest your heiress. But I mean to be wise in my day. I think I may assert, without vanity, that I can marry Midas's granddaughter, and I suppose I shall do it; but I hate myself for a mean, miserable whelp, all the same."

"Alice Gray is a baby, and always will be; Lydia has brains, and is one of the most elegant women I know, and—"

"Granted—I beg your pardon for interrupting—but I've said all that over and over to myself. But it's just her elegance I don't like, and the cool way she has of talking of her old poverty; in fact, she is *antipatica* to me."

"You talk like a goose, Lasley."

"Don't I know it? You will have to be content with my not behaving like one, if I can help it."

So much Lydia Marley heard before she could collect her senses sufficiently to stir—to remember that she had no right to listen. She got off the sofa. If she were dead, she remembered thinking, it could not be more difficult to move, or she colder. She wanted to go out of the room—away from the sound of those voices by which destiny had so cruelly forced its fiat upon her. She was feeling about blindly among the curtains for a door which led into a side passage, but some domestic, animated by a diabolical spirit of duty, had locked it on the other side, and she was a prisoner.

The pitiless ring of that man's voice came up afresh. She would have sprung down a precipice, leaped into a cataract of fire, to escape hearing the words, but they forced themselves upon her.

"Oh yes; of course there's nothing for it but marrying money—turn shark and devour the heiress; but I know how contemptible it is all the time. I have run through two respectable fortunes since I was eighteen, and am as interesting as laziness and sins of every sort can make me."

"Your family and position are an ample share for you to bring," returned Mrs. Saymore; "the woman you marry ought, at least, to supply the money."

"If I had a decent sum to begin with, I'd go into business. Other men make their own fortunes, and I don't suppose I'm a much greater idiot than fellows in general."

"Go into trade, perhaps," exclaimed the old lady, contemptuously. "For mercy's sake, Lasley, let a few descendants of our old families remember their blood and their traditions, and keep aloof from such vulgar influences."

Payne laughed bitterly at the speech, which sounded so much like one out of an old-fashioned novel, and made some reply, which was not audible.

"But you do mean to be sensible?" Mrs. Saymore said.

"Bless me, haven't I said so? I'll propose to Midas's granddaughter, and have it done with. You needn't send for her just now; I couldn't make my speech properly this morning."

The unwilling listener in the room beyond crouched low on the floor, and gathered the folds of her dress about her head to shut out those miserable revelations. She was conscious only of uttering the impious prayer, which comes so easily to our lips when trouble assails our undisciplined youth, that she might die—die and be done! Hope and youth and life had been suddenly crushed in this fearful earthquake. If she could only die there in the gloom, and get away from the ruins of the world which had fallen at her feet!

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After a while she caught the murmur of their voices anew, then Lasley Payne's step —heard the door close; he was gone. Presently the door jarred again. Mrs. Saymore had retired to her room for her daily nap, and the coast was clear.

King Midas's granddaughter raised herself wearily from the floor, gathered up her bonnet and cloak, stopping to hunt for a glove as intently as if its recovery was a matter of the utmost importance; then she went away through the lofty halls, and hid herself in her bedroom, where every object of luxury, from the silken hangings to the jewels on the dressing-table, reminded her of the gold which had brought a curse so terrible.

May Spencer gave her fancy ball that night, and the heiress was queen somebody or other—for the life of her she could not recollect whom she was supposed to represent. Alice Gray had come back from Washington to be present, and had turned herself into such a pretty little shepherdess that she looked as if she had just stepped off a Watteau fan. People are so commonly attracted by their opposites that it was not surprising she had an admiration for the heiress, and she cooed at her and said pleasant things, leaning on Lasley Payne's arm. And the heiress was neither tragic nor ridiculous; she behaved just as she ought, and the gossips decided she looked remarkably well—only her dress was not rich enough; they believed she was stingy.

Hours after, when she was fighting out her battle in the grim dawn in the stillness of her chamber, Lydia could hear the echo of Alice Gray's girlish laugh, see the smile in Payne's eyes as he glanced down into the innocent face. If you know what jealousy and pain are, you can understand the full meaning there is in those simple words. She recollected the words that Payne had spoken the morning before—his willingness to go into business if he only had sufficient available capital. She could help him—it would be easy enough—and yet never let him discover the quarter from which aid came. In that case he would marry Alice Gray, and they would have their happiness. But what right had they to be happy at her expense? She would not lift her finger if it would save her soul from destruction, not if it were the only way to preserve it! Not a penny! Let them suffer! Was she not young too? Was it any harder for them than for her?

It would be more poetical to tell you that as soon as the thought occurred to her she determined secretly to place a million at his disposal—was ready to give up peace, every thing, to purchase his happiness. But it would not be true, any more than it would in your case or mine. Her fiercest prompter bade her marry him, and repay his treachery as she could do. For a while she thought she meant to do that. At least, assist him toward a better and freer existence she never would—never!

She fought her battle, made her moan, upbraided Heaven—went mad, poor soul, as each of us has done in our time; but daylight came, brought its dull, prosaic round, and the Heavenly Father we are all so ready to accuse sent the strength that he sends to all of us, and for a season she was just as regardless and unbelieving as we are that it came from Him.

Two weeks after, Lasley Payne learned that some capitalist, ambitious to build a city, wanted to buy a tract of Western land which he owned, and Lasley discovered that the barren waste had a value he had never dreamed it would possess. The price offered was much more than the sum he had said he needed to start him in business, and make a man of him after all his failures.

The news came just as he was wondering how he stood with the heiress, trying to make up his mind to be utterly mean and worthless, and astonished to find that he doubted whether the chance was so open to him as he had believed. He could not have told in what it consisted—she was more friendly and frank than ever—but there was an indefinable change in Miss Marley's manner: he felt a whole world away from her and her real feelings.

The news came, the bargain was settled, the price paid, and Lasley Payne took himself and his competency down into Wall Street to his former guardian, and became a growling grizzly without loss of time.

The very evening of the day that he was enrolled among the busy bees of the world he met Miss Marley at a stupid reception, and she made room for him on the sofa beside her, scattering the dandies without scruple.

"I have been watching for you," said she, with that frank friendliness of speech to which she had lately treated him. "I congratulate you heartily. You see, I have heard all about it."

"One always does hear all about every thing," returned he; "and very tired one gets usually of other people's affairs; but I thank you for being good-natured in my case."

"Of course I appreciate your good luck more than your stately friends who were born to greatness would," she went on. "And you are going to add to it by cultivating business. I expect to see you disgustingly rich before you are done."

"I don't know that I am ambitious for more than a reasonable fortune," he said.

"It's a very nice thing to be rich," pursued she, in a rather hard voice. "Naturally, these pretty creatures about us, to whom wealth comes like their purple blood, by inheritance, wouldn't talk so; but you'll not

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be surprised at such sentiments from King Midas's granddaughter."

Those were the last lying words she spoke: she was sorry as soon as she had uttered them. She need not be false to herself, and talk like this, in order to hide her real feelings. He was not thinking enough about her for there to be any fear of his discovering how difficult she found it to talk at all, or to behave with the languid decorum suitable to the situation. She began to speak seriously, and to encourage him, not by the idea of the money he was to gain, but by congratulations on the fact that he could have occupation, and be of use in his day and generation.

"I shall be very glad to work," Payne answered; but all the while he thought her somewhat intrusive and free with her opinions. He was waiting eagerly for Alice Gray's appearance; and it vexed him that this woman should have been first with her congratulatory speeches, and her air of patronizing interest. What was it to her? he impatiently asked himself. What did she expect to gain? Was she looking for a declaration, now that he was free to choose? He forgot that for a fortnight past he had felt it very doubtful whether a tender outburst on his part would not meet with a rebuff; but he remembered it in a moment, and these inward interrogations were the last unworthy thoughts he ever had where she was concerned. By the next words she spoke she made him heartily ashamed of his petty fancies—made him feel, too, that he had been a blind, conceited ass during the past weeks.

"I have been very impertinent," she was saying, "but I can't resist carrying my rudeness a step further. I congratulate you most of all on the happiness that has come within your reach."

He looked at her in surprise; man-like, he was ostrich enough to suppose his secret feelings an utter mystery, and with the usual instinct of humanity was ready to prevaricate.

"I don't—"

"Want to fib, ought to end your sentence," she interrupted. "Mr. Payne, I am only a looker-on in Venice, and see things that other people don't. I have no business to guess your secret, but I do."

"How could you have found out?" he began, awkwardly enough.

"As if I hadn't seen your face! Now don't be vexed—ah, you can forget it without loss of time. There comes Alice now."

She motioned him away, smiling full upon him, and for the first time he discovered that she was a beautiful woman when she allowed her soul to show in her face. Thinking thus, glad too that he had been kept from degrading himself in her eyes, he obeyed her playful gesture and went away to Alice. Lydia Marley watched him go, and sat smiling still for the benefit of the troop of men who again gathered about her, bearing her martyrdom bravely as ever woman did in the olden time; and it was harder to endure than the fagots and the stake.

Two days later, Society was busy with the rumor of his engagement to pretty Miss Gray; and Mrs. Saymore sat in her room pondering on the best method of breaking the news to the heiress, and wishing that she were permitted to box Lasley Payne's ears soundly for his folly, because the old lady was wise enough to appreciate the difference between the two young women.

There came a quick tap at the door, and Miss Marley, beaming with life and joyful spirits, entered, saying:

"You must forgive me for disturbing you. I want to tell you my news. Now don't be aggravating, and say you knew it!"

"Is there any news?" asked the dowager, uneasily.

"Splendid news! Mr. Payne is engaged to that bewitching little Alice Gray."

"It is not acknowledged," the old lady began, unable for the life of her to help trying prevarication, useless as it was; but her ward did not allow her to finish.

"It will be at once," she broke in, with graceful eagerness. "She told me the whole story herself—with his consent. It was nice of them to be friendly, and let one have the news in advance of other people; one always likes that."

"Alice Gray is an affected little butterfly!" exclaimed Mrs. Saymore, more spitefully than was judicious.

"She is charming. You are in a bad humor."

"About as fit a wife for Lasley Payne as a pigeon would be for a Newfoundland dog," continued the old lady, wrathfully.

"I'm sorry I told you," laughed the heiress; "you are not in a mood for hearing pretty secrets."

"I hate to see a man make a fool of himself; but they always will," snapped the dowager, ungrammatical, but terribly truthful all the same.

Miss Marley showed the opposite side of the question, and she did it well; not a word too much did she say; and Mrs. Saymore owned to herself that she had been mistaken—the heiress did not care for Lasley Payne. It was very lucky, and Mrs. Saymore offered inward thanks that she had been prudent enough to hold her peace during the winter. Straightway she began to weave fresh visions for her ward; she must take her to Europe and find her a German duke. Lasley was right; she only cared for worldly advancement and success—was a very sensible girl, in fact. The old woman felt more attached to her than ever, now that she discovered there were to be no tears or crooked

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temper, or any other sign of disappointment or approach to a vulgar scene.

So Lydia Marley had at least the satisfaction of feeling that no human being suspected her secret; she was saved from the horrible cross of having to endure pity. I might fill pages with the details of all that she suffered during the ensuing weeks, but there would be nothing new in the recital, alas for poor burdened humanity! Besides, she had done right in helping two human beings to what they believed their happiness, and I cling fast to the old-fashioned belief that God gives us strength to bear when we try to forget ourselves and strive after duty.

Lasley Payne had a few very happy weeks, like a dream or a poem, or any thing else pretty and unsubstantial; but it was heaven while it endured. Summer came, business was prospering, but he was not so engrossed that he could not allow himself a holiday. He was able to follow Alice to Newport and the other gay places in which her butterfly of a soul delighted. He was thrown constantly into Miss Marley's society, for Alice would never be out of her sight if she could help it; and Lydia felt irresistibly drawn toward the girl, as a mother feels toward the child that has brought her most pain.

Autumn appeared; people flew away from summer resorts like so many leaves before the wind; the roll of carriages parkward began anew; and Society commenced diligently painting its face for another winter season.

Lasley Payne was so far on the high-road toward success that it was decided now that his marriage was to take place before Lent. The glory had a good deal faded from his dream. He was making the mournful discovery that he had given his heart to a creature between whom and himself there were so few meeting points, so far as tastes and intellect were concerned, that it required all his love to keep the experiment of the future from proving a very dangerous one. But he loved her, more with the remembrance of youthful romance than the rapidly developing judgment of the present; and he would make her happy. She must always be a child—something to be watched over and petted, lying like a blossom on the outer leaves of his heart—utterly incapable of sharing the higher life for which he began to look—to be carefully shielded from trouble—never allowed to suspect his cares. Well, he loved her, and she was beautiful. No man could have every thing. He was an ungrateful cub not to be content!

Lovely she was, and charming. She was not consciously selfish, and that made the case more hopeless. Willful, capricious, wearily exacting after the novelty wore off; but she did not mean to be either one or the other. There was nothing of her—a pretty flower which had blossomed, but would bring no after-fruit. Not character enough to have strong virtues or faults; and the worst thing was a dread of displeasing any body that made her full of artifices and petty duplicity, which the weak are almost certain to possess, and which are harder for a broad-headed person to endure than downright wickedness. Of course he lectured often, and she wept; they quarreled and made up; he tried to remember that she was a child, and to be patient, doing his best to keep under the spell of her beauty and her elfin fascinations.

Lydia Marley was a good friend to them both, and helped them as much as any human being could, though never obtrusively; for to attempt argument or real alteration in a character like Alice Gray's is about as hopeful a task as bumping a feather-bed—it slips out of your hands from sheer lack of solidity.

And Miss Marley was to marry very soon, people said, though the hero in the drama changed as often as the colors in a kaleidoscope; and with each new aspirant to whom she showed civility, whether a fop indigenous to the soil of Manhattan, a stately Senator from the capital, or a scion of foreign nobility, Lasley Payne caught himself wondering she could for an instant endure that particular animal's dullness or imbecility.

But one dreary morning Dame Fortune woke in a bad humor, and, looking down upon Gotham, she decided that it was time she pinched the fingers of hitherto favored brokers and heiresses under her wheel. Gold went up or down—I forget which, nor does it matter—Wall Street went off into one of its spasms of fear and recklessness, and the whole country shook under the crash. Banks failed, railway schemes exploded like rockets, trust companies vanished into thin air, and the moral pestilence swept like a whirlwind over the length and breadth of the land.

But no matter how evil disposed a tempest, it can not overwhelm every body, and Lasley Payne was one of the lucky mortals not exposed to its fury. I imagine few people would have minded much if he had been—he was engaged; but Society contorted its face until the paint cracked when the rumor rose and spread that King Midas's granddaughter had gone down in the shock. The report rapidly grew into positive certainty. A California bank which her money supported had stopped payment; the Nevada silver company had struck a vein of sand; and presently the story was added that the treasurer of some company which held nearly a million belonging to her had fled with her gold to some far-off southern isle. She was ruined! Foreign nobles retreated; dandies groaned, and yet exulted that they had not been precipitate. The news was no mere society gossip; it reached Wall Street, and as-

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sailed Lasley Payne in his office, as he sat poring over ledgers and watching eagerly that the storm passed at a safe distance. That night King Midas's granddaughter did not appear at the opera; she was seen at no ball; and every body imagined her at home shrieking in hysterics, with poor dear Mrs. Saymore administering *sal volatile*. They were so sorry for Mrs. Saymore!

The morning following Lydia Marley sat in the very room where sorrow had first overtaken her, with business letters piled about her, and she writing away as rapidly as if the chance of dinner depended on her diligence. Presently the door opened, and the deferential English servant, who was Miss Marley's horror, appeared with his inevitable silver tray and a card on it—Mr. Payne's.

"Certainly; show Mr. Payne in," Miss Marley said, as cheerfully as if she enjoyed having her grandeur swept away as suddenly as Aladdin's palace.

So Mr. Payne was ushered in, looking more pale and agitated than if he were on the road to the stake. He hurried toward Lydia Marley, and, grasping her hand, he said:

"I'm sorry for you, but glad for myself! I love you, and I can ask you to marry me, for you will know it is not the money I want."

Miss Marley held her pen in the hand that was free; she laid it quietly down, and asked,

"Did Alice send you?"

"She sent me away from her, at all events. That all came to an end three days ago. Charley Mayne has got money, and is a butterfly too, and I have turned into a grub, and she was tired of me."

"And your fancy can go from one extreme to the other so quickly, Mr. Payne?"

"You must know—you must have seen! I have loved you for months—ever since I really knew you, though I tried to do right. I did not own it to myself."

She attempted feebly to draw her hand from him, but he held it fast. She had grown very pale, and her head was averted, but she listened still.

"I have no right to speak," he continued, "no reason to think that you care for me; only I can't believe that I have a second time deceived myself. This stifled cry of my heart must have found some echo in yours."

Still she did not speak.

"I want you to know the whole truth—just how unworthy I am. Once I meant to marry you if I could for your fortune. I didn't know you. I was selfish and full of myself, but I was mercifully kept from the meanness of trying. Oh, since then—how could I have been so blind! Won't you speak to me? Won't you tell me if there is any hope?"

She turned her face toward him for one fleeting instant. He read his answer there.

"But," said Lydia, a long hour after, during which they could not have told whether they talked or were silent, "I must undeceive you."

"What do you mean?" he asked, kissing the hands—for he had possession of both now.

"You came here, animated by a sense of heroic duty, to help me in my trouble, and keep me from going out as a washer-woman or dairy-maid, and you have been swindled; I haven't lost a penny! I'm very sorry; I beg your pardon and Mrs. Grundy's, but I'm as dreadfully rich as ever."

He actually was disappointed for a moment, and she saw it. She thought she had loved him before, but she told herself she had never really known the feeling in its fullness till now.

"We'll try to bear it," she said, smiling through a few happy tears.

"And to be worthy," he answered. "You have taught me many things during the past weeks. What that means is the blessedest lesson of them all."

DAME NATURE.

Men say she is a priestess, stern and fair,
Perfect in beauty, and ensphered with calm;
Her rapt eyes lifted heavenward, unaware
Of discord in Creation's happy psalm.

I know her as a kindly, ancient dame,
Benign and garrulous through all the year;
Full of content, amid all change the same,
Gladdening the seasons with her great good cheer.

No goddess, lofty in fidelity,
But busy, happy, friendly with all men;
Wise and loquacious, innocently free,
Telling of what shall be and what has been.

She has unnumbered secrets in her care;
She screens her mysteries with sound and sight;
Yet half reveals their meaning every where,
And hints it in the sunsets every night.

She is a tender mother in the spring:
She pets each little leaf and blade of grass;
She teaches brooks and rivers how to sing,
And loads the winds with blessing as they pass.

And not less tender when the weary year
Lies down and dies amid the withered leaves;
She hath no more the treasures held so dear,
Yet keeps her quiet patience, while she grieves.

Daily, in trustful, kind simplicity,
She shows to men her beauty's excellence,
Willing that every human soul should see
Upon her happy face God's evidence.

Alike to poor and rich, to dull and wise,
She gives her flowers, her sunshine, and her breeze;
In every nook she hides some fair surprise,
And leaves no spot unloved on lands or seas.

Would that we all, like her, in rare good-will,
Made room for all things in our sympathy;
Content to labor patiently until
God's message, through our lives, is full and free.

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OLD BOOKS IN NEW YORK.



MELANCHTHON, BY LUCAS CRANACH.—[FROM THE FULL-LENGTH WOOD-CUT.]

FEW of the many readers of this Magazine noticed in November, 1870, the statement in daily journals of the sudden death of William Gowans, a bookseller, in New York. In this city there were many who knew him and his remarkable store of books, and to them the announcement of his death brought an emotion of regret. For it is not likely that we shall soon see such a man or such a store again. He had been for many years in the business, and conducted it on principles quite different from any other of the numerous dealers in old books. His stock always grew, never diminished. He confined his purchases to no one department of literature. Hence it resulted that his gatherings were immense, and included works of every description; and shortly before his death, when he had, as well as was possible under the circumstances, taken an account of his stock, he estimated that he had about two hundred and fifty thousand bound volumes on hand, and pamphlets by myriads.

Such a merchant deserves to be remembered on more accounts than one. He commenced life a poor boy, was always renowned for his strict integrity and unimpeachable veracity, and by honest and steadfast labor had acquired a respectable fortune in addition to his vast accumulation of books. He had peculiar ways of his own, was esteemed by many a gruff and not overpolite dealer; while, on the other hand, he had favorites among the numerous seekers after old books,

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and with them was always genial, communicative, fond of anecdote, and very cheery. He did not like to have men come in merely to see his stock and hunt it over without an object. The customer he was always delighted to see was that one who wanted a particular book, and knew what he wanted. To such a visitor, so soon as the fact of his sincere search was made plain, Mr. Gowans was always attentive; and if he had the book, produced it, with a running commentary on it, on the author, on different editions of the work, and on kindred subjects suggested by it. He abounded in literary anecdote; and it is to be regretted that his personal memories of American books, authors, engravers, and literary men and things have not been more fully preserved.

But it is not so much the purpose of this article to speak of Mr. Gowans as of his vast collection, which is now scattered under the hammer of the auctioneer.

The stock was probably the largest of the kind in the world. We do not know of any such accumulation elsewhere, although we have examined many of the great collections in the hands of booksellers. There were many more valuable collections, but none so large, and probably none so wholly without arrangement. The stock was contained in a Nassau Street building, on the first floor, the basement, and a sub-cellar. The floors were nearly two hundred feet in depth from front to rear. Originally the sides were shelved to the ceiling, and two rows of tables ran down the length of the first floor. But as the stock increased it was piled, first on tables, then on the floors, until the mass of books was every where impenetrable, except by narrow alleys running here and there, and at length the piles began to topple over and fall into the alleys, so that the careless investigator was likely to tread on books at every step. The basement was a wonder. There was no gas, and the trusted customer who was permitted to search in its gloomy recesses was furnished with a kerosene lamp having no chimney, and casting a dim, flaring light on vast piles lying in confusion every where, and which, in several parts of the long room, were not less than ten or fifteen feet in thickness. Of course thousands of books were buried out of sight in these masses, and the owner himself knew little of what he possessed in his great catacombs.

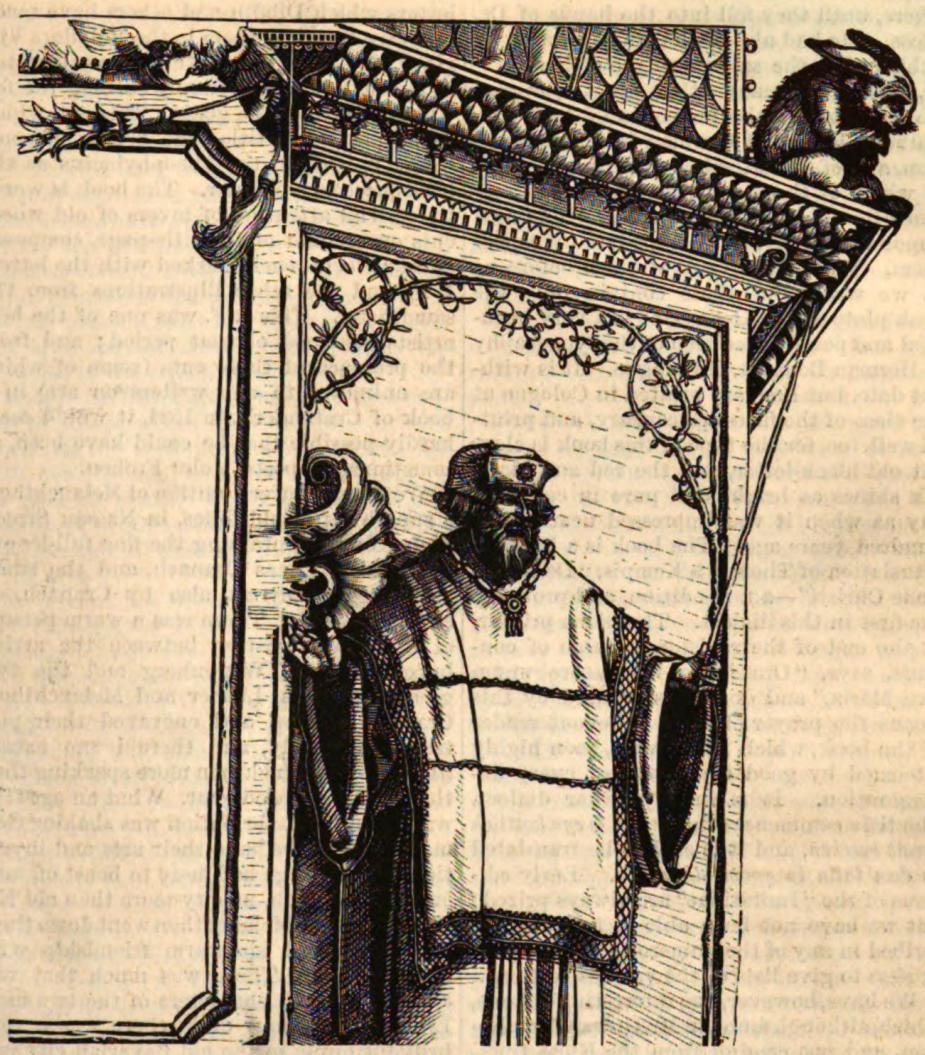
The contrast between such a place and the old bookstores of Europe was very great. Colbacchini, in Venice, has a long row of rooms in an ancient palace, and the rooms look almost like a palace library. Weigel, in Leipsic, has his splendid collections arranged on shelves in stalls, so that each book can be found by catalogue in a moment. Most of the European dealers keep their old books invisible to customers, expecting to sell by catalogue exclusively, or to bring out and show all the books of a particular class which may be asked for. And the dealers of Europe are generally careful in their purchases, so that their stock contains but little that is trash. Our old friend in New York had grown up from selling in the street-stall, where second-hand school-books and all kinds of cheap literature had their value, and he had never lost the habits of trade in which he began life. So he had an immense amount of print on hand, which damaged instead of adding to the salable value of the white paper. For every book which was worth keeping there were five or ten that should have been sold to the paper-dealers.

But, for all that, there were treasures in that Nassau Street cellar which were worth hunting after, though it was work to hunt for them. It was like excavating in old ruins. One could never tell what would turn up, and now and then it was startling to see the jewels that came out of the heap.

Like all lovers of old books, we had a special line of collection; and it happened to be one in which no catalogue could aid us. Until the late publication of the South Kensington Museum "Universal Catalogue," there had been no attempt to make a complete list of books of the sort we desired; and let it be noted, in passing, that this catalogue is worse than none at all, and may be set down as the greatest waste of paper and printing-ink which has hitherto been made in the line of catalogues. For years past we have devoted considerable time to searching through the stock of Mr. Gowans for early works of art, and we found not a few.

There are a great many old articles of value in America. For in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries among the emigrants to these shores were many families who had been wealthy, and who brought with them a few old treasures, in books, or pictures, or articles of virtu. These treasures remain here, scattered about, and sometimes they come to the auction-room, or are brought to the dealers. The accumulations of a New York dealer in a long life devoted to the business may well happen to contain rare gems. During the last twenty years many libraries have been brought to America, and very many books for American collectors. It is a somewhat curious fact that many Americans, especially young collectors, enjoy the plan of selling their collections and beginning again. So, too, it happens that in our fast and changing life, full of ups and downs, the wealthy man of to-day may send his treasures to the auction sale next month, and they vanish into all sorts of old shops and out-of-the-way places. Many modern emigrants, too, bring articles of no small value. We have before us now a pencil sketch, which, if indeed genuine, is of the highest interest, since it is a head of old Michael

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EXTRACT (REDUCED) FROM DÜRER'S TRIUMPHAL ARCH.—[SEE PAGE 393.]

Wohlgemuth, on very ancient paper, with the monogram of Dürer, and the date 1489. It belongs to the collection of a gentleman in this city, and was obtained by him from an old German house-decorator, who stated that his father found it pasted on the wall of a room in Nuremberg among many other drawings and engravings, which were torn off in repairing the house.

Few persons imagined, and perhaps still fewer cared, what a mine of value and interest was in the Nassau Street cellar, or what great thoughts of great men, poets, theologians, reformers, artists, lay concealed in the heaps of books.

Many collectors and many learned men remember the library of Dr. Kloss, of Frankfort, which was sold at auction in London so long ago as 1835. It somehow occurred that a large part of this library came to New York, and was resold here, and enriched numerous collections. A considerable number of the books were bought by Mr. Gowans. In excavating the heaps in the basement we came on not a few of the books of Dr. Kloss, each having his book plate. They were honorable books, not in their own age and character alone, but for their associations and old companionship. They were once part of a great collection, and stood on shelves by books that were priceless for their histories. Dr. Kloss was a great collector of early typography, and became, apparently without knowing it himself, possessor of the books of Philip Melanchthon, a large number of which were crowded with marginal notes in the reformer's autograph. The library of Melanchthon probably descended to his son-in-law, Peucer, who afterward edited his works. Peucer was imprisoned for eleven years, on some charge, and when liberated found that his wife was dead, and his library and property gone. The books remained mostly together somewhere, no one knows

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where, until they fell into the hands of Dr. Kloss. He had also, as he states in a letter published in the sale catalogue of his library, purchased many other great libraries. He had bought all the books of John von Dalburg, Bishop of Worms, of Bernard Adelman, and of the cathedral of Esslingen. Out of which of these collections came the volumes in the Nassau Street store it is now impossible to say, for it is too late to inspect them. We have several of them before us as we write, but these contain only the book plate of Dr. Kloss. One is a very beautiful and perfect specimen of the typography of Herman Bongart, of Cologne. It is without date, but Bongart printed in Cologne at the close of the fifteenth century, and printed well, too, for the type of this book is clear cut old black-letter, and the red and black ink shines as bright and pure in color to-day as when it was impressed nearly four hundred years ago. The book is a Flemish translation of Thomas à Kempis, "De Imitatione Christi"—a rare edition, and probably the first in this dialect. The pious printer, at the end of the register, or table of contents, says, "Orate pro impressore unum Ave Maria," and doubtless secured by this means the prayer of many a devout reader of the book, which has always been highly esteemed by good Christians of every denomination. It is in a peculiar dialect. The title commences thus: *Dyt is eyn kostlich devoit boecken*, and it is said to be translated *us dem latin in guden dutsschen*. Early editions of the "Imitatione" are always prized; but we have not been able to find this described in any of the numerous works which profess to give lists of the various editions.

We have, however, one interesting volume, which, although found in Mr. Gowans's collection, and not coming from the Kloss library, seems to have belonged to Melanchthon, and to be enriched with his notes. It is a Theophylactus, the Basle edition of 1524; interesting on other accounts also. It is well known that Melanchthon was in the habit of making numerous notes on the margins of his books, and that his friends, who were enthusiastic in love and admiration for him, would often persuade him to give his annotated copy in exchange for a new one, which in its turn would soon become rich with his autograph. The present volume is thickly annotated in red ink on the first sixteen folios, after which occurs only here and there a note in black ink, as if the latter had been made in a first cursory reading of the volume, and then the red-ink notes, full and frequent, in careful study; but the book was probably given away when he had gone in this study only so far as the tenth chapter of Matthew.

This edition of Theophylactus is otherwise interesting for its typography. It contains some of the same ornaments and initial letters which Dibdin and others have made famous—found by them in the Polydore Virgil of 1534—and among them the celebrated group of the farmer's family chasing the fox which has stolen the goose. This cut, which forms part of a title-page border in some books, is used in the Theophylactus as the head-piece to a chapter. The book is worth the special attention of lovers of old woodcuts on account of the title-page, composed of four blocks, each marked with the letters I. F., and the other illustrations from the same hand. This I. F. was one of the best artists on wood of that period; and from the presence of these cuts (some of which are unknown to any writers on art) in a book of Cratander's, in 1524, it would seem hardly possible that he could have been, as sometimes supposed, John Froben.

We found Peucer's edition of Melanchthon, a superb set of old folios, in Nassau Street, each volume containing the fine full-length portrait by Lucas Cranach, and the small half-length portrait, also by Cranach, on each title-page. There was a warm personal friendship existing between the artist-burgomaster of Wittenberg and the two great reformers, Luther and Melanchthon. Cranach painted and engraved their portraits repeatedly, and there is no extant likeness of Melanchthon more speaking than this full-length wood-cut. What an age that was when the Reformation was shaking Germany! All ages have their arts and inventions; but no age had more to boast of, and, curiously enough, no city more than old Nuremberg, when Melanchthon went down there and contracted his warm friendship with Albert Dürer. There was much that was congenial in the characters of the two men. Little as we know of it, there was a very brilliant circle in the old Bavarian city just about that time, and the whole world feels their influence to-day. Recall the exquisite iron-work of Peter Visscher and the sculpture of Adam Kraft, and Peter Hemlein inventing the Nuremberg eggs (the first pocket watches), and John Schoner making the first globe of the world, and Hartman discovering the variations of the compass, and a score of others, all living and working in the first half of the sixteenth century in one city. Above all, think of Albert Dürer, the man who made the first epic pictures, who reformed art, and gave birth to the glory of the German school.

We found him in the Nassau Street shop; for we found a copy of "Alberti Dureri clarissimi pictoris et geometræ: De symmetria partium in rectis formis humanorum corporum; Libri in Latinum conversi." This is the work on which Dürer was engaged, and which he had ready for the press when he died, in 1528. The first edition, containing four books, in German, was published for his widow in that same year; but this second edition, in

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Latin, containing only two of the four books, was not issued until 1532, and it possesses a certain peculiar interest in connection with Dürer's married life. As we opened it by the flaring light of a kerosene lamp, among the heaps in the Nassau Street basement, we were carried back to a history which has as much of emotion as any that the lives of the great artists have ever furnished us; for this edition was published at Nuremberg in 1532, *in ædibus viduæ Dureriancæ*. So it seems that Agnes continued the publishing business in the old house at least four years after Albert had been carried along Adam Kraft's Via Dolorosa to the cemetery of St. John.

Writers on Dürer have generally been content to accept an old story, from a worthless source, as the account of Agnes Dürer's life with her husband, and drop all mention of her after his death. So we seldom find any account of her after-life beyond the fact that she inherited all that had been the property of the artist.

No woman has been more vilified in history than Agnes Dürer, and none, we are persuaded, more wrongfully. She may have been worse than she is represented, but there is no evidence of it; and until we have a better witness against her than Bilibald Pirkheimer she should be regarded as a loved and lovely woman. It is strange that so many admirers of the great master who have written concerning his life have been content to follow this old story, told by a man notoriously unfit to express an opinion about a virtuous woman, and do not seem ever to have entertained a notion that his accusations were unworthy credit. If he were otherwise credible, it would tell much against him that he should volunteer to a stranger a sharp tirade against the character of a woman with whom he confesses his relations have been always unfriendly. What business had this fat egotist to write such a letter about a woman at all? If he would be guilty of such a letter about the wife of his friend, we can well believe that he would not stop at falsehood.

Let us gather all the testimony which exists on the subject of Agnes Dürer's character, and we shall find that Bilibald Pirkheimer is the solitary witness against her. Upon analyzing his evidence, we find this to be the state of facts. After Dürer was dead, Pirkheimer had occasion to write a long letter to one Tcherte, in Vienna; and, alluding to Dürer's death and his own relations to him, he breaks out into a tirade against Dürer's widow. He says, in substance, that she had always regarded him as her enemy, and that since Dürer's death she would not see him nor have any thing to do with him; he ascribes Dürer's death to her, says that she worried him always, and the specific effect which he charges her with producing was that Dürer was dried up, and did not dare to go into society or indulge in gayety. He had often expostulated with her, and told her that she would kill her husband by keeping him so closely at work. But he only met with her ingratitude; for whoever was a friend of her husband's she regarded as an enemy. In this same letter he complains that Agnes had disposed of a pair of stag's antlers, and many other fine things of Dürer's, which he had wanted, but she sold them for a mere trifle, and did not let him know.

Here comes in a suspicion. If Agnes loved money so much, why throw away these fine things? And, again, what is Pirkheimer's motive in writing all this tirade about his friend's wife and himself to a stranger? for Tcherte appears by this very letter to be a new correspondent, not an old friend. Above all, who was this Pirkheimer, and what his character, that we may weigh his testimony against a woman, a widow, and the widow of his friend? In this same letter he tells Tcherte that she and her sister are pious and honorable women, but that he would prefer to have business with a loose woman rather than with such a scolding, fault-finding, pious woman. Now Pirkheimer, as we know from abundant evidence, had much familiarity with loose women. Beyond dispute, he was a fat, sensual man, given to free life, denying himself nothing on the score of morality, and both in his correspondence and his intercourse with Dürer seeking to make him the confidant of his adventures, and receiving always admonitions in return, given sometimes sharply and sometimes in ridicule. His character was such that we are fully justified in regarding him as unfit to express an opinion in regard to a pure woman. We will take his testimony, therefore, only for what it is worth, and out of his own story of his relations to Agnes Dürer construct a history which seems far more likely to be the true one than this which has generally been accepted from his tirade.

Dürer and Pirkheimer were friends in boyhood. The latter was rich, and of high rank in the old city; the former was poor, the son of an honest goldsmith, who had counted no less than eighteen children in his family, most of whom, indeed, had died in very early life. As they grew up the friendship continued; but while the artist was driven to hard work for his bread, the rich man devoted his life to luxury. Dürer married a young girl of good family and of great beauty. He needed just such a wife as she proved. Her influence on his life was all for good. Pirkheimer grew to be a dissolute man, and Dürer had hard work to resist his constant desire to carry him off from his wife and his studio to join in "gayety." Then commenced the differences between the artist's wife and his friend. We can plainly see what he means when he writes to Tcherte

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BILIBALD PIRKHEIMER.—[FAC-SIMILE OF CUT BY TOBIAS STIMMER, AFTER DURER.]

that she prevented Albert from going into society or indulging in gayety. The sort of society and gayety which Pirkheimer desired him to enjoy is abundantly evident from his correspondence when the artist was in Venice. The young wife had a more powerful influence on the artist than his old friend and all his alluring temptations. The result which came about is just what we often see in modern life. The friend of the man takes a strong dislike to the woman who wins the greater influence, and the woman never can forgive the man who wishes to draw her husband from her to low and vile associations.

There is a story, founded on Pirkheimer's tirade aforesaid, that Agnes used to sit above her husband's working-room, and keep him at his work by speaking through a hole in the ceiling. Absurd as this is, we can imagine its origin. If such a hole there was, we have little doubt that sometimes, when Albert was bored to the last extreme by such lazy loungers as Pirkheimer, stupid from last night's excesses, and not able to see that his friend wanted to be at work, Agnes would come to his help by calling out, "Albrecht, are you alone? I am coming down to see you." We would take our affidavit that through that hole in the ceiling a thousand kind words went up and down, and never one either way that was not loving.

Dismiss Pirkheimer and his libels from our minds, and we may construct for Dürer a home full of all that was beautiful and lovely. He had his mother, and it was the delight of his life to care for her in the lonesome years of coming age; his young brother, whom he watched and guided with tender anxiety; above all, his gentle, beautiful, and faithful wife, whose face is the Madonna that he best liked of all his works, always with him, always enjoying with him those wonderful conceptions of the beauty and grandeur of the unseen world, those exquisite home ideas of the life of the Virgin mother of the Lord, sharing constantly his every thought of earth and heaven.

But we are not disposed to deal with imaginations now. We prefer a plain discussion of known facts. There is a great error, and succession of errors, in which writers have followed one another like a flock of sheep, concerning Dürer's letters to Pirkheimer written from Venice in 1506. The first mistake is made in regarding it as strange that he so seldom mentions his wife, and that his few messages to her are so cold. Enough, in reply to this, that he knew his wife's opinion of Pirkheimer, and their established dislike, and he therefore exercised discretion and judgment in his correspondence.

In substance, he is to be understood as saying, "You and I are friends, but let my wife alone." Curious blunders are made by all translators of the queer old Bavarian dialect in which he writes. One serious blunder occurs in the latest English book—a very good book, too—Mrs. Heaton's—where the meaning of a sentence is wholly changed. Pirkheimer had spoken in his coarse way of many persons and things, and, among others, had for once ventured to speak of the artist's wife. His remark was, in effect, that, if Dürer did not hasten home, "I will make love to your wife." The word which we translate "make love" is capable of several translations, conveying a coarse idea, or a more common signification—tease, annoy, torment. Dürer's reply is short, sharp, and

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distinct, but strangely mistranslated by Mrs. Heaton, by Scott, and by others. He does not say, "You may keep her till death." He never wrote such a brutal sentence. But he replies, simply, "This is wrong; you will bring her to her death." The only meaning properly to be extracted from this is a reproof as sharp as he could use to his creditor, to whom he was then under heavy obligations, and unable to pay. Neither is Agnes the "reckon-mistress" named in these letters. On the contrary, coupled as this "reckon-mistress" is with women of loose character of Pirkheimer's acquaintance, she is clearly one of them, and no one should have dreamed that Dürer joined his wife and such persons in one sentence.

Her reputation as a saving person is to her credit, since we have abundant evidence that she was not niggardly, Pirkheimer to the contrary notwithstanding; for she never seems to have restrained Dürer in his free purchases of curiosities and objects of taste in art, and the furniture of their home was luxurious and elegant for the period. Many a money-lender has found an artist's wife much more careful to compel exact and honest dealing than the free and careless artist, and has thence taken deep offense.

We know so little of Dürer's private life, have such very brief extracts from his journals and correspondence, and possess so little on which to construct his home life, that every one seems to have seized on Pirkheimer's letter to Tcherte, and thereon founded the current theory about Agnes, interpreting every possible suggestion by this false light.

We know absolutely nothing about the family life in the old Nuremberg house, save only that Dürer lived at home and found his pleasures there. And from that old home at length Dürer "emigravit," as saith the record on his tomb—went away to another and fairer country, where many of his dreams became realities of glory. No record is left us of the later hours of his life, in the gloom that was settling in the artist's chamber. We may believe, if this miserable libeler, Pirkheimer, can be kept silent while we imagine the scene, that those last hours were full of tender and holy conversation, not unmingled with lookings forward to a reunion. It was doubtless agreed that they two would rest together until the resurrection, for he was laid in her father's tomb.

Then she was left to the world and her memories of the man who, more than all other men, had taught Germany to love the beautiful, and filled it with that exceeding splendor of light which to this day characterizes German art.

As soon as they had laid the artist in the grave, Pirkheimer sought to possess himself of the treasures of art with which he had been surrounded. They were many and valuable. The incident of the stag's horns is but one. There were other beautiful things, as we know, and as Pirkheimer says to Tcherte, and Agnes did not let him have them. Why should she? He had always been her traducer, had long sought in vain to sow discord between her and her husband, and she had good right to have done with him thenceforth forever. Doubtless she very plainly gave him so to understand, and distributed the memorials of the artist among those who could share with her the memories of an affection that had always been offensive to the man who had so much and so long vilified her. Then the ire of the fat patrician arose, and he went storming around Nuremberg, telling all men that if Dürer had only drank more wine and eaten more suppers and lived a gayer life with him, he would have lived longer. And this being his prominent sensation at the time, he can not resist the temptation to put it in a letter to Tcherte, a stranger to whom he had occasion to write; and the letter survives to darken the memory of Agnes. Thus the evil that this man did lives after him.

This book, which came from the *ædibus* of the Dürer widow, carries one directly to the old house at the corner of the street as you come in at the gate-way from the cemetery. It was not the same place when the book was printed that it used to be: the same, indeed, in stone and plaster and timber, and, for that matter, it is the same now. But the men were gone that used to be there, and, above all, the gentle and noble soul of the artist was gone. That expression, "published in the house of the Dürer widow," may indicate that this same old house was used for the mechanical processes of printing as well as publishing. This is little more than a surmise, but it seems highly probable that Dürer himself had supervised the printing of his engravings, both on copper and wood, in his own house, in which there was ample room for it. Whether this be so or not, there is abundant evidence that there were collections of men of note in the art world gathered in Dürer's house during his lifetime, and his pupils who worked there under his supervision became, in after-days, men of renown as painters and engravers. The Kaiser Maximilian was accustomed, doubtless, to visit him in his working-room, and perhaps sat by while he drew the splendid designs of the triumphal arch in honor of the good but vain old emperor, or the few blocks of the "Triumph" which are from his pencil, among the many by Burgmair. What, when you come to think of it, could be more striking than this—to find in a New York heap of old books a copy of one of Dürer's works, with designs printed from his own blocks, and the book itself sold once by the fair and much-abused Agnes in that old house to which all the world now makes a pilgrimage?

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THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.—[EXTRACT FROM DURER'S "TRIUMPHAL CAR."]

And then, at another time, we found there the best edition of Pirkheimer's own works (folio, Frankfort, 1610). He has long been forgotten, except as the friend of the great artist. He took care himself to keep alive this relation. This edition of his works contains a description of the triumphal car of the Emperor Maximilian, "invented" by Pirkheimer and published by Dürer, with a copper-plate illustration which was probably engraved by Henry Ulrich. There is a well-known painting in the hall of the town-house in Nuremberg, attributed to Dürer, representing this car. The wood-cut, on several sheets, which is from the pencil of Dürer, has become rare, though several editions were published. It appears that Pirkheimer made a formal presentation of his invention to the emperor, and received a formal acceptance, dated March 29, 1518. It is probable that the wood-cuts were thus presented, and the painting in the town-hall was afterward executed by Dürer, or his pupils under his direction.

It represents the emperor in a small way, surrounded by the conceptions of the designer in a large way. Maximilian is seated in a gorgeous car, attended by all the vir-

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tues. Reason holds the reins of twelve horses, each horse being attended and led by a genius, such as Prudence, Moderation, Alacrity, Firmness, etc. The work is not one of the best of Dürer's, but it has some great features. The copper-plate of Ulrich is feeble, and gives an inadequate idea of the original wood-cut, or of the painting.

In this same collection of Pirkheimer's writings we have a description of a much more important work by Dürer, "The Triumphal Arch of Maximilian." This gigantic work, as published, was, or was to have been, on ninety-two blocks, making, when the impressions were gathered in order, a picture ten feet and a half high by nine feet broad. The execution is in Dürer's boldest and best style of drawing. The history of the work is somewhat confused and uncertain. But it is here described as a "*Porta honoris*," *erected* in 1515. It is followed by descriptions of other arches, to Charles V. and Maximilian II., erected in Nuremberg. It is, therefore, not impossible that there was actually erected such an ornamental arch on some occasion in 1515 in a street or square of Nuremberg, and that Dürer afterward made drawings, and published them, representing this arch. The title is susceptible of two translations, either that the description is by Stabius, or that the arch was erected by Stabius. We have not space here to discuss the origin of the design, but the work as published is probably the grandest extant triumph of the art of wood-engraving. When we reflect that twenty-five years before its appearance the world had no higher conceptions or examples of the art than were furnished by Schedel's "Nuremberg Chronicles," we may well call this the triumph of Dürer rather than the arch of the emperor.

We found this edition of Pirkheimer bound in the same covers with the works of Marcus Welser, the two making an enormously thick folio, containing in all about fifteen hundred pages. At first we did not observe the second book, occupied naturally with the thoughts of Dürer which the first had suggested, and it was some time before we had even read the title, "Marci Velseri, etc., Opera," printed at Nuremberg, 1682. Marcus Velser, or Welser, as the name is commonly printed in English, belonged to the wealthy family of that name in Augsburg, who, with the Fugger family, exercised immense power by means of their great wealth, both in Germany and throughout the world. Bartholomew Welser fitted out an expedition to take possession of Venezuela, which Charles V. had pledged to him for a debt. Marcus, born in 1558, was one of the most learned and accomplished men of his day. He was wealthy, was a senator and pretor of Augsburg, and a great patron of literature and literary men. This volume recalls, by the name and by one of the engravings, the most memorable event in the annals of the Welser family, and one of the most romantic incidents in royal history. In 1547, when the imperial diet was in session at Augsburg, Ferdinand of Tyrol, son of the emperor, a boy of only nineteen, saw Philippina Welser, then seventeen, the young daughter of the merchant and banker, and loved her at first sight. She was regarded as the most beautiful woman of her time, and her portraits, which abound in the Tyrol and at Vienna, abundantly justify the reputation. They represent her as a girl of very perfect features and clear complexion, with an expression of almost saintly beauty. Ferdinand knew that his father would never consent to a union so beneath his position, and made a secret marriage with the beautiful Augsburg maiden. It proved a happy union, and although it was twelve years before the emperor would see her, she was then so very winning that he yielded at the sight, and acknowledged her as his daughter. If you have ever been at Innspriick, the noble old city in the heart of the Tyrol, you will have visited the church where the bronze statues surround the tomb which Maximilian, by his will, ordered for himself, but has never been brought to occupy, and you will have gone up into the silver chapel and looked at the monument where the beautiful Philippina lies in marble on the tomb which holds her dust. This tomb is represented in the volume of Marcus Welser's works, and the engraving recalls the valley of the Inn, the old castle of Amras, the church, and the statues. It is odd to associate two women like Agnes Dürer and Philippina Welser; but here, in one volume, are the works of Pirkheimer, who made the one to be celebrated for parsimony, and the works of Welser, preceded by his life, in which the editor gives the history of the other, who went from the old city of Augsburg to a throne.

Pirkheimer's works abound in letters to and from Erasmus. There was no author of the sixteenth century whose works appeared in greater luxury of typography than those of Erasmus of Rotterdam. He was intimately associated with his friend Frobenius, the Basle printer, and was, indeed, corrector of the press to that celebrated publishing house. Froben always made superb books out of the works of Erasmus, whatever the subject might be. But Froben scarcely ever equaled an edition of Suetonius and other Latin authors, "Ex Recognitione Des. Erasmi Roterodami," which was published at Cologne by Eucharius Cervicornus in 1527. We found it in the Nassau Street collection. It is especially noteworthy on account of the superb series of initial letters, commonly known as "the playing boys," and also for other ornamental letters almost as fine. In the "Holzschnitte Berühmter Meister," etc., of the late

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INITIAL LETTER FROM THE "PLAYING BOYS" ALPHABET.

Rudolph Weigel, Leipsic, 1851–54, under the Deutsche Schule, Albrecht Dürer, No. 36, we find two letters of this series, A and F, attributed to Dürer; and on the F the well-known monogram of Dürer appears on an apple in the corner. It looks as if there were some error about this, for we have frequently found the F without any such mark, and never with it; nor does the style of work in the letters fully assure us that they were Dürer's. Nevertheless, they are very fine, and serve well to show the splendor of the typography of the period. Ornamental letters and ornaments of pages had been continued in typography from the earliest dates in the art, when they were introduced, because printing was an imitation of manuscript, and printed books were made to look somewhat like the old manuscripts. The ornaments which were engraved on wood were far in advance of the wood-cut illustrations in the early books down to the time of Dürer, and after his reform of the whole art of illustration the advance in the style of these ornaments kept even pace with the improvements in general illustration.

We found also an edition of Livy, with a well-known page by Erasmus, which is interesting on several accounts. It is a magnificent specimen of typography, ornamented with some very fine borders, and especially with curious initial letters of various kinds. Its chief value, however, is derived from the fact that it was printed at Mayence by John Scheffer, the son of Peter Scheffer, who was the partner, and married the granddaughter, of Faust, and whose later descendants claimed that he not only worked with Gutenberg, but was himself the inventor of the art of printing with movable type. The body of the volume was published in 1518, and is followed by an exhaustive index, printed a year later. This index is enriched with a prefatory letter from Ulric von Hutten, dated 1519, and a page bearing the same date which commences thus: "Erasmus Roterodamus, miso-barbaris atque iisdem philomusis omnibus, S. D." This page is the well-known eulogy of Erasmus on the invention of printing. There is yet another page in the volume, by Nicolaus Carbachius, to the reader, which also contains matter of interest on the subject of the invention of the great art.

There is some little confusion among the modern accounts of the Scheffer family. We have adopted the orthography of the name from the Livy before us. It was otherwise printed Schoiffer and Schoeffer. Faust, or Fust, having foreclosed on poor Gutenberg, did well to secure as his working partner in the new art the young Peter Scheffer, who knew more about it than any other man except Gutenberg. Faust had a son Conrad, who had a daughter Dinah, whom in after-years Peter Scheffer married. Our printer of the Livy appears, therefore, to have been the son of Peter Scheffer, and the great-grandson of Johan Faust.

Carbachius, in the page to the reader, speaks of John Scheffer: "Calcographus, a cujus avo calcographice in hoc primum urbe inventa exercitaque est." Erasmus, more cautious, and having, doubtless, known personally the elder Scheffer, who did not



ORNAMENTS OF PAGES (REDUCED) FROM BASLE BOOKS.—[ABOUT 1530.]

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die until about 1503, speaks of John Faust as the chief among the discoverers. In an earlier edition of Livy, John Scheffer himself, in some German verses, distinctly states that the art was invented by Gutenberg, and carried on to perfection by Faust and Scheffer.



INITIAL I.

There is, however, a distinct interest in this book, owing to the fact that it has a brief and characteristic preface by that odd, accomplished, reckless, learned, and wild author, poet, and knight, Ulric von Hutten. Just to see a book containing two prefaces, one after the other, by these two men, Erasmus and Hutten, in 1519, calls up at once the days of the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, when Hutten's sharp and coarse wit did such service in the Reformation, and when he and Erasmus were friends before the latter had quarreled with him and forbidden him his house. Why will not some one give us a biography of this strange and wonderful man, around whom there lingers so much that might be called the romance of the



ERASMUS.—[BY DEUTSCH, AFTER HOLBEIN.]

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Reformation, and also the romance of learning and literature? Even his portraits, existing in contemporary wood-cuts, are very scarce. He was in face and form a contrast to Luther and Erasmus, and as great a contrast to the slender Melanchthon. It oftentimes appears as if there were a certain spiritual look on his countenance, which makes one think it would have been pleasant to pass a summer day with the sometimes gay and sometimes very sad knight in the castle of his friend Franz von Sickingen, which Hutten called "The Bulwark of Righteousness." Many biographies have been given to the world, but few serve to make us acquainted with men as members of the social world. A skillful hand might work out a great book, taking Ulric von Hutten as the central subject, and introducing the men and scenes of the beginning of the sixteenth century, Protestant and Catholic, among which he moved.

That early part of the sixteenth century was a stirring time for Europe, physically as well as morally. While Dürer was at work in his studio, and Marc Antonio was copying his plates in Italy, and Michael Angelo and Raphael were winning immortal renown in Rome; while Erasmus was deep in his studies at Basle, and Luther was fighting the first battles of the Reformation all along the way from Worms to Wittenberg—the last great storm was gathering in the Eastern world, around the island of Rhodes, where the great order of St. John had been established for two centuries, and threatened still to restore by some new crusade the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem, which had been lost on the fatal field of Hattin. The Turks were gathering their energies to drive the Cross from the Levant, and at length the tempest burst over the island, and in the year 1522 the contest, which had not ceased since the days of Saladin, was fought to a conclusion, and the Crescent triumphed.

Books describing events of importance, published at the time of their occurrence, possess a charm fully equal to that of the most fascinating romances. We found in the Nassau Street accumulation an old French book, to read which was like opening the graves of the mighty dead, and talking with them face to face. It was "La grande Merueilleuse et trescruelle oppugnation de la noble cite de Rhodes," etc., etc., by Brother Jacques, Bastard de Bourbon, a book which was printed in Paris "pour honneste personne Gilles de gourmont—lan mil cinq cens xxvi. au mois de May;" and bound in the same covers another edition of the same work, "Augmentee tout selon le vray Imprimee par le commandement dudit Seigneur —lan mil cinq cens vingt et sept, le premier iour Doctobre."

The first edition of this book (of 1525) has been catalogued at 400 francs in Paris. Those of 1526 and 1527 are scarcely less rare. The colophon at the end of the edition of 1526 will convey some idea of the manner in which the events recorded in the book then impressed the mind of the Christian world in Southern Europe. "Cy finist ce present livre, intitule, le siege, oppugnation et prinse de la jadis honnoree et maintenant povre desolee et captive cite de Rhodes (apres avoir prospere deux cens et quatorze ans en honneur), assiegee par le mauldit et sanguinaire sultam sellimam a present grand turc enemy de la foy chrestienne."

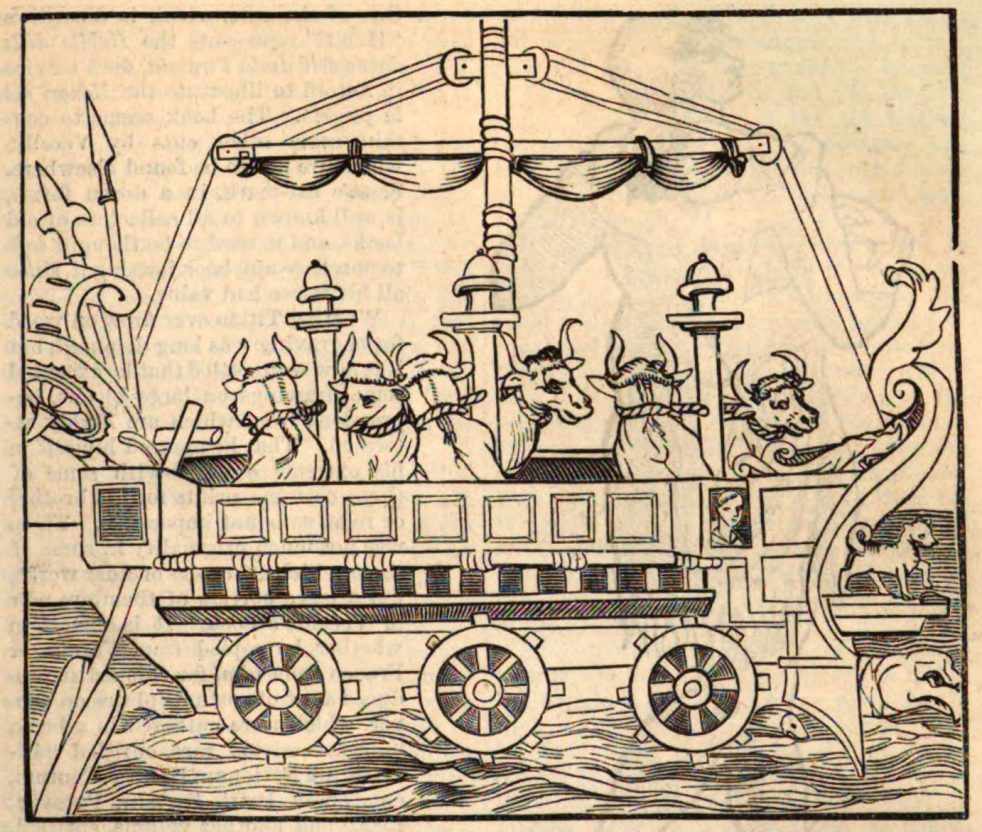
It was in its day the fresh, thrilling history of that siege, and long resistance of the brave knights of the ancient order, which will be forever memorable.

A wonderful siege, and a wonderful defense! Still, in our own day, soldiers study with profound admiration the story of bravery illustrated in that contest, and the lover of romance, when by chance he takes up one of the volumes of Vertot, or, better still, picks out the old French of the Bastard of Bourbon, acknowledges that no fiction contains more brilliant achievements, no work of imagination surpasses in splendor the deeds of the Knights of St. John in the defense of Rhodes against the Turks. Deserted by the Christian world, which had promised to sustain them, after incredible feats of valor, they surrendered when resistance was not only vain but impossible, and on the 1st of January, 1523, abandoned the island to the misrule which curses it even until our day.

These pages, found in the Nassau Street heaps, were exciting enough in their day. Those who read them in France in 1526–27 knew by name the heroes, as we know the men of our own civil war. Turning over the leaves now, we catch the names of Villiers de L'Isle Adam, the brave Grand Master, Pierre de Cluys, the Grand Prior of France, Mery Gombauet, Didier de Toulon, and many others, that sound like the names in old romances which we read years ago; but they had the ring of truth when this ink was fresh, and each one of these heroes was renowned in Europe. It makes them real personages to read in contemporary print how these and "plusieurs autres commandeurs et chevaliers gens de bien deliberez de viure et mourir tous a la dicte breche." It meant something then and there when knights and soldiers of the order resolved to live and die in the breach.

We were not a little surprised one day at the discovery, in the basement heaps, of a wood-cut, published in 1552, representing a boat propelled by oxen turning wheels. Without having looked into the subject, we had always imagined that the idea of driving boats in this way was only a little older than the invention of the steamboat. Here, however, was very clear evidence of the greater antiquity of the notion. It is in a folio

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BOAT PROPELLED BY WHEELS.—[FAC-SIMILE OF A WOOD-CUT OF 1552.]

volume entitled, "Notitia utraque cum orientis tum occidentis ultra Arcadii Honoriique Cæsarum Tempora," etc., published by Froben at Basle in 1552, and the boat is ascribed to ancient Roman times. It is said to be a war vessel, what we call a ram, propelled by oxen turning the wheels, and intended to run down or sink the vessels of an enemy. The projecting prow or ram's head, designed to pierce another vessel, is under water, which has also been thought a modern idea. There is a curious old cut of a vessel with a wheel in the splendid Como edition of Vitruvius, printed by Da Ponte in 1521, which has sometimes been mistaken for a boat propelled by wheels, whereas it is a ship under full sail, and the wheel is placed on her side to measure her velocity and the distance traveled. The book of Froben is curious also on account of many quaint and remarkable engravings, which have a monogram mark ascribed by Brulliot, on the authority of another author, to one George Scharffenburg. But Brulliot, with all his researches, had never seen this book, and it may, therefore, be regarded as somewhat rare. As early as 1482, in a book printed at Verona, in Italy, there is a representation of a boat propelled by wheels, and we have discovered another in a Vitruvius of 1523.

Lying in a mass of books without covers, we picked up, one day, a small quarto of 530 pages, lacking title-page, which Mr. Gowans, or some former owner, had judiciously marked in pencil, "A medley of wonders." It was easily recognized as the "Officina Istorica" of Astolfi, especially as it contained the Aggiunta, with the cat-mark of Sessa, and the date 1605. Here was a volume which, by a series of facts connected with it, took us at once into the great art school of Venice when Titian Vecellio was in his glory, for it contains woodcuts which have been claimed as his original work. Cæsare Vecellio was an engraver in Venice, who published in 1590, and again in 1598, a book of costume prints, entitled, "Habiti Antichi et Moderni di tutto il Mondo di Cæsare Vecellio." Another edition of this work was published in 1664, in which it was stated that the cuts were drawn by Tiziano Vecellio for his brother Cæsare. Meantime, between the publication of these editions, many of the cuts were used by Sessa to illustrate the "Officina" of Astolfi. Incredulous readers might well be startled at being told that many "original" works of Titian were lying in a New York shop. But it may easily be true, though some doubt has been cast on the story, from the fact that Titian died in 1576, a man of only one year less than a century old, and Cæsare's book

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A VIRGINIA LADY.—[BY VECELLIO, 1590.]

was not published until some years later. Nevertheless, the account in the edition of 1664 has many believers, and the cuts have been frequently described as drawn by Titian. Astolfi's book is a curious medley, and would furnish material for a long and amusing article. There were not many men or women known to history or story in his day who did not find places in the book as examples of one or another class. It might be entitled, Anecdotes illustrating Character of Men and of Women. Honest men, chaste women, men of great memory, suicides, robbers, pirates, brave men, arrogant persons, witches, and necromancers—these are but specimens of the classification of historical incident, divided into ancient and modern examples, which crowd the book, and which are gathered not only from the Old World, but from what little was then known in Europe of the Western continent.

One of the cuts, which in Vecellio's "Habiti" represents the *Habito delle donne dell' Isola Virginia*, does service in Astolfi to illustrate the *Honori del la poverta*. The book seems to contain some other cuts by Vecellio which are not to be found elsewhere. Sessa's cat-mark, in a dozen forms, is well known to all collectors of old books, and it used to be thought safe to purchase any book bearing it, since all his issues had value.

Whether Titian ever drew on wood for engraving was long disputed, but it is now well settled that he executed some drawings on large blocks, impressions from which are highly esteemed. That he amused himself in his extreme old age with some of these costume prints for his brother or relative is not impossible. There was not much originality in some of them, which are copies of older works, but a large portion of them are new in Vecellio's book. It is uncertain whether he copied from Franco, or Franco from him, for this artist produced a set of costume plates on copper, which were gathered in a book, now excessively rare, entitled "Diversarum Nationum Habitus Centum, etc., opera Petri Bertelii, Pataviæ, 1589," and another volume, entitled, "Additio ad duos superiores libros de habitibus diversarum nationum," which has a preface by Berteli, dated 1591. A comparison of the books, as they lie together before us, leads to the curious question how far the artists on wood and copper may have compared notes while getting out from presses, not far apart, the two sets of costume pictures in publications which were practically contemporary. They represent



MARK OF THE PRINTER SESSA, OF VENICE.—[FROM ASTOLFI.]

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in the main the same costumes, and sometimes with very close resemblance to each other. Both books are now highly prized, and that of Vecellio has been reproduced in France in fac-simile at great expense.

Very many early wood-cut illustrations were turned up among the masses in the Nassau Street basement. We found abundant proof there that Holbein did not design the "Icones" attributed to him, for we found the designs of the "Icones" in Bibles published long before the Lyons cuts, and by subsequent investigations learned that these designs were old in Italy, France, and Germany, and had been growing and developing in the hands of various artists for a long time before their appearance in the little Lyons volume.

The reader, of course, understands that this is not an article on old books in general, but that its object has been to give, by a few examples, a very incomplete idea of the accumulations of one old New York shop. A European collection of the same kind would have furnished many books more rare and curious, but no collection could give us any more interesting subjects of thought in art or history. We have found among the books in this New York collection the issues of some of the most celebrated presses in the world, and the works of many of the most eminent artists. We found there woodcuts or engravings of Michael Wohlgemuth, Urse Graff, Albert Dürer, Hans Baldung Grun, Hans Burgmair, Hans Brosamer, Hans Holbein, Hans Schauffelein, Springinklee, Solis, Stimmer, Von Sichem, Londerseel, and many others of the German and Dutch early schools; Æneas Vico, Benedetto Mentagna, Cæsare Vecellio, Anibale Caracci, Giacomo Franco, the much disputed Zoan Andrea—where shall we stop in the catalogue of Italian artists, whose engravings adorn old books? The companionship of old artists in such an establishment is something wonderful. There were books which Peter Scheffer himself had handled. There were sermons of Luther, printed at Wittenberg, with title-pages by various artists. There were hundreds of autographs, dated in the sixteenth century, of men who owned and loved the books three hundred years ago. Only looking at such books is like talking with the readers as well as the authors. We can imagine the smiles that stole over faces in those old centuries when they read passages at which we smile now, and some of the stains on old books are tear-drops.

We have only named here and there a curious book, of antique interest, among the thousands in Mr. Gowans's possession. Our own collection has been enriched with many. Others which were not in the line of our pursuit have been sold under the hammer, at prices ridiculously low. Think, for instance, of the works of Justus Lipsius, containing the treatise "De Cruce," with splendid impressions of the engravings, selling, as it did the other day, under the hammer of Messrs. Bangs, Merwin, and Co., for fifty cents; or a fine copy of the old English translation of Eusebius and Socrates and Evagrius, the ecclesiastical histories, Field's edition of 1619, sold for one dollar and some cents!

It has been our purpose in this article to confine our notices strictly to the books we have found in one New York bookstore. We could add to the list a hundred volumes of equal and similar, or superior value and interest found in the same place, but we have only followed from one to another as the suggestion led, and enough has been said to answer our object in showing to American readers what treasures are at hand in New York for those who choose to hunt them up. We could name a few books picked up in Mr. Gowans's store which have no general interest to the public, but which would bring enormous prices in Europe on account of their rarity.

Similar collections, though not on so large a scale, are found in other American cities. We bought a few books some years ago in such a shop in Philadelphia, paying very high prices for them. One of these books needed rebinding, and as the original covers were old, we subjected them to the soaking process. The result showed that the boards were manufactured from the printed sheets, unfolded and uncut, of a rare old book. We obtained, of course, only a portion of the volume, but that portion was valuable. The book is entitled, "Richt way to the Kingdome of Hevine is techit heir in the commandis of God, in the Creed and Paternoster, in the guhilk all Chrissine men sal find," etc., etc. We did not find this title, which we copy from Lowndes, but we rescued one hundred and twenty-eight pages, including the colophon; and forty-eight duplicate pages, also including the colophon, which is "Prentit in Malmw. Be me Jhone Hochstratten the xvi day of October MDXXX." Where and what is *Malmw.* remains unknown, since it is not Malmo, and, probably, not Marlborough, as by some supposed; but the book was sold in the Chalmers sale in 1842 for £10 15*s.*; and there "supposed unique—no other copy known." So that a Philadelphia book-shop turns up two fragmentary copies of a rare Scotch book by John Gau, of which, heretofore, but one copy was known, and which has been so highly esteemed as to be reproduced in fac-simile in the "Bannatyne Miscellanies."

That this article shall not be wholly thrown away, we venture to suggest a moral to be derived from the subject. The time will come when the books and works of art of to-day will be as much desired for historical purposes as we now desire those of three

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centuries ago. Already we miss many such objects, lost out of reach, though published only within the century. The British Museum preserves a copy of every publication made in all the world. America should, at least, collect and keep American books and engravings, and New York should do the work. In turning over American publications we find engravings marked with the names of artists of the latter part of the last and early part of this century, of whom no record exists, but whose works are among our earliest American engravings. Who can show a collection of their works, or give any idea of the extent to which their labors have influenced the minds of young or old in America? It is not too late to gather these scattered memorials of early art in our own country, and the practical way to do it is for some of our societies to appoint committees, and these committees to advertise for donations, and also devote some time to searches in the book-shops. The desired articles have little pecuniary value now, and those who happen to possess them will gladly aid in gathering them into folios or libraries, where they can be arranged, catalogued, and preserved.

In this very connection we recall the fact that there was one class, chiefly of small and apparently valueless books, which we regarded with great interest, and in which Mr. Gowans's stock was very rich. If not now, the time will soon come when American collectors will seek the books to which we allude. There are three periods in the history of wood-engraving which have prominent importance, and to which the attention of collectors will inevitably tend. The first period covers the origin of the art and its advance to the Dürer period; the second covers the sixteenth century, until its decadence. From the year 1600 to the close of the eighteenth century there was hardly an engraver on wood worthy to be called an artist. The revival of the art in England under the influence of such men as Bewick has already attracted the attention of collectors, and the works of Bewick command high prices because of the great demand for them. Up to the present time, however, it seems to have escaped the attention of American collectors that the birth of the art in this country and its rise and progress were largely due to an American, many of whose works rival those of his contemporary Bewick.

It was always a pleasure to find among Mr. Gowans's books any one illustrated by Anderson, and we gathered many out of the Nassau Street heaps. They will be highly valued before many years. Few Americans are aware of how much they owe to Dr. Anderson, who has recently died at a very advanced age. He was an artist of high ability, and for a long period was the only American wood-engraver of merit. No one need hesitate to place some of his works by the side of Bewick's.

The art of illustration owes much more to wood than to copper or steel. While the gems of copper-plate work bring fabulous prices, and are well worth the money paid for them, it must be remembered that they were always works of luxury, for those only who could afford to buy them. The wood-cuts, on the other hand, were for all; and when Dürer drew on wood the story of the Passion, or when Titian sketched on wood the capture of Samson, or when such artists as Burgmair, and Virgil Solis, and Jost Amman, and Mentagna, and Vecellio, and scores of others that might be named, drew their designs on wood, to be carved out and printed in fac-simile, they left us clearer ideas of artistic power than we can ever hope to gain from elaborate works with the burin, or often repeated etchings of acid.

BUILDING A HOUSE WITH A TEA-CUP.

By MRS. S. C. HALL.

"LET it alone, Lucy!" exclaimed Granny Grey to her young visitor. "Why did you remove the shade?"

"Well, dear Granny, only because I really wanted to see it."

"See it!" said the very handsome woman, with whom the aspect of youth yet lingered. "Why, darling, surely your eyes are not in the tips of your fingers? You could see it without removing the shade. You mean, I suppose, you wanted to *feel* it?"

Lucy laughed. In common with all the girls in Woolen Reach — the name of the village in which Mrs. Grey resided — she called her "Granny;" "Granny" was the pet name, the name of love, by which all the young people, boys and girls, recognized Mrs. Grey. Lucy Lynne was one of the good woman's especial favorites. There were steadier and wiser girls in Woolen Reach; but there was not one gifted with a gentler heart or a kinder nature than Lucy Lynne.

"I do not know what I wanted," laughed Lucy; "but you all make such a wonderful fuss about that cup that I thought I should like to know why; and just now, when you had done reading, and closed *the Book*, leaving Mr. Grey's spectacle-case in it for a mark, I am sure you sat for quite five minutes looking at that cup—at least your eyes were fixed on it—and yet—" The girl paused.

"And yet what?" questioned Mrs. Grey.

"Why, though your eyes were fixed on the cup, it seemed as if they were somehow looking beyond it; and then—indeed, your cheeks grew red, and your eyes had tears in them, and I thought, without intending it, you clasped your hands; and you got up and looked at the sheet almanac, and I thought you said to yourself, 'Thank God!'"

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"Why, Lucy," exclaimed Mrs. Grey, "what an observant puss you are! I little thought you were watching me as a cat would a mouse."

"That won't do, dear Granny," laughed Lucy. "The cat watches the mouse because she wants to catch and eat it. Now you do not believe that I want to eat you?"

"No, dear child, I never thought you wanted to eat me," answered Mrs. Grey, laughing in her turn; "but I did not think you were so observant."

"I am sure," said Lucy, "there are a dozen tea-cups in the house much prettier than that old thing you lay such store by. Some one said here the other day that the 'willow pattern' was considered very old-fashioned, and in 'bad taste;' and you said it was, and that you hated the sight of it, and would have a new dinner service as soon as your ship came home; but," added Lucy, with a little pout, "that ship is a long time on the seas. As long as I can remember I have heard you talk of what was to be done when the ship came home; perhaps, when it does, Granny, it may bring you a pretty cup to put under the shade, instead of that 'willow pattern.'"

"No," said Mrs. Grey; "not all the cups that ever came from China, even if they were filled with gold, would be half as valuable in my eyes as that discolored old tea-cup of the 'willow pattern,' which I have cared for and cherished for thirty years; and Mr. Grey values it as highly as I do."

"Granny, will you not tell me why," inquired Lucy, "that I also may value it? I know you think a great deal of it, for you always dust the shade with your own hands."

"If you can sit still, Lucy, and listen attentively, it will be a pleasure to me to tell you *why* I value that tea-cup. There! bring your favorite stool to my side and sit down, and you shall hear not an imaginary but a true story, which I hope you will remember all the days of your life.

"You know my husband was a carpenter—indeed, I may say is; though he does not work as hard as he used with his hands, I think he does with his head, and I hear that his power of calculation is clear and rapid."

"Oh yes," said Lucy; "I have heard Mr. Grey say that temperance kept his brain clear."

"I married him when I was very young," continued Mrs. Grey—"some said too young to take the cares of the world upon me; but I thought my husband, who was a very well educated man, would teach me how to bear them—at least that was what I thought and believed; but the real truth was, I loved him very dearly, and if there are faults, we are not inclined to see them in those we love."

"Then," said that saucy Lucy, looking archly up into Mrs. Grey's face, "I do not think, Granny, you love *me* very much, for I think you see *all* my faults, ever so big!"

"My dear one!" replied her old friend, "I hope I see them all, because I am anxious my Lucy should be very perfect; and if her faults were not known, how could they be corrected? And she has just displayed one."

"A fault!" repeated Lucy, opening her great gray eyes.

"Yes; you interrupted me at the commencement of a story you said you wished to hear, and I now feel indisposed to tell it."

"Oh," exclaimed the repentant Lucy, "indeed I will not do so again; I will be as silent as ever you could wish, and as attentive; I did not mean to be rude, dear Granny!"

"Where did I leave off?" questioned Mrs. Grey.

"You said we were not inclined to see faults in those we love," replied Lucy.

"Oh, I remember. Well, dear, we had every thing very tidy and comfortable, and my husband had plenty of work. I did not think it then, but I had cause to mourn it afterward, that though I loved my husband, I was not as careful in my early married life as I should have been of his little home comforts. His dinner was not always ready to the moment, as it ought to have been; nor was the hearth swept and the room tidied up, as it is a wife's duty to see that it is when her husband comes home from his day's work. The hour or two of evening, when the toil of the day is ended, should be the happiest of the four-and-twenty, and can not fail to be so if a household, however small, is properly cared for. During the early days of our married life we never omitted reading a portion of the Testament, and sometimes singing the verse of a hymn, before we retired for the night. Mr. Grey had a beautiful voice," said the old lady, with very pardonable pride, "and, as you know, he leads in the church still. After we had been married about a year, it pleased God to make an addition to our family. That should have increased my dexterity, so that my attention to my child should not have been taken from, but added to, the comforts and pleasures of our home; but, instead of that, my new duties rendered me heedless, and often sloppish. My husband liked to see me trim and neat in my person.

"'Katie,' he used to say, 'I only ask to see your hair brushed and shining, and your apron and cotton gown—as they used to be—clean.' He would often take the broom and sweep the hearth, and make up the fire, and put the white cloth on the table for supper; and though I knew that was what I ought to have done before he came home, yet—I don't know how it was—I did not improve. I had grown rather too fond of gossiping with neighbors who were idler than myself, and carrying my child—who certainly was a beauty—about to have it admired. That was our first baby—our

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dear blue-eyed boy. I almost seemed fonder of showing him off than looking after my home. When rich married people don't think as much of each other as they ought to do, they have many other things to look to for happiness; but if the lamp which led the poor to the altar grows dim, the house is dark indeed—the light of their life goes out with it!"

Lucy looked at Mrs. Grey with wondering eyes; for she was the neatest and nattiest old lady you could see any where, and was held up as a pattern to all the young girls in the neighborhood.

"I do not know now how it was, or when it began, but we often forgot to read our chapter. My husband did not continue as good-humored as he had been during our early days, and I did not see how much of that was my fault for not making him comfortable, as I had done at first. He was very fond of our baby, but the poor little fellow grew ill and peevish. He could not bear to hear it cry. When it began to cry, he would take up his hat to go out. The very thing which ought to have sent us on our knees in supplication that our infant might be restored to health seemed to break in upon our prayers; and, instead of the hymn—except, indeed, on Sunday evenings—my husband, who had, as I told you, a beautiful voice, would bring home a new song which he wished to learn, so that he might sing it at the Tradesmen's Club at the Blue Lobster.

"Slowly but surely he began, instead of returning home in the evenings, to attend these club meetings. Then I saw my danger, and how foolishly, if not wickedly, I had acted, in not attending to my first earthly duty.

"One morning—I never shall forget it—I rose determined to get my washing over and dried out of the way, as he had promised to return early. There is nothing, except a scolding wife, more miserable to a poor man than finding the fire from which he expected warmth and comfort hung round with steaming or damp clothes that a brisk, good manager would get dried and folded before his return.

"I had made such good resolutions; but, darling," said Granny, after a pause, "I trusted to my own strength. I did not then, as I do now, entreat God's help—ask for God's help to enable me to keep them. I was too fond, in my young, proud days, of trusting entirely to myself—to my own will. Well, dear, I suffered one small matter or another to call me away, and an old gossiping woman and her daughter came and wasted my time; and when I heard the church clock strike, and knew my husband would be in in less than half an hour, and nothing ready to make him comfortable, though he had had a hard day's work at the saw-pit, in wet weather, I could have cried with shame and vexation. My resolve had been so strong—in what?—in my own poor, weak strength! Well, I hurried; but it is hard racing after misspent time. My husband came in, dripping wet, about five minutes before his usual hour. He looked at me, and at the clothes-line that was stretched in front of the fire, and, with a small chopper that he had in his hand, he cut the line, and down went my half-dried clothes on the not over-clean sanded floor. 'A soft answer turneth away wrath,' saith the proverb; but I did *not* give the soft answer, and the wrath was *not* turned away.

"'Very well, Katie,' he said; 'there is no place here for me to sit and rest, and no supper ready; but I can get sitting, resting, and supper at the Blue Lobster, where many a fellow is driven by an ill-managing wife.' And with that he turned out of the door. It was in my heart to follow him, to lock my arms round his neck, and, begging his pardon, bring him back. But I was vexed about the clothes, and forgot the provocation. That was his first night all out at the Blue Lobster, *but it was not his last.* I saw my error, and I prayed then for strength to do my duty; but somehow my husband had got a taste for the popularity that grows out of a good story and a fine voice, and he had felt that woful night what it was to be warmed, when he was cold, by the fire of brandy, instead of sea-coal. Days passed; our little boy, our Willy, grew worse and worse. Time had been when Mr. Grey would walk the night with him on his bosom, to soothe him to sleep; but now, if the poor child wailed ever so heavily, he could not hear it. Another child had been given to us, but she only added to our difficulties. Then, indeed, I labored continuously to recall what I had lost, but drink had got the mastery. We were backward with our rent; my poor husband lost his customers, for he neglected his business; and both clothing and furniture went to satisfy our creditors, and that craving which cries for more the more it gets. I could not bear the sympathy of my neighbors—for they would give me their pity—held me up as a suffering angel—while every hour of my life I recalled the time when neglect of my wifely duties first drove my husband to the public-house.

"When sober, my poor dear was full of sorrow, but he had not the strength to avoid temptation. He never used any violence toward me, though if I attempted to hold any thing back he wished to turn into drink, he would become furious, and tear and rend whatever he could lay his hands on. One terrible night he broke every remnant of glass and china that remained of what once, for a tradesman's wife, I had such a store. Every thing was shattered, every thing trampled on and broken—every thing but *that one cup.*"

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"And how did that escape?" questioned Lucy.

"It contained the infant's supper," replied Mrs. Grey. "I saw his hand hover over it, and the same moment his poor blood-shot eyes rested on the baby, whose little outstretched arms craved for its food. Some silent message at that moment must have entered his heart; his arms fell down, and without an effort to support himself, he sank into a heap upon the floor in the midst of the destruction he had caused. I tried to get him on to where once a bed had been; we had still a mattress and a couple of blankets."

Lucy did not speak, but her eyes were overflowing, and she stole her hand into that of Mrs. Grey. The good woman soon resumed her story:

"I saw that even there sleep came to subdue and calm him. My poor child ate her supper and fell asleep, and my sick boy was certainly better, and also slept. I crept about, gathering up the broken pieces, and endeavoring to light the fire. A kind lady to whom I had taken home some needle-work that morning—for several weeks I had been the only bread-winner—in addition to the eightcenpence I had earned, gave me a small quantity of tea and sugar; and an old pewter teapot that, however battered, would not break, seemed to me a comforter. He would awake, I knew, cold and shivering, but I hoped not until the Blue Lobster and every house of the same description were closed, and then his thirst would compel him to take some tea. I heard the church-clock strike one, and it was a joyful sound; no open doors, even to old customers, then. I knelt down between the children's blankets and my poor shattered husband, and prayed as I never prayed before.

"I had managed sufficient fuel to boil the kettle and create some degree of warmth, and I waited patiently and prayerfully for the waking. It came at last. The anger and the violence that had been almost insanity were all gone; only the poor broken-down man was there. He asked what o'clock it was. I told him the church-clock had gone half past one. He then asked for water. I brought him a cupful, another, and another, and then a cup of tea. After he had taken it, he gathered himself up and took the stool I moved toward him. I poured him out a fresh cup of tea. He looked for some little time vacantly at the table, and not seeing another cup, he pushed that one toward me. I drank, half filled it again, and moved it to his hand.

"'My poor Katie,' he said, and kept repeating my name, 'has it come to this—only one cup between us all?'

"'And enough, too,' I answered, smiling as gayly as I could—'enough to build a house and home on, if we trusted to tea.'

"'What is your meaning?' he inquired.

"I was almost afraid to say what I meant, but I took courage, while trembling. 'I mean, darling,' I answered, 'that if we could both be content with refreshment of tea, we'd soon have a better and blither house than ever we had.'

"'I've been a bad father and a bad husband,' he said—for by this time he had nearly come to himself—'but all is gone, and it's too late to mend.'

"I made no answer, but just drew down the blanket from the faces of the sleeping children—there never was any thing touched my husband like the little child.

"'Is *all* gone?' I asked; and with that he crushed his face down on his clasped hands as they lay on the table, and burst into tears. I knelt down beside him, and thanked God for the tears in my heart, but I was so choked I could not speak; and we staid that way ever so long, neither saying a word. Now it is strange what turns the mind will take. Even while his face was wet with tears, my darling lifted it.

"'Katie,' he said—and it may seem to you nothing but a fond old woman's fancy, but I've always thought there was no music in the world ever so sweet as the way my husband says 'Katie' unto this day—'Katie,' he says, 'let's turn the cup, and see what it reads.' Like all youngsters, I believe, we had tossed many a cup, in our boy and girl days, just for laughter. He took it up quite serious like, and turned it, and as he looked into it he smiled. 'There's a clear road,' he went on, 'and a house at the top, and a wonderful lot of planks; they can't be ours, for there is not a plank in or near the pit now.'

"'But there will be,' I answered, eagerly. 'It was only yesterday, down where the spinny overhangs the pool, I met Mrs. Groveley. She gave me a blithe good-morning, and asked if my goodman was going to turn his leaf soon. "Tell him to make haste from me," she said, laughing like a sunbeam; "for he's too good a fellow to go on much longer as he's been going. There's goodness in him."'

"'Are you sure she said that?' whispered my husband.

"So I told him indeed she did, and more. 'She said she was waiting until you'd resolve to turn to like a man, and cut down the small lot of timber that's waiting for your hatchet on the corner farm. "I'm determined," she continued, "no one but he shall fell those trees. As I shall want to use the planks in the spring, he has no time to lose." She said something not pleasant about the public-house, but I could not let that pass; so I up and told her that it was my carelessness and neglect that turned you from your own fireside.'

"'You should not have said that, Katie,'

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he answered. 'I've been a bad husband and a bad father, and I did not think there was one in the place now that would trust me with a day's work;' and his voice shook and faltered, but he got it out at last. 'Even if I did take a turn, it's not likely you could forgive me!'

"And then I fell weeping at his feet, and laid bare my heart, and repeated that if I had been what I ought to have been, and kept the house he put over me fresh and clean, as I ought to have kept it, instead of spending the morning of my days in vanity and idleness, we need not have been two shivering sinners at that hour. I repeated again and again that it was my ways that drove him to find by the tap-room fire what he had lost at home; and then I lifted up my voice, and called to my Saviour to look down and help us both. I, with my voice full of tears, promised my husband if he would try me—only try me—he would see what a home I would make for him. He was always one for a little joke, and even then he said, and twirled the cup, 'A well-plenished house in a tea-cup; one tea-cup between us.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'if nothing stronger than tea flows into that cup, or wets our lips out of that cup, *we will build our house.*'

"We both kept long silence, and the break of that blessed day, though it showed me my husband's once glowing and manly face pale and haggard, and his hand trembling—so trembling that he could not carry the tea-cup to his lips without spilling its contents—brought new life into our shattered home.

"Lucy, on that blessed day—this day eighteen years ago—strength was given us both to keep our promise to God and to each other; and somehow this text got stamped upon our hearts:

"'We can do all things through Christ, who strengthens us.'

"My poor darling! he had hard lines at first. Never was there a drunkard who did not cast about to make others as bad as himself. As the day drew on he had not courage to face the street; but I went up to Groveley Manor, and told the good lady that my husband would fell the trees; that he might be trusted, because he no longer trusted in his own strength; that he was a pledged teetotaler, and I was pledged to make his home happy; but that we did not trust in our own pledges, but in faith that we could do all things through Christ, who strengthened us.

"Still the lines *were* hard. He had to bear up against the taunts and the sneers of his boon companions, and I had to struggle hard to give a desolate room the welcome home look that would prevent his wishing for the lights and the warmth and the excitement, and the praise his songs were sure to obtain. But, however scanty the furniture, a poor man's home can always be sweet and clean; *that* is in the power of the poorest; and though when he returned from his first day's timbering there was but one tea-cup between us, the old darned cloth was clean, the tea-pot and fire bright. No lord's children could be cleaner, and he said it was as good as a nosegay to kiss their sweet cheeks. It was hideous to see how his old companions loomed in upon our poverty, and tempted, or tried to tempt, him back. One terrible drunkard staggered in, and mockingly asked if I would give my husband leave to go for an hour—just half an hour even—and I rose and went into the little bedroom. I knew I could trust him, because he had ceased to trust himself. And I blessed God when I saw the tempter staggering forth, deriding my husband, and prepared to commit violence on any who opposed his progress.

"It is some time before neighbors or once friends can believe in a drunkard's reformation. The dear good lady who took the surest way to insure his lived to see our growing prosperity—'building a house with a tea-cup,' she always called it—and my goodman was not slow to declare the effect the clear high-road pictured forth in the tea-grounds had upon his excited imagination on that memorable night. Our necessaries returned to us slowly—very slowly at first—but the neighbors, when they saw how hardly and earnestly my husband worked, offered us credit for what they thought we needed; but we resolved to abstain from all luxuries until we could pay for what we got. Some of our little valuables had been left at the public-house as security for scores, and the landlord thought himself a most injured man when my husband redeemed his one article of finery—a gold shirt-pin that had belonged to his father. We learned the happiness every Saturday night of adding to our comforts; and from that day to this my husband has always found his house swept and garnished—no damp linen hanging about, no buttonless shirts or holey stockings. The children were trained to neatness and good order, and the sound of discord and contradiction has never been since heard within our home. The habits of our first months of marriage returned; a few verses of Holy Writ, a prayer, and a hymn refreshed the memory of our bond with God and with each other. We feel those exercises far more impressive now than we did when we practiced them as a cold ceremony rather than as the result of a living faith.

"In less than six years my husband built this cottage, I may say with his own hands. We got the bit of land at a low rate, and over hours he worked at it as only a teetotaler can work. Our Willy has never been a strong lad, and the doctor says if he had been even a trifle wild he would have been

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long ago in the church-yard. With all my love for his beautiful infancy, I did not do my duty the first two years of his life. A careless wife is never a careful mother, whatever she may think; but it pleased the Lord to let in his light upon us before the night came. And it was not folly to carry two things first into this house—our Bible and the old tea-cup that attracted your curiosity. It is not too much to say that the cup often reminded us of our duties. And you can understand now, I think, darling, why Goodman and Granny Gray value it before all the gay china that could come from beyond the seas; for I may rightly say that, by God's help and blessing, *this house was built out of that tea-cup.*"

THE DAYS OF QUEEN ANNE.

MOOR PARK, the country home of Sir William Temple, stood not far from London, in a pleasant landscape, surrounded by its trim lawns and productive gardens.[1] The house was plain; its owner was not wealthy; but he was famous for honesty in politics, for his success in cultivating fruits and vegetables, and for some knowledge of the classics. He wrote essays that are scarcely remembered, and produced grapes and peaches that were probably much better appreciated by his friend Charles II. or William III. Moor Park itself, and perhaps its owner, would long since have been forgotten had it not contained within its quiet shelter a dark and turbid genius, slowly struggling upward to renown, and a pale and thoughtful girl, studious at once and beautiful, whose name and fate were never to be separated from that of her modern Abelard.

There had come to Moor Park a poor scholar, the son of a widow, in search of some means of subsistence; and Sir William Temple, upon whom the mother had some claim, either as a distant connection or an early acquaintance, touched by her extreme distress, consented to receive the young man into his house, and give him employment either as a reader or amanuensis. It was the first upward step in the life of the haughty Swift, who seems never to have been able to remember without a burst of rage that in his infancy he had nearly starved from the poverty of his mother, and that in his youth he had been a servant or a dependent in the Temple family. He never revisited Moor Park in his prosperity; he never spoke to any of the Temples;[2] he seems to have wanted wholly the sentiment of association, and was never softened into tenderness by the memory of the trim gardens where he had first walked with Stella, or of the real kindness with which Sir William had raised him from poverty and neglect. In his inordinate sense of his own merits he seems to have felt himself injured by the benevolence of his benefactor.

Fate had provided for the impoverished scholar a companion and a pupil whose condition very closely resembled his own. On his return to Moor Park in 1696, after a serious dispute with his patron, Swift found in the house a Mrs. Johnson and her young daughter, who, like himself, were dependent on the generosity of the Temples. Esther, or Hetty, Johnson, the famous Stella, was now growing up into that rare beauty which was to become celebrated in letters, and a purity and gentleness of spirit that won the admiration of her eminent contemporaries. Her eyes and hair were dark, her complexion pale, her figure graceful, her expression pensive and engaging.[1] She was fond of knowledge, and glad to be instructed; and if her taste in literature was sometimes at fault, or her spelling never perfect, she was at least able to feel the beauties of a *Spectator* or an *Examiner*. Swift became her tutor, Mentor, lover. He taught her his own bold handwriting, explained the allusions of the poets, gave her a taste for wit and humor, and seems to have communicated to her alone the secret of his anonymous works. A perfect unity of feeling and of interests grew up between them, and four years of tranquil happiness glided away in the calm shelter of Moor Park, during which Stella ripened into graceful womanhood, and seems to have been treated by Sir William almost with the tenderness of a parent.[2] She mingled with the best society of the neighborhood, became acquainted with fashionable ladies and eminent men, and in London was already known as one of the most accomplished and beautiful women of the day.

More than the common sorrows of life, meantime, had fallen upon the family at Moor Park. Lady Temple, that Dorothy Osborne whom Sir William had courted for seven years with stately assiduity, had long been dead; their children passed away, one by one: the eldest son died by his own act, the victim of an extreme sensibility. The society of Swift and Stella probably served to amuse the last years of the eminent statesman; and when he died, in 1689, Sir William left to Swift the valuable legacy of his writings, and to Esther Johnson a thousand pounds. But their home was now broken up; for a time they were separated; they were only to meet in that irrevocable union which was to throw its mysterious shadow over the lives of both forever.

[1] Stanhope, Reign of Queen Anne. Wilde, The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life.

[2] "I have done with that family," he says, in the Journal to Stella.

[1] A portrait of Stella still exists, pensive and beautiful.

[2] *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1755; and Wilde, p. 108. She was reported to be Sir William's daughter; but in his will he calls her his sister's servant.

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Of Swift's startling eccentricities and wild bursts of rage, his cold, despotic temper, his unbending self-esteem, the frequent rudeness of his manners, his violence and pride, his contemporaries have recorded many examples. He was suspended or expelled from Trinity College for insolent and lawless conduct; he quarreled with Sir William Temple. "God confound you both for a couple of scoundrels!" he exclaimed to Earl Berkeley and his friend when they had offended him. His cruel duplicity to the two devoted women who clung to him with confiding fondness can never be excused. Yet were the gentler and better elements of his character so eminent and remarkable that the generous Addison could only think of him as endowed with every endearing virtue, the most delightful of companions, the most faithful of friends; and to Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay, and a throng of accomplished associates he was ever an object of sincere affection and esteem.[1] He was generous often to excess; he loved with an unchanging regard; he was happy in doing good; his countrymen in Ireland, who had felt his benefactions, followed him with an almost superstitious veneration, and were willing to die in his defense.

After their brief separation Swift and Stella were once more reunited, and the pleasant parsonage of Laracor, near Dublin, has become renowned as the scene of their happiest hours. Here Swift was made vicar, and upon a moderate salary lived in retirement and ambitious discontent. At his request or his command, Stella, who was now without a home, whose mother seems scarcely to have deserved her regard, resolved upon the dangerous plan of removing to Ireland to live near her early instructor. A female friend, Mrs. Dingley, accompanied her. It is impossible to say what promises of a future marriage were the inducements held out by her imperious master, whether he postponed their union until his income had increased, or left his future plans hidden in mystery. It is only certain that at eighteen years of age the beautiful Esther Johnson, already one of the ornaments of London society, and the reputed daughter of Sir William Temple, abandoned the gay world to hide in the obscurity of Ireland; to live in a cloud of doubt, assailed by calumny, and scarcely convinced of her own prudence; to reject all other suitors, and to await with patient cheerfulness the moment when it should please the imperious Swift to name the hour of their nuptials.[2]

The two ladies, Mrs. Dingley and Stella, occupied the parsonage at Laracor when Swift was absent; when he returned they went to private lodgings: no concealment was pretended. It was well known that the two gentlewomen had followed Swift to Ireland; it was even believed that he was married to one of them. The days at Laracor passed pleasantly onward. Stella, secure of the attachment and attentions of him whom she looked upon as her husband, lived in cheerful confidence, and Swift seems to have given her no cause of alarm. She was ever to him "the fairest spirit that dwelt upon the earth." Her conversation was his chief delight. To her he opened his secret plans, and confided his most daring hopes. They laid out the canal at Laracor together, planted it with graceful willows, filled the garden with rare fruits, or adorned with simple comforts and embellishments the parsonage, whose ruins still show traces of its famous occupants.[1] Society gathered around them, and the eccentric union of the two protégés of Sir William Temple, who had long been known to the world of letters and of fashion, seems to have been looked upon as in no degree improper. Stella was courted by the grave and the gay; received offers of marriage, which she declined; wondered, perhaps, at the ungenerous delay of her suitor, but had not yet learned to reproach.

In 1704 dropped mysteriously from the London press one of those books that the literary world can never let die, yet one which it has tacitly agreed to hide in a decent obscurity. It treated of the most sacred themes with coarse ribaldry and painful familiarity. It was more shocking to a delicate taste than the barbaric wit of Rabelais and the keen levity of Lucian. Yet its rare originality, its biting satire, the profusion of its learning, the endless variety of its wit, and that clear and simple style, the result of long years of labor, in which the writer's mind, with all its fertile novelty, seemed to blend with that of his reader, made the "Tale of a Tub" the most remarkable book of the day. Its clouded renown opened the dawn of the golden age of Queen Anne. It was read by pious bishops with horror and delight, by eminent statesmen and ambitious lords, by the gentle Addison, by Somers, Garth, and the youthful Pope. Its anonymous origin was soon examined. Swift, who had already written popular pieces, was believed to be its author;[2] and the renown of being the greatest wit and the most original genius of his day was awarded at once to the Irish vicar. Swift now made yearly visits to London, and in the society of Somers, Montague, and Addison began to project schemes of ambition that were to end in signal defeat.

From their quiet retreat amidst the willows

[1] Macaulay, "Sir W. Temple," with his usual severity, sees only Swift's harsher traits.

[2] Scott, Life of Swift, p. 68.

[1] Scott, p. 69.

[2] Scott, p. 84. Swift borrowed his design from Rabelais, and must be content with the second place in the ranks of modern humorists, or perhaps the third—next to Cervantes.

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of Laracor, Swift and Stella saw pass slowly before them the barbaric glories of the reign of Queen Anne. Chivalry, unhappily, still ruled in France. Louis XIV.—coward, impostor, the basest of voluptuaries, the chief savage of his time—proclaimed a tournament of the nations, and drove his starving and enfeebled people to fling themselves in miserable throngs against the patient Hollander, the quiet German, the soft Italian, and die in myriads on the fields of battle. When Swift retired to Laracor, Louis the Great was at the height of his renown. Europe trembled before the despot of Versailles, the modern Dionysius. While the people starved, the soldiers of France, clad in rich trappings and fed on costly food, were held ready to be let loose upon the factories of Flanders and the rich cities of Germany; and in every happy home or peaceful village from Strasburg to Vienna the ambition of the French Attila struck an icy dread.

To become "king of men," as his unchristian preachers were accustomed to salute him, Louis had sunk into a barbarian. Yet his youth had not been without its promise. He was the grandson of Henry IV., and had inherited at least the memory of the austere Jeanne d'Albret, and of the simple manners of Bearn. His own mother had neglected him. He could remember the time when his velvet suit had grown threadbare from poverty, and when his scanty and ill-paid allowance scarcely gave him a tolerable support. He had been educated in sobriety, at a time when all France was flourishing with signal vigor under the influence of Huguenot ideas, when the fields were clad in wealth of food and population, the factories busy, and the prosperous nation had just entered upon a career of reform and culture that might have saved it all its later woes. Louis, the neglected boy, grew up fair, graceful, and gracious in his manners; but at twenty-two — still happier auspice for his country — became king in reality, under the guidance of the hardy intellect of Colbert. The Huguenot minister governed for a time the destinies of France, and Louis was the champion of economy, moderation, and peace.[1] Brief, however, was the period of his moral vigor: he fell with a memorable lapse. The pagan influence of the Catholic faith clouded his aspiring spirit. Corrupt confessors and plotting Jesuits condoned his enormous vices. He sank into moral and mental degradation, and Bossuet and Massillon celebrated in sounding periods the mighty monarch who had driven the Huguenots from his kingdom with unexampled atrocities, and whose barbarous ambition had filled Europe with slaughter.

The crimes of Louis can scarcely be surpassed. Without provocation he broke into Spanish Flanders, and spread desolation over that rich territory, whose boundless productiveness has outlived the wars of centuries. Without provocation he poured the finest soldiers of Europe into the busy fields of Holland. City after city fell bleeding and defenseless before his arms. Already the Jesuits and the Catholics believed themselves masters of that wonderful land, where the printing-press and the free school had nerved the intellect of the Calvinist in its desperate struggle for independence, and whose vigorous thought had sapped the strongest bulwarks of Rome. But the Dutch had torn down their dikes. The ocean rolled over the scenes of prosperous industry, and Louis retreated from the land he had covered with despair.

Yet it was against divided and distracted Germany that the great king perpetrated his most unpardonable crimes. That hive of nations, from whence had poured forth in successive streams Goth and Vandal, Frank and Saxon, to renew the energies of the Latin race, was now to lie for hopeless years at the feet of haughty France. Louis seems, in his insane ambition, to have believed the Germans an inferior race, into whose savage realm the gay and civilized legions of Paris might penetrate without an effort, and ravage without remorse. To extend the frontier of France to the Rhine, over blazing Alsace and the blood-tinged Moselle, Louis labored for fifty years.[1] No such scenes of human misery and national shame had been witnessed in Europe as were those over which the gracious and courtly king exulted with horrible joy. Twice he had sent orders to desolate the Palatinate, and reduce to a naked waste the fairest province of Germany. For seventy miles along the banks of the Saar, villages and fields were swept by a general conflagration, and the miserable people fled to their forests, to perish by famine or disease. Strasburg he had seized by an open fraud. In September, 1681, when its chief citizens had gone to the Frankfort fair, in the midst of a recent peace, the French troops surrounded the great city, the key of Germany, and demanded its surrender. Its garrison trembled before the heavy artillery and the unexpected attack of the foe. The gates were opened by treachery, and Strasburg fell into the power of the French. The Protestants were driven from its renowned cathedral, where they had worshiped for more than a hundred years; and Louis, without a blush, made a triumphal entry into the city he had violated his honor to obtain, and from whence he hoped to inflict new miseries upon the German race.

Nor did it seem possible that Germany

[1] Martin, Hist. France. In 1662 Louis and Colbert were laboring to check pauperism and elevate the people. Vol. xiv. 615 *et seq.*

[1] Mémoires de Louis XIV. (written by himself), Archives Curieuses, viii. 335, show his constant activity, his ceaseless ambition: p. 319.

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could long survive the ceaseless malignity of its French foe. In 1683 Louis had called to his aid the savage Turks—the scourge of European civilization. With an army of two hundred thousand men—the largest that had been seen in Europe since the fall of Constantinople, the grand vizier, Mustapha, a brave and skillful soldier, broke into Germany and laid siege to Vienna. The emperor and his family fled from his trembling capital; its garrison was small, its fortifications imperfect; and in June, when the immense Turkish host sat down before the city, there seemed little hope that the empire could be saved. All Germany awaited with almost supine awe the fall of the house of Hapsburg.

The siege was prosecuted with terrible vigor; the Viennese resisted with undoubted heroism. Every day new mines were sprung; the walls were shattered by huge parks of cannon. The weary defenders repaired at night the ruins of the day; yet the Turks pressed on, eager for the plunder of the wealthy city, and filled the trenches with the Christian dead. At length, in the beginning of September, a mine was sprung under the bastion of Burg; half the city shook and tottered at the dreadful shock, and a wide breach was opened, sufficiently large for a whole battalion to pass in. The garrison had melted away with toil and battle, and the hopeless Viennese prepared for the final assault that might deliver their proud city forever into the hands of the infidel.[1] But on the morning of the fatal day John Sobieski, King of Poland, stood on the Kalen Hill, at the head of forty thousand men, surrounded by the princes of Germany. The Turks were arrested in the moment of triumph; and on the 12th of September, leading his brilliant cavalry, Sobieski sprang from the hills into the centre of the throngs of Turkish horsemen, and chased them in a wild flight along the plain.[2]

At night a panic seized the whole Turkish force, and they fled silently from their countless tents. Sobieski, in the morning, saw before him the rejoicing city, just delivered from a horrible doom, and a boundless wealth of spoil in gold, silver, and rich robes, the great standard of Turkey, and the baths, fountains, and gardens of the luxurious Mustapha. Germany and Europe rang with the praises of the gallant Pole; and Louis alone lamented the discomfiture of the Turks.

In 1688 he began a new war against the enfeebled Germans. It opened with an act of singular atrocity. In the depth of winter, when the fields and forests lay clad in snow, the French cavalry swept into the fertile provinces of the Rhine. Around them were rich and famous cities, renowned as the centres of early Protestantism and freedom, and countless villages—the emblems of centuries of toil. All were to be destroyed. The inhabitants in that cold and mournful season, the period of domestic festivity, were ordered to abandon their fine cities and pleasant homes, or were driven at the point of the bayonet, naked and defenseless, into the snow. When they asked why they were treated with such severity, they were told, "It is the king's pleasure." They wandered out, beggars and homeless. Behind them, over the wintry landscape, they saw the flames sweep over Worms and Spires, Heidelberg or Baden. Every city was burned to the ground; the French soldiers plundered the tombs of the Salic emperors, and robbed the churches of Spires. The hapless people died by thousands, of starvation, frost, despair, and grief; and the civilized world admitted that the enormities of Louis had never been surpassed by Turk or Hun.[1]

Yet the great king, dead and sick at heart, scorned the reproaches of civilization, and lived only for glory. Never was his manner more gracious, his court more splendid, his Bossuet or Massillon more enthusiastic in his praise, his gross degradation more apparent, his hollow pomp more shocking and disheartening, than when, in 1689, he could point to the blighted waste of the Palatinate, and to his prisons and galleys thronged with Huguenots. All Western Europe rose against him. Holland, England, Germany, Italy, Spain, led by William of Orange, united to crush the common foe of civilization. He repelled their efforts with fearful sacrifices to France. He was still "king of men." At the peace of Ryswick he scornfully enforced the Catholic faith upon countless German towns, and still saw Europe tremble at his nod.

Then, when for sixty years Louis had sat upon the throne of France (1702), William III. died, and Anne, the mild, dull queen, ruled over divided England.[2] Scarcely did the daughter of James II. appear likely to become the avenger of Germany—to perfect the plans of William and decide the fall of Louis. She was slow and cautious; neither good-natured nor malicious. Of intellect she showed scarcely a trace; she could not have known the difference between Pope and Blackmore, or Addison and Dennis. She was never sensible of the merits of Swift. Yet around the unlettered queen were gathered the brilliant fruits of the second English revolution; and her authors, statesmen, and commanders, her men of science and of action, set bounds to the ambition of Louis.

All France was now mad with vanity and misery. The gentle touch of Addison has

[1] Hormayr, Wien, etc., iv. 158 *et seq.* Menzel, p. 940.
[2] Hormayr, p. 205.

[1] Kohlrausch gives the German view of these horrible scenes. Hist. Ger., ch. xxviii.
[2] By her contemporaries she was known as "this incomparable princess." Life of Queen Anne, 1714.

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painted in his letters the boastful Frenchman starving in his glory, and looking down with scorn upon those inferior races who seemed to follow as captives the triumphal chariot of his king. In his old age Louis had placed his grandson Philip on the throne of Spain. Europe accepted the challenge; the war of the succession began; a French army once more broke into Germany; Bavaria joined the invaders; and the divided empire seemed at last destined to perish before the ceaseless malice of the Gallic king.

Germany might well have sighed for a Barbarossa, and waited for the rising of that mighty barbarian whose haughty spirit was believed to hover still around its beloved Rhine; but the Emperor Leopold[1] had none of the talents of his predecessor, and his long reign had been marked only by the misfortunes of his realm. His small, distorted figure, his projecting under-jaw, his cold and Spanish gravity, his feeble mind, made him no worthy champion against the graceful and talented monarch who had sold himself to glory; and Louis might well scoff at the dull ruler of a disunited people. But far up in the north of Germany the French had found a more resolute foe. Frederick William of Prussia had brought his small principality into unprecedented renown. He had been the first to defy the power of France. His intelligent troops had become famous on many a battle-field. His vigor sustained the courage of the Germans, and the Prussian soldiers and a Prussian general were the central figures of the German troops. His successor assumed the royal title, and Prussia, in the moment of danger, stood firmly by the side of the feeble Leopold.

From his stronghold at Strasburg, penetrating the natural defenses of Germany, Louis supposed that his accomplished commanders would march almost without resistance to Vienna; his soldiers had never yet been beaten; he had held Alsace and the Rhine against the vigor of William of Orange, the power of England, and the efforts of a grand alliance; nor could he have thought to have encountered any braver foes than those to whom he had haughtily awarded the treaty of Ryswick. The dull Anne and the feeble Leopold he had treated with singular indignities. He had named a king for England, and had proclaimed the Pretender James III., amidst the acclamations of his courtiers and the joy of the Catholics of the British Isles. His gold had been freely distributed among English statesmen, and his emissaries were always busy in the secret intrigues of the English court. Marlborough and Sunderland had been his pensioners. It was believed that Anne herself was not unwilling to acknowledge her unfortunate brother. His grandson Philip had been received with ready loyalty in Catholic Spain. The Archduke Charles must conquer his kingdom before he could hope to reign. The war of the succession opened for the great king with a boundless prospect of universal dominion; and the nobles and the marshals of France crossed the Rhine, inspired by the memories of half a century of uninterrupted success, in the proud confidence of superiority.[1]

But England was now thoroughly Protestant; its Catholic faction had sunk into a feeble minority; the intellect of the nation, which had been debased and degraded under the insincere rule of Charles or James, had begun to produce examples of public virtue worthy of the days of Cromwell and of Milton; and the people of England, shocked at the chivalric crimes of Louis and the corrupting vices of a Romish court, had resolved, with rare unanimity, to break down the haughty despotism of France forever. The money of the English merchants was lavished in maintaining the unity of Germany. The wealth of Dissenting tradesmen sustained the house of Hapsburg on its ancient throne. The gay nobles of the Parisian court, whose pedigrees had been carefully marked out for eight generations, were found to have lost the savage virtues of their ancestors; the factories of England and Holland repelled the fierce inroads of the feudal lords.

Anne was represented on the battle-field by Marlborough; Leopold by Eugene. A friendship grew up between the two great generals as constant as it was sincere; and whatever may have been the earlier faults of Marlborough, he seems to have given all the best resources of his genius to the aid of European freedom. If he had been in the past a traitor, a perjured commander, the pensioner of Louis, he grew, under the influence of a real friendship, into sincerity and honor.[2] Modest, small, dark-complexioned, insignificant, the fiery ardor and vigorous principle of the Savoyard soldier had fixed the admiration of the eminent Englishman;[3] with Eugene, Marlborough ceased to be treacherous; together they struck down the power of Louis, and put back for nearly a century the Gallic conquest of Europe. Yet in tactics they represented the two opposite forms of military genius. Marlborough, calm, impassive, never at fault, moved his squadrons with precision, and waited for the moment of victory; Eugene, sword in hand,

[1] Kohlrausch, ch. xxviii.

[1] St. Simon. The French were amazed at their first defeats, and then grew accustomed to them. Louis hoped to become a new Charlemagne. Mem., p. 159.

[2] At least in action. He still, however, seems to have kept up a correspondence with the court of St. Germain.

[3] Prinz Eugen. Arneth gives Eugene's campaigns from original sources.

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pressed to the front, and led the fury of the battle. Marlborough guided the whirlwind; his companion was ever in the van. The small and insignificant figure of Eugene seemed filled with grandeur as he sprang upon the French at Blenheim, or sank wounded before the walls of Turin. The impassive Englishman showed scarcely a trace of unusual excitement in the moment of danger or success. Before their varied qualities the mighty fabric of French ambition fell with a sudden shock.

The time may come when the barbarous details of warfare will cease to be interesting, and when men will turn with disgust from the nameless horrors of the battle-field and the campaign. Yet the military glories of the reign of Queen Anne have, at least, the excuse that they were necessary. Tallard, at the head of eighty thousand French and Bavarians, was pressing on to Vienna. He was met at Blenheim by Marlborough and Eugene, with an inferior force. The French, stretching far along a range of difficult heights, surveyed their foe. The two friends resolved to storm the hills. In front of the French lines spread bogs, rivulets, and morasses; but difficulties vanished before their resolution. Eugene was opposed to the Bavarians, and among his troops was a select band of Prussians, then first rising to renown. Marlborough led the Hollanders and English against the best soldiers of France. The roar of battle resounded through the still August day, and often as their troops shrank back from the rain of cannon-balls that swept over the marshes of Höchstadt, the two friends rallied them once more to the charge. Struggling in deep bogs and difficult paths, Eugene pressed upon the Bavarians, and was nearly cut down by a Bavarian trooper. But a charge of the Prussians decided the battle on the right wing; on the left the famous squadrons of Louis yielded to the steady courage of Marlborough, and the night fell on the utter ruin of the army of Tallard. How many perished on that dreadful day, what troops of prisoners were gathered up by the weary victors, what stores of money and of arms came into their hands, it is scarcely necessary to remember;[1] it is sufficient to know that the pride of France was broken, and that German peasants and villagers, set free from their life-long terror, sang the praises of Marlborough and Eugene as they tilled the fertile pastures of the Danube and the Elbe.

The two commanders now separated. Eugene, with a force of twenty-four thousand Germans, among whom were the famous Prussian band and their commander, the Prince of Dessau, climbed over the mountains and crossed the rivers that separate Italy from Germany, performing one of the most romantic feats in warfare, and fell suddenly upon a great force of eighty thousand French, who were besieging the capital of Savoy. The city had nearly fallen when the Germans, moving swiftly along the banks of the Po, threw themselves upon the hostile lines. The prince was at the front; the Prussians struck a well-aimed blow; eighty thousand French, dismayed and broken, fled before an inferior force, and Italy saw, with amazement, the disastrous flight of the soldiers of the great king. Meantime, in the Low Countries, Marlborough, at Ramillies (1706, May 23), had rivaled the terrors of the battle of Turin. Louis sent his best army and Villeroi to defend the territory he had wrested in his prosperous youth from Spain. Not far from that memorable field where France and England struggled for victory at Waterloo, and Wellington and Napoleon had finished, a century later, a generation of warfare, Marlborough received the attack of the brilliant and well-trained squadrons; on that day he emulated the daring of Eugene; he was every where in the heart of the battle;[1] his horse fell under him, and he had nearly been captured by the enemy; his aid was shot at his side: but when the dreadful labors of the day were ended, the throne of Anne, the liberties of Holland and of Germany, were secured.

Blenheim, Turin, and Ramillies were followed by the union of the two chiefs; and again, at Oudenarde, 1708, they shattered, by incessant toil, the last army of France. Marlborough, eager to do honor to his friend, had placed him in command of the English troops; he kept himself the Germans. The landscape of the battle was a rich and level country, sown thick with towns and hamlets, with farms and valleys teeming with plenty, and pleasant woodlands, above whose tree-tops the turrets of peaceful abbeys and lonely castles rose over the tranquil scene. All was now torn with the raging contest.[2] The French were slowly beaten. The night fell, and at length the glittering fires of musketry amidst the darkness revealed the converging lines of the allies. The French fled to Ghent, and Marlborough and Eugene felt that their labors were nearly over. Terror and gloom filled the once boastful streets of Paris, and its aged king might well have looked to see the Germans at Versailles. Soon, too, the powers of nature lent their aid to complete the miseries of France. A winter the most severe ever known in Europe froze the Seine to its bed; the rigors of Lapland were repeated in Normandy and Guienne. The crops froze in the ground; the peasantry and their cattle perished by the road-side; vineyards were destroyed; the

[1] Life of Queen Anne, 1714, p. 95, 96. "The glorious battle of Blenheim." Marlborough's Dispatches, i. 39, give that commander's modest account of the battle.

[1] Coxe, i. 407.

[2] Id., ii. 247 *et seq.*

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pastures were converted into icy wastes; and when the summer opened famine preyed upon the enfeebled nation, and Louis saw around him a dying people and a ruined realm.[1]

In England, meantime, the tumult of victory had been followed by a weariness of slaughter and a longing for the calm of peace. The passions of men were stilled. Even the fearful splendors of Blenheim and Ramillies ceased to awaken exultation. Spain had been conquered and lost; Gibraltar alone remained; Leopold and Joseph had died, and Charles VI. ascended the imperial throne. The safety of Europe, it was asserted, demanded that Philip should be permitted to rule at Madrid, and that Louis, humbled and disarmed, should be spared the last humiliation of utter defeat.

Thrice had England risen on the wave of advancing thought to singular eminence. The Protestant reform of the reign of Elizabeth had given birth to a throng of stately intellects, original, vigorous, creative. A second movement of the popular mind toward honesty and austerity had produced a Milton and a Hampden. And now, by a third impulse, the narrow realm of the good Queen Anne was raised to the first rank among European powers. Scarcely, indeed, had the dull prejudices of feudalism passed away, and it was still the fashion with the eminent and the wise to trace their descent from Norman robbers or Saxon thanes, to indulge in the ostentation of rank, and lay claim to a fancied superiority. It was still held more honorable to have come from a knightly race, whose mail-clad hands had been stained with Moslem blood, who had shone in the guilty revelries of barbarous courts, and had abandoned learning to clerks and priests, than to possess the wit of Addison or the genius of Bacon. The people were still contemned; yet from the rising vigor of the people had sprung almost every one of the wits, the courtiers, and the statesmen who had made the dull Anne the arbitress of Europe.

Anne had herself inherited her sober virtues from the honest yeomanry of her mother's family; the corrupt instincts of the Stuarts were tempered by the regular habits of the Hydes.[2] Marlborough, the savior of Germany, had risen from comparative obscurity by every unworthy artifice, as well as by his successful sword; Halifax, the orator and wit, had come up to London with an ingenious fable and fifty pounds a year, and had been pampered into unhappy satiety, like the city mouse of his own tale; Somers rose from poverty and insignificance; St. John was married to the descendant of a wealthy clothier; Harley covered his obscure origin by a fancied genealogy; and the ruling caste of England, in this gifted age, was formed in great part of men who were prepared to recognize personal merit, since they had found it the source of their own success.

The clouded fame of Marlborough has sensibly decayed; few now care to pursue the devious intrigues of Bolingbroke and Oxford; but from the successful reign of Queen Anne still gaze down upon us a cluster of thoughtful faces whose lineaments the world will never cease to trace with interest, and to whom mankind must ever turn with grateful regard. One fair, soft countenance alone is always serene. No lines of fierce struggles or of bitter discontent, of brooding madness or of envious rage, disturb that gentle aspect. A delicate taste, a tranquil disposition, a clear sense of the vanity of human passions and of all earthly aims, have softened and subdued the mental supremacy of Addison. To some he has seemed feeble; for many he wants the fire of genius. But multitudes in every age have been held willing captives by the lively play of his unwearied fancy, his melodious periods, his tenderness and truth; have yielded to a power that is never asserted, and to an art that is hidden in the simplicity of a master. By his side gleams out from the mists of centuries the severe and intellectual countenance of Alexander Pope. Bitter, treacherous, and cruel, magnanimous and full of moral vigor, the teacher of honesty and independence, the poet of Queen Anne's age still holds his high place in the temple of fame. His versification, so novel and so perfect to his contemporaries, has long sunk into monotony under countless imitators; his satiric vigor is no longer felt; the splendor of his artifice and the glitter of his rhetoric amaze rather than delight; yet while literature endures the wise sentences and the keen insight of the philosophic poet will instruct and guide his race.

Gentle Parnell and pensive Gay, the vigorous thought and powerful diction of the corrupt St. John, the honest aspirations of a dissipated Steele toward ideal virtue, the melody of Tickell, the inventive genius of Defoe, the rude criticism of Dennis, the wit of Arbuthnot, and some few lines of Prior, survive from the faded glories of the age; and memorable above his contemporaries by his griefs, his brooding madness, his fierce and unsparing pride, the dark and troubled aspect of Swift looks down over the waste of time. There was never any thing of trust or joy in his solemn eyes. There is neither faith nor hope in the "Tale of a Tub" or "Gulliver's Travels." He came into life already weary of existence, and left it in the gloom of madness.

Swift came up to London in 1710, upon some important business for the Irish Church. He soon began that brilliant but scarcely

[1] St. Simon paints the miseries of France; the court was served with black bread. St. Simon gave reluctantly part of his plate to the treasury.

[2] Anne was the daughter of Anne Hyde, whom James married when Duke of York.

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honorable political career which engaged for several years his vigorous faculties, awoke his overbearing ambition, and left him in moody misanthropy and discontent.[1] Two famous women controlled successively the feeble intellect of Anne. Her strongest passion was an impulsive friendship, and the severe pen of Macaulay has traced with inimitable fullness the ardor of devotion with which she yielded to the imperious fascinations of Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough. But the reign of the bold and vindictive favorite was now drawing toward its close, and a political revolution that was to decide the whole policy of England was brought about by the secret influence of a woman of a very different character.[2] A cousin of the duchess, Abigail Hill, had been admitted as an attendant upon the queen. She proved crafty and subservient. She betrayed her cousin, and supplanted her in Anne's feeble affections. The duchess discovered her treachery. She covered Anne with reproaches, she wept, she implored; but the stubborn queen clung to her new favorite, and at length the haughty duchess was driven from the court; her husband, the great duke, fell with her; the Whigs were deprived of the power which they had held for so many years, and the Tories and the High-Churchmen, led by Harley and Bolingbroke, ruled over England.

The literary men had all been Whigs, and had been brought into notice and covered with favors by that progressive party, which was represented in the Church by Tenison and in the Parliament by Montague. They remained, with but few exceptions, true to their principles and their benefactors. Addison, dignified and gentle, led his obedient followers into the opposition; Steele, profligate yet honest, employed his ready pen in the defense of the fallen Whigs; Congreve, Tickell, Philips, and Budgell remained unseduced by the brilliant prospects of the triumphant faction. But the Tories succeeded in purchasing with bribes or winning by flatteries two of the chiefs of that gifted band who were to complete the renown of the reign of Queen Anne. No man had been more lavish in his flatteries of Marlborough, or a more vigorous suitor for the favors of the Whigs, than Matthew Prior.[3] He now abandoned his friends and sold himself to St. John. His wit, his address, his dissolute morals, and his poetical fame made Prior the chief confidant of the new ministry, the companion of their pleasures, and their representative at the court of Louis. The poet negotiated the treaty of Utrecht, and saved France from a German invasion. But the chief of the traitors was Jonathan Swift. It is possible that in the dawn of his career, touched by the high inspiration of letters, Swift had felt the charm of ideal virtue, and had lived above the inferior impulses of his age. He was always fond of boasting of his integrity, his independence, and his conscious merit. But his feeble virtues now yielded to the shock of disappointed ambition. He abandoned his liberal principles, separated from his early friends, and went over to the Tories. He was received with singular favor. He became the constant associate of the unprincipled Harley and the profligate St. John, of Abigail Hill, who had become Lady Masham, and of the gay circle of dissipated courtiers who controlled the policy of Queen Anne.[1] Pious men were shocked to see an eminent clergyman the chosen companion of the worthless and the gay, and the keen wits of the fallen party pursued the renegade with ingenious malice. But Swift replied to their taunts with a ribald brilliancy that soon disconcerted his feebler foes, and amidst the elation of a political triumph, and the flatteries of ministers and lords, poured forth the most wonderful of party diatribes. He seemed to live in an atmosphere of exhilaration, to hold in his hands the avenue of promotion. He was fond of boasting to Stella how he loved Harley and St. John, and how they both treated him as a favored friend. He was eager with vague hopes, but often sinks into despondency; and the famous Journal, the picture of an unquiet soul, shows how Swift clutched at wealth and power, and lost his integrity.

Scott, a name ever memorable in letters for consistency, if not for acute discernment, has labored to excuse the fatal lapse of his great predecessor; but his palliation scarcely conceals the fault. It is not sufficient to assert that Swift's zeal for the Church drew him over to the Tories, for it must also have led him into a captious leaning toward the Pretender, who could hardly be thought a friend of the English establishment. In his bitter discontent Swift seems to have abandoned all principle, and yielded himself wholly to the promptings of passion and a ceaseless thirst for vengeance upon his early friends.

There had come a time in the annals of France when it seemed that the Germans and the Dutch, the English and the Prussian, might march almost unopposed to Paris; when the fountains of Versailles must play for a foreign master, and the gay parterres of Marly sink beneath the tread of hostile squadrons; when Louis must flee from his luxurious chambers, to hide, like

[1] The Journal to Stella commences with this visit, so long protracted, to London.

[2] Correspondence of Duchess of Marlborough, ii. 105. The angry duchess, after all, has little to say against her rival.

[3] Coxe, i. 421.

[1] "The Rev. Mr. Swift and Mr. Prior quickly offered themselves for sale," says the Duchess of Marlborough. Corresp., ii. 129.

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James II., an exile in a distant land. Nothing could resist the splendid onset of Marlborough and Eugene. Lille, the capital of French Flanders, yielded to their united skill. The path lay open to the heart of France; and Louis trembled in the midst of those magnificent palaces which he had reared to his own glory amidst the ruin of his people. Huguenot riders swept from Courtray to Versailles, and captured an officer of the royal household on the bridge of Sèvres. The streets of Paris rang with the news that the enemy was near.[1] No longer the magnificent, the beloved, amidst starvation, death, and penury, the aged king saw insulting placards hung upon his statues, and heard the murmurs of dejected France.[2]

Scarcely eight years had passed since Louis, almost monarch of Europe, issuing from his gorgeous chamber at Versailles, had presented to the Spanish embassador and a splendid throng of all the chief dignitaries of his court, his grandson, Philip of Anjou, as King of Spain, and amidst the applause of a corrupt assembly had openly violated his plighted faith; and now, on a mournful day, a council was gathered, covered with humiliation and dissolved in tears.[3] There was the dull, unprincipled dauphin, his son, the heir of that great kingdom, which was now wasted with famine and threatened with a sudden conquest; there was the young Duke of Burgundy, the best of all the depraved grandchildren of Louis, the direct heir of a tottering throne; there were eminent statesmen and stately nobles —Torcy, Beauvilliers, or Pontchartrain; and there, as Beauvilliers painted in vivid eloquence the woes and dangers of the realm, princes and nobles wept together, and Louis, with bowed head and breaking heart, consented to send an agent to Holland to ask mercy and peace from the Dutch. If William of Orange could have looked upon that scene, and beheld the humiliation of the destroyer of his country, he would have remembered with renewed satisfaction the time when, before the triumphant legions of France, he had ordered the dikes to be cut, and amidst the roar of the North Sea billows had called all Holland to the defense of its freedom and its faith; when the Calvinistic people, roused by his heroism, had defied the rage of the Jesuits,[4] and trusted in an arm mightier than all earthly powers. But the Dutch were now in no mood to listen complacently to the almost abject supplications of Louis. They had been bitterly wronged. France and Louis had labored to blot them from the earth. They offered only terms so severe and degrading that, even in its despair, the court of Versailles preferred war to submission.

Happily for Louis, a wide revolution had taken place in the politics of England; and the Tory reaction, covering the intellect of the age with the dreamy dullness of medieval High-Churchism and the doctrines of passive obedience, had inclined the nation to look with sympathy upon the fallen monarch and his faded glories. The Tories stretched out a friendly hand to save the centre of European despotism and of regal follies and crimes. They had little in common with the Dutch reformers and the rising intellect of Northern Germany. Anne herself was a Stuart, remembered the close alliance of Louis with her uncle and her father, and was no friend, perhaps a feeble enemy, to the plans of William of Orange and the rapid growth of Protestantism. Marlborough and Eugene were checked in their invasion of France; yet they were permitted to move slowly onward, and at the great battle of Malplaquet, the most fiercely contested of all this disastrous war, the new army of France was defeated with dreadful slaughter; and again the enemy were looked for in Paris. At Malplaquet, on French soil, the fate of Louis and his dynasty seemed decided. His army, led by the brilliant Villars, had shown the courage of desperation, the self-sacrifice of a spurious patriotism. Thrice had Eugene led his best troops against the French intrenchments, and was still beaten back. The Dutch contingent, under a Prince of Orange, threw itself by mistake against a line bristling with cannon and guarded by a triple defense, and, with pertinacious resolution, was nearly cut to pieces on the spot. The prince retreated behind his heaps of dead. The Huguenot brigades, the flower of a devoted race, lay strewed upon the fatal field; and Prince Eugene, wounded by a musket-ball, was carried fainting to the rear. But while the French thus bravely held their ground, their line was again shaken by the steady advance of Marlborough with the English and the Prussians. Once more Eugene, his wound bound up, sprang onward at the head of his daring cavalry, and, with a despairing cry, the centre of the French army broke, and the great host fled before its foe.

The conquest of France seemed now no difficult task,[1] and the Germans, the Prussians, and the Huguenots were ready to press forward to the siege of Paris. Happy would it have been for Europe and for Frenchmen had they been permitted to complete their victory. They might have restored toleration to the Church and self-respect to the people; they might have driven the Jesuits from France, the source of all its woes;

[1] St. Simon, Mem., 1709. The courtiers were afraid to go out of the city. [2] Id. [3] Torcy.

[4] Even the popes and Louis feared the malice of this dangerous body. See St. Simon, Les Jésuites, vol. x.; Œuvres, p. 107.

[1] Marlborough was removed from his command, and the invasion of France abandoned. That France must have fallen, had the allies pressed on either in 1709 or 1710, seems scarcely doubtful.

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they would have renewed the Huguenot colleges at Sedan or Saumur, and invited from every side the elements of reform; they might have scattered forever that gilded throng of poisoners, assassins, idiots, and imbeciles who had proclaimed themselves the rulers of France, and who, under the despotic guidance of Louis and the Jesuits, were sowing the seeds of endless woes. But the Tory reaction of England checked the career of reform in London as well as in Paris. The Huguenots and the Dutch were forbidden to conquer France. Louis and the Jesuits were left to rule over the decaying kingdom; and the bitter pen of Swift, ever malignant and destructive, covered with sharp ridicule that vigorous alliance, the dying legacy of William of Orange, which had alone preserved the liberties of Europe.

Five years of a weary life yet remained to good Queen Anne, and of ceaseless plotting to the Tories. They knew that their power must cease with her reign, and that when the Hanoverian king ascended the throne, the principles of Protestantism and the liberal policy of William would again govern England. It was believed by many that Bolingbroke, and perhaps Oxford, had engaged in a plan for bringing back the Stuarts; that popery was to be restored with the Pretender; that a period of anarchy was approaching, when the nation would once more be driven to contend against French corruption and a Catholic king. The Tories, careless of the clamor of their opponents, resolved to break up the grand alliance, to desert their allies, to save Louis. Prior went on a secret embassy to Paris; Swift wrote his "Conduct of the Allies;" the treaty of Utrecht (1713) was slowly perfected; and Louis rose from his humiliation, still the master of Alsace and Strasburg, and saw his grandson Philip firmly seated on the throne of Spain.

That the peace of Utrecht was unjust to Germany and Holland, to the exiled Huguenots, who had fought for the freedom of England on many a battle-field, to the Protestants of Strasburg, and the friends of toleration in every land, can scarcely be denied; that Bolingbroke, Swift,[1] and Oxford were bound to the despot of Versailles by no honorable ties, was openly asserted by many of their contemporaries. If they were not engaged to bring back the Pretender, they at least felt a lasting hostility for the Protestant king from Hanover.

It was in the last years of Queen Anne's reign that, every morning, was laid on the breakfast-tables of tasteful lords and quiet citizens a small printed sheet that told the mournful story of Sir Roger and his widow; discussed the sources of the beautiful and the sublime; made "Paradise Lost" familiar to countless readers, and unfolded to the world the graceful meditations of a spotless mind on the problems of life and of immortality. While party strife raged with unexampled bitterness, Addison, the tranquil spectator, taught all the milder virtues and softened the rude manners of his age. With less success, but still more general applause, he produced a tragedy in the cause of freedom, of which only a brief monologue survives. At the same time was printing at the London press a magnificent volume,[1] rich with the rarest decorations of luxurious typography—a translation by one who could scarcely read the original, with slow labor, of the ever-living tales of Homer. Such unscrupulous audacity was rewarded with an unbounded triumph. Golden showers rained upon the poet; he rose at once to unprecedented fame; and if a wide eminence be a proper object of congratulation, Pope might be looked upon as the most successful of his contemporaries: more fortunate than Marlborough; happier than Swift. Nor was his triumph undeserved; for the rich fields of English poetry have no more captivating mine of poetic gems, of the touching, the graceful, and the sublime, clothed in sonorous couplets, and radiant with a glittering diction, than Pope has ravished from the boundless stores of Homer. What he has brought with him almost compensates us for all that he was incapable of bearing away. The simplicity and majesty of his original he never ventured to imitate. Swift, meantime, was startling the literary world with those unrivaled political satires that have never ceased to find imitators and readers, and had, perhaps, already conceived the design of "Gulliver's Travels;" Defoe had not yet turned from party strife to write "Robinson Crusoe;" a throng of inferior writers sought the public ear. In the midst of the new literary activity Johnson was born (1709), and Hume (1711)—the most successful students of Addison and Swift. Shakspeare and Milton, now rescued from neglect, rose into general favor, and literature began that vigorous contest, of which the victory has not yet been won, against medieval ignorance and feudal follies.

The dull queen cared nothing for the strains of her bards or the graceful periods of Addison and Swift; she was sick, unhappy, and alone. Her husband and all her children died before her; fierce dissensions had broken out among her ministers. Bolingbroke and Oxford, torn by an insane emulation, brought their quarrels into the council chamber, and disturbed the last days of the feeble queen with their coarse recrimination and bitter hate. No tenderness for their dy-

[1] "I hope they can tell no ill story of you," wrote Archbishop King to Swift, after his fall.

[1] Pope's Homer was printed 1715, after Anne's death, but belongs to her period.

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ing mistress, no memory of her favors, restrained the rude natures of those corrupt men, to whose hands was committed the destiny of a cultivated nation. Harley came intoxicated into her presence; the character of Bolingbroke was well known to his mistress; yet the queen was forced to listen to their counsels and submit to their advice. At length that event which the Tories had long looked for with natural alarm was hastened by the imprudence of their chiefs, and Anne was seized with a mortal illness. One morning she rose, fixed her eyes for a long time on a clock that stood near, and when a lady in waiting asked her what she saw unusual, turned upon her with a vacant gaze and fainted. On the 31st of July, 1714, Anne died, and with her passed away forever the rule of that faction which had inculcated the doctrine of passive obedience and the divine authority of kings. Fugitives, exiles, impoverished, dismayed, the fallen adherents of a political superstition sank before the indignation of their countrymen. Oxford, a prisoner in the Tower, trembled for his life; Bolingbroke fled to France, and openly joined the court of James III.; Ormond was a needy exile; Swift, spared by the lenient Whigs, was permitted to retreat to his deanery at Dublin; Prior, fallen almost to penury, lived upon a subscription to his poems. Never again was the extravagant theory of loyalty to rule in England. A new race of statesmen had sprung up, who had been educated in the tolerant spirit of Addison rather than the passionate bigotry of Swift. The crown had, in fact, become elective; it was slowly discovered that the king, the church, and the ruling caste should be the servants rather than the despots of the nation.

While England, taught by the gentle genius of Addison, had made some faint progress in refinement and common-sense, France, shorn of its military glories by the acute diplomacy of William of Orange and the successful generals of Queen Anne, remained lost in a dull stupor of bigotry and despotism that was to be broken only by the fierce convulsions of its revolution. Louis, in extreme old age, was still governed by the severe guidance of the Jesuits. It was even asserted that, like James II. of England, he had himself become a member of their powerful society, and might claim all those immunities and privileges in a future world that had been lavishly bestowed by grateful popes upon the followers of Loyola.[1] His reign had, at least, been illustrative of the principles of the Spanish saint. His two confessors, La Chaise and Le Tellier, had condoned all his vices and instigated all his crimes. The slave and the tyrant of depraved women and designing men, Louis had swept on through life, the chief actor in a dreadful pageant, blind to the miseries of his people, confident only in his own glory. Yet the misfortunes of his later years might well have broken any heart less cold than his own. The sorrows and the humiliation he had brought upon France seem, indeed, to have given him little uneasiness. His selfish vanity was never touched by the woes of others; but within his own family a series of afflictions had fallen upon him that cast a dreadful gloom over the splendors of Versailles and the gardens of Marly.

Since Louis, on a chill and snowy night, attended by the Archbishop of Paris, his confessor Père la Chaise, and a few officials, had led the widow Scarron to the chapel of Versailles, and, kneeling with her at the altar, had exchanged the marriage-rings, but little peace could have remained in the palace, where the new wife was eagerly plotting to be openly acknowledged, and the legitimate princes refused to come into her presence. An alienation had arisen between the king and his son the dauphin; and Madame De Maintenon had become the patroness of the natural children of Louis, who had inherited all the evil passions of their parents. But when the Duke of Burgundy, the dauphin's eldest son, and heir to the crown, had married, amidst pageants of unprecedented splendor, Mary of Savoy, that amiable but heedless princess had won the regard of Louis, and the good qualities of the young duke, who had been educated under Fénélon, seemed to promise a happier era for the suffering people. Two sons were born to Mary, and the family of the Duke of Burgundy formed a centre of promise in the corrupt atmosphere of Versailles.[1]

Death now suddenly descended upon the guilty court, attended by all the horrors of suspicion and of doubt. The dauphin was seized with small-pox, and died; Louis fainted in an agony of grief, but fled hastily from the infected chamber; his courtiers followed him; and the heir of the French throne was buried in haste, with only a few strangers to attend his funeral. In February, 1712, a box of Spanish snuff was presented to Mary. Soon after she died delirious, and with every trace of poison. Her husband, the duke, not long after perished in similar torments. Their eldest son also died. The Duke de Berri, second son of the dauphin, followed next, the victim of his own wife. The cry of poison resounded through the nation. Louis trembled for his own worthless life; and his great-grandson, a feeble infant, the Duke of Anjou, alone remained, the last of his direct heirs. Faint with repeated shocks,

[1] St. Simon, Œuvres, x. p. 106, paints the dangerous ambition of the Jesuits. Their threats terrified Louis.

[1] St. Simon gives details of the terrible corruption of the court and the king.

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yet tranquil in the assurance of the protection of the Jesuits, Louis at length passed away (1715) from his magnificent palaces, haunted only by the shades of the dead, and left behind him a baleful memory, which future generations will rejoice to hide in a decent oblivion.

Such was the spectacle of the fall of the great, the miseries of nations, the barbaric glories and disasters of French vanity and Jesuitic intolerance, upon which Stella had gazed with a feeble attention, and in which Swift had played no unimportant part during the last years of Queen Anne; but for the dark-eyed, pensive maiden, now no longer in the bloom of youth, yet still singularly fair, the hand of destiny was tracing an intricate and touching fate that must survive in the annals of letters, when perhaps the names of Louis and of Anne are remembered only to be contemned. Swift had written each day to Stella a journal of the various events that had soothed his ambition or satisfied his pride; had named the great nobles who were his frequent companions, the power he had won in the counsels of the nation, the most minute events of his daily life, his dinners, his diseases, his giddiness, the misconduct of Patrick and the melancholy end of Patrick's lark, the adventures of the box of snuff, the heat of the weather; yet there was one passage of his London career upon which he was ever silent. He had found a new pupil, and Stella had learned by report of that gay and graceful rival to whom all of Swift's leisure was devoted.[1] Esther Vanhomrigh, the Vanessa of the mysterious romance, was young, wealthy, beautiful, a member of that glittering circle of Tory fashion in which her master was now moving with singular applause. Her father was dead, her mother kept a hospitable house, and here Swift found a friendly reception, and forgot in the eager homage of Vanessa his duty to his betrothed, the gentle pupil of Moor Park.

He woke suddenly from his delusion; and when the death of Anne drove him, a moody exile, to his deanery at Dublin, had resolved, perhaps, to part forever from Vanessa. On his return he found that grief and a natural jealousy had thrown Stella into a deep melancholy. Her health declined. A common friend carried her complaints to Swift; and, with strange reluctance and singular precautions, he at length determined to prove his constancy by going through the form of marriage.[2] The ceremony was performed secretly in the garden of the deanery by the Bishop of Clogher in 1716, but upon the condition that it was never to be acknowledged publicly, and Stella was still to live apart from her husband in the same guarded way in which they had so long defied the scrutiny of the world. Agitated and gloomy, Swift had yielded as if to some fatal necessity in his mysterious marriage. Soon after, his friend Dr. Delany met him coming from an interview with the Archbishop of Dublin; he looked like one distracted, and passed Delany without speaking. Delany found the archbishop in tears; upon asking the reason, he replied, "You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but of the cause of his wretchedness you must never ask a question." Swift hid himself in seclusion for several days after his marriage, and then came forth to resume his usual course of life, and to treat Stella only as a beloved and honored friend. Every year, on her birthday, he celebrated her virtues in graceful verses, and proved the sincerity of his affection by his devotion to her while living, the anguish with which he received the tidings of her death.

What fatal barrier existed to their perfect union, what strange confession Swift made to the Archbishop of Dublin, why he ever refused to publish his marriage with one he so deeply loved, no research has ever unfolded, and no tongue has ever told. Swift carefully preserved his secret; and even when his intellect sank into imbecility, upon one point he was always prudent. In all his writings he made no confession. The mystery of Swift and Stella sleeps with them where they were placed side by side in the Cathedral of St. Patrick. But conjecture has never ceased to explain their story. It was said that after his marriage Swift discovered that Stella was his sister, that they were both the children of Sir William Temple, and that the secret was maliciously revealed by Mrs. Dingley, Stella's companion, when the ceremony was ended. Several circumstances seem to confirm the theory. They had both been inmates of Sir William's house, had been treated by him with constant regard, and had received considerable legacies in his will. Some likeness was traced between them and their supposed father, and it was not incredible that one might have remained ignorant of the other's parentage; but Scott believed that he had perfectly refuted the theory.[1] By some writers it has been suggested that Swift was insane, and that his conduct toward Stella and Vanessa showed only the wild freaks of a madman. Others have accused his fierce ambition and pride, that led him to crush with cruel neglect his humble companion and wife. Some assert that he would save the life of Vanessa; that he married Stella, but loved her rival. But for all these conjectures no sufficient argument can be adduced.

[1] Scott, p. 227.

[2] The marriage of Swift and Stella is generally admitted (Scott, 239), yet in her will Stella entitles herself "spinster."

[1] Scott's argument is not conclusive. That Swift and Stella were brother and sister was believed by their contemporaries. See *Gent. Magazine*, 1755.

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Meantime the unhappy Vanessa, constant in that love which she had openly declared to her master, had also followed him to Ireland, and lived at Marley Abbey, a small estate which she had inherited, near Celbridge, resolved not to be separated from him by the treacherous seas. Here, amidst the charms of a gentle landscape, the victim of a real passion saw her youth and beauty fade away in monastic seclusion. Her house resembled a cloister in form as well as in name. A river wandered bright and glad amidst green fields and graceful woods before it; a cascade leaped and murmured in the distance; the garden was profusely planted with laurel by Vanessa's own hand, in honor of her beloved; and here, in a bower furnished with two seats, and a table covered with writing materials, would Swift sit with his pupil, on those rare occasions when he visited her in her retirement, striving to moderate her fatal passion, but never revealing that secret bond that had separated them forever. Here, shaded by his laurels, Vanessa wrote those impassioned letters that served only to awaken alarm, pity, we may trust remorse, in the agitated breast of the husband of Stella.

Her sister, her only companion, died beneath her care, of a lingering disease; and in her solitude, torn by jealousy, conscious of Swift's close intimacy with her rival, yet ignorant of its cause, Vanessa, after eight years of patient expectation, resolved, by a daring step, to discover the nature of the tie that bound him to another. She wrote to Stella, asking her to reveal the mystery. Stella, in reply, told her of her marriage,[1] sent Vanessa's letter to Swift, and, filled with a just resentment, fled from Dublin, and from a husband whose cruel duplicity had well deserved her lasting scorn.

But for Esther Vanhomrigh, her bold effort to unfold the dangerous mystery proved the knell of death. In one of those fierce bursts of rage, the tokens of approaching madness which so often came upon him, and which was now excited to unusual intensity by the reception of Vanessa's letter from Stella, Swift rode instantly to Marley Abbey. No remorse for his own base conduct seems to have checked his selfish resentment; no pity for that fair and gifted woman, to whom he should have knelt in humble self-accusation, seems to have been thought of in his haughty delirium. With a terrible countenance he entered Vanessa's apartment, flung her letter upon the table, and when she asked him, with a trembling voice, to sit down, turned from her sternly, and rode hastily away.

A few weeks afterward Vanessa died, it was said of fever; but no one has ever mistaken the cause of her rapid decline. Her heart was broken. Until she received Stella's letter she had lived in a perpetual delusion, ever hoping that time would remove the unknown obstacle to her union with him whom she thought her lover, and for whom she had cherished an unbounded veneration, a singular devotion. The discovery of his faithlessness had turned her love to resentment, her respect to scorn. She at once revoked her will, in which she had left all her property to Swift, and gave it to strangers. She died amidst her shattered hopes, indignant, silent, and alone. At Marley Abbey are still shown two or three laurel-trees, from whose classic leaves Vanessa had once hoped to crown his immortal brow, and the garden, now tangled and neglected, from whence they had looked together on the shining river and the bright cascade.

At the news of her death, Swift, overpowered by remorse and grief, for two months hid himself in solitude, alone in his agony. He then came back to the deanery. Stella forgave him, touched by his distress; and once more they lived like brother and sister, careless of the opinion of the world. Still the same mystery hung over them, and still Swift, untaught by the mournful fate of Vanessa, refused to publish the secret marriage. But Stella's health, always delicate, sank under her painful circumstances. Calumny wounded her pure and gentle spirit. She in vain urged that vindication of her fame which Swift alone could give. At length she fell into a consumption, and was rapidly passing away. Yet still Swift refused, with unaccountable cruelty, to grant her last request. She was even removed from the deanery, lest, by her dying there, some scandal might be excited, and Swift was not with her in her last moments. But from his chamber in the deanery, agitated by no common grief, he might have seen the torches gleaming through the Gothic windows of St. Patrick's as they bore Stella, at night, to her grave in the solemn cathedral.[1]

The great dean, idolized by the Irish, whose interests he upheld, wit, scholar, poet, the classic writer of his age, survived for many years his fair and gentle pupil. His fame ever increased; his wit filled the world with laughter; his power in Ireland was almost despotic. Yet no moment of happiness or of peace ever came to his troubled spirit. He always declared that he was weary of life, eager for death. His common parting words to his friends were, "May we never meet again." His mind at last was lost in silent idiocy. He died in 1745, and was laid in St. Patrick's Cathedral by Stella's side.[2]

Thus came and passed away the days of

[1] There is another version of the story, but it is allowed that Vanessa discovered the marriage.

[1] Wilde, p. 120.

[2] Recently their graves were opened, and their remains examined. Wilde, 120.

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good Queen Anne, full of their joys and their calamities, their wars and triumphs, their pleasures and their pains; their heroes and statesmen, who rise for a moment above the paths of history, soon, perhaps, to sink forever in neglect; their princely and noble throngs, shining in a transient splendor; their patient multitude, rising slowly in knowledge and power. Nor did they pass wholly in vain. For still look down upon us from amidst their fading glories the calm countenances of Addison, Swift, and Pope, shorn of their coarser and baser elements, and living only as intellectual agents, governing all future generations at will by the power of mental culture, softening the rude, informing the dull, exciting emulation, and teaching forever, with no common success, in the great university of mankind.

A CURIOUS PREDICTION.

THE burning of Chicago has called attention to the accounts that have come down to us of the great fire in London in 1666—the only parallel, in fact, that exists to the recent calamity. That fire, which lasted four days, consumed about as much of London as the recent fire consumed of Chicago. In both cases the fire was the occasion of great popular excitement, innumerable rumors, and many ill-founded and unwholesome suspicions. The burning of London was attributed to the papists, and the monument of Wren, built in 1671 in memory of the fire, as Pope said,

"Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies,"

by asserting the calumny in an inscription which has been obliterated during the present century. The frantic populace were further excited by reports that an army of French and Dutch had landed, and were marching to complete the destruction of the doomed city. There was much less loss of life during the London conflagration, on account, perhaps, of its slower progress, it having begun on Sunday, September 2, and raged until Wednesday morning. There was, perhaps, however, as much suffering after it, and charity was much slower and more irregular in its beneficent operations. Evelyn draws a gloomy picture of how "the poor inhabitants were dispersed in St. George's Fields, and about Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels; many without a rag, or any necessary utensils, bed or board, who from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty. .....The people who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in some dismal desert, or, rather, in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. .....I then went toward Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen two hundred thousand people, of all ranks and degrees, dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss, and though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld."

Singularly enough, the fire of London, while undoubtedly accidental, is claimed to have been twice distinctly predicted. Of course Nostradamus, who is well known to have announced in advance all the great events of the last three hundred years, had his opinions upon the subject of the conflagration, which he promulgated as early as 1555, to the effect that

"Le sang du juste à Londres fera faute
Bruslez par feu, de vingt les trois, et six."

or, in other words, "The blood of the just spilled in London will require it to be burned with fire in three times twenty and six." This was a pretty good guess on the part of the old astrologer, who claims to have arrived at his conclusions by means of "astronomical affections."

The other prediction was once very famous; and, indeed, was thought at one time to have made the fortune of its author, and of the art of mundane astrology. That author was Mr. William Lilly, the astrologer—a conspicuous character in his day, and enjoying the reputation of being a particularly clever knave and accomplished impostor. His biographer, Zadkiel, claims, however, that Lilly was a good citizen, an honest, sincere Christian, and a thorough-paced believer in the art in which he was so great an adept. Lilly, in his capacity of professional astrologer, erecter of nativities, and resolver of all sorts of *horary questions*, had been for many years publishing a sort of almanac, under the name of Merlinus Anglicus, Junior, in which he gave circulation to several of his remarkable predictions. Encouraged by the notoriety gained through this book, and perhaps by the fortunate result of some of his happier prognostications, Lilly, in 1651, published another *mundane* speculation, which, in accordance with the temper of the time, he entitled "Monarchy, or No Monarchy?" and in which, under the form of hieroglyphics (as he called them), he predicted several events. The most celebrated of these hieroglyphics were the one indicating the great plague of 1665, and the one—of which a facsimile is here engraved—to prognosticate the great fire of the next succeeding year. As will be inferred from the horoscope being introduced, this is an astrological symbol; the children reversed at the top of the picture

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FAC-SIMILE OF THE ASTROLOGICAL HIEROGLYPHIC OF THE GREAT FIRE IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER 2, 1666, PUBLISHED BY W. LILLY, IN THE YEAR 1651.

are intended for the zodiacal sign *Gemini*, which the astrologists feigned was the "ruler" of London; their headlong attitude over the fire indicates the complete mastery which that element would gain over the stricken city. The struggle to overcome the fire, the picture shows, would be vainly engaged in by both sexes and all conditions of the people.

Zadkiel, Lilly's editor and most fervid and uncompromising disciple, remarks that "these celebrated predictions were made by means of the motions of the fixed stars, as is evident by the words of Lilly, who says, 'The asterisms and signs and constellations give greatest light thereunto.' The *Bull's North Horn*, a star which, Ptolemy says, is 'like Mars,' was, in the year 1666, when the fire occurred, in Gemini 17° 54′, which is the exact ascendant of London. It was, no doubt, by this means Lilly judged the city would suffer by fire. The year 1666 was that in which that evil star was crossing the ascending sign of London. And as it is of *the fiery nature* of Mars, we need not be surprised that it produced such terrific results."

In consequence of the notoriety of his hieroglyphics, and perhaps also as a tribute to

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the excited state of public feeling, Lilly was examined before the committee of the House of Commons appointed to investigate the fire on October 2, just one month after it occurred. He has handed down to us a rather vainglorious narrative of his examination, dwelling with great unction upon the exceeding civility shown him, and the curiosity manifested to hear him testify. Sir Robert Brooke, chairman of the committee, Lilly tells us, spoke to this purpose:

"'Mr. Lilly, this committee thought fit to summon you to appear before them this day, to know if you can say any thing as to the cause of the late fire, or whether there might be any design therein. You are called the rather hither because, in a book of yours long since printed, you hinted some such thing by one of your hieroglyphics.'

"Unto which I replied: 'May it please your honors, after the beheading of the late king.....I was desirous, according to the best knowledge God had given me, to make inquiry by the art I studied what might from that time happen unto the Parliament and nation in general. At last, having satisfied myself as well as I could, and perfected my judgment therein, I thought it most convenient to signify my intentions and conceptions thereof in forms, shapes, types, hieroglyphics, etc., without any commentary, that so my judgment might be concealed from the vulgar and made manifest only to the wise; I herein imitating the example of many wise philosophers who had done the like. Having found, Sir, that the city of London should be sadly afflicted with a great plague, and not long after with an exorbitant fire, I framed these two hieroglyphics, as represented in the book, which, in effect, have proved very true.'

"'Did you foresee the year?' said one.

"'*I did not*,' said I, 'or was desirous; of that I made no scrutiny.' I proceeded: 'Now, Sir, whether there was any design of burning the city, or any employed to that purpose, I must deal ingenuously with you; that since the fire I have taken much pains in the search thereof, but can not, or could not, give myself any the least satisfaction therein. I conclude that it was the finger of God only; but what instruments he used thereunto I am ignorant.'

"The committee seemed well pleased with what I spoke, and dismissed me with great civility."

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.



CHAPTER I.

UP among the Vosges Mountains in Lorraine, but just outside the old half-German province of Alsace, about thirty miles distant from the new and thoroughly French baths of Plombières, there lies the village of Granpere. Whatever may be said or thought here in England of the late imperial rule in France, it must, at any rate, be admitted that good roads were made under the Empire. Alsace, which twenty years ago seems to have been somewhat behindhand in this respect, received her full share of Napoleon's attention, and Granpere is now placed on an excellent road, which runs from the town of Remiremont on one line of railway, to Colmar on another. The inhabitants of the Alsatian Ballon hills and the open valleys among them seem to think that the civilization of great cities has been brought near enough to them, as there is already a diligence running daily from Granpere to Remiremont; and at Remiremont you are on the railway, and, of course, in the middle of every thing.

And, indeed, an observant traveler will be led to think that a great deal of what may most truly be called civilization has found its way in among the Ballons, whether it traveled thither by the new-fangled railways and imperial routes, or found its passage along the valley streams before imperial favors had been showered upon the district. We are told that when Pastor Oberlin was appointed to his cure as Protestant clergyman in the Ban de la Roche, a little more than one hundred years ago—that was, in

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1767—this region was densely dark and far behind in the world's running as regards all progress. The people were ignorant, poor, half starved, almost savage, destitute of communication, and unable to produce from their own soil enough food for their own sustenance. Of manufacturing enterprise they understood nothing, and were only just far enough advanced in knowledge for the Protestants to hate the Catholics, and the Catholics to hate the Protestants. Then came that wonderful clergyman, Pastor Oberlin—he was indeed a wonderful clergyman—and made a great change. Since that there have been the two empires, and Alsace has looked up in the world. Whether the thanks of the people are more honestly due to Oberlin or to the late Emperor, the author of this little story will not pretend to say; but he will venture to express his opinion that at present the rural Alsatians are a happy, prosperous people, with the burden on their shoulders of but few paupers, and fewer gentlemen — apparently a contented people, not ambitious, given but little to politics. Protestants and Catholics mingled without hatred or fanaticism, educated though not learned, industrious though not energetic, quiet and peaceful, making linen and cheese, growing potatoes, importing corn, coming into the world, marrying, begetting children, and dying in the wholesome homespun fashion which is so sweet to us in that mood of philosophy which teaches us to love the country and to despise the town. Whether it be better for a people to achieve an even level of prosperity, which is shared by all, but which makes none eminent, or to encounter those rough, ambitious, competitive strengths which produce both palaces and poor-houses, shall not be matter of argument here; but the teller of this story is disposed to think that the chance traveler, as long as he tarries at Granpere, will insensibly and perhaps unconsciously become an advocate of the former doctrine; he will be struck by the comfort which he sees around him, and for a while will dispense with wealth, luxury, scholarships, and fashion. Whether the inhabitants of these hills and valleys will advance to further progress now that they are again to become German, is another question, which the writer will not attempt to answer here.

Granpere in itself is a very pleasing village. Though the amount of population and number of houses do not suffice to make it more than a village, it covers so large a space of ground as almost to give it a claim to town honors. It is perhaps a full mile in length; and though it has but one street, there are buildings standing here and there, back from the line, which make it seem to stretch beyond the narrow confines of a single thoroughfare. In most French villages some of the houses are high and spacious, but here they seem almost all to be so. And many of them have been constructed after that independent fashion which always gives to a house in a street a character and importance of its own. They do not stand in a simple line, each supported by the strength of its neighbor, but occupy their own ground, facing this way or that as each may please, presenting here a corner to the main street, and there an end. There are little gardens, and big stables, and commodious barns; and periodical paint with annual whitewash is not wanting. The unstinted slates shine copiously under the sun, and over almost every other door there is a large lettered board which indicates that the resident within is a dealer in the linen which is produced throughout the country. All these things together give to Granpere an air of prosperity and comfort which is not at all checked by the fact that there is in the place no mansion which we Englishmen would call the gentleman's house, nothing approaching to the ascendency of a parish squire, no baron's castle, no manorial hall—not even a château to overshadow the modest roofs of the dealers in the linen of the Vosges.

And the scenery round Granpere is very pleasant, though the neighboring hills never rise to the magnificence of mountains, or produce that grandeur which tourists desire when they travel in search of the beauties of Nature. It is a spot to love if you know it well, rather than to visit with hopes raised high, and to leave with vivid impressions. There is water in abundance—a pretty lake lying at the feet of sloping hills, rivulets running down from the high upper lands, and turning many a modest wheel in their course, a water-fall or two here and there, and a so-called mountain summit within an easy distance, from whence the sun may be seen to rise among the Swiss mountains; and distant perhaps three miles from the village the main river which runs down the valley makes for itself a wild ravine, just where the bridge on the new road to Münster crosses the water, and helps to excuse the people of Granpere for claiming for themselves a great object of natural attraction. The bridge and the river and the ravine are very pretty, and perhaps justify all that the villagers say of them when they sing to travelers the praises of their country.

Whether it be the sale of linen that has produced the large inn at Granpere, or the delicious air of the place, or the ravine and the bridge, matters little to our story; but the fact of the inn matters very much. There it is—a roomy, commodious building, not easily intelligible to a stranger, with its widely distributed parts, standing like an inverted V, with its open side toward the main road. On the ground-floor on one side are the large stables and coach-house, with

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a billiard-room and *café* over them, and a long balcony which runs round the building; and on the other side there are kitchens and drinking-rooms, and over these the chamber for meals and the bedrooms. All large, airy, and clean, though, perhaps, not excellently well finished in their construction, and furnished with but little pretense to French luxury. And behind the inn there are gardens, by no means trim, and a dusty summer-house, which serves, however, for the smoking of a cigar; and there is generally space and plenty and good-will. Either the linen, or the air, or the ravine, or, as is more probable, the three combined, have produced a business, so that the landlord of the Lion d'Or at Granpere is a thriving man.

The reader shall at once be introduced to the landlord, and informed at the same time that, in so far as he may be interested in this story, he will have to take up his abode at the Lion d'Or till it be concluded; not as a guest staying loosely at his inn, but as one who is concerned with all the innermost affairs of the household. He will not simply eat his plate of soup and drink his glass of wine, and pass on, knowing and caring more for the servant than for the servant's master, but he must content himself to sit at the landlord's table, to converse very frequently with the landlord's wife, to become very intimate with the landlord's son—whether on loving or on unloving terms shall be left entirely to himself—and to throw himself, with the sympathy of old friendship, into all the troubles and all the joys of the landlord's niece. If the reader be one who can not take such a journey, and pass a month or two without the society of persons whom he would define as ladies and gentlemen, he had better be warned at once, and move on, not setting foot within the Lion d'Or at Granpere.

Michel Voss, the landlord, in person was at this time a tall, stout, active, and very handsome man, about fifty years of age. As his son was already twenty-five—and was known to be so throughout the commune—people were sure that Michel Voss was fifty or thereabouts; but there was very little in his appearance to indicate so many years. He was fat and burly, to be sure; but then he was not fat to lethargy, or burly with any sign of slowness. There was still the spring of youth in his footstep; and when there was some weight to be lifted, some heavy timber to be thrust here or there, some huge, lumbering vehicle to be hoisted in or out, there was no arm about the place so strong as that of the master. His short, dark, curly hair—that was always kept clipped round his head—was beginning to show a tinge of gray, but the huge mustache on his upper lip was still of a thorough brown, as was also the small morsel of beard which he wore upon his chin. He had bright, sharp, brown eyes, a nose slightly beaked, and a large mouth. He was, on the whole, a man of good temper, just withal, and one who loved those who belonged to him; but he chose to be master in his own house, and was apt to think that his superior years enabled him to know what younger people wanted better than they would know themselves. He was loved in his house and respected in his village; but there was something in the beak of his nose and the brightness of his eye which was apt to make those around him afraid of him. And, indeed, Michel Voss could lose his temper and become an angry man.

Our landlord had been twice married. By his first wife he had now living a single son, George Voss, who, at the time of our tale, had already reached his twenty-fifth year. George, however, did not at this time live under his father's roof, having taken service for a time with the landlady of another inn, at Colmar. George Voss was known to be a clever young man; many in those parts declared that he was much more so than his father; and when he became clerk at the Poste in Colmar, and, after a year or two, had taken into his hands almost the entire management of that house—so that people began to say that, old-fashioned and wretched as it was, money might still be made there—people began to say also that Michel Voss had been wrong to allow his son to leave Granpere. But, in truth, there had been a few words between the father and the son; and the two were so like each other that the father found it difficult to rule, and the son found it difficult to be ruled.

George Voss was very like his father, with this difference, as he was often told by the old folk about Granpere, that he would never fill his father's shoes. He was a smaller man, less tall by a couple of inches, less broad in proportion across the shoulders, whose arm would never be so strong, whose leg would never grace a tight stocking with so full a development. But he had the same eye, bright and brown and very quick, the same mouth, the same aquiline nose, the same broad forehead and well-shaped chin, and the same look in his face which made men know as by instinct that he would sooner command than obey. So there had come to be a few words, and George Voss had gone away to the house of a cousin of his mother's, and had taken to commanding there.

Not that there had been any quarrel between the father and the son; nor, indeed, that George was aware that he had been in the least disobedient to his parent. There was no recognized ambition for rule in the breast of either of them. It was simply this, that their tempers were alike; and when on an occasion Michel told his son that he would not allow a certain piece of folly which the son was, as he thought, likely to commit, George declared that he would

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soon set that matter right by leaving Granpere. Accordingly he did leave Granpere, and became the right hand—and, indeed, the head and backbone and best leg—of his old cousin, Madame Faragon, of the Poste at Colmar. Now the matter on which these few words occurred was a question of love—whether George Voss should fall in love with and marry his step-mother's niece, Marie Bromar. But before any thing further can be said of these few words, Madame Voss and her niece must be introduced to the reader.

Madame Voss was nearly twenty years younger than her husband, and had now been a wife some five or six years. She had been brought from Epinal, where she had lived with a married sister, a widow, much older than herself—in parting from whom on her marriage there had been much tribulation. "Should any thing happen to Marie," she had said to Michel Voss before she gave him her troth, "you will let Minnie Bromar come to me?" Michel Voss, who was then hotly in love with his hoped-for bride—hotly in love, in spite of his four-and-forty years—gave the required promise. The said "something," which had been suspected, had happened. Madame Bromar had died, and Minnie Bromar, her daughter—or Marie, as she was always afterward called—had at once been taken into the house at Granpere. Michel never thought twice about it when he was reminded of his promise. "If I hadn't promised at all, she should come the same," he said: "the house is big enough for a dozen more yet." In saying this he perhaps alluded to a little baby that then lay in a cradle in his wife's room, by means of which at that time Madame Voss was able to make her big husband do pretty nearly any thing that she pleased. So Marie Bromar, then just fifteen years of age, was brought over from Epinal to Granpere, and the house certainly was not felt to be too small because she was there. Marie soon learned the ways and wishes of her burly, soft-hearted uncle—would fill his pipe for him, and hand him his soup, and bring his slippers, and put her soft arm round his neck, and became a favorite. She was only a child when she came, and Michel thought that it was very pleasant; but in five years' time she was a woman, and Michel was forced to reflect that it would not be well that there should be another marriage and another family in the house while he was so young himself. There was at this time a third baby in the cradle—and then Marie Bromar had not a franc of *dot.* Marie was the sweetest eldest daughter in the world, but he could not think it right that his son should marry a wife before he had done a stroke for himself in the world. Prudence made it absolutely necessary that he should say a word to his son.

Madame Voss was certainly nearly twenty years younger than her husband, and yet the pair did not look to be ill sorted. Michel was so handsome, strong, and hale; and Madame Voss, though she was a comely woman—though when she was brought home a bride to Granpere the neighbors had all declared that she was very handsome—carried with her a look of more years than she really possessed. She had borne many of a woman's cares, and had known much of woman's sorrows, before she had become wife to Michel Voss; and then when the babes came, and she had settled down as mistress of that large household, and taught herself to regard George Voss and Marie Bromar almost as her own children, all idea that she was much younger than her husband departed from her. She was a woman who desired to excel her husband in nothing, if only she might be considered to be in some things his equal. There was no feeling in the village that Michel Voss had brought home a young wife, and had made a fool of himself. He was a man entitled to have a wife much younger than himself. Madame Voss in those days always wore a white cap, and a dark stuff gown, which was changed on Sundays for one of black silk, and brown mittens on her hands, and she went about the house in soft carpet shoes. She was a conscientious, useful, but not an enterprising woman; loving her husband much, and fearing him somewhat; liking to have her own way in certain small matters, but willing to be led in other things so long as those were surrendered to her; careful with her children, the care of whom seemed to deprive her of the power of caring for the business of the inn; kind to her niece, good-humored in her house, and satisfied with the world at large as long as she might always be allowed to entertain M. le Curé at dinner on Sundays. Michel Voss, Protestant though he was, had not the slightest objection to giving M. le Curé his Sunday dinner, on condition that M. le Curé on these occasions would confine his conversation to open subjects. M. le Curé was quite willing to eat his dinner and give no offense.

A word, too, must be said of Marie Bromar before we begin our story. Marie Bromar is the heroine of this little tale; and the reader must be made to have some idea of her as she would have appeared before him had he seen her standing near her uncle in the long room up stairs of the hotel at Granpere. Marie had been fifteen when she was brought from Epinal to Granpere, and had then been a child; but she had now reached her twentieth birthday, and was a woman. She was not above the middle height, and might seem to be less, indeed, in that house, because her aunt and her uncle were tall; but she was straight, well made, and very active. She was strong, and liked to use her strength, and was very keen about all the work of the

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house. During the five years of her residence at Granpere she had thoroughly learned the mysteries of her uncle's trade. She knew good wine from bad by the perfume; she knew whether bread was the full weight by the touch; with a glance of her eye she could tell whether the cheese and butter were what they ought to be; in a matter of poultry no woman in all the commune could take her in; she was great in judging eggs; knew well the quality of linen; and was even able to calculate how long the hay should last, and what should be the consumption of corn in the stables. Michel Voss was well aware before Marie had been a year beneath his roof that she well earned the morsel she ate and the drop she drank; and when she had been there five years he was ready to swear that she was the cleverest girl in Lorraine or Alsace. And she was very pretty, with rich brown hair that would not allow itself to be brushed out of its crisp half curls in front, and which she always wore cut short behind, curling round her straight, well-formed neck. Her eyes were gray, with a strong shade, indeed, of green, but were very bright and pleasant, full of intelligence, telling stories, by their glances, of her whole inward disposition, of her activity, quickness, and desire to have a hand in every thing that was being done. Her father, Jean Bromar, had come from the same stock with Michel Voss; and she, too, had something of that aquiline nose which gave to the innkeeper and his son the look which made men dislike to contradict them. Her mouth was large, but her teeth were very white and perfect, and her smile was the sweetest thing that ever was seen. Marie Bromar was a pretty girl; and George Voss, had he lived so near to her and not have fallen in love with her, must have been cold indeed.

At the end of these five years Marie had become a woman, and was known by all around her to be a woman much stronger, both in person and in purpose, than her aunt; but she maintained, almost unconsciously, many of the ways in the house which she had assumed when she first entered it. Then she had always been on foot, to be every body's messenger—and so she was now. When her uncle and aunt were at their meals she was always up and about, attending them, attending the public guests, attending the whole house. And it seemed as though she herself never sat down to eat or drink. Indeed, it was rare enough to find her seated at all. She would have a cup of coffee standing up at the little desk near the public window when she kept her books, or would take a morsel of meat as she helped to remove the dishes. She would stand sometimes for a minute leaning on the back of her uncle's chair as he sat at his supper, and would say, when he bade her to take her chair and eat with them, that she preferred picking and stealing. In all things she worshiped her uncle, observing his movements, caring for his wants, and carrying out his plans. She did not worship her aunt, but she so served Madame Voss that had she been withdrawn from the household, Madame Voss would have found herself altogether unable to provide for its wants. Thus Marie Bromar had become the guardian angel of the Lion d'Or at Granpere.

There must be a word or two more said of the difference between George Voss and his father, which had ended in sending George to Colmar; a word or two about that, and a word also of what occurred between George and Marie. Then we shall be able to commence our story without further reference to things past. As Michel Voss was a just, affectionate, and intelligent man, he would not, probably, have objected to a marriage between the two young people, had the proposition for such a marriage been first submitted to him, with a proper amount of attention to his judgment and controlling power. But the idea was introduced to him in a manner which taught him to think that there was to be a clandestine love-affair. To him George was still a boy, and Marie not much more than a child, and, without much thinking, he felt that the thing was improper.

"I won't have it, George," he had said.

"Won't have what, father?"

"Never mind. You know. If you can't get over it in any other way, you had better go away. You must do something for yourself before you can think of marrying."

"I am not thinking of marrying."

"Then what were you thinking of when I saw you with Marie? I won't have it for her sake, and I won't have it for mine, and I won't have it for your own. You had better go away for a while."

"I'll go away to-morrow if you wish it, father." Michel had turned away, not saying another word; and on the following day George did go away, hardly waiting an hour to set in order his part of his father's business. For it must be known that George had not been an idler in his father's establishment. There was a trade of wood-cutting upon the mountain-side, with a saw-mill turned by water beneath, over which George had presided almost since he had left the school of the commune. When his father told him that he was bound to do something before he got married, he could not have intended to accuse him of having been hitherto idle. Of the wood-cutting and the saw-mill George knew as much as Marie did of the poultry and the linen. Michel was wrong, probably, in his attempt to separate them. The house was large enough, or if not, there was still room for another house to be built in Granpere. They would have done well as man

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and wife. But then the head of a household naturally objects to seeing the boys and girls belonging to him making love under his nose without any reference to his opinion. "Things were not made so easy for me," he says to himself, and feels it to be a sort of duty to take care that the course of love shall not run altogether smooth. George, no doubt, was too abrupt with his father; or perhaps it might be the case that he was not sorry to take an opportunity of leaving for a while Granpere and Marie Bromar. It might be well to see the world; and though Marie Bromar was bright and pretty, it might be that there were others abroad brighter and prettier.

His father had spoken to him on one fine September afternoon, and within an hour George was with the men who were stripping bark from the great pine logs upon the side of the mountain. With them, and with two or three others who were engaged at the saw-mills, he remained till the night was dark. Then he came down and told something of his intentions to his step-mother. He was going to Colmar on the morrow with a horse and small cart, and would take with him what clothes he had ready. He did not speak to Marie that night, but he said something to his father about the timber and the mill. Gaspar Muntz, the head woodsman, knew, he said, all about the business. Gaspar could carry on the work till it would suit Michel Voss himself to see how things were going on. Michel Voss was sore and angry, but he said nothing. He sent to his son a couple of hundred francs by his wife, but said no word of explanation even to her. On the following morning George was off without seeing his father.

But Marie was up to give him his breakfast. "What is the meaning of this, George?" she said.

"Father says that I shall be better away from this—so I am going away."

"And why will you be better away?" To this George made no answer. "It will be terrible if you quarrel with your father. Nothing can be so bad as that."

"We have not quarreled. That is to say, I have not quarreled with him. If he quarrels with me, I can not help it."

"It must be helped," said Marie, as she placed before him a mess of eggs which she had cooked for him with her own hands. "I would sooner die than see any thing wrong between you two." Then there was a pause. "Is it about me, George?" she asked, boldly.

"Father thinks that I love you: so I do."

Marie paused for a few minutes before she said any thing further. She was standing very near to George, who was eating his breakfast heartily in spite of the interesting nature of the conversation. As she filled his cup a second time, she spoke again. "I will never do any thing, George, if I can help it, to displease my uncle."

"But why should it displease him? He wants to have his own way in every thing."

"Of course he does."

"He has told me to go; and I'll go. I've worked for him as no other man would work, and have never said a word about a share in the business, and never would."

"Is it not all for yourself, George?"

"And why shouldn't you and I be married if we like it?"

"I will never like it," said she, solemnly, "if uncle dislikes it."

"Very well," said George. "There is the horse ready, and now I'm off."

So he went, starting just as the day was dawning, and no one saw him on that morning except Marie Bromar. As soon as he was gone she went up to her little room, and sat herself down on her bedside. She knew that she loved him, and had been told that she was beloved. She knew that she could not lose him without suffering terribly; but now she almost feared that it would be necessary that she should lose him. His manner had not been tender to her. He had, indeed, said that he loved her, but there had been nothing of the tenderness of love in his mode of saying so; and then he had said no word of persistency in the teeth of his father's objection. She had declared—thoroughly purposing that her declaration should be true—that she would never become his wife in opposition to her uncle's wishes; but he, had he been in earnest, might have said something of his readiness to attempt, at least, to overcome his father's objection. But he had said not a word; and Marie, as she sat upon her bed, made up her mind that it must be all over. But she made up her mind also that she would entertain no feeling of anger against her uncle. She owed him every thing—so she thought, making no account, as George had done, of labor given in return. She was only a girl, and what was her labor? For a while she resolved that she would give a spoken assurance to her uncle that he need fear nothing from her. It was natural enough to her that her uncle should desire a better marriage for his son. But after a while she reflected that any speech from her on such a subject would be difficult, and that it would be better that she should hold her tongue. So she held her tongue, and thought of George, and suffered; but still was merry, at least in manner, when her uncle spoke to her, and priced the poultry, and counted the linen, and made out the visitors' bills, as though nothing evil had come upon her. She was a gallant girl, and Michel Voss, though he could not speak of it, understood her gallantry, and made notes of it on the note-book of his heart.

In the mean time George Voss was thriv-

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ing at Colmar—as the Vosses did thrive wherever they settled themselves. But he sent no word to his father; nor did his father send word to him, though they were not more than ten leagues apart. Once Madame Voss went over to see him, and brought back word of his well-doing.

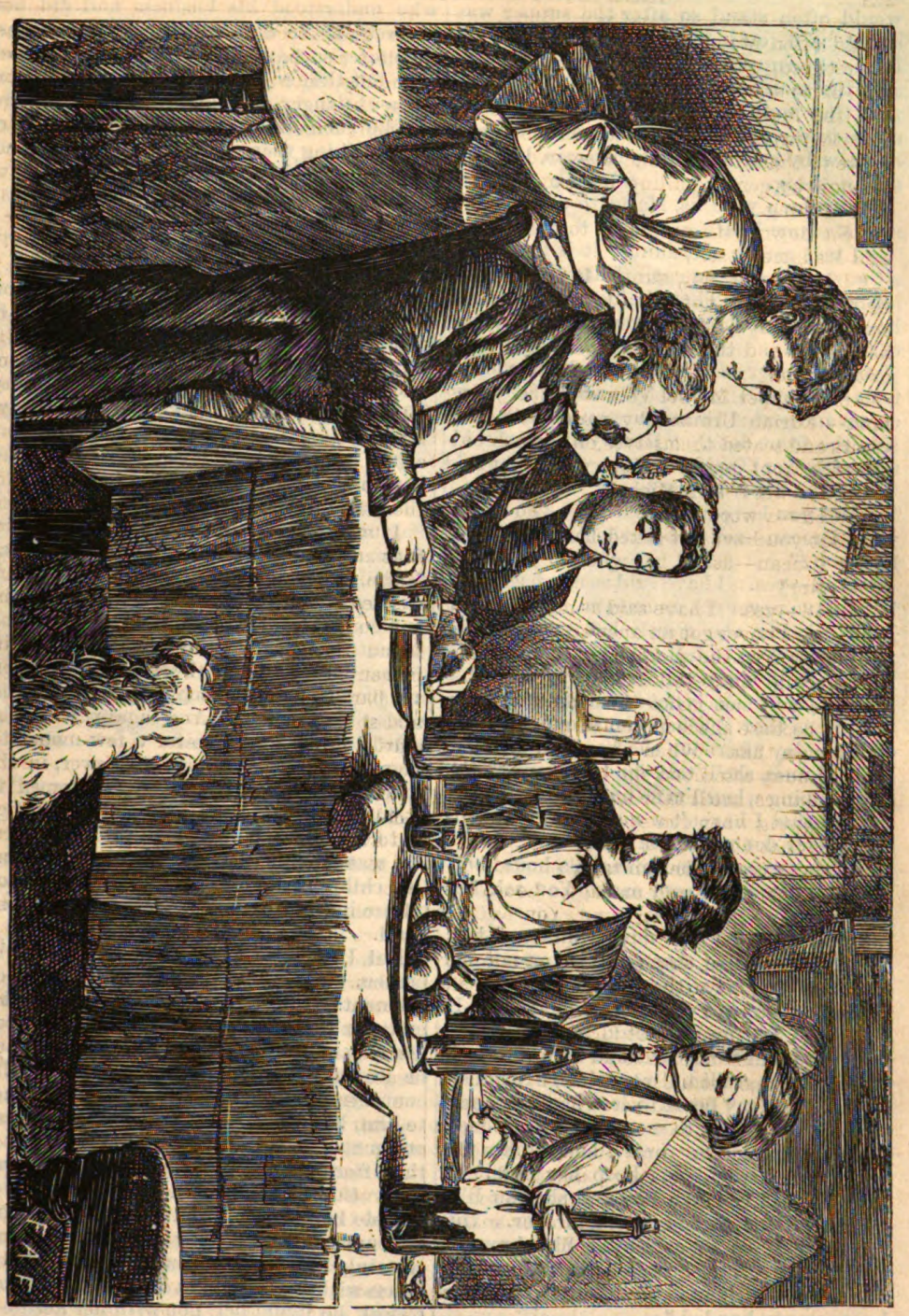
CHAPTER II.

EXACTLY at eight o'clock every evening a loud bell was sounded in the hotel of the Lion d'Or at Granpere, and all within the house sat down together to supper. The supper was spread on a long table in the saloon up stairs, and the room was lighted with camphene lamps—for as yet gas had not found its way to Granpere. At this meal assembled not only the guests in the house and the members of the family of the landlord, but also many persons living in the village, whom it suited to take, at a certain price per month, the chief meal of the day at the house of the innkeeper, instead of eating in their own houses a more costly, a less dainty, and probably a lonely supper. Therefore, when the bell was heard, there came together some dozen residents of Granpere, mostly young men engaged in the linen trade, from their different lodgings, and each took his accustomed seat down the sides of the long board, at which, tied in a knot, was placed his own napkin. At the top of the table was the place of Madame Voss, which she never failed to fill exactly three minutes after the bell had been rung. At her right hand was the chair of the master of the house—never occupied by any one else; but it would often happen that some business would keep him away. Since George had left him he had taken the timber into his own hands, and was accustomed to think, and sometimes to say, that the necessity was cruel on him. Below his chair, and on the other side of Madame Voss, there would generally be two or three places kept for guests who might be specially looked upon as the intimate friends of the mistress of the house; and at the farther end of the table, close to the window, was the space allotted to travelers. Here the napkins were not tied in knots, but were always clean. And, though the little plates of radishes, cakes, and dried fruits were continued from one of the tables to the other, the long-necked, thin bottles of common wine came to an end before they reached the strangers' portion of the board; for it had been found that strangers would take at that hour either tea or a better kind of wine than that which Michel Voss gave to his accustomed guests without any special charge. When, however, the stranger should please to take the common wine, he was by no means thereby prejudiced in the eyes of Madame Voss or her husband. Michel Voss liked a profit, but he liked the habits of his country almost as well.

One evening in September, about twelve months after the departure of George, Madame Voss took her seat at the table, and the young men of the place, who had been waiting round the door of the hotel for a few minutes, followed her into the room. And there was M. Goudin, the curé, with another young clergyman, his friend. On Sundays the curé always dined at the hotel at half past twelve o'clock, as the friend of the family; but for his supper he paid, as did the other guests. I rather fancy that on week-days he had no particular dinner; and, indeed, there was no such formal meal given in the house of Michel Voss on week-days. There was something put on the table about noon in the little room between the kitchen and the public window, but, except on Sundays, it could hardly be called a dinner. On Sundays a real dinner was served in the room up stairs, with soup and removes, and *entrées* and the *rôti*, all in the right place—which showed that they knew what a dinner was at the Lion d'Or; but, throughout the week, supper was the meal of the day. After M. Goudin, on this occasion, there came two maiden ladies from Epinal who were lodging at Granpere for change of air. They seated themselves near to Madame Voss, but still leaving a place or two vacant. And presently at the bottom of the table there came an Englishman and his wife, who were traveling through the country; and so the table was made up. A lad of about fifteen, who was known in Granpere as the waiter at the Lion d'Or, looked after the two strangers and the young men, and Marie Bromar, who herself had arranged the board, stood at the top of the room, by a second table, and dispensed the soup. It was pleasant to watch her eyes, as she marked the moment when the dispensing should begin, and counted her guests, thoughtful as to the sufficiency of the dishes to come; and noticed that Edmond Greisse had sat down with such dirty hands that she must bid her uncle to warn the lad; and observed that the more elderly of the two ladies from Epinal had bread too hard to suit her—which should be changed as soon as the soup had been dispensed. She looked round, and even while dispensing saw every thing. It was suggested in the last chapter that another house might have been built in Granpere, and that George Voss might have gone there, taking Marie as his bride; but the Lion d'Or would sorely have missed those quick and careful eyes.

Then, when that dispensing of the soup was concluded, Michel entered the room, bringing with him a young man. The young man had evidently been expected; for, when he took the place close at the left hand of Madame Voss, she simply bowed to him, say-

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"SHE WAS STANDING NOW CLOSE BEHIND HER UNCLE, WITH BOTH HER HANDS UPON HIS HEAD."

ing some word of courtesy as Michel took his place on the other side. Then Marie dispensed two more portions of soup, and leaving one on the farther table for the boy to serve, though she could well have brought the two, waited herself upon her uncle. "And is Urmand to have no soup?" said Michel Voss, as he took his niece lovingly by the hand. "Peter is bringing it," said Marie. And in a moment or two Peter, the waiter, did bring the young man his soup.

"And will not Mademoiselle Marie sit down with us?" said the young man.

"If you can make her, you have more influence than I," said Michel. "Marie never sits, and never eats, and never drinks." She was standing now close behind her uncle, with both her hands upon his head; and she

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would often stand so after the supper was commenced, only moving to attend upon him, or to supplement the services of Peter and the maid-servant when she perceived that they were becoming for a time inadequate to their duties. She answered her uncle now by gently pulling his ears, but she said nothing.

"Sit down with us, Marie, to oblige me," said Madame Voss.

"I had rather not, aunt. It is foolish to sit at supper and not eat. I have taken my supper already." Then she moved away, and hovered round the two strangers at the end of the room.

After supper Michel Voss and the young man—Adrian Urmand by name—lit their cigars and seated themselves on a bench outside the front-door. "Have you never said a word to her?" said Michel.

"Well—a word; yes."

"But you have not asked her—you know what I mean—asked her whether she could love you?"

"Well—yes. I have said as much as that, but I have never got an answer. And when I did ask her, she merely left me. She is not much given to talking."

"She will not make the worse wife, my friend, because she is not much given to such talking as that. When she is out with me on a Sunday afternoon she has chat enough. By St. James, she'll talk for two hours without stopping when I'm so out of breath with the hill that I haven't a word."

"I don't doubt she can talk."

"That she can—and manage a house better than any girl I ever saw. You ask her aunt."

"I know what her aunt thinks of her. Madame Voss says that neither you nor she can afford to part with her."

Michel Voss was silent for a moment. It was dusk, and no one could see him as he brushed a tear from each eye with the back of his hand. "I'll tell you what, Urmand—it will break my heart to lose her. Do you see how she comes to me and comforts me? But if it broke my heart, and broke the house too, I would not keep her here. It isn't fit. If you like her, and she can like you, it will be a good match for her. You have my leave to ask her. She brought nothing here, but she has been a good girl, a very good girl, and she shall not leave the house empty-handed."

Adrian Urmand was a linen-buyer from Basle, and was known to have a good share in a good business. He was a handsome young man too, though rather small, and perhaps a little too apt to wear rings on his fingers, and to show jewelry on his shirt front and about his waistcoat. So, at least, said some of the young people of Granpere, where rings and gold studs are not so common as they are at Basle. But he was one who understood his business and did not neglect it; he had money too; and was, therefore, such a young man that Michel Voss felt that he might give his niece to him without danger, if he and she could manage to like each other sufficiently. As to Urmand's liking there was no doubt. Urmand was ready enough.

"I will see if she will speak to me just now," said Urmand, after a pause.

"Shall her aunt try it, or shall I do it?" said Michel.

But Adrian Urmand thought that part of the pleasure of love lay in the making of it himself. So he declined the innkeeper's offer, at any rate for the present occasion. "Perhaps," said he, "Madame Voss will say a word for me after I have spoken for myself."

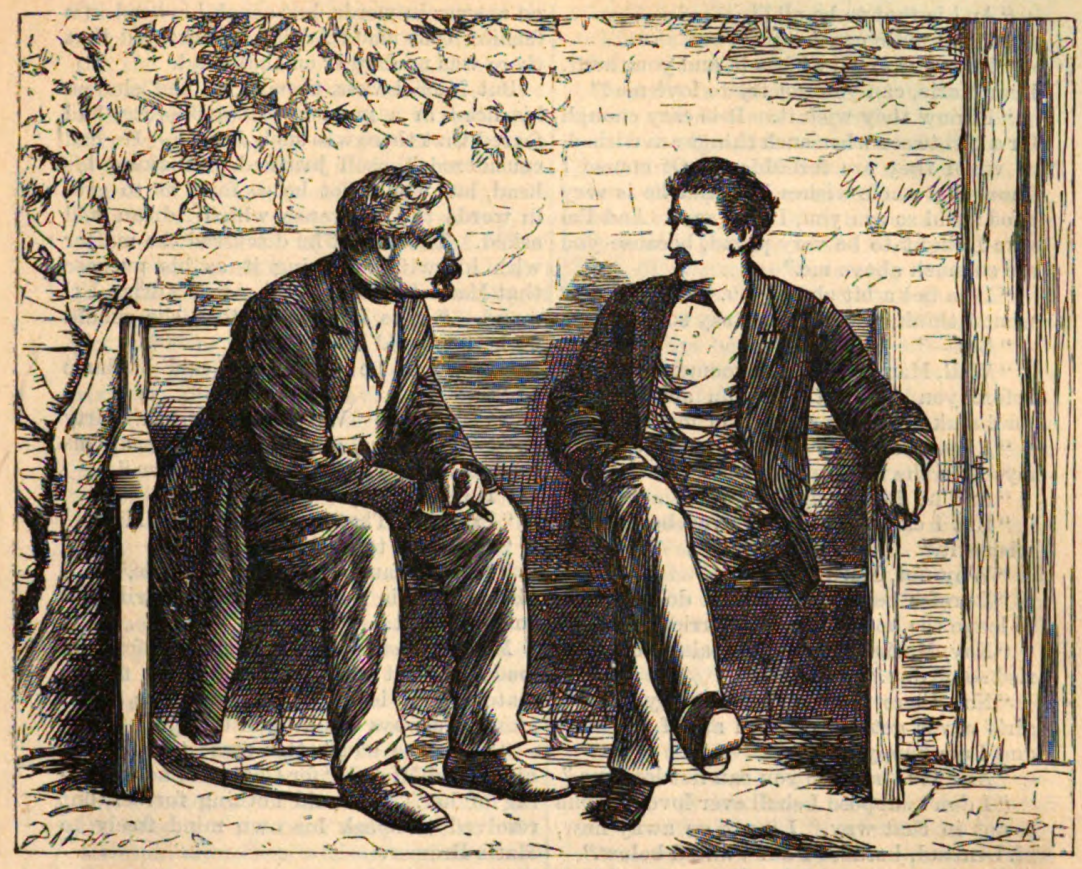
"So let it be," said the landlord. And then they finished their cigars in silence.

It was in vain that Adrian Urmand tried that night to obtain audience from Marie. Marie, as though she well knew what was wanted of her, and was determined to thwart her lover, would not allow herself to be found alone for a moment. When Adrian presented himself at the window of her little bar he found that Peter was with her, and she managed to keep Peter with her till Adrian was gone. And again when he hoped to find her alone for a few moments, after the work of the day was over, in the small parlor where she was accustomed to sit for some half hour before she would go up to her room, he was again disappointed. She was already up stairs with her aunt and the children, and all Michel Voss's good nature in keeping out of the way was of no avail.

But Urmand was determined not to be beaten. He intended to return to Basle on the next day but one, and desired to put this matter a little in forwardness before he took his departure. On the following morning he had various appointments to keep with countrymen and their wives who sold linen to him, but he was quick over his business, and managed to get back to the inn early in the afternoon. From six till eight he well knew that Marie would allow nothing to impede her in the grand work of preparing for supper; but at four o'clock she would certainly be sitting somewhere about the house with her needle in her hand. At four o'clock he found her, not with her needle in her hand, but, better still, perfectly idle. She was standing at an open window, looking out upon the garden, as he came behind her—standing motionless, with both hands on the sill of the window, thinking deeply of something that filled her mind. It might be that she was thinking of him.

"I have done with my customers now, and I shall be off to Basle to-morrow," said he, as soon as she had looked round at the

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AFTER SUPPER.

sound of his footsteps and perceived that he was close to her.

"I hope you have bought your goods well, M. Urmand?"

"Ah! for the matter of that, the time for buying things well is clean gone. One used to be able to buy well; but there is not an old woman now in Alsace who doesn't know as well as I do, or better, what linen is worth in Berne and Paris. They expect to get nearly as much for it here at Granpere."

"They work hard, M. Urmand, and things are dearer than they were. It is well that they should get a price for their labor."

"A price, yes: but how is a man to buy without a profit? They think that I come here for their sakes—merely to bring the market to their doors." Then he began to remember that he had no special object in discussing the circumstances of his trade with Marie Bromar, and that he had a special object in another direction. But how to turn the subject was now a difficulty.

"I am sure you do not buy without a profit," said Marie Bromar, when she found that he was silent. "And then the poor people, who have to pay so dear for every thing!" She was making a violent attempt to keep him on the ground of his customers and his purchases.

"There was another thing that I wanted to say to you, Marie," he began at last, abruptly.

"Another thing!" said Marie, knowing that the hour had come.

"Yes; another thing. I dare say you know what it is. I need not tell you now that I love you, need I, Marie? You know as well as I do what I think of you."

"No, I don't," said Marie, not intending to encourage him to tell her, but simply saying that which came easiest to her at the moment.

"I think this—that if you will consent to be my wife, I shall be a very happy man. That is all. Every body knows how pretty you are, and how good, and how clever; but I do not think that any body loves you better than I do. Can you say that you will love me, Marie? Your uncle approves of it, and your aunt." He had now come quite close to her, and having placed his hand behind her back, was winding his arm round her waist.

"I will not have you do that, M. Urmand," she said, escaping from his embrace.

"But that is no answer. Can you love me, Marie?"

"No," she said, hardly whispering the word between her teeth.

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"And is that to be all?"

"What more can I say?"

"But your uncle wishes it, and your aunt. Dear Marie, can you not try to love me?"

"I know they wish it. It is easy enough for a girl to see when such things are wished, or when they are forbidden. Of course I know that uncle wishes it. And he is very good; and so are you, I dare say. And I'm sure I ought to be very proud, because you are so much above me."

"I am not a bit above you. If you knew what I think, you wouldn't say so."

"But—"

"Well, Marie? Think a moment, dearest, before you shall give me an answer that shall make me either happy or miserable."

"I have thought. I would almost burn myself in the fire if uncle wished it."

"And he does wish this."

"But I can not do this even because he wishes it."

"Why not, Marie?"

"I prefer being as I am. I do not wish to leave the hotel, or to be married at all."

"Nay, Marie, you will certainly be married some day."

"No; there is no such certainty. Some girls never get married. I am of use here, and I am happy here."

"Ah! it is because you can not love me."

"I don't suppose I shall ever love any one—not in that way. I must go away now, M. Urmand, because I am wanted below."

She did go, and Adrian Urmand spoke no further word of love to her on that occasion.

"I will speak to her about it myself," said Michel Voss, when he heard his young friend's story that evening, seated again upon the bench outside the door, and smoking another cigar.

"It will be of no use," said Adrian.

"One never knows," said Michel. "Young women are queer cattle to take to market. One can never be quite certain which way they want to go. After you are off to-morrow I will have a few words with her. She does not quite understand as yet that she must make her hay while the sun shines. Some of 'em are all in a hurry to get married, and some of 'em, again, are all for hanging back, when their friends wish it. It's natural, I believe, that they should be contrary. But Marie is as good as the best of them, and when I speak to her she'll hear reason."

Adrian Urmand had no alternative but to assent to the innkeeper's proposition. The idea of making love second-hand was not pleasant to him; but he could not hinder the uncle from speaking his mind to the niece. One little suggestion he did make before he took his departure. "It can't be, I suppose, that there is any one else that she likes better?" To this Michel Voss made no answer in words, but shook his head in a fashion that made Adrian feel assured that there was no danger on that head.

But Michel Voss, though he had shaken his head in a manner so satisfactory, had feared that there was such danger. He had considered himself justified in shaking his head, but would not be so false as to give in words the assurance which Adrian had asked. That night he discussed the matter with his wife, declaring it as his purpose that Marie Bromar should marry Adrian Urmand. "It is impossible that she should do better," said Michel.

"It would be very well," said Madame Voss.

"Very well! Why, he is worth thirty thousand francs, and is as steady at his business as his father was before him."

"He is a dandy."

"Pshaw! That is nothing," said Michel.

"And he is too fond of money."

"It is a fault on the right side," said Michel. "His wife and children will not come to want."

Madame Voss paused a moment before she made her last and grand objection to the match. "It is my belief," said she, "that Marie is always thinking of George."

"Then she had better cease to think of him," said Michel, "for George is not thinking of her." He said nothing further, but resolved to speak his own mind freely to Marie Bromar.



CHAPTER III.

THE old-fashioned inn at Colmar, at which George Voss was acting as assistant and chief manager to his father's distant cousin, Madame Faragon, was a house very different in all its belongings from the Lion d'Or at

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Granpere. It was very much larger, and had much higher pretensions. It assumed to itself the character of a first-class hotel—and when Colmar was without a railway, and was a great posting station on the high-road from Strasburg to Lyons, there was some real business at the Hôtel de la Poste in that town. At present, though Colmar may probably have been benefited by the railway, the inn has faded, and is in its yellow leaf. Travelers who desire to see the statue which a grateful city has erected to the memory of its most illustrious citizen, General Rapp, are not sufficient in number to keep a first-class hotel in the glories of fresh paint and smart waiters; and when you have done with General Rapp, there is not much to interest you in Colmar. But there is the hotel; and poor, fat, unwieldy Madame Faragon, though she grumbles much, and declares that there is not a sou to be made, still keeps it up, and bears with as much bravery as she can the buffets of a world which seems to her to be becoming less prosperous and less comfortable and more exacting every day. In her younger years a posting-house in such a town was a posting-house; and when M. Faragon married her, the heiress of the then owner of the business, he was supposed to have done uncommonly well for himself. Madame Faragon is now a childless widow, and sometimes declares that she will shut the house up, and have done with it. Why maintain a business without a profit, simply that there may be a Hôtel de la Poste at Colmar? But there are old servants whom she has not the heart to send away; and she has, at any rate, a roof of her own over her head; and, though she herself is unconscious that it is so, she has many ties to the old business; and now, since her young cousin George Voss has been with her, things go a little better. She is not robbed so much, and the people of the town, finding that they can get a fair bottle of wine and a good supper, come to the inn; and at length an omnibus has been established, and there is a little glimmer of returning prosperity.

It is a large old rambling house, built round an irregularly shaped court, with another court behind it; and in both courts the stables and coach-houses seem to be so mixed with the kitchens and entrances that one hardly knows what part of the building is equine and what part human. Judging from the smell which pervades the lower quarters, and, alas! also too frequently the upper rooms, one would be inclined to say that the horses had the best of it. The defect had been pointed out to Madame Faragon more than once; but that lady, though in most of the affairs of life her temper is gentle and kindly, can not hear with equanimity an insinuation that any portion of her house is either dirty or unsweet. Complaints have reached her that the beds were —well, inhabited—but no servant now dares to hint at any thing wrong in this particular. If this traveler or that says a word to her personally in complaint, she looks as sour as death, and declines to open her mouth in reply; but when that traveler's back is turned, the things that Madame Faragon can say about the upstart coxcombry of the wretch, and as to the want of all real comforts which she is sure prevails in the home quarters of that ill-starred complaining traveler, are proof to those who hear them that the old landlady has not as yet lost all her energy. It need not be doubted that she herself religiously believes that no foul perfume has ever pervaded the sanctity of her chambers, and that no living thing has ever been seen inside the sheets of her beds except those guests whom she has allocated to the different rooms.

Matters had not gone very easily with George Voss in all the changes he had made during the last year. Some things he was obliged to do without consulting Madame Faragon at all. Then she would discover what was going on, and there would be a "few words." At other times he would consult her, and carry his purpose only after much perseverance. Twice or thrice he had told her that he must go away, and then, with many groans, she had acceded to his propositions. It had been necessary to expend two thousand francs in establishing the omnibus, and in that affair the appearance of things had been at one time quite hopeless. And then when George had declared that the altered habits of the people required that the hour of the morning *table d'hôte* should be changed from noon to one, she had sworn that she would not give way. She would never lend her assent to such vile idleness. It was already robbing the business portion of the day of an hour. She would wrap her colors round her and die upon the ground sooner than yield. "Then they won't come," said George, "and it's no use your having the table then. They will all go to the Hôtel de l'Impératrice." This was a new house, the very mention of which was a dagger thrust into the bosom of Madame Faragon. "Then they will be poisoned," she said. "And let them! It is what they are fit for." But the change was made, and for the first three days she would not come out of her room. When the bell was rung at the obnoxious hour, she stopped her ears with her two hands.

But though there had been these contests, Madame Faragon had made more than one effort to induce George Voss to become her partner and successor in the house. If he would only bring in a small sum of money—a sum which must be easily within his father's reach—he should have half the business now, and all of it when Madame Faragon had gone to her rest. Or if he would prefer to give Madame Faragon a pension—

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a moderate pension—she would give up the house at once. At these tender moments she used to say that he probably would not begrudge her a room in which to die. But George Voss would always say that he had no money, that he could not ask his father for money, and that he had not made up his mind to settle at Colmar. Madame Faragon, who was naturally much interested in the matter, and was, moreover, not without curiosity, could never quite learn how matters stood at Granpere. A word or two she had heard in a circuitous way of Marie Bromar, but from George himself she could never learn any thing of his affairs at home. She had asked him once or twice whether it would not be well that he should marry; but he had always replied that he did not think of such a thing—at any rate as yet. He was a steady young man, given more to work than to play, and apparently not inclined to amuse himself with the girls of the neighborhood.

One day Edmond Greisse was over at Colmar—Edmond Greisse, the lad whose untidy appearance at the supper-table at the Lion d'Or had called down the rebuke of Marie Bromar. He had been sent over on some business by his employer, and had come to get his supper and bed at Madame Faragon's hotel. He was a modest, unassuming lad, and had been hardly more than a boy when George Voss had left Granpere. From time to time George had seen some friend from the village, and had thus heard tidings from home. Once, as has been said, Madame Voss had made a pilgrimage to Madame Faragon's establishment to visit him; but letters between the houses had not been frequent. Though postage in France—or shall we say Germany?—is now almost as low as in England, these people of Alsace have not yet fallen into the way of writing to each other when it occurs to any of them that a word may be said. Young Greisse had seen the landlady, who now never went up stairs among her guests, and had had his chamber allotted to him, and was seated at the supper-table, before he met George Voss. It was from Madame Faragon that George heard of his arrival.

"There is a neighbor of yours from Granpere in the house," said she.

"From Granpere? And who is he?"

"I forget the lad's name; but he says that your father is well, and Madame Voss. He goes back early to-morrow with the roulage and some goods that his people have bought. I think he is at supper now."

The place of honor at the top of the table at the Colmar inn was not in these days assumed by Madame Faragon. She had, alas! become too stout to do so with either grace or comfort, and always took her meals, as she always lived, in the little room down stairs, from which she could see, through the apertures of two doors, all who came in and all who went out by the chief entrance of the hotel. Nor had George usurped the place. It had now happened at Colmar, as it has come to pass at most hotels, that the public table is no longer the *table d'hôte*. The end chair was occupied by a stout, dark man, with a bald head and black beard, who was proudly filling a place different from that of his neighbors, and who would probably have gone over to the Hôtel de l'Impératrice had any body disturbed him. On the present occasion George seated himself next to the lad, and they were soon discussing all the news from Granpere.

"And how is Marie Bromar?" George asked at last.

"You have heard about her, of course?" said Edmond Greisse.

"Heard what?"

"She is going to be married."

"Minnie Bromar to be married? And to whom?"

Edmond at once understood that his news was regarded as being important, and made the most of it.

"Oh dear, yes. It was settled last week when he was there."

"But who is he?"

"Adrian Urmand, the linen-buyer from Basle."

"Marie to be married to Adrian Urmand!"

Urmand's journeys to Granpere had been commenced before George Voss had left the place, and therefore the two young men had known each other.

"They say he's very rich," said Edmond.

"I thought he cared for nobody but himself. And are you sure? Who told you?"

"I am quite sure, but I do not know who told me. They are all talking about it."

"Did my father ever tell you?"

"No, he never told me."

"Or Marie herself?"

"No, she did not tell me. Girls never tell those sort of things of themselves."

"Nor Madame Voss?" asked George.

"She never talks much about any thing. But you may be sure it's true. I'll tell you who told me first, and he is sure to know, because he lives in the house. It was Peter Veque."

"Peter Veque, indeed! And who do you think would tell him?"

"But isn't it quite likely? She has grown to be such a beauty! Every body gives it to her that she is the prettiest girl round Granpere. And why shouldn't he marry her? If I had a lot of money, I'd only look to get the prettiest girl I could find any where."

After this George said nothing further to the young man as to the marriage. If it was talked about as Edmond said, it was probably true. And why should it not be true? Even though it were true, no one would have cared to tell him. She might have

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been married twice over, and no one in Granpere would have sent him word. So he declared to himself. And yet Marie Bromar had once sworn to him that she loved him, and would be his for ever and ever; and, though he had left her in dudgeon, with black looks, without a kind word of farewell, yet he had believed her. Through all his sojourn at Colmar he had told himself that she would be true to him. He believed it, though he was hardly sure of himself—had hardly resolved that he would ever go back to Granpere to seek her. His father had turned him out of the house, and Marie had told him as he went that she would never marry him if her uncle disapproved it. Slight as her word had been on that morning of his departure, it had rankled in his bosom, and made him angry with her through a whole twelvemonth. And yet he had believed that she would be true to him.

He went out in the evening when it was dusk, and walked round and round the public garden of Colmar, thinking of the news which he had heard—the public garden in which stands the statue of General Rapp. It was a terrible blow to him. Though he had remained a whole year in Colmar without seeing Marie or hearing of her, without hardly ever having had her name upon his lips, without even having once assured himself during the whole time that the happiness of his life would depend on the girl's constancy to him—now that he heard that she was to be married to another man, he was torn to pieces by anger and regret. He had sworn to love her, and had never even spoken a word of tenderness to another girl. She had given him her plighted troth, and now she was prepared to break it with the first man who asked her! As he thought of this, his brow became black with anger. But his regrets were as violent. What a fool he had been to leave her there, open to persuasion from any man who came in the way, open to persuasion from his father, who would, of course, be his enemy! How, indeed, could he expect that she should be true to him? The year had been long enough to him, but it must have been doubly long to her. He had expected that his father would send for him, would write to him, would, at least, transmit to him some word that would make him know that his presence was again desired at Granpere. But his father had been as proud as he was, and had not sent any such message. Or rather, perhaps, the father, being older and less impatient, had thought that a temporary absence from Granpere might be good for his son.

It was late at night when George Voss went to bed, but he was up in the morning early to see Edmond Greisse before the roulage should start for Münster on its road to Granpere. Early times in that part of the world are very early, and the roulage was ready in the back court of the inn at half past four in the morning.

"What! you up at this hour?" said Edmond.

"Why not? It is not every day we have a friend here from Granpere, so I thought I would see you off."

"That is kind of you."

"Give my love to them at the old house, Edmond."

"Of course I will."

"To father, and Madame Voss, and the children, and to Marie."

"All right."

"Tell Marie that you have told me of her marriage."

"I don't know whether she'll like to talk about that to me."

"Never mind; you tell her. She won't bite you. Tell her also that I shall be over at Granpere soon to see her and the rest of them. I'll be over—as soon as ever I can get away."

"Shall I tell your father that?"

"No. Tell Marie, and let her tell my father."

"And when will you come? We shall all be so glad to see you."

"Never you mind that. You just give my message. Come in for a moment to the kitchen. There's a cup of coffee for you and a slice of ham. We are not going to let an old friend like you go away without breaking his fast."

As Greisse had already paid his modest bill, amounting altogether to little more than three francs, this was kind of the young landlord, and while he was eating his bread and ham he promised faithfully that he would give the message just as George had given it to him.

It was on the third day after the departure of Edmond Greisse that George told Madame Faragon that he was going home. "Going where, George?" said Madame Faragon, leaning forward on the table before her, and looking like a picture of despair.

"To Granpere, Madame Faragon."

"To Granpere! and why? and when? and how? Oh dear! Why did you not tell me before, child?"

"I told you as soon as I knew."

"But you are not going yet?"

"On Monday."

"Oh dear! So soon as that! Lord bless me! We can't do any thing before Monday. And when will you be back?"

"I can not say with certainty. I shall not be long, I dare say."

"And have they sent for you?"

"No, they have not sent for me, but I want to see them once again. And I must make up my mind what to do for the future."

"Don't leave me, George; pray do not

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leave me!" exclaimed Madame Faragon. "You shall have the business now if you choose to take it; only pray don't leave me!" George explained that at any rate he would not desert her now at once; and on the Monday named he started for Granpere. He had not been very quick in his action, for a week had passed since he had given Edmond Greisse his breakfast in the hotel kitchen.

THE PAY-ROLL OF CHRISTENDOM.

BETWEEN being born and dying, those two boundaries of human life, lies the great intermediate fact of living, or what is usually called getting a living. As long as we live we must in some way get a living, either by our own work or somebody's work, and the infant who wins aliment from parental love by its pleading dependence, as well as the aged grandparent who keeps the familiar place in the old homestead by the majesty of years, has a providential way of securing a livelihood. The great burden, however, comes when the first childhood ceases, and before the second childhood begins—the period when we are called to do our hard life-work for ourselves and others. There are many facts, indeed, to be noted within this period, but the great fact is the day's work, with the pay that we get for it. This tells the old story that began in the sweat of Adam's brow, and is still going on in every farm and workshop. It is told in various ways, sometimes in a song and sometimes in a sermon. We have heard it told in tragedy in our own time, and the riots of Pennsylvania and the murders and burnings of Paris are variations of the same tremendous fact. We have to work, and to live by our work—that is the great thing still in the world; and they who write, and they who print and publish this magazine, or any other journal of thought and life, do it as part of this old task.

Undoubtedly the subject of pay or wages for labor has been discussed from the beginning of time. When Adam went out to dress his garden and pick the fruits for his day's repast, he, of course, took account of his daily doings, and brought home a more satisfactory return for his search at some seasons than at others. As society became more complicated, and many persons joined in the tillage or the chase, it became a question how the product should be divided, and there was discussion as to what portion each of the party should have, and grumbling, undoubtedly, on the part of those who did not have the best things. In time each man's value was estimated, and some rude token of the average man's day's work was adopted, whether a shell or a piece of hide, a lamb or a bushel of wheat, a denarius or a dollar. In our day we use only the money estimate of wages, and thus the day's work is estimated by its relation to capital, and measures the proportion between a man's labor and the property of the community.

Is it not true that work decides the relation between person and property? We are born human persons into a community which possesses a certain amount of property; and how much we employ or increase that property must depend upon what we do, either with our hand or brain. We, of course, find some property to begin with, and every child has food and clothing and shelter to commence life with, however slender the stock. The great question is, how much shall the man have of the sum total of the capital of the community in which he lives? We have been generally content to leave our Yankee common-sense to settle this matter, and to expect every man to get what he honestly can, and to keep prudently what he gets. But the world is looking beyond that old-fashioned thrift now, and asking for some general science of society in its relation to labor and capital. Not only theoretic socialism, but practical religion, is not content with the *let alone* doctrine that leaves labor and capital to drift at will according to their own volume and current. The Adam Smith doctrine of letting things alone leads us to social *physics* instead of to social *ethics*, and omits the elements of justice and humanity that belong to the true science of society. It sounds very well, "universal liberty, unlimited competition, and every man for himself," but such lawless individualism is not true civilization, for it neither recognizes the essential principle of co-operation in the many nor the moral principle binding on the individual. A universal scramble for wealth among all, and an almshouse or a grave-yard for those who pocket nothing in the scramble—this is not the civilization that sages have taught, and apostles have preached, and patriots have died to establish. Nay, this is a very false, perverse, and tyrannical form of socialism, because it leaves property to the lawless drift of its masses, and individuals to their willful and despotic course. The socialism of lawless, unprincipled individualism is as ungodly as the socialism of atheistic or pantheistic communism; for in the former case it is the mass of wealth that is left to drift its own way, with the lucky individuals on the topmost wave, and in the latter case it is the mass of people who are left to drift their own way, and overwhelm individual liberty and energy under their sweeping tide.

We can not have any true science of society unless we begin right by taking for granted the justice of God and the duty of man toward his neighbor. We do not define work unless we recognize its *human* or *personal* as well as its *material* quality, and remember that it is a man, and not a machine or a beast of burden, who does the day's

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work. Nor do we correctly define wages or property in general unless we include all human worth as well as material commodity in the idea. We are to expect even the day-laborer to work kindly and respectfully as well as constantly, and we are to encourage him by our good-will as well as our money, and try to make him use his earnings for the best good of himself and his family, instead of for beastly indulgence. All that we do, or that we employ others to do, should be with an eye to enlarging the amount of truly human good in the world—the moral and intellectual capital of society. Some men, indeed, are expected to live mainly for this purpose, and they who preside fitly over education and religion can never forget that they labor not merely for wealth, but for worth, and that the capital which they help to accumulate is measured by habits and principles, ideas and virtues, and not merely or mainly by dollars and cents. But why limit this feeling to any exclusive classes? Why not encourage the common laborer to work as a true man for the true good of his family and his neighborhood, and to take a hearty interest in the sobriety and education and religion of society at large? The true social ethics begins with the man as man in all true human relations, and, of course, begins with him as member of a family determined to bring into the field of labor all the motives that grow out of the household affections under the sanction of marriage, and the power of all its congenial affinities and relations. Take away marriage and the human and divine order of the household, and labor loses half the amount of its motive, and more of the best character of its purpose. The socialism that sets up a selfish individualism or the massed despotism of communism above the true social order of the family is to be rebuked as alike ungodly and inhuman, while we are to cheer every form of co-operative industry that keeps the workman open to the spur of his reward, maintains purity and order in each family, and enlarges in every just way the great joint-stock capital of civilization and humanity. We see the dangerous influence of both extremes in the socialism that sacrifices social ethics to physical force, whether in the churlish miser who cares nothing for public spirit so long as he can clutch the key of his own hoards, or in the frantic communist who puts the torch to the libraries and galleries of art and science, and would madly destroy all the great monuments of a civilization that sets any limits of authority to the rush of numbers and the weight of masses and the imperialism of their juntos, who often trample upon the very majorities that they profess to represent.

Just now, as I have hinted, the labor question is assuming new proportions, and is likely to be the next great agitation in the civil and social world. The cause of this is not mainly any new theories of society or doctrines of human rights, since no speculative idea on the subject has been put forth in our time that was not worn threadbare before we were born, and the communist's Utopia is much older than the grand palaces which his insane torch has destroyed. The characteristic fact of the agitation in our day is the alliance of the labor question with the new tools and tongues of our civilization —the new machines that gather workmen together in such numbers at the call of capital, and the methods of calculation, combination, and expression that are making of labor such a distinct and mighty power in modern society. Let us look somewhat carefully at the situation of the workman in his connections with modern government, education, and religion. Our own position does not need any minute definition or defense. It is thoroughly American, as well as human and Christian; and we maintain that the lot of the laborer is a part of our general human lot, that he is to be treated as a man with the rest of us, and he is to be invited and encouraged to take the full and fair share in all the goods of our marvelous and progressive civilization.

I.—We are much interested in noting the result of modern *government* upon industry; and we care far more to see the census of the trades and professions, with their pay-roll, than the lists of nobles or the titles of courtiers. It is not easy, indeed, to get at the most important facts, or even to know how to classify the different kinds of service; yet the division which is followed by Professor Oettingen in his remarkable work on social ethics will answer our present purpose, while it commends itself to our commonsense. We count, *first*, all who are employed in the *public* service, whether paid in honor or money, or both; and in this class we reckon (1) all official persons who are employed by governments in any capacity, from the prime minister to the policeman; (2) all persons who belong to the liberal professions, including teachers, authors, artists, and journalists; (3) all who are engaged in the business of the production or exchange of wealth, whether farmers and herdsmen, mechanics and manufacturers, tradesmen and merchants, on land or water. In the *second* place we note the *household* occupations, including (1) fathers and mothers who have charge of a home and the nurture of children; also persons who have the care of institutions for widows and orphans; (2) all who are house companions in domestic service of any kind, whether of management or instruction; (3) minor children, who go to school in or out of the house, or who have any definite work to do; (4) all kinds of servants under call, such as cooks, maids, nurses, coachmen. In the *third* place we

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must take account of the classes who are *without a calling*—a most difficult matter, because we must bring persons so widely different in character, and class the criminal in a certain respect with the merely unfortunate. Thus the classes without vocation are (1) those who are such from moral grounds, such as prisoners, beggars, idlers, vagrants, gamblers, prostitutes, and brothel-keepers; (2) those who are such from physical causes, as little children, cripples, the aged, the insane; (3) those who are from choice without business, gentlemen at large, capitalists, who live on their income without occupation, or single persons, such as widows, retired officials or teachers, who live upon pensions. Those who are regularly supported, as the poor or paupers, do not make a class by themselves, but come under other divisions, being properly classed among the unfortunate or the vicious.

There is much that is instructive as well as surprising in the relative proportion of these three general classes—those persons who are in public service, those who are in domestic occupation, and those who are without any regular calling. It is clear that many persons would be unwilling to take their place under either of these heads, not only those who get a living nobody can tell how, but those who border on more than one class, and who are neither wholly idlers, workers, nor capitalists. In France, until 1851, as in Belgium, Holland, and Bavaria, capitalists and persons receiving pensions of honor were counted among the liberal professions. When they were left out of this class the proportion of persons belonging to the liberal professions sank in France from 11.15 to 3.78, and in Belgium from 6 to 1.48 per cent. In Austria, in 1857, no less than 1,281,700 persons were reported as belonging to other than the regular callings enumerated; and in England, in 1851, no less than 170,000 were returned as of uncertain or undefined profession. Hausner, who is thought to be a good authority, reckons in all Europe one noble to 109 inhabitants, and estimates the number of the nobles as 2,807,600 heads—almost a million in Russia, about 800,600 in Austria, almost 500,000 in Spain, and nearly 200,000 in Italy, where, as elsewhere, the aristocracy has sunk to a mere shadow socially. It is remarkable that he assigns 177,600 persons to the noble class in Prussia, who are registered in books of genealogy more decidedly than in the living thought and progress of that great nation. This table of professions in the principal countries of the world, which is given by Oettingen, is important enough to quote in full. The statistics were not all gathered for the same year, but range from 1845 to 1857. It is based upon the ratio of each profession in every 1000 inhabitants capable of labor, exclusive of children:

Countries.	Date.	Farming.	Industry and Business.	Liberal Professions.	Other Occupations not defined.
England.....	1851	236	340	29	395
Holland	1850	206	282	227	285
Belgium.....	1846	512	391	44	53
France	1856	529	339	24	208
Denmark.....	1855	386	299	46	279
Norway	1845	273	150	7	570
Sweden.....	1855	488	166	9	337
Austria.....	1857	502	133	29	336
Bavaria.....	1852	692	232	45	31
Oldenburg.....	1855	512	406	47	35
Saxony.....	1849	322	472	24	182
Prussia.....	1852	519	370	22	89
Greece.....	1856	658	136	40	166
North America.	1850	446	297	36	221

In looking over these figures we must make allowance for the different ways of counting persons in different places, and remember that some countries number day-laborers with farmers, as in Austria; and that in Holland, capitalists, as we have seen, are put among the liberal professions.

As to the relation of the sexes in the various callings, we may note the great number of women employed in literature and the fine arts in England, the minute census of 1851 reporting 4692 thus occupied under twenty years of age, and 8318 over twenty years of age, while the number of males under twenty years in the same calling was 41,618, and of men over twenty years, 64,336. In Saxony the proportion of female labor is reported as 33.72 in 100, while the labor of men is 66.28 in 100. And between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one the two sexes nearly balance each other in numbers employed, the female proportion being 16.08, and the male proportion being 12.30. And of those employed as servants, the number of females between fourteen and twenty-one years is 32.61 to 100, while the number of males is 17.89.

In modern society the drift of labor is away from farming and the country to mechanism and business and the city. The tendency also is toward the increase of corporate labor on a large scale over the old-fashioned small industry. In Prussia this increase has not been great, and was less than 1 per cent. in the thirteen years from 1846 to 1859, while in England and France the proportion has been vastly greater. In Great Britain the families of the agricultural class sunk in 1811 to 1821 from 35 to 28 per cent., and in 1851 fell to 23.6 per cent. The industrial population, between 1811 and 1831, rose to 44 per cent. While the agricultural class in 1841, in relation to 1831, had fallen off about 22 per cent., the number in mechanical industry and business in the same time rose about 46 per cent. The same movement appears in France. In the short time between 1851 and 1856 the agricultural class, including women and children, had fallen

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from 56.87 to 52.94 per cent., while the number in industry and business had risen from 27.68 to 33.38 per cent. The policy of Napoleon has undoubtedly tended to help on this increase of mechanism and trade, and to bring about an injudicious neglect of farming and grazing—a state of things not well in a nation in which two-thirds of the residents belong to the rural population.

In France the decrease of population in the country in 1846–56 was fully 0.35, while the increase in cities was 1.53—a proportion of excess in city multitudes that is connected with the worst aspects of French society. In other countries the same process is going on, but not to the same extent. Thus, in Great Britain the city increase has been 1.87 of the population, and in the country 1 per cent.; and in Prussia the figures are nearer those of France, the gain in the cities being 1.38, and in the country 0.76. In the Netherlands the change has been least, the proportion of gain being 0.81 for the city, and 0.74 for the country, during the period estimated—1846–56. This undoubted growth in the population of cities is to be explained not merely by the love of travel by railway, but by the passion for excitement, the desire for high wages, and the pleasures and chances of the great metropolis. The great vices abound in cities and add to their attractions, and do much to enervate the masses there. The average length of life, indeed, is higher in the city than the country—perhaps in part by better medical attendance and hospitals; but the bone and sinew of the nation is in the country, and the defense of nations is mainly in its agricultural class. The veteran statistician Süssmilch put great stress upon the superiority of the farming population over the industrial classes as soldiers, and ascribed the difference to the fact that they who have land and family to defend will fight better than the operative who has only a lonely fire and hearth to guard—a statement that must be taken with some reserve when we remember what enthusiasm great numbers of people are capable of, and what wonders the people of cities have done in wars of popular principle and passion. Undoubtedly the greatest evil of gathering masses into cities is the danger of losing the sanctity of the family and the home, with the virtues and comforts that belong to the household. This point is to be looked to more than the gross capital of industry, and wealth is poverty when its enormous accumulations are purchased by the degradation of the laborer. Here the Germanic mind is nobly taking a stand against the Latin centralization; and it is one of the best hopes of modern society that the German moralists and statesmen are following up so loyally the old Teutonic principle, and protesting against sacrificing the man and the family to the despotism of numbers or of capital. Germany itself has been teaching a gigantic lesson of social ethics to the world; and before and within the walls of Paris her men from loyal homes have shown how much truer and stronger is the courage nurtured within the family than that which is developed under less happy domestic and social conditions.

Remarkable facts show the great regulative and conservative power of marriage in our civilization. For example: in France, in 1847, there were, among 8704 arrested, 4574 celibates; and in 1865, among 4154 arrested, 2272 were celibates. In cities criminality centres; and while the cities of France have only 29 per cent. of the French population, they have 50 per cent. of all the crime, and the unmarried are answerable for more than half of the whole. In Belgium, in 1856–60, more than 58 per cent. of the worst offenders were unmarried; and in Italy, in 1863, of the 47,943 condemned for offenses, 29,129, or over 60 per cent., were unmarried. These facts illustrate the pay-roll of Christendom by showing how dearly society is obliged to pay to restrain and support the vicious, and how fearfully the wages of labor are taxed to meet the wages of sin. It takes more time, knowledge, and philosophy than I can command to go through with this enumeration, and to give a full account of the amount and price of honest industry in its relation to the extent and cost of vice and crime. The expense of police organization, jails and prisons, standing armies, arms and fortifications, belongs to the same tremendous reckoning, and a large part of what is earned in industry goes to pay for the mischiefs of personal vice and crime, and public rapine and ambition. We need a mind as sweeping in its grasp and as penetrating in insight as that of the author of the "Essay on the Advancement of Learning" to draw up the grand record of the state of industry in the world, and some new Francis Bacon must treat before long of the advancement of industry.

Such an account must tell us how much and what kind of work is now done in the world, and what is paid for it, whether in money or in honor; also how much and what kind of goods are wasted, and how the authors of this waste are treated, with what rewards or what fines, with what honor or what shame. It can not be that all this new demand for the exact knowledge of the world's business is to end in the service of political partisanship or class monopoly; civilization must have annalists better than William the Conqueror, and write and publish her new Doomsday-book in the interests of mankind, and according to the arithmetic of God. The facts that are already gathering are stirring nations, and shaking thrones and priesthoods; social science congresses command the ear of parliaments, and the

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census of the nations lords it over the decrees of œcumenical councils and the encyclical letters of popes. Industry, too, has begun to have hymns and marches of her own. It may be that the "Song of a Shirt" is to stir the nations more than the "Marseilles Hymn;" and the "Bridge of Sighs," by the same master of pathos and humor, the lay of the suicide, "One more unfortunate," would have come nearer to the heart of Paris at the requiem of her murdered archbishop than the ancient "Dies Iræ" that was chanted in Notre Dame over his coffin. Art is showing the same sympathy with industry; and the week that set up the form of the inventor of the electric telegraph in bronze in our noble Park I saw in an art gallery a marble statue of Hood's heroine of the shirt, and also a touching picture of "Hannah binding Shoes." There is something electric in the three.

We all see, or ought to see, that there is something very much out of joint in the condition of industry, and that not only in Europe, with its crowded domain and ancient heritage of evils, but even in our young and broad America, there are hosts of men and women who find it hard to get a living according to a very moderate estimate of comfort. Our carpenters, with their three dollars and a half a day, and our masons, with four dollars and a half, can hardly believe that as good skilled labor as this in Germany can be had for seventy cents, and in France for five francs, so little can they spare of their own wages, and so hard it is for most of them to make both ends of the year meet under the increased costs and demands of living. The chief difficulty, however, is not with competent and industrious mechanics or effective laborers, but with the great host of men who are looking for some daintier employment, and who are not fitted for any paying business that is not supplied with service. Probably the least noise, however, is made by the greatest sufferers; and most of the loud and bitter complaints of the wrongs of labor come from persons who bring foreign socialist theories to our workshops, or who hope to live upon the jealousies and cabals of ignorant or fanatical workmen. It seems to me that able-bodied men in this country now command more pay than was ever known in the history of industry, and that their chief grievance comes from the exorbitant rents which they are obliged to pay for dwellings, and which not legislation, but enterprise and co-operation only, can abate.

The cry for legislation is very natural indeed, and we are apt to believe that the ballot can do any thing; but our votes only show us how human we are, and do not make us more or less than men with human limitations. The best that we can do by legislation is to secure the true rights of person and property by impartial justice, to educate the young to take care of themselves and of the nation, and to keep the country free from encroachments upon its liberty and order at home, and aggressions from abroad, while we encourage all loyal principle, generous humanity, and pure religion by private influence and public spirit. We can not vote money to workmen beyond their wages without voting it to all people who are willing to work and are out of employment; and if we try to do this we make of the government a bureau of centralization that scatters our local and personal liberties to the winds. Nor can we regulate the hours of labor by law without robbing the workman of the liberty to control his time, and the employer of the liberty to negotiate according to his judgment. In the government service we may carry out a certain system, but the people will expect the government work to be done as part of the general business of the nation, and will not approve of any system of favoritism that sets official workmen apart from the fair burdens of the common lot. If men can and will do a full day's work in eight hours, it is, of course, best to have them do it, and not only the government, but private employers, should ascertain the fact, and act upon it. If they can not earn their wages in eight hours, it is tyranny to try to prevent them from earning the wages of ten hours' work. Humanity, indeed, protests against overwork, and employers and workmen are equally interested in deciding upon the true limit. The question is an open one, and the discussion is not to be forestalled by legislation. It should be remembered that mechanics are only a part of our industrial force, and not the largest part. Our farmers do our chief work, and the earth and the sky do not allow them to wait upon especial legislation. Our teachers, artists, and professional men do not expect legislation to regulate their studies and labors. I conversed with a learned and laborious clergyman a short time ago, who told me that in thirty years he had not averaged $500 a year in salary, and at the time we had at work two Irish masons at $4 50 a day, or at the rate of $1350 for a year of 300 days, or $900 for a year of only 200 working-days. Our mechanics would better talk and act like men, and not run to their mother's apron-string, and ask the country to help them out of every trouble.

The true policy is not to take industry out of the general fellowship of business, but to make the fellowship still closer by encouraging the workman in every fair way to co-operate with capital, and enjoy the protection of its credit and stability. We have throughout Christendom a remarkable illustration of the working of this policy in the establishment and success of savings-banks.

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Our American workmen and work-women have millions and millions of dollars deposited in these institutions, under the protection of national and State law. They have a confidence in them that they could not have in private bankers, and I am very much impressed by the proofs of respect for the credit of public institutions which appear in the statistics of European industry. In France the number of societies of mutual aid, under public law, had increased, from 1854 to 1860, from 787 to 2514, or to 319 per cent., while the private associations of the same kind had dwindled from 2153 to 1813, or to 84 per cent. In Germany the increase of deposits in savings-banks has been remarkable. In Prussia, from 1846 to 1854, the deposits ran up from 4.66 millions of thalers to 11.06 millions; and in Saxony, from 1.82 to 3.51 millions, while Austria shows only an increase from 29.37 to 31.11 millions of florins. It is worthy of note that the number of female depositors increases; and in France, from 1852 to 1862, the number of societies increased from 2438 to 4582; and the number of male depositors rose from 244,896 to 478,855, or to 195.5 per cent., while the female depositors went up from 26,181 to 86,308, or to 329.6 per cent.

With these proofs of increase in the thrift of industry, and its alliance with public credit, we must not forget the signs in the other direction—the increase of poverty, and the measures for its relief. Even in Berlin, within the twenty years 1840–60, the provision for the poor more than doubled. In 1845–50, while the population increased only 12 per cent., the provision for the poor increased by nearly 102 per cent., and the number of poor children almost 39 per cent. This, however, was the period of civil agitation, and shows the bearing of public discussion upon the general welfare. The enormous increase of pawnbrokerage illustrates the same tendency toward distress, and the number of pledges rose, in 1835–40, from 127,340 to 236,815, and after the terrible year 1848 it went up to over 450,000.

It is evident, then, that industry is part and parcel of the commonwealth, and should be encouraged to co-operate as far as possible in the general enterprise and credit of the nation. The working classes may have, indeed, their own institutions of saving and accumulation, but they can not trust to these apart from the general current of business and foundation of credit, and any socialistic war on property or repudiation of credit is war on all classes of society who have any thing to lose. The trades unions may start banks and joint-stock companies, and they have a perfect right so to do; but if these are good for any thing they come under the general laws of business, and their stock is worthless when their credit is gone. It would seem that when the spirit of combination is so strong as wickedly and madly to assail personal liberty, and even life, in order to enforce the rules of trades unions, this spirit ought to be strong enough to band men together for the common good by far-seeing enterprise and constructive union, as in building societies and co-operative partnerships. It appears to me that this is the true American as well as Germanic idea of liberty with union, and that the future of our people depends greatly upon carrying it out. It is bringing labor and intelligence to bear upon the common welfare, and meeting the power of capital upon its own ground, instead of making war upon property. Capitalists unite, and employ labor and skill; why should not labor and skill unite, and employ capital? A set of groggy clod-hoppers or dunces under the sway of socialist demagogues can not do this, and could not be trusted out of sight; but well-educated mechanics ought to be able to do it, and employ all requisite skill and enterprise to lead them. We have a new word of social dignity now that is meaning more and more every day. Captain and squire now yield their honors to boss; and the great compliment is to be called by this title, for it implies not only position but ability, and takes it for granted that the favored man knows his business, and is master for the general good. The capitalists pay a boss to direct their work, and our gigantic railroad system owes its greatness and profit to presiding engineers and superintendents. It will be a great day when workmen are able to have a good boss of their own, and to pay him for looking after their affairs. Stranger things have happened, and this change is less marvelous than the democratic age that suggests it. Business is making its mark on every thing in modern society, and even kings are called to account for their administration before the practical judgment of the people. The king and his prime minister are expected to take good care of the affairs of the nation, and trouble comes now if they are supposed not to do it. The Emperor William is cheered by our German democrats because he was a good boss for the big business of defending and uniting Germany, and had sense enough to employ Bismarck as foreman and Von Moltke as engineer. This is a homely, but not a degrading comparison, and I believe that the emperor and his counselors would like it, rather than call it insulting to their royal and courtly dignity. Our public men must stand upon the same ground; and our President owes his position to the general feeling that he was the man who carried the flag of the nation through the war of the Union, and that he means, as far as he can, to keep the nation right side up in face of all foes, at home and abroad. There is something, indeed, far above what goes by the name of business, and much that is far

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below it; and it is no small matter to bring the best business energy into the service of the state, and to call no man to power who is not master of his work.

If the king is not let down by being called the master workman, and the empire does not lose dignity by looking into the workshop, and the first Napoleon had prophetic wisdom in embroidering his imperial robe with the bees of industry, it is a poor rule that does not work both ways; and there is something for labor to learn from the chivalry of courts, especially in the relation between the pay-roll and the roll of honor. A large part of the best work done by men has been done for honor, and not for gold; and even in these utilitarian days, when Europe has gone from studying books of heraldry to the contemplation of the rent-roll and the stock-market, much time and care are given by the best and ablest men without money or price. The members of the British Parliament serve without pay, and many of the ablest men of the realm render service there that no mere money could induce them to bestow. In learned, philosophical Germany, especially Prussia, a careful observer is surprised at the watchful eye of the government upon all kinds of merit; and a poor scholar does not send out a really first-rate book without receiving some order of merit from court, so that the faculty of the Berlin University, with very poor pay and very simple living, are looked upon as part of the dignity of the realm, and most of them wear some ribbon or cross of courtly dignity. Louis Napoleon had made the Legion of Honor a great power in France, and scattered its crosses and red ribbons so adroitly as to keep down the restless spirits of the red republic, who were for proving their honor by a larger spread of that ruddy dye. We can not go into these trinkets, but we can appreciate all fidelity, and especially in the public service, and give positive proofs of it in our treatment of faithful and effective men. We ought to overhaul thoroughly our official lists, remove all who are incompetent or unfaithful; and while the pay should be sufficient to secure able persons a fair living, a degree of discriminating and substantial respect should go with the service, such as magnifies vastly the pay. Men must live, I know, and honor is not bread, but it often butters plain bread; and a true man is happier and healthier with plain fare, a good conscience, and a good name, than with a fortune or a palace with a knave's character and notoriety. Our army and navy owe their power and fame to this feeling in the nation; and the heart that went into the tribute to our heroes on Decoration-day is more important than our pension lists in keeping alive the sentiment of patriotism in our people. Our chief admiral left but a moderate estate to his family; but that visit of his comrades to his grave at Woodlawn expressed what no money could buy, and proved that not only his family, but the whole nation, is ennobled by such courage and fidelity, modesty and patriotism, as his. And has not our Washington ennobled us all, and do we not all feel a head taller because we stand before the world with him, under God, as our leader?

II.—We here touch upon the higher grounds of service and reward, and are sorry to have time for only a few words upon the influence of education and religion, or the school and the church, upon work and its wages.

Our schools of all kinds have entered upon new days, and, except in the most antiquated quarters of pedantry and formalism, teachers and professors are training the young to see and do the practical business before them. Where the dead languages are retained, it is with an eye to the discipline of the mind and the knowledge of the roots of speech, and not with the idle expectation of supplanting the living tongues, and making modern times talk or think in Latin, Greek, or Hebrew. The new education teaches the speech that is now alive among the nations, and the sciences that discern and interpret the facts of nature and society, and the arts that apply those sciences to use. Our Yale and Harvard train, with their sister colleges, young men for the mine and railway, the farm and the laboratory, as well as for the pulpit and bar and medicine and school-keeping, and a considerable part of the work now going on in America is under the lead of college-bred men. Our cities are having their schools of technology, and young women as well as young men are learning to work with scientific knowledge as well as with manual skill. There need be no fear that the fund of labor will be exhausted or the business of life be played out. The new generation is no more to be doomed to idleness than to starvation, and the arts are no more to give out than the bread. Malthus himself is played out, while the earth produces more bread every year in proportion to the population; and the complaint of social economists now is not that there are too many children for God's table—this earth of ours—but too few. As labor-saving machines do the rougher work of the world, the finer work multiplies; and art, instead of shortening as time passes, lengthens with the ages evermore.

Let us not be afraid, then, either lest our work or our wages shall fail, but strive rather to train our young people to know nature and life, and do their part wisely and well under the new conditions that are opening upon them. Much that passes for education, indeed, is a sham, and deals with words instead of things, without adding to the happiness or energy of its adepts. But the American people are now having their eyes in the

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right quarter, and insisting that their children shall be trained as well as taught, and fitted to do something and be something positive in the world. The fear, indeed, still may be that education will look too much to thrift, and court reward only on the paymaster's list, and not on the roll of honor. All the facts that illustrate this defect should be carefully studied and made known, and the peculiar temptations of educated men should be seen and met. It is not true that education in any fair sense demoralizes, and it may be said fairly that as the school bills rise the prison bills fall; yet it must be remembered that the nominal culture that brings out new desires and wants, and neglects the conscience, is not true education, and may make more mischief than it cures. In France, out of 1000 persons arrested in 1860, 427 could neither read nor write, 407 could only read and write badly, 104 could read and write well, and 62 had received a high education. In Germany, and throughout a large part of Europe, the artistic classes are reported as having a characteristic looseness, especially in domestic morals. In the Prussian criminal returns for 1862–65, the reader is startled at the record of the liberal professions, who make only about two per cent. of the population, and are charged with nearly four per cent. of the crime, or about double their numerical proportion. Very likely poor pay, sharp wits, extravagant tastes, and tempting opportunity may explain how it was that these educated men took the wages of sin, instead of being content with the wages of work.

We must look carefully to these facts, and do all that we can to bring the higher powers of morality and religion to bear upon the business of society, and the temper and purpose of the young. In some way I believe that the highest truths and virtues of faith are to be allied with the facts of science and the solid realism of our arts and business. The money power seems to be first in the field, and to have things pretty much its own way; but it is not God, and neither made nor can command nature and the world. Men may own money power as they own water power, but they do not own either the power of the water or of the money, but both have a volume and drift that mean more than churls can see, and both are bound in the end to serve God and humanity. The great financial corporations about us, with their money kings, are, indeed, alarming features of our time and land, especially as some apparently ungodly, inhuman men hold high places there; but even these corporations help on our civilization, and must in the end obey higher forces than themselves. They must be servants and not masters of the nation, and help on our destined work in this hemisphere.

Why take it for granted that all the virtue is with the poor, and there is no heart among the rich? Why not encourage rather the more cheering view of human society, and believe that all powers must in the end work out the true good of mankind? It was a great day when Roman law and Greek wisdom joined hand and head with Christian faith and charity to make the great Catholic Church. It will be a greater day when our new science and industry repeat that homage, and join with the Gospel and Church in settling the true pay-roll of Christendom. Who would not like to see Tyndall and the Archbishop of Canterbury busy together with plans for homes and schools for the workmen of England, and Draper and Dr. Muhlenberg planning new successes for St. Johnsland, and all like good work? That coolest and most critical of poets, Goethe, may have given us a prophetic glimpse of the civilization that is to be when he makes Faust, after the fitful and guilty fever of his young life was over, turn to grand schemes of benevolence which mate science and charity together for the lasting good of men. Let us pay our meed of honor to the poet who forecasts the mission of the Germanic mind in this description of his hero, who was, like Samson, blind, but with his last breath trying to build up the temple of civilization, instead of madly making of its falling pillars his tomb:

"To many millions let me furnish soil,
Though not secure, yet free to active toil;
Green fertile fields, where men and herds go forth
At once with comfort on the newest earth,
And swiftly settled on the hills' firm base,
Created by the bold, industrious race.
Yes! to this thought I hold with firm persistence;
The last result of wisdom stamps it true:
He only earns his freedom and existence
Who daily conquers them anew.
Thus here, by dangers girt, shall glide away
Of childhood, manhood, age, the vigorous day;
And such a throng I fain would see
Stand on free soil among a people free!"

If our Faust dies in uttering this purpose, his life-work lives and grows after him, and tells on all labor and its reward.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

WEDDING presents may be a very good thing in their way; I don't say they're not; they're good to date an event you might forget; they're compensating property; somebody calls them a domestic imposition, but in my opinion you generally get as good as you send; you cast your bread upon the waters, and it comes back bride-cake, that's all. And if, by chance, you haven't been as close as a nut all your life yourself, then you're probably under no great burden of indebtedness; and if you have, you deserve to be. But, speaking of them, I'm sure, if ever any body *earned* wedding presents, we earned Honor's, for the tribulation they caused us from first to last was worth a whole jeweler's

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shop. Didn't you ever hear about it? But then you live in the backwoods, behind the times.

You see, we were only in tolerable circumstances ourselves; and Honor was going to marry one of the Lancasters, an immense family of uncles and aunts, an immense family of nephews and nieces, three of the latter grown and in society, all the old generation as rich as Jews. But Frank, being one of the new generation, had, to be sure, a good business, but nothing to spare; the Lancasters being unanimously of the opinion that the juniors must work up through just as hard lines as the seniors had met with—a very good way to save your money, I say.

Of course we couldn't afford to give Honor a great deal toward her new start in life; for, in the first place, we had no more than we needed ourselves, and, in the next place, her being married took all her share of the property out of our sum total, and made quite a deficit in our customary little income, as it was. She bought with her share the house next ours in the block, which happened to be for sale, and Frank's father furnished it with what he considered a becoming regard to their circumstances—taking Honor with him to give her voice in the selection at the upholsterer's, however. Jane had heard Aunt Margery—Mr. Lancaster's widowed sister, who was at the head of his establishment since his wife's death—throw out so many insinuations about people's wanting to begin where their elders left off, that, in great resentment and indignation, she commanded Honor—over whom, as the baby of the household, in spite of her approaching dignity, we all maintained some supremacy—not to dare to be humble, and act as though any thing was good enough for a person of so little consequence as Honor Ives; for if she began small she'd end in nothing, and not even be the mistress of her own house, since people take you for just what you declare yourself. So she ordered Honor to be sure and choose a handsome black-walnut chamber set for her own use and behoof, for a couple of hundred dollars would be no more to Mr. Lancaster than fifty, and it would be altogether best to have such things now as she could suitably retain all her life in her own room, no matter how rich Frank might grow. But mamma said no; that though that would be very nice if it might be done, and, of course, it would be pleasant when she was old to look in the same glass, lie upon the same bed, and hunt over the same bureau drawers that she did in the first year of her married life, yet a white iron bedstead, only showing a little line of lattice-work, canopied with Nottingham lace, and a pine table valanced with the same lace over rose-colored cambric, would be ten times prettier than all the cumbrous black-walnut in the world. And Honor, who is the last person to assert herself, did as mamma advised, and chose every thing on the economical scale. But when she ran into the new house after the furniture had come, there she found iron and chestnut and pine for the other rooms, to be sure, but a splendid collection of dark wood carvings, in shape of the set for hers, that made Jane really ashamed of herself—and me, too, a little. However, Jane made honorable amends by declaring that she had always known old Mr. Lancaster was a prince in disguise, and she gave us that evening, over the sewing, a romantic account of the foreign nobles' traveling in their carriage through the town, some sixty years ago; and in order to hide the traces of a forbidden marriage, bestowing the charge of a sturdy infant upon the house of Lancaster, together with a sufficient sum in consols and rentes to forward his fortunes on coming to man's estate in the remarkable manner in which they had been forwarded, and at the same time leaving injunctions that a gold-headed cane and a blue coat with brass buttons should forever assert the dignity of that infant's descent; and then she drew a graphic picture of the time when those foreign nobles, having departed this life after an existence of more than three-quarters of a century, and an heir to their dominions being in request, Frank and Honor should journey across the sea, in place of Mr. Lancaster, who would then already have taken his last journey, and would be wearing a very different sort of a crown, it was to be hoped, and should have the royal circlet of a foreign principality bound about their brows amidst the cheers of the populace. At which we all waved our needles and threads, and went on with our sewing.

But, as I was saying, having only limited means ourselves, our gifts to Honor were going to be limited too. Mamma gave her some china that had been our great-grandmother's—just as beautiful as Sèvres, if Sèvres could be so beautiful as that, and with some ancient cracks in it that were priceless. There are no cracks in it now. Honor's first baby grabbed the cloth, where it had no business to be, and pulled it all off the table, one day, in a smash beyond the power of rivets or diamond cements. The idea of that china upon the tea-table! I asked Honor if she supposed the old Romans gave their little Lares and Penates to their children to play dolls with. For my part, I should quite as soon have thought of eating off the Holy Grail! And mamma gave her her house-linen besides, and all her damask, the most exquisite damask, woven just like the frost on a window-pane; and it was on that we were sewing. Then Jane and Florence and I gave her transparencies and books and statuettes and pictures, and made her card-baskets, and brackets with embroidered covers, and mats, and hanging baskets, and

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every thing we could set our hands to; and our three uncles and aunts, no better off than we were in the monetary point of view, sent her the every-day silver—a dozen forks, a dozen tea-spoons, half a dozen great spoons, salts, and a ladle.

"Well," said I, "she'll do very well if the Lancasters don't take any notice of her. She has a dish, a spoon, and a fork, and I suppose Frank will find something to use the articles on."

"How ridiculous you are, Louise!" said Jane, of whom the black-walnut set had made an utter conquest. "I should think we'd seen enough to silence any unjust suspicions. Of course the Lancasters are going to do the thing handsomely."

"They wouldn't be like Frank if they didn't," said Florence.

"They're not," said I.

"Well, wait and see," said Jane; "and if their presents don't all come in together when it's time, in any quantity, I'll never express an opinion again."

"Dear me! She'll be as hard to find, according to that, as Tarpeia behind her bucklers," said I. "I'll believe it when I see it."

"Well, now, just think," said Jane; "there's Aunt Margery, with all her money—money of her own—and Frank, her first nephew to be married, and her favorite any way—she can't help being liberal in the matter of a wedding present. You may just expect a set of pearls from Aunt Margery, Honor."

"Indeed she mayn't," said I. "Mrs. Margery will never give her any thing that Frank can't share in more personally than that."

"Well, then, you can set her down for a silver tea-urn, surely."

"I don't believe it," said I; "and I shouldn't want her to give it if she would." For we were making Honor's interests ours very decidedly.

"And what do you suppose Miss Maria will give them?" said Florence.

"Oh, a sugar-spoon," said I.

"Nonsense!" said Jane, in great wrath at the suggestion. "She'll give a chased salver at the very least. I shall let her know we expect it."

"Oh, Jane!" said Honor, imploringly, obliged, between such domineering things as her sisters, to implore even concerning her own affairs. "Please never speak to any one of such a thing—please don't, Jane."

"Well—if you want to stand in your own light. But if she don't, Mr. Lancaster will," continued the imperturbable Jane.

"Oh, I hope not!" exclaimed Honor. "I should feel dreadfully to have him. I should feel like an absolute beggar. He has given me so much already in the furnishing of the house that it would be mortifying to have him consider himself obliged—"

"I declare, Honor Ives," cried Jane, "you have no more notion of your dignity or your family's than a hen!"

"Why, Jane," pleaded Honor, "it is for my dignity, and my family's too, not to be receiving every thing from every body. But then I don't care at all about that sort of dignity, you know."

"Every thing from every body?" said Jane. "You use the President's English after very loose ideas of your own. Doesn't every father furnish his child's house if he can? Who ever heard of calling that a present, or of feeling beholden for it? It's his duty. One might as well be grateful for clothes. If children are brought into the world, they have a right to clothes. And it's just the same thing with the furnishing of a house."

"She's been reading 'Mill's Logic,'" said I.

"Nature's logic," said Jane. "The Lancasters are like other people, and they'll want Frank to have every thing he ought to have."

"Well," said I, "I don't care whether they do or not, for my part. If they don't, she won't be under that sort of obligation, at any rate, to them; and if they do, with Frank's ten sisters and brothers, she is pretty sure to pay it back again."

"It's a very wrong way to put it," said Jane, religiously. "Obligation and paying back between brothers and sisters! If you come to that, she never can pay any thing back; it will be all Frank's; and what's Frank's is theirs—"

"Dear Jane, how confusing you are—how confused you get! At any rate, she can make beautiful things with her own fingers that never need cost Frank a copper, if she wants to make presents, you know," said I.

"Why, of course I should want to," said Honor. "I've thought of the things already I should like to give Sally and Hortense and Bessie when they marry; and I suppose they will presently. And I'm sure I should feel badly enough if they didn't think it worth while to give me keepsakes on my wedding-day. I don't want salvers and tea-urns; I never should sleep a wink with them in the house, for fear of burglars; and then the scouring would keep one person busy from one year's end to another's."

"Well," said I, "you needn't worry yourself; you're not likely to have them. I can tell you just what those three girls are going to give you. Sally is making a needle-book, and Hortense is tatting a tidy, and Bess is braiding a pincushion—"

"Well, I want a pincushion," said Honor. "I want three or four."

"Yes," said Florence; "I remember the time you saw me making one for the orphans, and it came over you that you were going to be married, and hadn't a single pincushion; and you went rambling over the

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fair half distracted, it never occurring to you that you hadn't a house to hold it, or a bureau to put it on."

"Well, it seemed as if the least I could do would be to have the pincushions ready, I remember."

"People always give them to you," said I. "Here's one to begin with;" and I took out of my basket a parcel that old Mrs. Prince had sent her by me, being grateful to Honor for watching with her through a fever, and having nothing else to send—a real beauty of a pincushion, all crystal beads and apple-green and white worsteds. But the poor old lady was in her dotage, and she had printed on it with pins, "Welcome, little stranger," which I had had to pick out and print in a different scroll before I could give it to Honor, or I don't know what would have happened. Of course, then, Honor was in ecstasies with it, and thought it was so kind of dear Mrs. Prince, and declared she would put on her bonnet and go right down there and thank her in the morning; for she'd rather have it, and the feeling that sent it, than all the gold and silver in the town.

"I protest, Honor," said Jane; "you make such a fuss over it, you'll have nothing left to say when—"

"When the salvers and tea-urns come in," said I.

Well, if you'll credit it, the salvers and tea-urns really did come at last, though not from the Lancasters—not from the Lancasters in person, that is, though through their connection sufficiently to give them a proprietary interest and claim in them. For Mr. Lancaster's two old partners in the mill sent a tray all embossed with raised wreaths of myrtle leaves in frosted silver, and a smooth, shining coffee-urn; and the merchants who had always taken his woolens sent a pretty silver tea-service; and some other rich old family friends sent a nest of silver dish-covers. Frank laughed, and said it would ruin him with the necessity of giving perpetual dinner-parties, and what he intended to do was to send them all privately to the mint and run them into coin, and sell the coin, and put the greenbacks it brought into the savings-bank, and then buy plated ware in its place; and Honor said she was sure she wished he would, for it appalled her to think of the care they would have to have. But, of course, it was all nonsense.

As the time for the wedding drew near and nearer, the door-bell was on a perpetual tinkle; the express-men were at the door with every train, and the hall was full of boxes and shavings and straw and wash-leather. Well, the Lancaster cousins—there were something less than a hundred of them—sent little silver toast-racks, and butter-dishes, and casters, and olive-forks, and pickle-knives, and the usual duplicates of pie-knives and fish-slicers, and such like; but what was an extraordinary thing about it was that the Lancasters here had been consulted in reference to the marking, and they were every one of them marked L—not one of them marked I—not one of them marked L and I.

"Wedding gifts!" said I. "I should think they were divorce gifts! It's a positive insult, and nothing else." And we every one agreed on that point, which was an unusual thing for us, as you may know. "They're gifts to Frank, not to Honor," I said. "They might at least have put their monogram on, the L and I make such a pretty monogram—just a stem and a leaf with two bracts. If I were Honor, I wouldn't take them. And I certainly shouldn't be forever sending off those little grateful notes." For Honor wasn't present during this disturbance.

"Honor doesn't care," said Jane. "She would never see it if they were marked with a fool's cap and bells, or a skull and cross-bones. She doesn't know she's writing notes either; all that is automatic. She is in a cloud—a mist of happiness. Every one of these things is an illusion—a shadow passing outside—people and presents. Don't you see? The only real thing to her just now is Frank. She would be just as content if, instead of a house with a buffet full of silver, she were going to live with him in a tent, and have spoons made out of clam-shells caught in a cleft chip."

There came finally all manner of pretty gifts from our own acquaintances—not silver, but graceful vases, and busts, and knick-knacks; and Miss Maria did send a little sugar-spoon—it did me good to carry Jane a pellet of Muscovado on the tip of it—and Mrs. Margery sent a work-basket, serviceably fitted up. Honor gave her back the scissors that were in it, for fear of cutting friendship; and she said she was very glad of it, for hers were getting dull; and the pincushion, and the tidy, and the needle-book came, in due season, from the three elder Lancaster girls, with a sort of apology about their not being able to give any thing costlier out of their allowance, unless they deprived themselves of something they needed, and they knew Honor had so much already that she wouldn't wish them to do that.

"And neither could we," said Jane, austerely but sweetly. "And so we are going without our Philharmonic tickets, and none of us will have new silks this year, though we sha'n't let Honor know any thing about it. But then you are richer than we," said Jane, with her mock-apologetic way, as if their being richer quite excused them. "And I don't see, indeed, what you could have given Frank that he hasn't already."

"No, indeed," said they, quite rapturously. "Our cousins and papa's friends," they added, loftily, "have really sent every thing

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there is to send. Aren't you uncomfortable with so much silver in the house? Hadn't you better send it up to our safe?"

Words are not the whole of a conversation; sometimes airs say a great deal, and Sally Lancaster was the airiest being, and is to-day, that ever patronized a pauper. I suppose Jane would have had her throat cut after that by the thieves rather than have suffered an ounce of that silver to be made off with. She constituted herself its guardian, and she hid it about in all manner of unsuspected places, out of which she used to come ornamented with cobwebs and shrieking with spiders—down in the arches of the cellar, up under the beams of the eaves, and in the lining of all the mattresses, till it was impossible to sleep on a bed in the house. If there had been a fire, it would have been all melted down without a doubt, for we never could have got it out in season, to save our souls, let alone saving the silver. But there was no fire. The Lancaster girls brought their friends in to see it almost every day, demanding the sight with such an air of ownership that Jane tingled from head to foot, and used to bring it out as haughtily as Vashti waiting on the king. But any thing of the sort was thrown away on them; they never noticed it. The idea of any body's being haughty to the Lancasters was not within the circle traveled by their thoughts; and they petted Honor after their own fashion, till she thought Frank's sisters were perfect. And they hoped we had a safe place for the silver, our house was so easy of entrance—and no man-servant—and they should think we'd be glad when it was all over, for we must be so uneasy with so many more valuables in the house than we had been accustomed to have. And at last the last person had been brought in to see the last present, and then came the last day of preparation, and then the wedding.

We had a beautiful little wedding—I declare we had. The Lancaster girls—our *bêtes noirs*—you see, thought it would be very shabby and crowded in our house, and said it would be a great deal nicer for Honor to drive up to their great house on the hill, after the ceremony, and have the reception in their drawing-rooms, and if we chose to do that, all the presents could be transported in the coach after dark of the night before. But Jane told her, with great severity, that we were in the habit of being married at home, which, considering that both she and I were old maids, and nobody yet had ever asked Florence to marry at all, was pretty well for Jane.

Early on the wedding-day the three Lancaster girls, who were among the bridemaids, came down in relays, and then the coach went back for their maid. They all wore clouds of white tarlatan and rivers of green ruches, and had tremendously low necks—they have very pretty necks. And when it was time for church, one of them went down our long front steps and entered the open coach, and her maid, still standing on the door-sill, held the train; then they rolled it and fluffed it all into the coach around her, whole billows of the muslin; and if she didn't look like Venus rising from the foam, I never saw a picture. And so of all the rest. Honor was the prettiest little bride, of course, that you ever dreamed of—so rosy and dewy and gentle, her veil softening every thing, dress and orange flowers and blushes, into something visionary; and Frank bending over her with such a beaming smile on his dear handsome face—they were only two children! And in spite of all my affection for Frank, and my belief in his goodness, when she swept up the aisle I could think of nothing but the victim led to the altar, as it used to be in the Iphigenia and Jepthah's daughter days, and I saw nothing more of the whole affair then for my tears. I always did cry at a wedding; I don't know why it is; but a bride passing by in all her whiteness always makes me feel just as I do when the corpse at a funeral is carried in. I suppose it is the same awe one feels before the great mystery of marriage as before the great mystery of death. Well, the ceremony over, we pranced home to see about the cake and wine, and the guests at the reception; and every thing went off very pleasantly, except for several confirmations of my tears appearing in the persons of Florence's old school friends, who had married early, half a dozen years ago, and now all thin and peaked and pining, ghastly looking objects, with their health pulled to pieces, presenting themselves like death's-heads at the feast, to remind the bride to what complexion she must come at last. Every body came, every body went, the cake and the wine went with them—a good deal of the latter in the gentlemen's heads, and a good deal of the former in their pockets. The presents were admired, the two families congratulated, the bride and bridegroom drove away, and Florence furtively threw her slipper after them, and then stole down and picked it up again.

As soon as dinner was over we set out to rid ourselves of that array of presents. The vases and pictures and busts and needlework, and all the little and great etceteras that presented no especial attraction to burglars, we were going to carry in through the area that joined our two houses at the back of the block, and dispose of them about Honor's parlors and bedrooms, as she had left directions; and the silver was all to be packed in a little chest that would hold it very compactly, and be carried to the bank; for Jane said another night of it would give her a nervous fever, if it didn't drive her distracted.

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Aunt Mercy had come over to the wedding from her home a couple of hundred miles off, and mamma was so overjoyed to see her that she was forgetting every thing else, and sitting with her and Florence in the front parlor among all the flowers, with which the morning's bright scene had been decorated, telling old stories and asking questions about old friends, rapt in the past and not remembering any thing about the present, when Jane and I started with the two maids to make the transfer of all the pretty trumpery, our arms full, and the maids' skirts full, with every trip; and there were more than two dozen trips, with Clyties that took three or four halting-times, with Flying Mercuries, and cuckoo clocks, and wonderful things in crystal that required to be carried singly for fear of total ruin. Aunt Mercy was very hard of hearing, and as we went and came on each trip we could hear either mamma or Florence, and sometimes both together, talking to her in the highest key they could command, or else Aunt Mercy herself monologing in a voice that was perfectly regardless of other people's tympanums; and I said to myself that evidently they couldn't hear any thing of what was going on, or they would certainly want to be in the thick of our tumult; and it crossed my mind that with the doors unbarred, the maids and ourselves gone, and mamma and Florence unable to hear an outside sound apparently, thieves had as good a chance at that wedding silver as ever they were likely to have in all their lives. But it just flashed over me, and was gone again, while I admired the way a little sea-nymph sat in her shell; and I forgot all about the idle fancy in a second, and lingered for some time with Jane and the maids while rehanging a little set of pictures, putting up some books, and walking round and admiring the general effect of every thing; for somehow to Jane and me it seemed just like playing dolls again with a real baby-house.

At last there was nothing more to do, and no excuse for dawdling another moment in the pleasant new little nest; so we locked up the house, and all came home. And I was just going to look into the parlor, where euphonious voices were still to be heard nearly as busy as before, to tell them the whole transfer from one house to the other was over and done with; for I had had no idea of mamma's tiring herself half to death, as she would have done, running in and out with all those fardels. But I had not even put the door ajar, when I heard Jane call my name in a smothered sort of way, and I closed it quickly but quietly, and stood and held the handle a moment on the outside. I knew what it was—our horrible carelessness—a great hollow sinking told me in an instant; and then my knees were shaking under me, my heart was beating in my throat, in my ears. I waited a minute longer to compose myself, but found I was only growing worse, and then I desperately crawled up the stairs into the guest-chamber, where the presents had been set out, and there was Jane upon the floor in a stiff hysteric, and there was the white damask-draped table, which ten minutes ago we had left glittering like a summer moonrise, as bare and clean now as any board—and the silver was gone. Tea-service, dish-covers, coffee-urn, spoons, forks, knives, slicers, strainers, baskets, racks, casters, épergnes—and Heaven knows what and all—every thing vanished: five thousand dollars at a swoop. The silver was gone.

All of Jane's efficiency was gone too: she was extinguished like a candle, and lay motionless; and for my part, I saw in a flash that standing there and staring at that empty table would never fill it again. "Oh, the Lancasters!" I cried; and the words nerved Jane into life again, for I heard her gasping, "The Lancasters!" as without another syllable, and without thinking of bonnet or shawl, and with nothing but my wedding-gear, of which I had not yet disembarrassed myself, I plunged down the stairs and into the street, crying, "Murder! fire! thieves!" and collecting a gang of policemen and little boys about me as quickly as if they had sprung out of the ground. And I took two of the police into the house with me, and up stairs, and shut the doors on the little boys, who staid making their noses blue and white and flat against the side-lights; and then related to the officers, as quickly as possible, the circumstances of our loss.

"Oh," they said at once, with great decision, "it is the maids."

"The maids?" I said. "Why, they were in the other house with us!"

"That makes no difference," said the officers. "Nobody but them knew just how the land lays up hereabouts, knew what was to be done with the other things; and their followers, you see, being duly on hand in the house—nothing easier in all the day's bustle; all they had to do was to make off with the silver the moment your backs were turned long enough."

"That's it," said the other man.

"Five thousand dollars about, you say? Pretty good haul. Don't think we need have any hesitation in arresting the women—eh, Brooks?"

"Not a bit," said Brooks. "Let's see 'em."

I went to the head of the stairs, with some hesitation, I must say, and called for Bridget and Catherine, who came running up in great readiness and complete unconsciousness, to be confronted by the two policemen just taking two pairs of handcuffs from their pockets.

"Catherine," I began, bursting all at once

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into tears, "I don't know—I don't believe—oh! the silver's gone, Catherine; and these officers think—they are sure—they are going to arrest you—"

"They never shall do a thing of the kind!" cried Jane, who had been gradually recovering her senses, and now sprang, tottering, to her feet. "They shall get along out of the house. The girls are just as good as I am. I would trust untold gold with them. How can you listen to it, Louise? Mamma will never suffer such an outrage in the world! Girls that have lived with us for twenty years!"

"I know it, Jane," I said, humbly.

"Then what do you mean by allowing such a suspicion to be breathed? Let the officers go away, and send for Mr. Lancaster and a detective. As if this was any way to do, with great, common, blundering policemen!" said she, perfectly indifferent to their powers of hearing; for, in fact, whenever Aunt Mercy came to see us we always got into a way of imagining every body deaf but ourselves.

"Sorry to disturb you so, miss," said Brooks then, with a grin. "But duty's duty, and we've no choice, so long's you called us in, but to take the women off." And he advanced with his fetters.

And with that the girls, who had been struck dumb and aghast by the charge and the thought of it, commenced crying, "Oh, wirra-asthru! that ever their mother's childer should live to see the day!" and imploring the Holy Virgin and all the saints, and protesting their innocence, and calling on us in an agony to protest it too, and wringing their hands, and showing fight, and screaming; and with the perfectly horrid outcry, that might have waked the dead, mamma came darting up, Aunt Mercy following, and we were in the midst of the greatest tohoo-bohoo you ever heard, when the front-door slammed below, and the drawing-room door opened and shut, and then Florence ran up the staircase, swinging her hat by its elastic, and singing out, gayly, before she reached the top, "Well, that's done, thank goodness!" And then she stopped short in the door-way, amazed at the sights and sounds, staring with wide-open eyes, while every one turned to stare at her.

"What's done?" said I, tartly.

"The silver," said she; while mamma cried out, "Oh, it's gone, Florence! It's all gone!"

"Why, I know it's gone," replied she. "I stole a march on you, didn't I? And you were too busy stealing one on me with the other things to know it. But the bank clerk came for it while you were in the other house, and he and I packed it in a jiffy, and carried it down and into the chaise, and it's locked into the great vaults of the bank now, and there's an end of that. But what's all this?" cried Florence, beginning to see that this was something more than any customary clearing-up bustle—and with the officers too. "Why, what's been the matter with Jane?"

"An end of that!" I exclaimed; and I absolutely hugged old Catherine, who was lifting up her voice aloud, while Jane turned in a fury upon Florence for having given us such a fright. "Stole a march!" said she. "You might as good have stolen the silver!" But then she forgave her in a minute; and mamma feed the policemen, and they stalked off, Bridget pursuing them with a volley of genteel remarks. "If any of the rest of us are ever married," cried Jane, "and any body dares to send another wedding present to this house, I shall take it as a personal insult!"

But I hardly need to say that up to this date Jane has not been thus insulted.

THE STORY OF FRANÇOISE.

By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

I.

"I TELL you, monsieur, that the child must not be excited. Surely since this accursed war began there has been enough to disquiet us women; and now we are to have a rascally Prussian officer quartered on us, only because he is not strong enough to rough it with his soldiers. Ah, çà!" Here Célestine threw back her broad head, and planted her hands firmly on her hips. "Monsieur, ma'm'selle is not strong either, though she has rosy cheeks and bright eyes."

Monsieur Serret raised his mild eyes to remonstrate with his old servant, but Célestine's attitude daunted him. She looked as firm as a rock. Her thick, black eyebrows seemed to bristle, and her long earrings to quiver with impatience. Her flat, broad face was redder than ever with indignation.

"I am busy," her master said. "You can go and mind the shop, Célestine."

Monsieur Serret was a bookseller of A——, and Célestine was his femme de charge—his housekeeper—and the foster-mother of his daughter Françoise.

Ever since he lost his wife—ten years ago—Monsieur Serret had been growing more and more reserved and abstracted. When he was not serving a customer, he was sure to be deep in some learned old book, both hands plunged in his long hair, deaf and insensible to all that went on around him.

Françoise had been brought up at a convent in Rouen. She had been at home a year now, and the house had brightened up under her gayety. She was wild and mischief-loving, but she was sweet and gentle too. Célestine said, "Ma'm'selle's frolics never come to faults;" but her aunt, Madame Viegron, shook her head.

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"If my Victoire and my Adèle were to say the things you say, Françoise, I should tremble for their future."

The good, wooden-faced woman thought she did her duty by thus protesting, but her words acted as a spur to her niece's mischief, and gave mortal offense to Célestine.

It would have been wiser to consult Madame Viegron, the mother of a family, about the health of Françoise, instead of pouring out doubts and anxieties into the unwilling and preoccupied ears of Monsieur Serret; but Célestine could not forgive any one for finding fault with her young mistress. If she were to tell Madame Viegron of the strange symptoms which had so distressed her, she thought she should be providing the aunt with texts for fresh sermons.

"She will say, if Françoise faints, it is because 'she walks too far and too fast;' and, 'No wonder her heart palpitates; she is always in a state of excitement.' Yes, yes, I know; and Madame Viegron will never see my child as she can be, alone with those who love her. It is not possible she can love madame her aunt."

"Ma'm'selle—Ma'm'selle Françoise!" Célestine had gone up stairs when she left Monsieur Serret, and she stood at the top of the first flight looking along the dark passage which led to Françoise's bedroom. There was not a bit of color here, even had there been light to show it. The boards, even, were stained a dark hue. The door at the end of the long narrow passage opened, and a sudden flood of sunshine poured in and lighted up the figure standing in the door-way. It is more true to say that Françoise looked like an embodiment of sunshine. Her bright brown eyes dancing with mirth, her small figure full of graceful movement at the disturbance in Célestine's face, she clapped her hands together and laughed out.

Her hands were small and well shaped and dimpled; but they were more than these. Françoise never used them obtrusively, and yet they had the faculty of being singularly expressive, like all the rest of her, they were so full of eager, graceful life.

You have not seen her face distinctly, because she has been standing against the light. She turns now, and leads Célestine into her room, and you see how delicate the color is on her transparent skin, and how bright the red on her parted lips.

"Thou dear old worry!" she says, mischievously, and she pinches her nurse's arm. "What is the last misery? Has a ceiling fallen in, or has Michon upset the pot au feu, or has thy friend the chef hanged himself in despair?"

"Ma'm'selle"—Célestine blushes, and her two hands go up in protest; she likes to be supposed to have an admirer, although she disdains his admiration—"how often must I repeat that Monsieur Jules, of the Hôtel Ste. Barbe, is as indifferent to me as one of his casseroles? Fi donc, ma'm'selle! But I have news, and news which will not please thee, my dear child."

Célestine looked as doleful as possible. She wished to prevent her young lady from hearing the news suddenly, for she had remarked that any sudden excitement affected her strangely; but Françoise only laughed.

"Thou art an old raven: tell me this minute, or I won't stay to listen. Come, be quick, I tell thee!"

"Ma'm'selle does not like the Prussians—ciel! is there a Frenchwoman that does not curse them in her heart?—and monsieur has but now told me that an officer—what do I know? it may be the old villain Moltke himself—is billeted on the house, and he will arrive perhaps directly."

The color flitted suddenly from the young bright face, and a look of woful sadness clouded her eyes.

"It is terrible!" she said. "Célestine, thou must arrange that I may never see him. It is so soon. I always see in every Prussian the murderer of my cousin Gustave."

"I will do the best I can, ma'm'selle; and there is no time to lose."

She closed the door behind her, and came slowly along the passage.

"Ah! it is terrible that books should make a man so forgetful," said Célestine, arching her black brows. "I would like to make a bonfire of monsieur's books out in the yard there. He forgets every thing, even the death of his brother's son, shot to death with German bullets: and such a sweet, fair-faced lad, only sixteen. Ma foi! if he had lived he would have been a brother to ma'm'selle; she would have had indeed some one to take care of her."

There was rather a hesitating knock at the door below, and Célestine hurried to open it, her sturdy sides shaking with the extra exertion as she went down stairs.

An officer in Prussian uniform stood at the door. He was so different to all Célestine's expectations that, in her stupor of surprise, she opened the door wide as to some honored visitor, and dropped a deep courtesy.

"This is the house of Monsieur Serret?" The officer spoke broken French, but his accent was pleasant, and his face so very winning that Célestine's anger melted like snow in sunshine.

"Ma foi, what bright blue eyes he has, and what a smile! Well, if ma'm'selle should see him by chance, it is all the better that he is not an ogre."

The officer seemed weak and languid. He followed her slowly up stairs, and when she ushered him into his room, he sank on a chair exhausted.

He could not have made a better appeal to Célestine. Nursing was her special prov-

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ince, and any need of her skill was irresistible. In a few minutes she had brought a cup of broth for her lodger, and had placed some pillows on his sofa.

"Ah, çà, m'sieur, we'll have you different-looking in a week," she said, with a motherly glance at his pale face.

Célestine was careful and fairly discreet, but when she was helping Françoise to undress, her tongue got the better of her discretion.

"Ma'm'selle, the Prussian is much better than I thought. He is not even ugly. He has blue eyes and a fair mustache and a charming smile."

Françoise turned round with a grave, surprised face.

"Célestine, I do not wish to hear of this person or to see him. It is a sufficient humiliation that my father, a true Frenchman, must tolerate in his house one of the invaders."

Célestine muttered, as she opened the doors of the tall armoire, and laid her young mistress's gown smoothly on one of the empty shelves,

"Ah, çà, vieille bavarde! that thy foolish tongue must utter folly. It is not to be supported."

Meanwhile Adolphe von Holst congratulated himself.

"It is so pleasant and quiet here," he said; "no smell of beer and stale tobacco. I shall be able to read without disturbance."

Next day he met Monsieur Serret, as he went out after dinner with a book in his hand.

"Monsieur is fond of reading?" said the bookseller. "We have plenty of books here to lend to monsieur."

Adolphe von Holst bowed. His pleasant, refined face had ingratiated him at once with his host.

"It seems to me"—he spoke with much deference—"that I give more trouble in your house, monsieur, than is needful. I am quite willing to join your dinner-table if you will receive me there."

In his abstraction Monsieur Serret was beginning to say, "By all means." But Célestine had been within hearing; she came up and whispered to her master.

"Ah! I forgot, monsieur; my daughter has delicate health, and she"—here the bookseller's politeness showed him that he could not tell the truth—"she—well, her nurse"—with a helpless glance at Célestine—"thinks it better she should not see strangers."

The officer bowed.

"I beg pardon. I was not aware you had children."

Célestine stood a little in the background, shrugging her shoulders and pressing her lips. "Ma foi, what fools men make of themselves! They know no more how to get out of a difficulty than a cow knows how to climb a tree. Why need he tell this stranger the very thing I did not want him to know?"

"Well"—Monsieur Serret blinked his short-sighted eyes—"my daughter is hardly a child. She is— How old is Françoise, Célestine?"

But Célestine had slipped back out of sight into the shop, and at this moment her shrill voice sounded out,

"Monsieur is wanted tout de suite!"

Adolphe von Holst felt extremely interested; but there was nothing for it but to bow and pass on.

Monsieur Serret found Célestine instead of a customer when he stepped up the two wooden steps that led into his den.

"Comment?" and he looked like a dog robbed of a bone. A soldier fond of reading was to him a phenomenon, and he wished to continue his talk. He looked over his shoulder, but the lieutenant had departed.

"Comment?" he repeated. "Tell me, Célestine, what does this mean?"

Monsieur strove to concentrate his attention so as to look dignified.

Célestine snapped her fingers.

"Monsieur, I laugh at Madame Viegron for her fussy, foolish ways, but even I would not be so indiscreet as to tell a roaring wolf of a Prussian that he was living under the same roof with a beautiful young girl."

Monsieur Serret plunged his right hand into his hair, and looked bewildered.

"I don't see the harm." Then, with sudden relief, "Why, Célestine, you yourself said this officer was different to what you expected!"

"But that makes no difference to ma'm'selle." Célestine spoke hotly, and set her feet wider apart than ever. "As long as he knew nothing, there was no risk. Now he'll not rest till he's seen her, *I* know; and then—"

"Ah, pah! you are foolish."

Her master turned to the shelves behind him, and lifted down a heavy volume. He opened it and planted both elbows on the pages. Célestine was obliged to retreat.

Meantime Lieutenant Von Holst sauntered along toward the tree-shaded boulevards. He was smiling softly to himself as he went.

"What a joke! And that old woman did not want me to know of her young lady's existence. Well"—he stroked his mustache thoughtfully—"Adolphe, my friend, thou hast no need to think about young girls; and yet life is so very dull since we left off fighting. For fellows who smoke and drink, life has always something; but for me it is different, and one grows tired of books."

He looked round him; there were seats placed at intervals under the trees, and on one of these a young girl was sitting.

He looked at her as he passed by, and he saw a bright face, full of sparkling expression.

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"If one could only find an excuse for speaking." At that moment the young girl looked up; her eyes rested on his face, and then they took in his dress. She looked away with an expression of pain and aversion.

The lieutenant quickened his pace till he was out of sight of the bench below the trees.

"It is always so," he said. "How true-hearted these French girls are! We are not men to them—they see only the Prussian uniform. It makes one long to vindicate one's self. I should like to see those dark eyes with a less bitter look in them."

Adolphe von Holst went home. He left the door of his room ajar. He even went up and down stairs several times on a vague pretext of seeking Célestine, but he did not get a glimpse of Françoise.

His window looked on to the street, but it was exactly over the entrance door. It was impossible to see any one leave or enter the house. But Adolphe had noticed that at the further end of the entrance passage there was a glass door leading to the garden or yard at the back of the house.

"Why don't I go and look out of that door?" he said.

He went down stairs again, and found his way to the glass door. He did not open it, but he looked out. It was not a garden—only a square court-yard, paved with round knobs of stones. In the midst stood a lime-tree, not cut into a formal shape, but spreading its branches, and making a pleasant shadow below them.

On the right of the glass door was an open staircase painted green, and from the top of this a gallery ran along the back of the house and one of the side walls of the court. Several doors appeared on this side wall leading to the gallery.

"I see," said the lieutenant, thoughtfully; "this is a large house; there are other rooms there which Ma'm'selle Françoise inhabits, and she probably uses this green staircase instead of that one in-doors. Good! I think a turn in the yard will be very cool and pleasant."

But when he tried to turn the handle of the glass door he found it was locked.

Adolphe muttered some ugly German words, but he stood looking out into the yard.

There was suddenly a piteous mewing, almost like a child in pain or terror, and then something small and white fell on the round, hard stones of the yard. A simultaneous cry, a rush of hurried feet, and then a light figure sprang down half the staircase at a bound.

The Lieutenant Von Holst shook the glass door furiously.

There, close to him, and yet inaccessible, kneeling beside the poor little bruised kitten, was the bright face that had so charmed him on the boulevard.

"Au secours, au secours, Célestine!" cried the young girl.

The lieutenant had made a prudent retreat before Célestine appeared.

She was in the kitchen, and this lay beyond the shop. Françoise called several times before the sound reached her nurse. She rushed frantically to the glass door, and opened it with a key which hung by her side, but she did not stay to close it.

She was too anxious about her darling to think just then of Prussian wolves. When the lieutenant came softly down stairs again, a few moments after, the glass door stood wide open.

"Poor little puss!"

Célestine jumped up. She gave a gasp of surprise when she saw the lodger close beside her. But Adolphe von Holst was not looking at her; his eyes were fixed on Françoise as she sat hugging the kitten in her arms.

"Is it much hurt?" he said, gently. "Perhaps mademoiselle will let me see if I can do any good?"

Françoise had forgotten all her prejudices. She looked up trustingly in the stranger's face, while he took the kitten in his arms. He felt it carefully.

"There are not any broken bones. If mademoiselle will trust me the cure, I do not think it will be long."

Françoise looked very sweet while she thanked him; but Célestine was holding the glass door open, with a very decided frown on her black brows. The lieutenant bowed, and went away with the kitten under his arm.

"How pretty she is!" And then a look of dissatisfaction came into his face.

"What have I to do with pretty girls? We may be called off to active service to-morrow."

II.

It is a warm afternoon. The sun has so much heat that if the leaves did not fall with that crisp sound on the round stones of the yard, you might think it was summer still. There is a bench under the lime-tree, and on this are seated the Lieutenant Von Holst and Françoise Serret.

A week has gone by since the accident, and the kitten is playing with a ball of wool, as if nothing had ever ailed it. The ball belongs to the knitting which lies in the girl's lap, and the next jerk will bring it to the ground; but Françoise takes no heed. What is she doing? She is not listening to Adolphe, for he has scarcely spoken since they sat down side by side. But there is a happy smile on her face; and if you could see under the long curving lashes that almost touch her glowing cheeks, you would

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find the soft dark eyes swimming in blissful tears. Françoise dares not raise them. She knows that Adolphe's eyes are fixed on her, and she has seen the love that speaks in them. She dares not let him know how fondly her heart answers that unspoken appeal.

This week has been like a delightful dream to Françoise. At first she saw the young officer for a few minutes. He only wished—so he told Célestine—to give her young mistress a daily report of the kitten's progress. But the little interviews lengthened. The officer had a volume of Goethe's lyrics, and he offered to help Mademoiselle Serret when she said she was only an imperfect German scholar.

"Very kind, very kind indeed," Monsieur Serret said, when Célestine told him of the lieutenant's proposal.

Célestine shrugged her shoulders and made some wrathful objections; but with father and daughter both against her, she was subdued.

It had been skillfully planned on Adolphe's part. At first interest about her kitten had blinded Françoise, and before she had time to remember that its benefactor was a Prussian, came her gratitude for its cure, and then the new life which this reading had opened. Françoise had never yet loved, but the warm, impulsive heart was full of love, and every day she was learning, partly from those wondrous love-songs, partly from her teacher's looks, to know for what her heart was seeking.

To-day they had reached a new stage in their friendship—the kitten, the book, had alike lost interest. They had been sitting there under the lime-tree, and no word or look from the young girl had betrayed her happiness. A close observer might have noted how easily she reclined against the bench—how completely absorbed she seemed, and yet how full of soft languor. The lieutenant's face was not so difficult to read; his eyes were full of passionate love—love so strongly shown that it was wonderful he restrained its fuller expression.

"Ma'm'selle."

Françoise started and sat upright with an uncomfortable sense of shame. She had told Célestine to leave her in peace while she took her German lesson, and till to-day the old woman had been fairly obedient. She knew well that no one could thwart Françoise. Somehow or another she would take her own way. So long as Célestine could keep her invisible she had watched and planned. Now it seemed to her that interference might possibly convert a harmless intimacy into a love-affair.

"It is Madame Viegron, ma'm'selle, and she is in the little salon behind the shop."

Françoise blushed deeply.

"I must go, monsieur." She spoke hurriedly, and her eyes at last met Adolphe's.

Somehow he took her hand in his. Françoise forgot Madame Viegron—every thing. The clasp in which he held her hand was not so intense as that in which her soul seemed folded in his. She could not withdraw her eyes; they were fixed in a trance of loving union.

"Come, ma'm'selle;" Célestine went forward and touched her young lady's arm; "or shall I tell la tante you are here?"

Françoise found her aunt alone. Adèle and Victoire had been sent into the shop to talk to their uncle.

Madame Viegron's face was like a wooden doll, but the color on her hard cheeks had the crimson hue of a June apple. Her little black eyes glittered like beads when she saw Françoise.

"Bon jour, ma nièce." She held herself so stiffly that Françoise had to stand on tiptoe to kiss her. "I have heard fine talk about thee. Is it true that instead of shunning these Prussians, as it is the duty of every Frenchwoman to shun them, this officer is allowed to see thee whenever he pleases? Is it, then, true that thou canst find pleasure in the society of an assassin?"

Françoise had grown crimson, but she laughed at this word.

"Assassin! One soldier is not more of an assassin than another. You know, my aunt, I have never taken your advice, and I shall not begin now. If you only come to speak ill of our visitor, I will say au revoir." She got up and made a little mocking courtesy.

Madame Viegron also got up. She shook her head slowly.

"Thou art sadly willful; but remember, whatever mischief comes from these proceedings, thou hast been warned, Françoise, solemnly warned, by thy nearest female relative."

Madame Viegron walked slowly into the shop.

"Come with me, my children," she said to her two stiff-looking daughters seated there; "there is not time for you to visit your cousin to-day."

"But, mille pardons, there is."

Madame Viegron looked aghast. There was the culprit, whom she had, as she thought, covered with shame and confusion, kissing Adèle on both cheeks, while she pinched the ear of Victoire.

"Come, my children," in a very severe voice. "I have no time for folly."

"I don't think you have time for any thing else," Françoise said to herself, as her cousins followed their mother into the street.

But Françoise was too full of happy agitation to be really angry with her aunt—she only wanted to be alone to realize some of the delight which was dancing in her veins. Could it be possible that this was love? or was she only living out some of the poems

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which had so thrilled her pulses while Adolphe read?

Adolphe! The blood came rushing up to her face; she should not see him again till to-morrow, and how should she get through the time? To-morrow—how would it be? Should they go back to the old way of reading as they had read yesterday?—ah! how far off was yesterday now!—or would it be that dreamy sweetness of to-day—a sweetness which had left behind it such wild unrest? or would Adolphe—it was such a dear delight to say his name—would he speak of love to her as the verses spoke—for his eyes had spoken it? So she sat through the afternoon in a sweet dumb dream of coming happiness. Célestine came and went, and scolded and jested, but it was all one to Françoise—her whole soul was wrapped in the book that had awakened her to the knowledge of her love.

There came a sudden murmur—a murmur which swelled along from the farther end of the street. Françoise scarcely noticed it, but Célestine opened the window and looked out.

"Ma foi, ma'm'selle, it is the Prussians. Some new ones coming in—no, it is these which depart. Ma'm'selle, we shall then lose our lieutenant."

Françoise turned white and faint.

"Go and see," she said. "Come back and tell me as quickly as you can."

But Célestine did not come back. The time passed slowly. To Françoise it was as if it did not pass at all—as if the doubts and fears each moment brought stood crowding upon her heart.

She got up and threw open the window, but it only looked into the side street which Monsieur Serret's house made the corner of.

Only a murmur of movement reached her. After a while this grew more distinct. A tramp of many feet came, more and more distinct, heavier and heavier, till it seemed as if the street paving must sink under its weight. Tramp—tramp. They are gone at last; they have reached the end of the street, and the heavy sound grows faint, fainter still.

Françoise clings to the window; her eyes stare wildly; it seems to her that the floor on which she stands gives way. She has not even heard the door open, but instinct makes her turn round before Adolphe reaches her.

"My Françoise!"

She was in his arms, and her head on his shoulder. He pressed her tenderly to his heart. It was to Françoise as if she were at rest. All the dread fears and doubts were over. Adolphe loved her. He was forever her own.

But this bliss could not last.

"My beloved!" he whispered, "I had not thus dared, but that I must leave thee. Adieu, my Françoise—my heart's treasure."

Again he kissed her passionately, and she felt tears on her cheeks, though her own eyes were dry.

III.

A month passed by. The agony of sorrow that came to Françoise when she realized her lover's departure softened as she went over and over again every word, every look of that last meeting. Only one thought sometimes troubled this fond memory—why had Adolphe said "he would not thus have dared?"

A smile came on the sweet, blushing face. "It seems to me love must come to that in the end. I could never confess to Adolphe that I loved him unless I could hide my eyes and feel safe that he was my own."

She never fretted. Very soon her hope outgrew her sorrow. The war must end soon, and then Adolphe would be free. She would not let herself think of her cousin Gustave's fate. She told herself two such afflictions could not be sent to one person. It was impossible that she could lose her darling cousin, the sharer of all her joys and sorrows, and then that her love should also be taken away. Françoise shut her eyes to the sorrow and bereavement around her. She forgot that the widow Lebrun had seen six sons fall in battle since the fight at Woerth, and that her seventh, a lad younger than Gustave even, was now lying wounded in an ambulance.

There came a rumor that more Prussians were expected—a larger number this time—and the inhabitants would be more severely taxed.

Monsieur Serret received notice that as his house was large and his family small, he must make room for at least three inmates.

The Lieutenant Von Holst had conciliated both the master and the housekeeper, and Françoise had kept her secret so well that it seemed as if she only regretted the loss of her German lessons.

It was therefore a great shock to Célestine when ma'm'selle expressed dislike to the arrival of new invaders.

"Dame! and I told m'sieur you would be glad because of the reading."

"Is it likely I could be glad to see Prussians in A——: I, a French girl, who have suffered so deeply in this war?"

"Tiens!" Célestine stood, mop in hand. She was standing in the yard cleaning the back windows, by first throwing a cupful of water against a pane and then mopping it. "There are two things in which ma'm'selle is quite changed—she is no longer so sad for the death of Monsieur Gustave, and she can bear to speak of it. I wonder what she will say when she finds that monsieur has arranged for the Prussians to dine every day in the salle? Well, I shall say nothing, or I may get a scolding."

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Next day, when Françoise went into the salle at five o'clock, she found three Prussian officers talking with her father. She saw that they were uhlans, and this gave her a yet stronger dislike; it seemed to her that they were in the place of Adolphe; that but for them he might be here.

They all turned as she entered, and gave her the stiff military salute. Her father introduced them by name:

"The Hauptmann Schleren, and the Lieutenants Welzenborg and Durustein."

Françoise made three profound courtesies, but she scarcely smiled. It seemed to her that the hauptmann was a little, ugly, sallow-faced man, and that the lieutenants were repetitions of each other; both had light hair, as harsh and colorless as stubble, and both had light, meaningless gray eyes.

They could neither of them speak French, and Françoise would not let them see that she could help them with German. The hauptmann and Monsieur Serret got through a stumbling conversation, but all the party seemed glad when dinner ended—only when left alone with their coffee and pipes the lieutenants agreed in praise of the fräulein's beauty.

Ever since Adolphe went away Françoise had gone to sit on the bench under the lime-tree. Sometimes she sat with closed eyes, acting over again, in spirit, those happy interviews; sometimes she would read over and over those verses which had most charmed her—for early in their acquaintance Adolphe had given her the little book—and often she read nothing at all but the name on the first page, Adolphe von Holst, the gift of his mother.

"He must have loved me even then," the girl said to herself, proudly, "or he could not have given a gift from his mother."

It seemed to her that she had never asked him about his family or his home—all their talk had been of love and Goethe.

On the morning after the arrival of the officers Françoise staid in her room. "Célestine"—she spoke to the old woman while she made the bed, with its pretty white hangings and tufted fringe—"you can tell me as soon as the Prussians go out. I don't want to run the risk of seeing them."

"Bien, ma'm'selle." Célestine smiled, but she kept her broad red lips firmly closed. "What ails the child?" she said to herself; "she used always to know her own mind. But, dame! who knows? It is possible she will be dear friends with these officers tomorrow; she was much fiercer against our lieutenant at the beginning."

For the first time in her life Célestine felt dissatisfied with her young lady. She obeyed her orders, however, and as soon as the officers left the house Françoise came down the green staircase and sat under the lime-tree.

"If either of them come in, you can easily warn me in time, Célestine."

But while the housekeeper was intent on the concoction of a new dish, the hauptmann came back. Françoise had made a hasty retreat before Célestine reached the yard. The hauptmann was coming from the lime-tree, reading a book. Célestine's quick eyes recognized the book in an instant.

"The marauding vagabond!" she muttered. "It is, then, true that they pick and steal all they can lay their hands on.—Pardon, monsieur" (she placed herself just in front of the hauptmann, with her feet very wide apart and her hands on her hips), "but that is the book of my young lady." She held out her broad brown hand.

The hauptmann put his head a little on one side, and held the book fast. He looked slyly through his small dark eyes at the angry face before him.

"Pardon," he said; "but it is not the name of your young lady which I read here. It is Adolphe von Holst, and I know this gentleman."

They were both too much interested to hear a movement in the gallery just above them, and then a sigh.

"I am his cousin," said the hauptmann. "It is quite simple: he has been probably here, and has left his book." And then he bowed, and would have passed by Célestine.

"But I tell you it is not so! Ma'm'selle will be—" She turned desperately toward the outside staircase, as if she would call Françoise to confirm her words. "Tiens la voilà!"—she caught sight of Françoise moving along the gallery. "Ma'm'selle, will you come down and tell this unbelieving gentleman that we have not stolen the book?"

Françoise was in the yard before she ended, her eyes sparkling, her lips quivering with excitement.

"It is my book, monsieur." She spoke very gently; her heart beat so fast with the terror of losing this dearly prized treasure that she could scarcely get the words out. "The Lieutenant Von Holst was so kind as to give it to me when he was here."

"He was here, was he?" The hauptmann gave Françoise a long, keen look, but she could not meet it. She felt that her cheeks grew crimson; she could hardly keep in her tears. How dared this rude man look at her?

"My book, if you please."

"Mille pardons, mademoiselle!" It seemed to Célestine that the hauptmann spoke better French than he had at first seemed capable of. "You must forgive my rudeness, but I did not think my cousin would have parted with his mother's gift except to one person."

Françoise was suddenly pale. Célestine listened too eagerly to notice the change in her young lady.

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"Who is the one person?" Her voice was unsteady, as if there were a sob in it.

"His wife. He is the betrothed of my sister. They had to part on the eve of the marriage-day; but the war can not last forever, and then Adolphe and Lieschen will be happy."

An instinct had kept his eyes from her face, but he held out the book.

"Hé, mon Dieu!—ah, scélérat, you have killed her!" and Françoise had fallen on the stones at his feet.

"She has fainted, that is all." The hauptmann raised her. She felt like lead in his arms. "Some water, quick!" he said, in a tone of command. "I tell you she has fainted."

Célestine went, and her cries summoned Monsieur Serret. But no water, no earthly aid, could evermore awaken Françoise. That little phrase—so short, so quickly spoken—had been as deadly as a sword-thrust through her heart. Adolphe was her life, her hope; if he was another's, then life and hope were over for the fond, gentle girl.

The hauptmann went back to the yard after he had helped the sorrowing father and nurse with their burden.

The little book lay just where Françoise had fallen.

"Shall I take it to Adolphe," he said, "and tell him what it did? or shall I leave him to make Lieschen believe he has been faithful, and break her heart for the next face he fancies? Goethe, my fine fellow"—he put the book in his pocket—"I wonder how many hearts you have helped to break?"

Editor's Easy Chair.

WHILE Sir Charles Dilke was making his audience at Newcastle-on-Tyne roar with laughter at his gay ridicule of the Queen's household, and his gibes at the lord high almoner, sub-almoner, hereditary grand almoner, master of the buck-hounds, clerk of the check, clerk of the closet, exons in waiting, and hereditary grand falconer, who, he said, might with advantage, and with some appearance of earning his salary, be created hereditary grand pigeon-shooter in ordinary—while this speech was made and this derision was echoed from Newcastle through thousands of homes and hearts in England—a derision in which the Queen herself seemed contemptible—we upon this side were all eagerly watching the winter sea to see an emperor's son come sailing over. We are certainly used in this country to titles and dignitaries of a certain kind.

The number of generals, colonels, majors, captains, judges, deacons, and bosses is awful to contemplate. The universality of the habit of putting handles to names is shown in the ordinary manner in which a stranger is accosted in different parts of the country. There are few country bar-rooms in which there is a group of loungers tilted back in chairs with their heads against the wall, or sitting around a huge stove or before an open fire-place, and dextrously spitting with the profoundest gravity, as if successful expectoration under those circumstances was a sufficient credential which needed no aid from conversation—few bar-rooms in which you may not hear one of the expectorators say, with solemnity, to another, "Wa'al, gin'ral, take suthin?" and the equally solemn reply, "Dunno, jerdge; don't care if I do." It is not an aristocratic instinct which dubs every body with a title. It is good feeling. There is a pleasant little sense of importance conveyed by it. Indeed, the innumerable company of such dignitaries as gin'ral and jerdge is a parody of aristocracy; and when aristocracy itself is about to appear in the person of a prince, or a grand duke, or an imperial highness, then generals, colonels, majors, captains, judges, deacons, and bosses all hurry to the shore and await the advent with curious expectation.

That was the spectacle which we saw in the autumn. It was all very pretty and very proper, but there was also something in it which was extremely comical. There is one of Leech's little sketches which represents a scene in a suburban garden during the enthusiasm for fowls. The mature mother of the family, with a broad summer hat upon her head and a basket upon her arm, and surrounded by eager children, is walking rapidly, and with the most gratified expression of countenance, as the small waiting boy in buttons, and with eyes staring, exclaims, hurriedly—referring to a favorite Shanghai or Dorking rooster—"Oh, mum, he have laid a hegg!" The complacent urbanity of the matron's expression is exquisite. Of course it is a great event, but great events are to be expected in her poultry-yard, and with the utmost speed that is consistent with dignity, she leads the expectant procession to the interesting scene. There is something of the same comedy in the immense interest which we all take in the gallant Russian prince, who must be as much surprised by it as the rooster at laying a hegg.

But if he did not misunderstand it, he soon saw that it was only our way of amusing ourselves. There is a natural wish in certain minds to see a man born in the purple—a man of the very small class which the world has agreed to call royal. Royalty in this sense was real once, but it is now real only through the imagination. Those who stood in the anteroom of the imperial palace at Vienna twenty years ago, and saw the poor, half-idiotic emperor pass through to say his prayers; or who were accustomed to behold King Clicquot, as the late King of Prussia, the brother of the present Emperor William, was called; or who were presented to the heavy, vulgar-looking man who disappeared from the French throne at Sedan, know that there was

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little reality in royalty except what the imagination confers. In England, too, despite the magnificent rhetoric of Burke, which threw a glamour even over the dynasty of the Georges, the fact of royalty has long since disappeared, and a speech like Sir Charles Dilke's is an assault upon the imagination, in which alone royalty survives. If lord high almoners and hereditary grand pigeon-shooters in ordinary are to go, nothing will remain. The laugh at the crown and the sceptre and the ball hews down the throne itself.

But in this country kings and princes are wholly poetic figures. They are not associated with any policy nor with any suffering. They are merely curious, like Gulliver to the high society of Brobdingnag. When the Prince of Wales went recently to Dublin, the Irish people saw in him only a dull young man for whose pleasures and extravagance they paid. Nothing in the history of his family, no association of his name, relieved the odium which his own career cast upon him. He was only the representative of a system which they thought grinding, and the sign of what they hold to be oppression. But when the same youth came here nearly a dozen years ago, with what imposing pomp he was received! If he had been a conqueror returning to a country he had saved, there could not have been a finer spectacle. The city authorities—and such authorities!—in carriages, and the whole city crowded into the streets, and hung upon the roofs and balconies, to see a prince of whom no human being could say more than that he was a prince. To the subjects of his house a prince may be a tyrant, but to us he was a phenix. It was impossible to have any personal emotion in regard to him; and a Prince of Wales, with a vague ascending vista to Arthur and the Round Table, was a spectacle which concerned our imaginations only.

If we looked into the carriage and saw a very ordinary youth, personally distinguished for nothing whatever, even in appearance; if we thought of the British monarchical system, and the cost of a permanent, hereditary, powerless head; if we remembered the family history, from the George who, at his dying queen's bedside, blubbered that he would not marry again—"mais j'aurai des maitresses"—to the George who disgraced every human relation, of course the spectacle was rather pathetic. But we were glad of any excuse for a holiday, and it was interesting to see a prince who could not hurt us, and who stood for all the romance of royalty, if only we could see through what we beheld to what it represented. And there is the same feeling now. Perhaps we thought that since the war we were rather more sober, and disposed to receive an unofficial visitor of whatever rank with more moderation. Perhaps we supposed that we overdid the first welcome of Boz, and that the children would not draw Fanny Ellsler home in her carriage from the theatre, as the fathers did. But the child is father of the man; and the reception of the young Russian was what the Japanese reception and that of the Prince of Wales were, and he bore it modestly and well.

There have been and will be a great many sermons upon snobbery preached from that text. But it is not that only; although it is not to be denied that the American snob is one of the most amusing of the family, as the American Jenkins surpasses all of his kind in ignominious and absurd description. None but an American Jenkins could have related with such an air of intense interest and complacency the fact that there were napkins upon the Russian minister's dinner-table, and that pieces of bread were laid in them, or have noted with awe the hat-stand in the hall of the house, and the colors of the carpet. The interest of Jenkins in front halls, and mats upon which boots are relieved of mud, may be natural enough, because he generally stays there a great deal, and has opportunities of contemplating the condition of the mat. He betrays himself unconsciously; but it is not he who is the snob. He merely purveys for snobs. It is a matter of business with him, and he is merely working for the Easy Chair and other readers of the newspaper. Jenkins does not care whether he describes the pillow-cases or not; but he knows that we do care, and he painfully notes them for our enjoyment. The enlightened curiosity which we all feel in regard to the bath-room of an imperial highness he patiently gratifies.

And do we call him snob? Do we call the jackal the lion? The wretched Jenkins probably does not know a grandee of the blue blood from a Florentine count at two hundred francescone the coronet. But we do. He serves the banquet for us who can discriminate. Would we read of the boot-jack of an honorable member of Congress? Perish the thought! But of a prince of imperial blood—ah! now, indeed, there is a very different proposition. Must the epicure who seats himself at a supper of ortolans be for that reason suspected of a disposition to sup upon cold pork? Yet to John, the waiter, it is the same whether he taste the one or the other. So it is with Jenkins. He will bring us pork or ortolans as we direct. But we have directed him that we will eat ortolans, and so we hear that the Russian minister has his initials upon the corners of his napkins. But who cares for the corners of the napkins of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States?

Who is it that makes sport of that faithful laborer, Jenkins? Is it, by any chance, the very one for whom he patiently labors? Toadstools spring from a certain condition of the soil. They are symptomatic only. Mr. Jenkins is a symptom. He is a symptom of our disease. He is the advertisement that we are suffering from snobbery. He shows that we are smitten with the desire to look into a prince's wardrobe, and to see him wash his hands. Let us laugh no more at Jenkins, but deride ourselves. How heartily he must despise us! How sincere must be the contempt of the valet for the master whom he stuffs and pads and polishes every morning! How genuine must be the contempt of Mr. Jenkins for a public that eagerly devours his description of a prince's handkerchiefs and stockings! And he knows, the crafty rogue! that it is he only who gives us social distinction, because it is he who prints our names in the newspaper.

When we form ourselves into committees, and offer dinners and balls to royal highnesses, and struggle and spend money, and undergo various agonies of jealousy and indignation, because somebody gets nearer to the grand ducal person than we, of what use would it all be except for Jenkins?

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We don't reverence grand dukes as such, still less do we care for them as representatives of a noble ally or a Great Bear of the North, but the august avatar gives us the opportunity of showing that we belong to the select society to which grand dukes naturally gravitate. We go to the ball, and we beam and squeeze and make those wise remarks which characterize such occasions, so that we may all see and be seen of each other, and mutually certify, as it were, to each other's gentility. But all is really useless except for Mr. Jenkins. He is the really important person, because it is he who tells the story of our greatness to mankind.

The pleasure of the performance is its publicity. The delight of social exclusiveness is not in the fact, but in the general knowledge of the fact. There are, it is understood, certain superlatively fine circles of society, but they are also, it is reported, superlatively stupid. Nobody enjoys them for themselves—that is to say, they are not distinguished by wit or brilliancy, by knowledge or wisdom; neither the mind nor the imagination is especially gratified by them: the sole pleasure is in having it known that we are admitted to them. Mrs. Toad regards Mrs. Frog with gnawing envy because she goes to Mrs. Bat's dinners. If Mrs. Toad and all her retainers did not know it, there would be no pleasure for Mrs. Frog, because she knows better than any one how splendid and dreary the Bat dinners are. That is to say, it is the importance reflected upon her which is the secret of Mrs. Frog's satisfaction. But if there were no reflection of that kind, she would certainly not spend money for silks and laces and gloves and other ornamentation to endure three or four hours of the Bat platitudes as many times in the season.

Thus it is not to be of the cream, but to be known to be of the cream, which is the high delight. And it is this service which Mr. Jenkins performs. We undergo the ball, in the first place, that Mrs. Grundy or private knowledge may be aware of the fact from observation; and in the second place, that the world may know it from the newspaper. Now Mr. Jenkins is the newspaper; and while he is the most essential, he is also the most awkward to us of all the guests. The difficulty is that he is not present as one of *us*. *He* has no blue blood in his veins. He is as likely to appear in a black cravat as in a white. It is incredible, but it is nevertheless possible, that he will—in his own hideous phrase—"put in an appearance" in a frock-coat. Yet while he is this indescribable kind of pariah, he must be treated as a Brahmin. If he should be offended, if he should not get Champagne enough, or if the stewed terrapin should give out before he came to it, we should all be in an extremely critical position. The papers would denounce the ball as a horrible failure, and all the managers as flunkies. There is no knowing that it would not be described as an intentional affront to the Great Bear, and that grave international complications, as Jenkins calls them, might not follow. We must, therefore, treat him as if he were one of us, and see that he has plenty of good eating and drinking, and that he is properly and politely addressed by the committee.

And as he understands the situation quite as well as we, how he must despise us! He has, so to speak, the whip-hand of all of us. He can give any one of us—the slimmest, the most elegant, the most aristocratic of us all—a paunch or a bottle-nose. He can say of our Adonis of faultless attire, "It is Mr. Adonis's own affair that he chose to appear at the ball in honor of the illustrious son of our august ally in a speckled green cravat." Or he can remark of Mrs. Bat herself, that "this lady wore all the family diamonds, which were bought with the money accumulated by her honest shoe-making father, whose shop was well known a few years since, at the corner of a great thoroughfare—and which, after all, are spurious." Or he may shoot this poisoned shaft: "Among the persons of less social distinction present was Mr. Absalom, whose wig got ridiculously awry with his exertions in the waltz."

Mr. Jenkins can do all this, but he does not. Indeed, his forbearance extends even to truth-telling. He has the power of a giant, as one of the committee remarked to him. But he does not use it like a giant, as another added. Yet he must despise us in his heart for our sycophancy, and for our interest in the corners of napkins. If he should tell what he actually sees, who of us could stand? And that he does not tell what he does not see is of pure grace. Nothing but his sense of rectitude prevents him from reporting the worn seams of carpets, and the questionable cleanliness of window-shades in houses of which he takes the inventory. Let us, therefore, draw this lesson from the grand ducal visit, that the faithful Jenkins, whom we despise and conciliate, is the innocent symptom of our condition. He is doubtless a purveyor in chief of snobbery. But for whom does he purvey?

THERE has been no strain of romance in modern English history more striking than the greeting of the Danish Princess Alexandra when she came to London to marry the Prince of Wales. Youth and beauty and the poetic associations of royalty triumphed every where. The tragedy and sorrow of English life were hidden for a day. The bridal bells rang. The gay crowds in the streets shouted. The old pageants were revived. The story-books came true; and in the midst of our own sorrow we caught across the water a glimpse of "merrie England." But it was the bride, the beautiful young stranger, "the sea-king's daughter," who kindled all the enthusiasm. Perhaps the feeling for the bridegroom was that so fair a fortune was more than he deserved. Perhaps deep down in the popular heart there was, despite the royalty and the pageant and the splendor, a feeling of pity for the blooming girl who was allotted by policy, not by love or choice, to the dull young man who was to sit upon the throne, but not in the heart of England. So the bells rang until we heard their joyful murmur over the water, and all the poets burst into song, and one fair young woman was for a moment the thought of Christendom.

It was only nine years ago, and during that time there has been in many hearts, in her own country and elsewhere, the same pity. The dull young man of nineteen whom, as we have said, New York saw eleven years ago driving up Broadway in a tumult of welcome, had, somehow, so lived that it was impossible not to pity his wife, who married him not because she would, but because she must. As we write, he is supposed to be dying. But whether he lives

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or dies, what we say about his position and past life will still be true. It is hard to be a prince, because it is hard to satisfy the imagination of what a prince ought to be. But if a man of that rank is modest and mannerly, and of an honorable life, it is enough to save him from censure. Indeed, it is generally enough to win him praise. The English tradition of princes and of Princes of Wales is not lofty. And although the ideal prince is seldom seen since the Black Prince, six centuries ago, yet the impression made by the Prince Consort shows how gladly the honest life of a moderate man in that position is contemplated. Albert was the "blameless prince," and for that alone he is canonized.

The last Prince of Wales before Albert Edward was "the first gentleman in Europe"—the man who appears in no trustworthy memoir of the time in any favorable light whatever; who was ignorant, selfish, and ineffably vain; of whom no generous word or deed is reported, who bitterly wronged his wife, and whose only daughter ran away from him. Before him was Prince Frederick, whose death nobody regretted. The dull young man who has lately borne the title can not be said to have redeemed its reputation. Gossip and slander are always, of course, busy with those who stand in high places; but they are not undisputed if there be good reason to question what they say. It was no fault, surely, of the young man born into an unnatural position that he could not make it natural. That is to say, as men were made kings by natural superiority, if the arrangements of society or political necessity put a man who is not equal to it into a kingly position, he can not be blamed that he had not kingly qualities; for kings too are born, not made. This young man could not be quick and brilliant and accomplished, as he could not have other colored eyes and hair than those which nature gave him.

But it is the duty, and often the chief business, of men to resist certain tendencies and tastes which nature gives them; and it is the hardship of a prince that it is more difficult for him than for other men to do this. A poor boy knows that if he indulges every wish merely because he has it, he will end in disgrace. He must work to rise; and if he would work, he can not play. But the poor prince is born higher than every body else in society and in fortune. Here was this dull young man, who married the beautiful Dane, born at the pinnacle of worldly fortune, with small capacity, with low tastes, without ambition, and with more than five hundred thousand dollars a year to spend. The result was forecast. He was fond of coarse society. His name was soiled with rumors the truth of which nobody doubted. He was a familiar figure at places which gentlemen sometimes visit from curiosity. He lived in a time of growing suffering among the English people, and therefore of increasing political uncertainty; but he was conspicuous in no good work. He made no sign of comprehending in what country and at what time he lived. More interested than any body in the political developments around him, his stolidity and passivity, and the thickening cloud of evil story, served only to imbitter and exasperate those upon whose favor he really depended.

The young man undoubtedly did not comprehend it. He was conscious of capacities for a certain kind of enjoyment, and he saw himself born to boundless opportunities of indulgence. It is not said that he was vicious, but only dull, and absolutely self-indulgent. After all, we must have great pity for kings and princes who are born so highly. They breathe incense. They feed on flattery. They have not the chance of hearing and of knowing the truth that the rest of us have. The poor little princess, of whom it is told that she said that if the people did not have bread, she wondered that they did not eat cake, of course never said it. But the force of the story is its naturalness. There was no reason why she should not have said it, because there was every reason why she should have thought it. The sting of the story is not left in the princess, but in those who make the system of which the princess is part. So to the thoughtful spectator there was something sad and significant in the career of this young man. He was really the head of an extraordinary and long-enduring political system. Without any merit of his own, and by the mere chance of his birth, he was an essential part of the British monarchy. He was "the king" of the constitution, and with the Lords and Commons he composed political England.

The tragedy of his position was not that he was to be a king without a single royal attribute, because the King of England is a name merely—a mere ceremony. His sole function is to obey under the mask of commanding. His majesty's pleasure in England means the will of Parliament; and if his majesty ventures to interpolate his own individuality, his majesty must meditate Charles the martyr, and beware. The misfortune was not, therefore, that a man who was not kingly was to be king, but that he was part of a system which required an illusion that he could not supply, and not only that he could not supply, but which he constantly dissipated. A monarchical system, or a constitutional government with a permanent executive, may endure as long as a tradition of loyalty or romantic and imaginative regard for a certain family survives, and as long as the system is not thought to be extravagantly expensive. A head of the system, therefore, who impresses the popular imagination confirms and perpetuates it. The illusion becomes for the time a reality. A manly, modest, sagacious, courteous king not only satisfies the imagination, but he may also become a real part of the system by the legitimate influence of his good sense upon administration.

But as the world grows, the glamour of royalty necessarily vanishes. Restored for a moment by the dazzling qualities of a really superior man surprisingly born to a crown, it is constantly worn away by the course of civilization itself. The press, the telegraph, the photograph, are material agencies in this work. More than all, one great, prosperous, and powerful republic, a government by elected officers without regal fictions of any kind, is forever weakening the monarchical system. At last it must prove its greater cheapness. It becomes a mere question of money, of relative expense. Imagination and tradition help it no more. As Shakespeare's roistering prince was brought like a common vagabond before the court for trial, so royalty itself is placed at the bar of public opinion, and ordered like a suspected grocer to show its accounts.

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When it has reached that position it is a disaster to it that its representative should be a youth known only for dullness and low tastes. The situation, then, is this, that a country in which the king is known to be a mask and not a king—an ornamental head and name merely—a country in which there is immense poverty and suffering of every kind, looking steadily at an ignorant young man who gives suppers to Schneider, and dances at Mabille's, but who shows no sympathy with any humane and generous work, asks why it should pay him hundreds of thousands of dollars for such work and for no other, and support at the same rates endless descendants of his after him. When the king has become a fiction, that is an unanswerable question. It will be asked more and more loudly, and the answer can not be long delayed.

Surely the chief feeling for the Prince of Wales must be one of pity, as for his great-grandfather, the old King George. They are both destructive satires upon the system of which they were so important a part. It is supreme folly for men and women of our race to play at kings longer. Let them have a king if they will, but not a grand lama. The Egyptian priests who climbed into the lap of the huge statue of Memnon, and struck a lyre that the stone lips might seem to answer the first touch of dawn with music, were not unlike an intelligent nation which maintains a king who is no king whatever, and who is even known to be none. When there is an election in England, who asks what the king thinks, who cares what the king says? The voters know that whatever he thinks, he will say and do what they ordain.

When Malibran sang in this country, it was before her great fame, but those who heard her have not forgotten it, and are of opinion that nobody since was really worth hearing. They have heard Malibran, and from that superb and inaccessible superiority they disdain our later ecstasies over what they declare to be lesser goddesses. When Cinti Damoreau, Caradori Allan, Castellan, Mrs. Wood, Miss Shirreff, and other sweet singers enchanted the New World, they were not, and never were, great singers like Pasta and Catalani. When Jenny Lind came, she did not sing in opera. So with Alboni. When Sontag sang to us, it was exquisite and elegant; but she was the Countess Rossi, and the bloom of her fame had faded. Piccolomini was pretty; Grisi was a fine reminiscence. By some curious fatality, her visit was a failure, although often, as if to sting our torpidity into life, she was, as the lobbies said, "truly magnificent." We have, therefore, never had a great prima-donna in her prime singing to us in opera until Nilsson this winter.

There are those who are sure that they have heard much greater singers. But how many have been heard who are, upon the whole, so satisfactory? There is a totality of charm in her presence and her song. There is a nameless grace, a lovely feminine sweetness and freshness, which linger in the memory after hearing her. The singing continues in the mind after you cease to hear it with the ears. It is a suggestion; an echo; a strain from your own heart. Indeed, that is the secret of song, as of all music. It is partly reminiscence—tender association, vague regret, and reverie. The pleasure which the ear—that is to say, the mind through the ear—derives from a single musical sound is akin to that which it gains from color through the eye. But the combination of color, as of sound, is a suggestion of association. Its source is native, not foreign. Fine music does not inspire great thoughts so much as deep emotions; and to reach this result it must be what is called sympathetic.

All the great singers, with what else they had, had this quality; and without this there is no really great singing. There are noble voices and fine training and a certain ample and adequate performance often. All these are found in Parepa. But the test of true singing is whether we hear in it "the horns of elf-land faintly blowing." And therefore we can spare great voices, if with smaller voices there be this soul of music or musical feeling. There is a curious coquetry of nature by which, for no explicable reason, some persons are born with what is called an ear for music, and some with none. Those who have it not of course do not know what they lose. But those who have it believe that the others lose much of the highest possible enjoyment. So it happens that there are those who are not born under this lucky star who yet are aware of some loss, fatal, irremediable. They go to concerts and operas. They listen to the evidently sincere enthusiasm of delight which their neighbors express. But they look and listen in utter wonder. In the midst of fire they are cold. There is a pathos in that wonder and longing like that of Colonel Newcome's sitting before Clive's great picture, and his patient, hopeless endeavor to understand his boy's pleasure and to sympathize with his devotion.

It is because of this sheer favoritism of nature which elects some to enjoy and some not to comprehend the enjoyment, that the Easy Chair speaks diffidently of music. To express enjoyment of it and its suggestions to a reader who can not distinguish one tune from another, or perceive any tune at all, is too much like a lover confiding his raptures to a bachelor friend. The only impression produced is good-natured pity. Lovers always seem a little mad to their companions who are not in love, and the delight of an artist in the gradation of colors in a grove, or the sky, seems always somewhat artificial and extravagant to the friend who is color-blind. Let the Easy Chair, therefore, plead with those who have no ear for music, and plead not for itself, but for others, that the extravagance and vagueness which seem to characterize remarks about music are not artificial; they are the expression of honest emotion, and vague, not because the emotion is shallow, but because in its nature it is not easily to be described.

Indeed, it is by image and indirection that such pleasure is most satisfactorily expressed. When an enthusiast, for instance, recalling Jenny Lind, says that there were certain Swedish folk-songs that she sang which filled your mind with the feeling of sad twilights and remote low ranges of hills, and the cry of birds in solitary places, and all under the Northern sky, another enthusiast understands him as readily as those who speak the same language comprehend each

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other. But those who went to hear Jenny Lind, and wondered what it was that made people run after her, could not treat such a statement of the effect of her singing with any courtesy whatever. So if one of the susceptible should say that Nilsson's singing was recalled to him by one of the songs in the last Idyl of Tennyson's—"The Last Tournament"—one of the unsusceptible would reply that he did not know the song, and had not heard her sing it. But to another, to one to whom nature had given that curious ear, he might say, "Here is her song:

"'Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bend the brier!
A star in heaven, a star within the mere!
Ay, ay, O ay—a star was my desire;
And one was far apart, and one was near:
Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bow the grass!
And one was water and one star was fire,
And one will ever shine and one will pass—
Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that move the mere.'"

And that one would understand.

Editor's Literary Record.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

Culture and Religion in some of their Relations (Hurd and Houghton) is a valuable contribution to the religious literature of the day. It has some serious defects, and has the effect to awaken in us the wish that one who could say so much so well had been able to say more better. He has rightly entitled his book. It is only "some of the relations" which he touches upon, and yet he leaves the impression that he is quite competent to take up the whole subject of intellectual and spiritual culture and their mutual relations—the most difficult and least apprehended problem of the day—and throw no little light upon it. Something of the fragmentary character of his book grows out of the fact that it is composed of lectures originally delivered at the college—the united college of St. Salvator, St. Leonard, and St. Andrew—of which he is principal. Yet this, its origin, gives a certain warmth and glow to his treatment which we usually miss in similar discussions. His religion is not all theology; and while his lectures are free from the dogmatism and the technical character which too often characterize controversial sermons, they possess a certain indescribable though quiet spiritual life, which is rarely to be found in college lectures.

A good many divines are perplexed to know what it is that renders Mr. W. N. H. Murray the most popular preacher in New England. In one passage in his latest volume of published sermons, *Park Street Pulpit* (James R. Osgood and Co.), he unconsciously answers this question. "I am not conscious that I was ever impelled by the love of antiquity. Mildew and mould are not to me objects of reverence. I care no more for a piece of parchment inscribed in the third century than for a pamphlet bearing the impress of the Riverside press. The *Mayflower*, in itself considered, is no more to me than any respectable-looking craft in your harbor to-day. Is it needed? Does it bring men nearer to God? Does it enlarge the mind? Does it stir the best sympathies of the heart? These are the questions I put to my judgment concerning any matter brought for me to consider. These compose the real touch-stone of value." Not because he is odd or rhetorical, or has a fine presence and a rich voice and a ready pen, but because he is modern and personal—springs from his text into the middle of the nineteenth century, deals not with questions or topics, but with living souls—Mr. Murray is powerful in the pulpit; and because they will possess power over the hearts and consciences of men, we welcome his sermons. In a critical point of view they are not to be compared with Robertson's or Beecher's; but they are well worthy the careful study of clergymen who want to learn the secret of the pulpit power of one whose genius is not that of either a poet or an orator.

The Seals Opened; or, The Apocalypse Explained, by Enoch Pond, D.D. (Hoyt, Fogg, and Breed), is not properly a commentary on the book of Revelation, but rather a treatise upon it. It follows the course of the inspired book, however, and, without going into detailed explanations of particular verses, offers a general explanation of its meaning as a whole. The author rejects the interpretation of the Adventist, and undertakes to trace the fulfillment of the greater portion of the prophecy in the history of the Church since its utterance.—Dr. E. P. Barrows furnishes biblical students a very convenient text-book on *Sacred Geography and Antiquities* (American Tract Society). It embraces a general account of the geography of the Holy Land and the lands of neighboring nations, together with a full description of the domestic antiquities, sciences, arts, government, army, and religion of the ancient Hebrews. It answers very nearly to "Jahn's Biblical Archæology," but is much fuller, and presents the results of recent researches, and is well adapted to take the place of that useful book. Its value is greatly enhanced by maps and illustrations.—The Presbyterian Board of Publication commences, in two handsome volumes, the publication of the *Collected Writings of J. H. Thornwell, D.D.* They are to be completed in six volumes, of which the two before us are on theological and ethical subjects. In theology Dr. Thornwell was of the Old School Presbyterian type. In statement he is clear; in thought, courageous to follow his doctrines to their logical conclusions; in style, simple, not rhetorical, rarely or never impassioned, and, in consequence, rarely or never either diffuse or declamatory. Of his theological positions it is enough here to say that he lays claim to no originality—would probably be quick to disavow it—and writes rather as an interpreter of an ecclesiastical system which, on due consideration, he has accepted, than as the propounder of any truth or truths which he has thought out for himself. In this respect his works are valuable chiefly as representing a school of thought which, whatever its value, belongs to the past rather than the present.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

If any one had previously suspected Mr. Froude of being an impartial historian, a care-

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ful reading of Mr. MELINE'S *Mary Queen of Scots and her Latest English Historian* (Hurd and Houghton) would disabuse him of his error. Impartial history scarcely has an existence outside the Scriptures. Certainly we do not look for it in the work of one who has chosen a half century of English history for the very purpose of illustrating the controversy between the spirit of rigid conservatism which characterizes Roman Catholicism as a system and that spirit of free thought and consequent progress which belongs to Protestantism as a religious, social, and political movement. Mr. Froude in his treatment of Mary Queen of Scots is not materially more impartial than Mr. Meline himself. He has a view in respect to her character which he believes affords the best key to the most enigmatical era in English history, and it underlies his entire conception and interpretation of the events he undertakes to record. The real question is not, Has Mr. Froude written his history without prejudgment? but rather, Is his prejudgment, the theory by which he endeavors to interpret the most perplexing problem in modern history, a correct one? Mr. Meline has shown Mr. Froude to be in some sense a historical advocate, and to be guilty sometimes of employing too freely that imagination which renders him the most dramatic and fascinating of historical word-painters; but he has neither succeeded, in our judgment, in convicting him of fraud (though he laboriously endeavors so to do), nor has he successfully impugned the estimate to which Mr. Froude conducts his readers concerning Mary's character. We may concede that Mr. Froude has sometimes misinterpreted the manuscripts which he undertakes to translate. We might even concede that his mistranslation was deliberate and fraudulent, though we see no evidence to justify such a conclusion. His estimate of Mary's character does not depend upon doubtful translations of documents of doubtful authenticity. A deposition is not made trustworthy because the dust of three centuries is upon it. Diplomats lied in the sixteenth century, as they still do in the nineteenth, and men who employed assassination as freely as did the Scotch nobles on both sides were not likely to halt at bribery and perjury. It is perfectly easy to find documentary evidence which is entirely clear for Mary's guilt, and equally easy to find testimony as conclusive to her innocence. If Mr. Froude has placed too great reliance on contemporaneous history, as we think he has (and especially on the verdicts of courts and commissions, which really possess very little historical value, since they were organized not to ascertain the truth, but usually to secure an acquittal or a conviction), Mr. Meline has been at least quite as ready to disown whatever sworn testimony happened to be damaging to his client. We may lay aside all uncertain testimony; we may reject the casket letters, whose authenticity Mr. Froude has certainly not proved, while Mr. Meline has equally failed to prove them forgeries; we may reject the Paris deposition, though we think there is no good reason for regarding it with suspicion that does not apply to all confessions of unconscionable rascals; we may lay out of the case alike the doubtful testimony of Mary's enemies and the more doubtful testimony of her friends, and judge her simply by the circumstantial evidence afforded by indisputable facts —and we see not how any unprejudiced mind can arrive at any conclusion that shall clear her of the charge of being accessory to the murder of her despicable husband, Darnley. Her own statement, as Mr. Meline gives it, when the project of ridding her of her husband was first broached to her, is quite as suspicious as the modified and more dramatic form in which Mr. Froude embodies it; and her letter to Queen Elizabeth, which Mr. Meline conveniently passes by with only one brief quotation, is enough, were there no other evidence, to convict her of being a party to her own subsequent abduction by Bothwell. It is not necessary for us to suppose, as, despite some disavowals, Mr. Froude seems to do, that Mary Queen of Scots directly participated in the plans for her husband's assassination. But we need no other evidence than that which Mr. Meline adduces in her defense to make it very clear that she saw how events were hurrying him to his dreadful death, and made no effort to stay them, or to give him warning and opportunity for flight; and her subsequent shameful marriage to her husband's murderer put a stain upon her name which even so skillful a defender as Mr. Meline labors in vain to remove. In a word, in some points of detail Mr. Meline shows himself a shrewd critic; as a defender of Mary Queen of Scots he has done almost as much to damage her good name by the weakness of his defense as Mr. Froude by the impassioned vigor of his indictment.

We suppose it is not questioned by any one that there is no better English authority on Oriental history than Professor GEORGE RAWLINSON. Certainly one can not read with any care his *Five Great Monarchies* (Scribner, Welford, and Co.) without recognizing the fact that there is nowhere else to be found such a wealth of information crowded into so narrow a compass respecting every thing which relates to the history, geography, and antiquities of Chaldea, Assyria, Babylon, Media, and Persia. The work has for some time, we believe, been out of print. It has, at all events, been sold at a price which put it utterly beyond the reach of any but those very few students whose appetite is not restrained by considerations of economy. Scribner, Welford, and Co. have done a good service in republishing the book in a form and at a price which bring it within the reach of students of very moderate means. The illustrations alone, which are very numerous, throw a great deal of light on many otherwise obscure and difficult references in the Scripture narrative to ancient customs; and these illustrations, which are almost all reproductions from the ancient bass-reliefs, afford some very singular and striking confirmations of the accuracy of the Old Testament history, in many particulars as interesting as they are both curious and minute.

We had written the above paragraph before we had received PHILIP SMITH'S *Ancient History of the East* (Harper and Brothers). A very considerably less elaborate and expensive work than Professor Rawlinson's, but not less scholarly. It gives the results where Professor Rawlinson also gives the processes of the investigation, and the arguments by which the conclusions are reached. It thus epitomizes in one volume what the larger work embodies in three,

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while at the same time it includes, in addition, a full account of Egypt. It appears, too, fully to justify the assertions of the preface, that it embraces the results of the latest investigations of Oriental scholars, while it slavishly follows no one of them. We do not always concur in the editor's conclusions; as, for example, in identifying the Pharaoh of the oppression with Ramises II. of the fourteenth dynasty; and it is unfortunate, perhaps, that his limits forbid him, in doubtful cases such as this, to state the other opinions, and the grounds on which his own are based. A more careful discrimination in this and some other similar cases between a probable opinion and a well-ascertained fact, which would have availed to direct the student who cared to pursue the inquiry into the line of investigation, would have been wise. But, just as it stands, the work is of admirable service in presenting, in a clear and concise way, the knowledge recently acquired concerning these ancient empires, and still hid from the mass of readers in learned, expensive, and inaccessible volumes.

Benson J. Lossing gives us in one medium-sized volume a *History of England* (G. P. Putnam and Son). It embraces a narrative of "the most important events in the history of the civil and military transactions of England, from the time of its occupation by the ancient Britons and Gauls until now." The questions in English history are too numerous and too perplexing to be disposed of in so short a compass. Mr. Lossing disposes of them by a very pronounced and dogmatic judgment, that is quite as apt to lead his readers into erroneous as into correct views of English history. Henry VIII. is pronounced "a human monster of a vulgar type;" Cardinal Pole, "the honest and faithful cardinal;" Mary, a "sincere and high-minded queen," whom "it is unfair and unjust to call, as historians and ecclesiastical writers have done, 'the bloody Mary;'" Mary Queen of Scots, a martyr to the "violence and treachery" of men who were "the paid agents of the English ministers." It can not be advantageous for young readers to get such views of history as these in their first introduction to it, to be corrected afterward by maturer study of better authorities. Ignorance is better than misinformation.

Life and Letters of Catharine M. Sedgwick, edited by Mary E. Dewey (Harper and Brothers), is pretty much all letters. There are some sixty pages of autobiography, which bring the life down only to the age of fourteen. Here the narrative stops; and the thread which the editor supplies is very slight—hardly enough to interpret adequately the mosaic-work of correspondence which fills the rest of the book. The volume is, indeed, like a new literary bequest from this popular American author, and how full of anecdote and incident and pleasant revealings of an era already slipping away even from our memory, we need hardly tell our readers, since they can not have failed to get the pleasant flavor of the book from the gossip which has been already so fully extracted from it for the weekly and daily press.

Mr. John S. C. Abbott, in his history of *Louis Philippe* (Harper and Brothers), writes, as always, in warm sympathy with popular rights and popular institutions. His work lacks nothing of that graphic power in description and that dramatic power in character-painting which has rendered him, in spite of the critics, the most popular and widely read of American historians; and it is free from that coloring of personal feeling which has subjected some of his works to criticism which, often utterly unfair, can not be said to have been wholly groundless.

Dr. William Smith has added to his series of Student's Histories an edition of *Hallam's Middle Ages* (Harper and Brothers). The two volumes of the original edition, together with the matter afterward appended by Mr. Hallam himself in a supplemental volume of notes, is here comprised in one moderate-sized volume of 700 pages. At the same time the original work is given substantially without abridgment. The only omissions are of such statements as Mr. Hallam had been led himself to reconsider and reject by his subsequent investigations. The references to authorities are generally omitted, and many of the author's longer notes are abridged, sometimes, as in the case of the note on "Trial by Jury," to their injury. On the other hand, notes have been added by Dr. Smith which greatly enhance the value of the work. For the general reader it is the best edition of the best history of that period of the world's life, from which so large a number of our civil and religious institutions take their rise.

POETRY.

In his *Divine Tragedy* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) Mr. Longfellow attempts not much, but succeeds in his attempt. If his audacity does not vanquish difficulties, his caution avoids them. If he does not wrest a victory in a dangerous and difficult endeavor, he at least escapes a humiliating defeat by his reverent humility. His little book—which is a poet's contribution to the innumerable Lives of Christ—is little more than a rhythmical paraphrase of the Scripture narrative. In the subordinate characters he allows himself a little room for his imagination, as in the conversation of Bartimæus, the "asides" of Nicodemus, and the soliloquies of Pilate and Judas. And though we do not think he interprets aright the traitor's enigmatical character, still he adds so much in these dramatic interpretations that we wish he had essayed more of them. But generally he walks where a poet should fly, and exhibits greater ingenuity in weaving in rhythmical forms the very words of Scripture into his narrative than power in giving them any new meaning.

But though by this severe method the poet does not succeed in arousing our sensibilities—though his account of the Crucifixion is not more, but far less, touching than the account in the Gospels—yet he does not, on the other hand, offend our taste or shock our reverence. A truly dramatic rendering of the life and death of Christ could be written only by a poet whose reverence was unmixed with fear, and whose supernatural purity of soul and more than child-like trust enabled him to walk boldly even on holiest ground. We are rather inclined to believe that this ideal poem eludes the pen of the most gifted poet, even as our shadowy conception of the divine person of Christ transcends the art of the most skillful painter. It seems to be decreed that no portrait of our Lord, by pen or pencil, shall ever fully satisfy except the one inimitable portrait giv-

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en by the Gospels. Mr. Longfellow's poem, at all events, does not satisfy, but it does not dissatisfy. It neither startles us by its transcendent beauties nor by its glaring faults. It attempts no daring flights, and meets with no rude falls. The poet's reverence has overawed his imagination. This is better far than if his imagination had run away with his reverence. The "Divine Tragedy" will not add to Mr. Longfellow's reputation as a poet, but it will greatly increase the reader's love and reverence for him as a man.

The author of "Nothing to Wear" has never written any thing that entitles him to be knighted a great poet, but he has written enough genuine poetry to make us welcome a collection of *Poems*, by WILLIAM A. BUTLER (J. R. Osgood and Co.), and make us select it from several collections as alone worthy of special mention. In some sense it may be said to be such poetry as might naturally be inspired in the office of a New York city lawyer. Its best features are its portraits of American character, and its satire of the faults and follies of American society—its unnaturalness, its vanity, its feverish excitement, its hurrying pursuit of wealth. There are but few delicate touches, but little fine poetic sentiment, nothing mystical, nothing too high or too deep for common apprehension. The poet never soars above the wing-beat of common mortals. But there is no sentimentalism, no borrowed beauty, no imitation of others' plumes. The poems are thoroughly genuine, thoroughly American; and though the poet's greatest power is in satire, yet this is relieved by pathos that is as tender as it is true, and by moral feeling that is high, pure, noble, and even chivalric.

We take up JOHN G. WHITTIER'S *Child Life* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) with strong prepossessions in its favor. For it would be difficult to name an American poet whose nature is more childlike, and who could be expected better to understand the wants of children, or more fully to sympathize in their characteristic experiences, and, at the same time, more solicitous to guard them from every influence which could tend to either unduly stimulate the imagination or vitiate the moral sensibilities. We might feel sure that Mr. Whittier would guard his pages alike from religious cant and from irreligion. He has not belied his reputation. His collection of poetry deserves the highest praise; nor can we give it higher commendation than by saying that he has fulfilled in his book the pledge of his preface:

> "He hopes and believes that no well-grounded exceptions can be taken to the character of the selections in a moral and religious point of view. He has endeavored, avoiding every thing like cant and sectarianism, to find expression for the reverence, love, and grateful trust so natural and beautiful in those whom the Divine Teacher held up as examples to His disciples: 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

Of poetry for the sick and suffering there is no end, and of such collections one could easily form a small library. But of poetry for the well and strong who are at work, and who need cheer and help in their work, there is a paucity. And we do not remember to have seen these collected into a volume before now. Such a volume is *Words of Cheer for the Master's Workers* (A. D. F. Randolph). Mr. RANDOLPH has made collections of poetry almost a specialty, and gives real character to each volume by crystallizing it about some central thought. The plan of this collection is excellent, and is in general well carried out. Yet we miss from it some poems that surely ought to be here, as "A poor wayfaring Man of Grief," and Bonar's "Go, labor on."

FICTION.

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE is, we believe, regarded by the critics as a better novel-writer than Anthony; but the popular verdict is, as frequently happens, the other way. Adolphus is certainly a more powerful, and in some sense a more original, though a less truthful and realistic writer. His last work, *Durnton Abbey* (Harper and Brothers), imports the incidents and flavor of his Italian romances into England. Seduction, a murder, and a hanging (the last, by-the-way, an English variety on the Italian plot) help to make up a somewhat sensational story. The characterization is able, and there is genuine power enlivened by genuine humor in this novel, which is certainly above the average in sustained interest, without being a great romance, or altogether desirable reading for youthful readers.

Miss MARRYAT'S *Prey of the Gods* is meant to be a protest against ill-assorted marriages. The heroine, after a marriage *de convenance*, finds a more congenial lover in Auberon Slade, a poet, in the conventional sense, but really not any nobler in nature than her less intellectual husband. The development of this new love lacks those features of nobility by which love in any case could be justified, and thus the force of the intended moral is weakened. Lady Gwynne's attachment to Auberon, apart from any consideration as to its propriety, seems as unwise as her first marriage. We do not need a novel to convince us that whatever involves the sense of shame can not be worthy and noble.

Mrs. STOWE writes always under disadvantage: we unconsciously compare each new novel with "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It would require not only great genius but great painstaking in the writer to maintain the reputation of her first romance; and though Mrs. Stowe does not lack genius, she is not painstaking. Her last book, *My Wife and I* (J. B. Ford and Co.), is marred by crudities which inflict a serious injury on her book, and one also sure to be felt in American literature. For Mrs. Stowe's success begets imitators who can easier copy her careless faults than her inimitable genius. Apart from this, two serious defects impair greatly the power of "My Wife and I." It is autobiographical in form. And if there is any thing which the Beechers are absolutely incapable of doing—and we are sometimes inclined to think that this is the only limit to their ability—it is laying aside their individuality. Harry Henderson, the assumed author of the story, is about the only person in the book who has not strongly marked characteristics. He is a mere mask to cover Mrs. Stowe's face, and the disguise is very thin, and the woman's voice very apparent. The other defect is a vice of exaggeration—an American fault, which Mrs. Stowe should set herself to cure, not to intensify. Such an editorial office as that of the "Great Democracy" exists nowhere outside of Mrs. Stowe's brain. Women reformers do not go about like Miss Audacia Dangyereyes, with a cigar in the mouth and a swagger in the mien; and whatever is pernicious

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in their doctrines is not best exposed by travestying them personally as female rowdies. Having said this much, more strongly because we write of one of whom we are inclined to require much, since to her much has been given, let us add that if this novel were by an unknown writer we should commend it, despite its faults, as one admirable in several particulars: in that it is guilty of no sickly sentimentalism; does not centre all the interest of life on love and love-making; satirizes, though with burlesques too broad, abuses that deserve rebuke and rarely get it; is courageous and outspoken; and in its whole moral tone and atmosphere is high and noble, far more so than most modern romances.

But not more so than Mrs. A. D. T. WHITNEY'S *Real Folks* (J. R. Osgood and Co.), which is a curiously Christian book. We say curiously, because it is so characteristically a religious book, and yet with so little of church flavor about it that we defy one to guess from the perusal of it what is Mrs. Whitney's creed, or whether, indeed, she has any, except to believe that religion consists in loving God supremely and one's neighbor as one's self. The interest of the story lies in the contrast of two families; one artificial—not supremely so, not more so, perhaps, than hundreds who move in the "best society," and struggle hard to do it—the other a family of "real folks," with no society shams, and so, in fact, quite unreal, and continually trying impossible experiments, since "real folks" hardly exist in American society, at least in the cities. It is a characteristically affirmative book—that is, it does not expend as much energy in satirizing the false reality as in depicting the true ideal; and though we are afraid Mrs. Whitney's ideals are not all practicable, still exaggeration is more pardonable in a poet's dream of virtue than in the satirist's travesty of vice.

We brought home Miss ALCOTT'S last book, and left it unintentionally on our library table. Our home *sanctum* is not so sacred but that after tea the children have the liberty of it; and we were scarcely engaged in a social conversation in the parlor adjoining before the shouts of laughter from the library became so loud and long as to threaten serious consequences, and invoke visions of bursting blood-vessels. This was our introduction to *Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag* (Roberts Brothers). We afterward read the mirth-provoking scrap, "the children's joke." We are afraid that serious-minded parents who think that children in this age are too "fast" would hardly approve this chapter, if, indeed, they did any other in the book; but we know more than one household where we wish it could be perpetrated, and the parents could wear for twenty-four hours the strait-jacket in which they ordinarily keep their children.

We must group together several other novels that deserve mention, and pass by some altogether that our readers need not care to know about; for there are so many good novels in the world that no one is excused for reading a poor one. *Ruby Duke*, by Mrs. POTWIN (Lee and Shepard), barely escapes being entitled to a high place in American literature. The story is well conceived. The moral against "society marriages" is well evolved. Some of the characters, as Eveline Cropsey, a sort of American Becky Sharp, are exceedingly well drawn. The faults of the book are those which, we should hope, greater care, a study of language, and particularly writing and rewriting, would cure.—*Ought we to Visit her?* by Mrs. EDWARDS (Sheldon and Co.), is a thoroughly English novel—a protest against English exclusiveness. The heroine is a young ballet-girl, married by a gentleman of Chalkshire, brought home, there so treated by society that her sensitive soul is outraged beyond endurance, and she runs away; though why she elopes, when she loves her husband, and does not love the brutally selfish duke, we do not clearly understand, unless it be to give a melodramatic completeness to the novel. She breaks down before the consummation of her sin, her husband comes after her, and all ends happily enough, though we are left to conjecture that they never try Chalkshire society again.—*The Invasion of France in* 1814, by ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN (C. Scribner and Co.), is characterized by the same vivid, life-like, and realistic peculiarities which have deservedly given these literary twins their high rank among modern novelists. Not the least interesting feature in the volume is the account in the introduction of the methods of joint composition pursued by these authors.—We grow somewhat weary of Miss AMANDA M. DOUGLASS'S novels, and yet they fascinate us. Life is not so tense as she represents it. And we do not believe that it is quite healthy for young readers to be made to believe it so. That there are some lives as stormy as that of *Lucia* (Sheldon and Co.) is quite possible, and some whose heart is tried by questions as difficult of solution as those involved in her problem. But they must be very rare. And for the great mass of readers a novel which portrays life as it is, and teaches how to meet the common exigencies of our common life, a novel mere cheerful in tone and sunny in atmosphere, is both more agreeable and more healthful reading. In Miss Douglass's novels we live at the bottom of a deep cañon, with only the feeblest hint of sunlight in the ribbon of blue sky over our heads.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SOME books, especially for children, did not get to our library table till after our account of Christmas books was finished. Of these we note one or two as worthy of especial commendation. *A Book of Golden Deeds*, by Miss YONGE (Macmillan and Co.), is a volume of historical sketches, valuable for their power to attract youthful eyes from the doubtful romance of fiction to the genuine romance of actual life.—*The Kathie Stories* (Lee and Shepard) are an admirable series in six volumes. Our youthful critics pronounce it the most entertaining series of the season, and we pronounce it unobjectionable in its moral tone.—Another series nearly if not quite as good is the *Dick and Daisy Series*, by Miss A. F. SAMUELS (Lee and Shepard).—*Nine Years Old* is a very pretty volume, with Fröhlich's inimitable illustrations. In the form of stories told by Cousin Alice to a group of children, it is a capital book for the family story-teller who can no longer draw on her own exhausted imagination.

Salad for the Solitary and the Social (De Witt C. Lent and Co.) has already proved its claim to high rank among American essays by the success it has achieved—"thirty thousand copies," says

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the preface. This would be an unusual success even for a popular novel. The new edition before us is handsomely illustrated, with a heading and a tail-piece to each chapter. These add materially to the attractiveness of a very attractive book, some of them possessing a good deal of the same quaint and subtile humor which characterizes the musings and meditations of the epicure who originally dressed and compounded the salad.

We welcome, and the public will welcome, GAIL HAMILTON'S protest against the wrongs which a certain class of pseudo-reformers are inflicting on woman. Inasmuch as she warns men not to read *Woman's Worth and Worthlessness* (Harper and Brothers), she will hardly expect a man to criticise it; nor shall we in these columns enter into any discussion of her themes. We value it not for the philosophy it maintains —its philosophy is not new—not for the sparkle and freshness and vigor of its style, though we think it quite as characteristically vigorous, if not as sparkling, as any thing she has ever written; but because it is a woman's expression of a woman's feeling on subjects on which women are, as a general thing, as she says, "right silently, instinctively, subjectively, through experience and the inner light;" and also because, as a voice of this silent but deep feeling, it is the more effective by far since it is uttered by one who has proved her ability to see clearly and feel keenly woman's real wrongs. It is a healthful book, and well worth wide reading, albeit we no more agree with all its positions than we do with some of a seemingly contrary character heretofore assumed by the same writer.

Editor's Scientific Record.

THE NATURE OF COMETS.

M. FAYE, of the French Academy of Sciences, has lately read to that society two elaborate papers on the history and present state of the theory of comets. He commences with some critical remarks on a passage in the address of Sir William Thompson before the British Association last summer, in which the latter spoke of the comet's tail as having been one of the insoluble mysteries of astronomy. M. Faye concludes from this view that the Continental astronomers have not spread the knowledge of their labors in England, and that the English have forgotten Newton's "Principia." According to Faye, it is an established principle that the tails of comets, whether simple or compound, are due to a repulsive force exerted by the sun. The principal characteristics of this force have been clearly determined. Far from contradicting the received laws of mechanics, as Herschel seemed to suppose, it is precisely by means of these laws that the most complicated phenomena of the tails have been accounted for on the hypothesis of a repulsive force. All that is wanting is to learn the exact nature of this force, and, if possible, exhibit its action experimentally. This is what the author has attempted. He lays down a law, or rather, until it is proved experimentally, a hypothesis, which he calls the law of repulsion of incandescent surfaces. He considers that white-hot bodies in general exert a repulsive force on matter in a very rarefied state, but that this force differs from that of gravitation in residing in and acting upon the surfaces of bodies only, and in being intercepted by a screen of solid matter.

Considering the existence of this apparent repulsive force as indisputable, M. Faye passes in review the theories of its origin. First, we have the theory of Newton, now forgotten in England, that the sun is surrounded by an extremely rare atmosphere extending beyond the orbit of the earth, and that the rare matter of the comet's tail rises in this atmosphere, just as smoke does in our own atmosphere. The objection to this theory is that the sun is not and can not be surrounded by any such atmosphere.

Then we have the hypothesis of Olbers, now adopted by Zöllner, that the repulsion is due to the electricity of the sun. This last investigator shows that if the electric tension of the outer layers of the sun's atmosphere is as great as is frequently seen at the surface of the earth, a little sphere of matter, half an inch in diameter, and weighing one-sixtieth of a grain, repelled by the supposed electricity of the sun's atmosphere, would, when it reached the orbit of Mercury, be flying with a velocity of 2000 miles per second. This view is objected to because it is shown that there can be no electric action in a vacuum.

Another theory lately put forward is that of Professor Tait, who, however, dispenses with the repulsive force, and considers that the whole comet is only a vast swarm of flying meteorites moving in a flat layer, which is only visible when we look at it edgewise. He compares it to a flock of birds, which are invisible when spread out, but plainly seen when they are in a line with the eye of the observer. M. Faye considers that this theory sets at naught all existing science, whether observations or theory. But he looks with more favor on another part of Tait's theory—that the light of the comet arises from collisions among the meteorites which compose it, and which are thus continually striking fire, as we may familiarly express it.

M. Faye has attempted to prove his hypothesis by trying whether a white-hot metallic plate would repel rarefied air. The experiment was made in the presence of several *savants*, and a repulsion was actually exhibited. Unfortunately, however, there was some difference of opinion about the interpretation of the phenomena, and the decisive test has yet to be applied.

HOLMES'S INEXTINGUISHABLE SIGNAL-LAMP.

An inextinguishable and self-igniting signal-lamp lately invented by Holmes has some important peculiarities which render it likely to be of practical application under many circumstances, especially in view of the fact that it is self-igniting, that its flame can neither be extinguished by water nor other means, and that it is incapable of setting fire to objects, while, at the same

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time, its light is extremely brilliant and of long duration. The new lamp consists of a cylindrical vessel of tin with a conical point, and provided below with a tube six inches in length. The vessel is to be filled entirely with fragments of phosphide of calcium, and the tube soldered up air-tight, so that the preparation can be kept for many years without change. When the lamp is to be used, the tip of the cone is to be cut off, and an opening made at the end of the narrow tube referred to, and the lamp inserted in a wooden float and thrown into the water. The water penetrates through the lower end of the tube and comes into contact with the phosphide of calcium, and is decomposed, with the formation of a phosphureted hydrogen gas, which is developed in great quantity, and which, escaping through the open tube of the cone, becomes ignited and burns in contact with the atmospheric air.

The phosphide of calcium can be prepared by heating pieces of chalk with amorphous phosphorus, in a crucible, to a white heat. At this temperature the chalk takes up the vaporized phosphorus, and combines with it to form the phosphide of calcium.

Another method of preparing this substance consists in heating small fragments of freshly burned lime to a white heat in a Hessian crucible, and throwing upon it, from time to time, small, dry pieces of phosphorus, covering up the crucible tightly immediately after each introduction of the phosphorus. The lime is changed into the "liver of phosphorus" (a mixture of phosphide of calcium and phosphate of lime), while a considerable quantity of phosphorus vapor is burned. The resultant substance is dark brown or almost black.

An experiment was lately made with this signal-light, in which the lamp was thrown overboard from a steamer, and drawn along behind, by means of a string, at a short distance from the stern. When the lamp touched the water a brilliant flame shot out immediately from the opening; and although it was continually dragged under water by the motion of the vessel, the light remained unextinguished even after the lamp was submerged. After a time the string was cut and the lamp allowed to float behind, and it was visible for a long distance from the light disseminated around it.

RELATION OF RADIATION IN THE TROPICS TO ZODIACAL LIGHT.

M. Galliard, of Guadaloupe, states, as the result of numerous and exact observations, that between the tropics radiation appears to exist in a constant relation to the density of the zodiacal light; or, in other words, that its light is a screen, which, by its relative opacity, arrests a portion of the heat emitted by the sun. This fact is, he says, placed beyond a doubt by a long series of thermometrical observations compared with the observations of the density of the zodiacal light.

NUTRITION OF YOUNG FISH IN HATCHING ESTABLISHMENTS.

Dr. Hartmann has lately made a communication to the German Fishery Society in regard to the age at which artificially hatched fish, salmon especially, should be turned out, and where; and he endeavors to show that very unscientific views have prevailed on this subject, which have resulted in serious loss to the stock. In his opinion about thirty per cent. of the eggs laid by the salmon are not impregnated at all, in consequence of not receiving a sufficient quantity of the milt of the male, and that ten per cent. of the lay is destroyed by the male fish, leaving sixty per cent. of the whole. As these, however, are exposed to the ravages of small fish, crustaceans, birds, etc., as well as to the dangers from freezing, half are probably destroyed, leaving only thirty per cent. out of the original number (say 25,000) to keep up the supply. Supposing all these, however, to be hatched, we have then other dangers of equal moment. Thus those remaining have for a number of weeks the yolk-bag attached, and are easily injured by the currents or the sand at the bottom, and are greedily devoured by all sorts of aquatic animals; so that our author thinks it is well if, especially in the case of salmon and trout, half a dozen are left alive by the time they are able to swim about and take food for themselves. This is the natural state of things, where no artificial impregnation nor care is exercised. By proper management, however, eighty to eighty-five fish out of the hundred can be hatched. After the navel-bag is absorbed the necessity arises of furnishing food in greater quantity than would naturally be procurable in the immediate vicinity of the imprisoned fish; but our author considers that all such preparations as chopped meat, clotted blood, etc., are objectionable for many reasons—among others on account of the portion that is not consumed, which sinks to the bottom and remains in the water, rendering it corrupt.

Dr. Hartmann therefore recommends that if water-plants do not naturally grow in the neighborhood of the nurseries for the fish, they be immediately planted, since these attract and harbor immense numbers of minute insects and crustaceans; and if this be not sufficient, recourse must be had to more distant points. By using fine gauze nets, and sweeping the waters, a vast number of minute animals can be obtained, which are to be turned, while still living, into the nurseries, where the young fish will be found to devour them with the greatest greediness. The rapidity of reproduction of some water-insects is such as to furnish a continuous supply to large numbers of young fish—the progeny of a single fresh-water crustacean being multiplied to an almost incredible extent. During the first fourteen days after birth the small water-insects referred to should be the sole food of the brood, as this is the critical period of the nursery. A sufficient supply, according to our author, for 10,000 trout can be obtained in the course of one or two hours, by pouring water with a dipper from one of these pools on to a bit of gauze stretched tightly at the four corners. After this coarser food can be used, especially the larvæ of insects, which are readily obtained, including the mosquito and other diptera. By collecting the eggs of frogs and toads, and placing them in pools, they will also furnish food, either directly or after their eggs have hatched out into tadpoles.

It is also recommended to separate the larger of the young fish from the smaller, as the former are likely to appropriate more than their share of the finer food, thereby retarding the development of the rest. Alluding to the voracity of

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certain fish, Dr. Hartmann quotes the observations of Coste upon trout, of which four, each an inch long, devoured 6000 embryos of perch in less than five days, or an average of 300 apiece each day.

In rejoinder to the above views by Mr. Hartmann, Mr. Wengen takes exception to the feasibility of obtaining natural food in the quantity needed in practical fish culture, remarking that, as the young of the salmon especially are hatched out in the winter season, the necessary quantity of larvæ and minute crustaceans can not be had. The only alternative remains, therefore, to furnish the young brood with artificial food, or else to turn them out into the stream on the absorption of the navel-bag. But Mr. Wengen found that grated calf's liver will answer every purpose, since but a few of the young fish perish before they get accustomed to this food, the larger number surviving and thriving upon it. In his opinion, however, if young fish are protected through the period of hatching, and until after the navel-bag has been absorbed, they may then be let out into the streams to take care of themselves, as by this time they have passed that period in their life when they are exposed to the greatest dangers.

The fertilization of the much larger proportion of eggs, which takes place in artificial impregnation, and the seclusion of the young, before the yolk-bag is absorbed, from their natural enemies, will give the larger percentage of the laying a chance to develop and become mature fish; although, of course, should the young be fed until they have materially increased in size, the proportion assured for the continuance of the stock is still greater.

PHOSPHOROUS BRONZES.

A great advance has lately been made in the construction of bronzes by the addition of a small percentage of phosphorus, although the precise function of this substance has not been hitherto well understood. According to Levi and Kunzel, however, one cause of the inferiority in bronze consists in the constant presence of traces of tin in the state of an oxide, which acts mechanically by separating the molecules of the alloy, thus interposing a substance which in itself has no tenacity. The addition of phosphorus reduces this oxide, and renders the alloy much more perfect, improving its color, its tenacity, and all its physical properties. The grain of its fracture resembles more that of steel, its elasticity is much augmented, and its resistance to pressure sometimes more than doubled. Its durability is greater, and, when melted, it is of greater fluidity, and fills the mould in its finest details.

PLATYCNEMIC SKELETONS IN THE DENBIGHSHIRE CAVES.

Mr. Boyd Dawkins, an expert in such matters, has lately discovered some interesting prehistoric caves, of the neolithic period, in Denbighshire, England. One of these extended horizontally into the rock, and was blocked up with earth and large masses of stone, and contained numerous broken bones of animals that had been eaten, such as the dog, fox, badger, horned sheep, Celtic short-horn, roe, stag, horse, wild boar, domestic hog, etc. With these were associated a number of polished stone instruments and scrapers, fragments of pottery, etc., and a number of human skeletons, which appeared to have been buried originally in a sitting posture, varying in age from infancy upward.

The most interesting peculiarity of these skeletons consisted in the fact of their possessing the peculiar flattened conditions of the forward portion of the shin now known as the platycnemic, and found in great development in our mound-builders, according to Professor Wyman. The cranial capacity of these remains appears not to be inferior to that of civilized man of the present age, although the ridges and processes for muscles indicated a greater physical power.

RICHARDSON'S HYPOTHESIS OF A NERVOUS ETHER.

In a late number of the *Popular Science Review* Dr. Richardson again brings forward his favorite theory in regard to a nervous ether, namely, that between the molecules of the animal matter, solid or fluid, of which the nervous organisms, and, indeed, of which all the organic parts of the body are composed, there exists a fine, subtile medium, vaporous or gaseous, which holds the molecules in a condition for motion upon each other, and for arrangement and rearrangement of form; a medium by and through which all motion is conveyed, and by and through which the one organ or part of the body is held in communion with the other parts, and by and through which the outer living world communicates with the living man; a medium which, being present, enables the phenomena of life to be demonstrated, and which, being universally absent, leaves the body dead—that is, in such condition that it can not, by any phenomenon of motion, prove itself to be alive.

According to the doctor, the evidence in favor of the existence of an elastic medium pervading the nervous matter, and capable of being influenced by simple pressure, is perfectly satisfactory. Numerous experimental facts suggest that there exists in the nerves an actual material mobile agent—a something more than the solid matter which the eye can see and the finger touch. He therefore is led to believe that there is another form of matter present during life, which exists in the condition of vapor or gas, which pervades the whole personal organism, surrounds, as an enveloping atmosphere, each molecule of nervous structure, and is the medium of all motion communicated to or from the nervous centres.

The source of this refined matter in the body he considers to be the blood, and he looks upon it as a vapor distilled from the blood, as being persistently formed, so long as the blood circulates at the natural temperature, and as being diffused into the nervous matter, to which it gives quality for every function performed by the nervous organization. In the closed cavities, containing nervous structure, the cavities of the skull and spinal column, this gaseous matter, or ether, as he terms it, sustains a given requisite tension; in all parts of the nervous structure it surrounds the molecules of nervous matter, separates them from each other, and yet is between them a bond and medium of communication.

In estimating and defining the physical properties of this nervous ether he suggests that it is a gas or vapor, having in its elementary construc-

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tion carbon, hydrogen, and possibly nitrogen. He thinks it is condensable under cold, movable under pressure, diffusible by heat, insoluble in the blood, and holding, at the natural temperature of the body, a tension requisite for natural function. In his opinion it is retained for a longer time after death in cold-blooded than in warm-blooded animals, and longer in warm-blooded animals that have died in cold than in those that have died in heat.

It is not, according to his idea of it, in itself active, nor an excitant of animal motion in the sense of a force; but it is essential as supplying the conditions by which the motion is rendered possible; as serving as a conductor of all vibrations of heat, light, sound, electrical action, and of mechanical friction. It holds the nervous system throughout in perfect tension during perfect states of life. By exercise it is disposed of, and when the demand for it is greater than the supply, its deficiency is indicated by nervous collapse or exhaustion. It accumulates in the nervous centres during sleep, bringing them to their due tone, and thus rousing the muscles to awakening or renewed life. The body, fully renewed by it, presents capacity for motion, fullness of form, and life. The body, bereft of it, presents inertia, the configuration of "shrunk death," the evidence of having lost something physical that was in it when it lived.

DINAS STONE, A NEW FIRE-PROOF MATERIAL.

In the experiences of the Chicago fire (and in other similar calamities) as to the insufficiency of ordinary fire-proofing materials, it may be well to call to mind the peculiar properties of a new artificial infusible stone lately invented in England, where it is known as Dinas stone, Flintshire stone, or quartz brick. Its applications have been more especially in the construction of steel furnaces, smelting furnaces, etc.; but it would seem particularly adapted, in consequence of its extreme infusibility, to the preparation of absolutely fire-proof safes and vaults. The Dinas stone proper is prepared from a sandstone found in the Neath Valley of Southern Wales, occurring partly as a rock and partly as a sand. The rock is of a light gray color, with transparent edges, having the fracture of crystallized quartz, and is prepared by crushing between cast-iron rollers to a coarse powder (with the exception of certain portions which are too hard to be thus treated), and then adding one part of lime and a suitable quantity of water, and introducing the mass into iron moulds, where it is pressed, by means of a stamp, upon an iron bed. After the stones have been dried by artificial heat, while still upon the iron bed, they are baked for seven days at an intense heat in a cupola furnace, and allowed to cool for the same length of time.

The stone shows in its fracture coarse, irregular, grayish-white fragments of quartz, inclosed by a light brownish-yellow finer mass, and swells in the fire instead of contracting. Metallic oxides and strongly basic slags attack this quartz rock very rapidly; and, like quartz, it will not stand rapid changes of temperature. In storing away this material it is to be protected from wet.

Dr. Carl Bischof, of Wiesbaden, who has lately published an investigation into the nature and theory of the formation of this stone, remarks that for a rational and suitable manufacture there are three requirements: First, that the rock must be as pure as possible, and in its essential features be of about equal fusibility with pure quartz; second, that the baked stone should possess and maintain sufficient density and continuity, since if otherwise, even with greater infusibility, the germ would be implanted of destructibility in the fire; third, that the air-dried stone should already have enough compactness to be susceptible of handling almost as readily as if burned.

EFFECT OF HEAT ON ANIMALS.

Professor Bernard, of Paris, has lately published a report of a series of experiments instituted by him in regard to the effect of heat upon animals, in the course of which he shows that in all cases exposure to high temperature produces an increase in the rapidity of the action of the heart; that the animal's breathing becomes hurried; and that, after a certain period, which is more quickly attained in birds than in mammals, the heart, if the temperature be sufficiently high, stops suddenly, the whole temperature of the animal being at the same time raised several degrees above its standard temperature.

On placing a bird or rabbit in the cage used for the experiments, the air of which was about 150° F., and dry, anxiety was quickly manifested, the respirations became tumultuous, and death speedily ensued (in four minutes for the the bird, and in twenty for the rabbit).

The temperature in the rectum rose from 104° F. to 122° F. (bird), or 115° F. (rabbit), and the heart in both animals was absolutely quiescent, while cadaveric rigidity was established with extraordinary rapidity, and the arteries as well as the veins contained black blood. The professor also verified the experiments of Bichat in reference to the behavior of the muscles of organic life and the striated muscles in regard to temperature; showing that the former are actually more sensitive than the thermometer to slight variations of heat, any increase of temperature instantly calling forth peristaltic movements in the intestines of a rabbit which had become quiescent after exposure to the surrounding air. This action is direct, and is not communicated through the nervous system.

The exciting action of heat, of course, has a limit, and this is shown in the case of an animal exposed to a gradually rising temperature by the heart beating faster and faster, till at length it stops, dead, with complete loss of irritability. The cause of this cessation is, as Professor Bernard thinks, partly chemical, and due to the coagulation of the santonin or myelin; though, when life is prolonged for several days, other causes, as yet undetermined, and affording a field for investigation, co-operate.

CARNINE AN ELEMENT OF MEAT EXTRACT.

It has been generally supposed that the nutritive properties of meat extract, and especially its power as an assistant in the assimilation of other nutritive bodies, is due to the presence of creatine and creatinine. Weidel, however, has shown that they depend upon a new base, *carnine*, which constitutes about one per cent. of Liebig's

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Extract. Doses of one-half to two decigrams of carnine, and its hydrochloride, appear to have a slight effect on the nerves, a slackening of pulsations being the most marked symptom.

AMMONIA ENGINES.

The Abbé Moigno claims for France the discovery of the applicability of ammoniacal gas as a motive power, and cites a communication of Tellier, the well-known inventor of the ice-machine, to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, made some time ago. In this article it is stated that the availability of ammonia for the purpose consists, first, in its great solubility in water; second, in its ready liquefaction; third, in the faculty which it possesses of furnishing industrial pressure at the ordinary temperature; fourth, in the possibility of superheating its vapor without reaching too high a temperature; and fifth, in the possibility of collecting the vapors expended by their solution in water, and then recovering them again, to be used anew in the operation. The more important applications of this gas, he thinks, will be in railroad traveling, for the purpose of working high grades, and as a motive power in tunnels, where smoke and burned air would not be desirable; also in mines, and in the minor industries, where a cheap and safe motive power is needed.

VELOCITY OF METEORIC STONES.

Professor John Le Conte, of the University of California, communicates to *Nature* an article upon the maximum velocity of meteoric stones on reaching the surface of the earth, in which he adverts to the statement of Nordenskjöld, that meteoric stones, weighing two pounds each, fell on the ice of a certain lake in Sweden, and failed to penetrate, making holes only three or four inches deep in the ice, and rebounding. This slight velocity, however, he shows by a careful calculation to be entirely normal, and the result of the resistance of the air, and not to be in any measure an indication of the velocity which they had when entering the atmosphere. In the cases of small stones, the professor states that the resistance of the medium would very speedily produce retarded motion, and before traversing twenty or thirty miles of air they would probably move with a velocity approximating uniformity, and under the action of gravity alone. In other words, they would gradually lose their original velocity of translation, and, descending nearly or quite vertically, under the action of gravity, would ultimately attain a maximum velocity, under the opposing influences of the resisting and accelerating forces, and then descend to the earth with a uniform velocity.

He thinks, however, the case would be different in proportion as the mass is greater.

RELATION OF ATOMIC WEIGHTS OF BODIES TO THEIR SPECTRA.

A spectroscopic observation made not long since in America has been verified by Messrs. Troost and Hautfeuille in their studies of the spectra of such natural series of bodies as have a great affinity with each other. Thus, in the case of chlorine, bromine, and iodine, the first gaseous, the second liquid, and the third solid at the ordinary temperature, their atomic weight increasing in the ratio of 37, 72, and 108, these gentlemen observed that while the brilliant rays of the spectra of all three are situated in the region of the red, they are as much beyond the extreme red rays toward the side of the violet as the atomic weight is greater. A similar observation has been made by Ditte upon another natural series—namely, carbon, silicon, boron, and titanium—where the rays vary in the same manner as we pass from the lighter atomic weight to the heavier.

PREHISTORIC MODES OF SEPULTURE.

In a paper by Mr. Petrie on ancient modes of sepulture in the Orkneys, presented to the British Association, he states that sepulchral mounds were very frequent there, generally on elevations. The skeletons were often discovered in a sitting posture. Mr. Flower considered this an interesting announcement, as it had been observed in every country in Europe, as well as in Peru, India, and Africa. Herodotus, in his account of the *Autocthones*, a people who lived in the vicinity of what is now called Tunis, says that they always placed their dying friends in a sitting posture to await their last hour; and it seems that they so buried their dead. In reference to this, it may be remarked that among the North American Indians it was generally customary to dig the graves on the southern slope of a hill, and to bury the dead in a sitting posture, with their faces toward the south.

GEOLOGY OF THE ALPS.

Les Mondes for October 5 contains elaborate articles by Elie de Beaumont and Sismondi upon the geology of the Alps, in connection with the Mont Cenis Tunnel, in which full details are given of the structure of this mountain chain, and of the history of the enterprise connected with its perforation.

In regard to the geology of the Alps, Mr. Sismondi sums up with the following conclusions: First, that the anthracitiferous rocks of the Alps constitute three groups, differing from each other in the nature of their rocks, in variance of level in their beds, and in the remains of organic substances which they contain; second, the order in which the rocks succeed each other, from below above, is the same as that in which they were originally deposited; third, the contortion of the beds is a purely local incident, the folds of one group never extending to another associated with it; fourth, the three groups of rocks are folded simultaneously in the form of the letter V—that is to say, like the sides of a boat, a folding which does not alter the original order; fifth, the vestiges of carboniferous plants have hitherto been found in only two groups, the lower and upper; sixth, in the middle group animal remains of the three liassic orders have hitherto been alone found, and these mixed together, all equally well preserved, and in the upper benches some remains of the oolitic period; seventh, in the inferior group the rocks with vegetable impressions are associated with others containing casts of liassic mollusks, which are entirely wanting in the upper group; eighth, impressions of leaves predominate in the lower group, and of stems in the upper. Besides these, in the lower group there are found scarcely any traces of anthracite, while this combustible is very abundant in the upper group. For these and some other reasons,

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which our space will not permit us to reproduce, Mr. Sismondi is led to assent to the inference of Mr. De Beaumont, that the three groups of rocks in question belong to one and the same geological formation—namely, the Jurassic.

DAMBOSE, AN INGREDIENT OF BORNEO CAOUTCHOUC.

M. A. Girard, in a late communication to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, presents a notice of a new volatile and saccharine principle discovered some time ago by him in the caoutchouc of Borneo, and which is remarkable for its decomposition in the presence of hydriodic acid. This, when heated in a closed vessel to a certain temperature with an excess of the acid, separated into a methyl-hydriodic ether, and a new substance, likewise saccharine, crystalline, and of great stability, having the composition of dried glucose, and having much analogy with inosite. This substance he names *dambose*.

SUBSTITUTE FOR BICHROMATE OF POTASH.

The recent increase in price of bichromate of potash continues to exercise the minds of manufacturers, especially in Germany, in view of the fact that it is obtained from chrome irons, which occur abundantly in various parts of the world, especially in Sweden; and this increase of price is considered to be the result of a combination on the part of the manufacturers, and not a real necessity.

The use of other substances is therefore urged, by which the demand for the bichromate of potash may be reduced, and its manufacturers thereby brought to terms. A writer in one of the German dyeing journals calls attention to the fact that for many purposes, such as for coloring black, Glauber's-salt and sulphuric acid can be substituted to great advantage; and he gives the following recipe for dyeing 100 pounds of loose wool—namely, six pounds of Glauber's-salt, two pounds of sulphuric acid, and two pounds of blue vitriol, which are to be boiled together for an hour, and colored with forty to fifty pounds of logwood and one pound of blue vitriol, and finally colored black by means of a little green vitriol. The black thus obtained is pronounced to be beautiful, cheap, and easily spun, remaining loose and soft.

RELATIONS OF GANOIDS TO PLAGIOSTOMES.

Dr. Albert Günther, of the British Museum, has presented an elaborate communication in *Nature* upon the relationships of the remarkable animal discovered not long since in Queensland, known as the *Ceratodus forsteri* (or Dawson salmon), which is, in general characters, an amphibian-like fish, allied to *Lepidosiren*, etc. Considering *Ceratodus* as a form of ganoid fishes, Dr. Günther has been induced, as the result of his investigations, to unite the *Plagiostomata* (sharks and rays) with the ganoids, since they agree in having a third contractile chamber in addition to the ordinary two divisions of the fish heart. This *bulbus arteriosus* is very different from the *bulbus aortæ* of other fishes, where it is simply a swelling of the walls of the aorta, not contractile, without valves in the interior, and separated from the heart by two valves opposite to each other. This character is also supported by two others of great importance, viz., the presence of a spiral valve in the intestine, which is found in a more or less developed state in all the ganoids, but entirely absent in other fishes; and by the optic nerves being placed side by side, and not decussating as in ordinary fishes. The occurrence of the chimæras as an intermediate rank between the plagiostomes and ganoids is considered as strengthening the view thus taken; and accordingly Dr. Günther proposes the name *Palæichthyes* for this sub-class; the remaining orders of fishes being distinguished, as already indicated, by possessing a two-chambered heart with a rigid bulbus aortæ, and decussating optic nerves, and in never exhibiting a trace of a spiral valve in the intestine.

Of the new sub-class indicated by Dr. Günther there are now known 140 species of sharks, belonging to 34 genera, and 150 species of rays, of 25 genera, and inhabiting all the seas of the globe, but decreasing in number from the tropics toward the poles, very few of them entering, or at least living, in fresh-water. These constitute the order *Plagiostomata*. In the order *Holocephala* there are but four species, viz., three *Chimæras* and one *Callocephalus*, these being restricted to the seas of the temperate zones of both hemispheres, and absent between the tropics.

The order of *Ganoidei* is composed of fresh-water species; one of *Amia* from North America; three of *Lepidosteus*; two of *Polypterus* from Africa; two of *Polyodon*, or shovel-nosed sturgeon, one of them found in the Mississippi and the other in China; about twenty-five sturgeons from the northern hemisphere; two species of *Ceratodus* from tropical Australia; one of *Lepidosiren* from the Amazon River; and one of *Protopterus* from tropical Africa.

As the total number of fishes known at present is about 9000, the sub-class of *Palæichthyes* forms only 3.6 per cent. of the number. Dr. Günther is, however, of the opinion, from the extent of the regions hitherto unexplored in respect to their fishes, that perhaps we are scarcely acquainted with more than one-tenth of the kinds of fishes actually existing.

HEAT OF COMBUSTION OF STONE-COAL.

In a careful inquiry upon the heat of combustion of stone-coal by Scheurer-Kestner and Meunier, the conclusion was reached that during the formation of coal a certain quantity of heat must have been absorbed, since the theoretical heat of combustion was always less than that actually observed. In our entire ignorance of the constitution of coal it is impossible, however, according to the authors, to determine the nature of this absorption. It would furthermore appear that, from our want of knowledge of the composition of coal, we can not calculate the heat of combustion. Two coals of precisely the same chemical composition may and do afford very different degrees of heat in combustion.

LAWN SAND.

Land and Water speaks in terms of high praise of a substance sold as "lawn sand," or "weed-destroyer," the most important fact respecting which is that while it destroys the weeds, it has an excellent effect upon the fine grasses which constitute a good lawn. Daisies, dandelions, plantains, and other weeds are said to be

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quickly eradicated by the application of about a tea-spoonful to the crown of each in warm, moist weather, the result being that the weeds disappear in the course of a few days, while a crop of fine grass shows itself. Although the grass at first turns somewhat brown, it soon recovers, and is very beautiful. The precise nature of the lawn sand is not mentioned, though we presume it can be readily ascertained.

CURE OF FLATULENCY.

A writer in the *English Mechanic*, in treating of the not unimportant subject of flatulency, says that of this there are two kinds. In health the stomach and intestines always contain a moderate quantity of gas that is nearly pure nitrogen. This appears to be secreted by the mucous membrane of the stomach and intestines, and, in excessive amount, is one of the most troublesome kinds of flatulence. The other kind arises from fermentation or putrefactive change of the food, and contains carbonic acid, and sometimes sulphureted hydrogen, as well as nitrogen. Both these forms of flatulence are best treated by using pure vegetable charcoal finely powdered—taken in the first case with each meal, and in the second as soon as the symptoms appear. The dose may be a tea-spoonful, and its use should be continued for some time. This will usually correct constipation as well as looseness of the bowels, besides relieving the disease itself.

EXPLOSION OF GUN-COTTON AT STOWMARKET.

Much excitement has been produced in England by the explosion of gun-cotton at the well-known works of Prentice and Co., Stowmarket, resulting in the loss of nearly thirty lives and in a great destruction of property. The precise cause of the primary explosion was unknown; but a second explosion was produced in the attempt to rescue cartridges from the burning building by means of a stick. This was attempted, as appeared from the evidence, in consequence of a report recently made on the subject of gun-cotton by Professor Abel, of Woolwich, in which the public were assured that unless exploded by a fulminate, gun-cotton was perfectly harmless, being like so much loose cotton when ignited without detonation. It is generally understood, indeed, that to obtain the full effect of gun-cotton it is necessary to fire it by means of a percussion-cap or fuse. It is, of course, impossible to state that no fulminate was present on the occasion of the Stowmarket explosion; but it is not at all probable; and we must therefore conclude that under certain circumstances, at present not understood, gun-cotton is really explosive by simple ignition, and as such is to be handled with the utmost precaution.

ACRIDINE, A NEW ANTHRACENE DERIVATIVE.

A basic substance has lately been separated by Graebe and Caro from crude anthracene, to which, on account of its irritating action upon the skin and mucous membranes, they have given the name of acridine. This body is obtained by heating the semi-solid portion of coal naphtha, which boils between 300° and 360°, with dilute sulphuric acid, and precipitating the acid solution with potassium dichromate. A dirty brown precipitate is obtained, which dissolves on repeated treatment with boiling water. The solution thus obtained yields, after filtration and cooling, orange-yellow crystals of the chromate of the base; these crystals, freed from the mother-liquor by washing, yield the free base when warmed with ammonia. Thus obtained the body is not quite pure; but it may be rendered so by recrystallizing its hydrochloride. Acridine substance crystallizes, as determined by Dr. P. Groth, in small, four-sided, rectangular prisms of the rhombic system, whose edges are often, but narrowly, truncated by the vertical prism, while the ends are formed by obtuse domes.

Acridine melts at 107°, and distills without alteration at a temperature above 360°. It sublimes, even below its melting-point, in large, broad needles. It is almost insoluble in cold, and but little soluble in boiling, water. On the other hand, it dissolves readily in alcohol, ether, carbon-bisulphide, and hydro-carbons. The dilute solutions show a beautiful blue color by reflected light. It exerts a slight but distinct alkaline reaction on litmus. When inhaled, either in dust or vapor, it causes sneezing, and in large quantity coughing. It is exceedingly stable, and may be distilled unaltered over either ignited zinc or soda-lime, although most readily attacked by sodium amalgam. Two series of salts of acridine have already been prepared by the authors, and numerous compounds with other substances examined by them.

PECULIAR EFFECTS OF CURARE POISON.

In the course of some late experiments by Glase upon the effects of administering small quantities of curare in successive injections, it was ascertained that the animal becomes at each injection more and more sensitive to the poison, and finally reaches a state in which an extremely small quantity produces immediate convulsions, and even death. The injections may be intermitted for days, and yet the animal remain as sensitive as before. The author believes that the system becomes adapted to the poison in such a way as to absorb it more rapidly, and that an actual change in some of the nervous centres occurs. This can not be considered as a case of so-called cumulative poisoning, since the animal remains perfectly healthy between the doses.

AIR-CUSHION FOR THE FEET IN RAILWAY TRAVEL.

A writer in the *Medical Times and Gazette* refers to the fatigue of the limbs produced after a long railway journey as due mainly to the trembling motion of the floor under the feet, and states that, having suffered considerably from this cause, he was induced to try the experiment of using the well-known air-cushion as a foot-stool. This answered so well that he has never traveled without using one in this way, and has found the effect to be a remarkable improvement.

EFFECT OF DIMINISHED PRESSURE ON ANIMALS.

In a memoir by Bert upon the influence exercised upon vital phenomena by variations in barometrical pressure, it is stated that if the atmospheric pressure to which a warm-blooded vertebrate is exposed be suddenly reduced to fifteen or eighteen centimeters of the barometrical scale,

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the animal jumps about convulsively, is attacked with cramps, and dies very quickly, with bloody foam in the bronchia. Death occurs with equal suddenness whenever the receiver under which the animal is placed is closed, or is cut off from the external atmosphere. In the first case the surrounding air is scarcely changed, but in both cases the blood in the left cavity of the heart is dark.

On the other hand, should the pressure be diminished gradually, and the air be continually renewed in the apparatus, the animal can be kept alive for a long time. Should the receiver be closed, however, the animal dies with asphyxia. The composition of the air in which animals die varies with the pressure. Birds can be kept living when the pressure is reduced below eighteen centimeters. Mammals can sustain a reduction to twelve centimeters, but under these circumstances their temperature diminishes by several degrees.

Cold-blooded, and some new-born animals, can sustain a still greater diminution of pressure. The less the pressure at which the animal suffocates, the more oxygen and the less carbon are found in the remaining air. The animals which, at the same pressure of the atmosphere, leave most oxygen—that is, form least carbonic acid—are falcons, owls, and grown cats; then come the sparrows, and afterward frogs and new-born cats.

ON HEAT EVOLVED IN THE FORMATION OF AQUEOUS SOLUTIONS.

In a memoir by Mohr upon the heat evolved in the formation of aqueous solutions, it is stated that the fall of temperature occasioned by the solution of salt in water, or by mixing salt with snow, is to be ascribed to a change in the state of aggregation. Referring, however, to the fact that a fall of temperature is observed when an aqueous solution of common salt is mixed with an additional quantity of water, when no liquefaction takes place, he remarks that this explanation does not account for the loss of heat, but that part of the heat disappears and becomes latent, or enters the body in such a manner as to give rise to a new and permanent quality—namely, lower freezing-point.

CARBOLIC ACID NOT A PERFECT DISINFECTANT.

A writer in the *English Mechanic* advises its readers not to put implicit faith in carbolic acid as a disinfectant, as he believes its merits to have been greatly overrated. As a deodorizer he considers it far inferior to ordinary chloride of lime, the effect lasting only a short time. He finds that the vapor of chlorine is very much superior for the purpose, as it always destroys the vitality of infectious and diseased germs, which carbolic acid does not. To completely disinfect an apartment that has been occupied by a patient suffering under small-pox, typhus fever, or other disease, it is only necessary to vacate the apartment after stopping up the openings, and placing in different parts of the room several plates containing a quantity of common salt on which a little vitriol has been poured. The vapor of chlorine will be instantly evolved, and will annihilate all infection with which it comes in contact. It may be used even in rooms containing sick persons, if the quantity evolved be so slight as not to inconvenience the lungs of the patients.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record is closed on the 23d of December.—Congress assembled December 4. The Senate was composed of 56 Republicans and 15 Democrats, not regarding the three vacancies, and the House of 140 Republicans and 103 Democrats.

The President's third annual Message was read in both Houses. In this Message the Washington Treaty is treated as an occasion for international congratulation, and it is urged that prompt legislation be had concerning the fisheries. Mention is made of the ratification of the Consular and Naturalization convention with Austria, and to the new treaty of commerce with Italy, exempting private property from capture at sea in case of war between this and that country.—The Corean expedition is thus alluded to: "Prompted by a desire to put an end to the barbarous treatment of our shipwrecked sailors on the Corean coast, I instructed our minister at Pekin to endeavor to conclude a convention with Corea for securing the safety and humane treatment of such mariners. Admiral Rodgers was instructed to accompany him, with a sufficient force to protect him in case of need. A small surveying party sent out on reaching the coast was treacherously attacked at a disadvantage. Ample opportunity was given for explanation and apology. Neither came. A force was then landed. After an arduous march over a rugged and difficult country, the forts from which the outrages had been committed were reduced by a gallant assault, and were destroyed. Having thus punished the criminals, and having vindicated the honor of the flag, the expedition returned, finding it impracticable under the circumstances to conclude the desired convention."—Attention is directed to the fact that persons in foreign lands claiming to be citizens of the United States are large slave-holders; stringent legislation is recommended to remedy this evil.—During the year our national debt had been reduced to the extent of $86,057,126; and by the negotiation of national bonds at a lower rate of interest, the interest had been so far reduced that now the sum to be raised for the interest account is nearly $17,000,000 less than on the 1st of March, 1869. It is not desirable that the present resources of the country should be so heavily taxed to continue this rapid payment of the debt, and a modification is recommended of both the tariff and internal tax laws. "I recommend that all taxes from internal sources be abolished, except those collected from spirituous, vinous, and malt liquors, tobacco in its various forms, and from stamps. In readjusting the tariff, I suggest that a careful estimate be made of the amount of surplus revenue collected under the present laws, after providing the current ex-

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penses of the government, the interest account, and a sinking fund, and that the surplus be reduced in such manner as to afford the greatest relief to the greatest number. There are many articles not produced at home, but which enter largely into general consumption through articles which are manufactured at home, such as medicines compounded, etc., etc., from which very little revenue is derived, but which enter into general use—all such articles I recommend to be placed on the free list. Should a further reduction prove advisable, I would then recommend that it be made upon those articles which can best bear it without disturbing home productions or reducing the wages of American labor."—Attention is directed to a needed reform in the collection of customs. "The present laws for collecting the revenues pay collectors of customs small salaries, but provide for moieties, shares in all seizures, which, at principal ports of entry particularly, raise the compensation of these officials to a large sum. It has always seemed to me as if this system must at times work perniciously. It holds out an inducement to dishonest men, should such get possession of those offices, to be lax in their scrutiny of goods entered, to enable them finally to make large seizures. Your attention is respectfully invited to this subject."—The union of the telegraph system with the postal system is recommended.—It had appeared, after special investigation, that in nine counties of the State of South Carolina there existed active and powerful combinations, "embracing a sufficient portion of the citizens to control the local authority, and having, among other things, the object of depriving the emancipated class of the substantial benefits of freedom, and of preventing the free political action of those citizens who did not sympathize with their own views. Among their operations were frequent scourgings and occasional assassinations, generally perpetrated at night by disguised persons; the victims in almost all cases being citizens of different political sentiments from their own, or freed persons who had shown a disposition to claim equal rights with other citizens. Thousands of inoffensive and well-disposed citizens were the sufferers by this lawless violence. Thereupon, on the 12th of October, a proclamation was issued in terms of the law calling upon the members of those combinations to disperse within five days, and to deliver to the marshal or military officers of the United States all arms, ammunition, uniforms, disguises, and other means and implements used by them for carrying out their unlawful purposes. This warning not having been heeded, on the 17th of October another proclamation was issued, suspending the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus in nine counties in that State. Direction was given that within the counties so designated persons supposed, upon creditable information, to be members of such unlawful combinations should be arrested by the military forces of the United States, and delivered to the marshal, to be dealt with according to law. In two of said counties—York and Spartanburg—many arrests have been made. At the last account the number of persons thus arrested was 168. Several hundred, whose criminality was ascertained to be of an inferior degree, were released for the present. These have generally made confessions of their guilt. Great caution has been exercised in making these arrests, and, notwithstanding the large number, it is believed that no innocent person is now in custody. The prisoners will be held for regular trial in the judicial tribunals of the United States."—Polygamy would not be permitted in Utah. "It may be advisable for Congress to consider what, in the execution of the law against polygamy, is to be the status of plural wives and their offspring. The propriety of Congress passing an Enabling act authorizing the Territorial Legislature of Utah to legitimate all children born prior to a time fixed in the act might be justified by its humanity to these innocent children."—Liberal appropriations are recommended to carry out the Indian peace policy. "I recommend to your favorable consideration also the policy of granting a Territorial government to the Indians in the Indian Territory, west of Arkansas and Missouri, and south of Kansas. In doing so, every right guaranteed to the Indians by treaty should be secured. Such a course might in time be the means of collecting most of the Indians now between the Missouri and the Pacific, and south of the British possessions, into one Territory or one State."—A general Amnesty act is recommended.—Congress had by a special act placed upon the President the responsibility of inaugurating a civil service reform. "Under authority of said act I convened a board of gentlemen eminently qualified for the work, to devise rules and regulations to effect the needed reform. Their labors are not yet complete, but it is believed that they will succeed in devising a plan which can be adopted, to the great relief of the Executive, the heads of departments, and members of Congress, and which will redound to the true interest of the public service. At all events, the experiment shall have a fair trial."

The Secretary of the Treasury, in his report, states that the total expenditures for the last year amounted to $292,177,188, and the receipts for the same period to $383,323,944.

The Postmaster-General reports that the revenues of his department during the last fiscal year amounted to $20,037,045, the expenditures to $24,390,104. He states that a convention for a money-order system between this country and Germany, to go into effect October 1, 1872, now awaits the ratification of these governments. He recommends the establishment of government savings-banks in connection with post-offices, and refers to the results of the system in operation for the last ten years in Great Britain as enforcing his recommendation.

The organization of the House of Representatives was completed by the appointment of its regular standing committees. The chairmen on the most important of these are as follow: *Elections*, M'Crary, of Iowa; *Ways and Means*, Dawes, of Massachusetts; *Appropriations*, Garfield, of Ohio; *Banking and Currency*, Hooper, of Massachusetts; *Commerce*, Shellabarger, of Ohio; *Public Lands*, Ketcham, of New York; *Post-offices and Post-roads*, Farnsworth, of Illinois; *Indian Affairs*, Shanks, of Indiana; *Military Affairs*, Coburn, of Indiana; *Judiciary*, Bingham, of Ohio; *Public Expenditures*, Sawyer, of Wisconsin; *Naval Affairs*, Scofield, of Pennsylvania; *Foreign Affairs*, Banks, of Massachusetts; *Education and Labor*, Perce, of Mississippi; *Revision of Laws*, Butler, of Mas-

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sachusetts; *Rules*, Banks, of Massachusetts; *Insurrectionary States*, Poland, of Vermont; *Library*, Peters, of Maine.

In the Senate, the following are the chairmen of the most important committees: *Privileges and Elections*, Sumner, of Massachusetts—afterward, by his retirement, Buckingham, of Connecticut; *Foreign Relations*, Cameron, of Pennsylvania; *Finance*, Sherman, of Ohio; *Appropriations*, Cole, of California; *Commerce*, Chandler, of Michigan; *Military Affairs*, Wilson, of Massachusetts; *Naval Affairs*, Cragin, of New Hampshire; *Judiciary*, Trumbull, of Illinois; *Post-offices and Post-roads*, Ramsey, of Minnesota; *Public Lands*, Pomeroy, of Kansas; *Indian Affairs*, Harlan, of Iowa; *Revision of Laws*, Conkling, of New York; *Education and Labor*, Sawyer, of South Carolina; *Library*, Morrill, of Maine; *Alleged Outrages in the Southern States*, Scott, of Pennsylvania.

Among the measures introduced in Congress before the adjournment for the holidays were, a resolution adopted by the House directing the Committee on the Library to consider the question of an international copyright; a resolution adopted by the House ordering an investigation into the management of the various executive departments of the government; a bill introduced in the House by Mr. Butler declaratory of the right of woman suffrage as established by the Fourteenth Amendment; a bill introduced by Mr. Sumner in the Senate, December 11, and referred to the Finance Committee, to reduce internal taxes (abolishing all except from the sale and use of stamps) and to abolish the office of Commissioner of Internal Revenue; also a joint resolution introduced by Senator Sumner for an amendment to the Constitution declaring any person who has held the office of President for one term thereafter ineligible for that office.

The Speaker of the House, December 6, announced a special committee on Civil Service Reform, appointing Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, its chairman.

Early in the session Senator Trumbull, of Illinois, tried, unsuccessfully, to revive the old Investigation and Retrenchment Committee. On the 13th of December Senator Anthony offered a resolution providing for a Standing Committee of Investigation and Retrenchment, to consist of seven members, to have power to investigate and report upon such subjects as should be committed to it by the Senate. The anti-administration Republicans, in the course of the ensuing debate, made serious charges of official corruption against the government, and made a strong effort to give the proposed committee the powers with which the old Retrenchment Committee had been invested—to sit during recess and to call for persons and papers. The resolution was adopted, and, after a great deal of opposition, power was given to the committee to call for persons and papers during the present session.

The New Apportionment bill was passed in the House. In this bill the ratio of 137,800 population has been adopted, which gives us a House of 283 members, or an increase of forty. Under this new apportionment Vermont and New Hampshire each loses a member, while Massachusetts gains one, making a loss of one for the New England States. New York gains one member, New Jersey two, and Pennsylvania two, while Illinois gains five and Missouri four. In the political divisions of the Union the New England States lose one member, the central Northern States gain five, the Southern border and late Slave States south of Missouri gain thirteen, and the Western States gain twenty-three. The electoral vote for the Presidency will be 357, of which the majority will be 179. The bill goes into effect March 3, 1873. The new distribution among the States will be as follows:

Maine	5	Kentucky	10
New Hampshire	2	Tennessee	9
Vermont	2	Indiana	12
Massachusetts	11	Illinois	19
Rhode Island	2	Missouri	13
Connecticut	4	Arkansas	4
New York	32	Michigan	9
New Jersey	7	Florida	1
Pennsylvania	26	Texas	6
Delaware	1	Iowa	9
Maryland	6	Wisconsin	8
Virginia	9	California	4
North Carolina	8	Minnesota	3
South Carolina	5	Oregon	1
Georgia	9	Kansas	3
Alabama	7	West Virginia	3
Mississippi	6	Nevada	1
Louisiana	5	Nebraska	1
Ohio	20		

The House, December 15, passed a bill appropriating $250,000 for the expenses of the Geneva Commission. The same day an appropriation of $4,000,000 was made to purchase a site, and for the erection of public buildings thereon, to take the place of those burned at Chicago.

In the Senate, December 13, Mr. Hoar, from the Committee on Education and Labor, reported a bill providing for a commission of three persons, to hold office for two years, unless their duties shall have been sooner accomplished, who are to investigate the subject of the wages and hours of labor, and the division of the joint profits of labor and capital between the laborer and the capitalist, and the social, educational, and sanitary condition of the laboring classes of the United States, and show how the same are affected by existing laws regulating commerce, finance, and currency. The commissioners are to receive a salary of $5000 each, and may employ a clerk; and they shall report the result of their investigations to the President, to be by him transmitted to Congress. The bill was passed December 20.

John W. Douglass's nomination for Commissioner of Internal Revenue, to succeed General Pleasonton, was confirmed by the Senate December 12.

Ex-Senator George H. Williams, December 14, was appointed Attorney-General, in place of A. T. Akerman, resigned. The nomination was immediately confirmed by the Senate.

The New Hampshire State Democratic Convention met at Concord December 12, and renominated Governor Weston.

The International Working-men's Association commemorated the death of the Communist Rossel by a funeral procession through the streets of New York city December 17.

The report of the Civil Service Reform Commission was submitted by the President to Congress December 19.

The Commissioners for the arbitration of the *Alabama* claims held a formal meeting at Geneva, Switzerland, December 18. Count Selopis, the Italian member of the Board, was chosen

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President, and the Commission adjourned till the 15th of June.

The Grand Duke Alexis left Washington November 24 for Annapolis, where he inspected the departments of the Naval Academy, and was entertained by Admiral Worden. In the evening he returned to New York; on the 25th visited Hell Gate, and was entertained on Governor's Island; attended the Russian Greek Church on the 26th; and honored with his presence a ball at the Brooklyn Navy-yard on the 28th. On the evening of the 29th a grand ball was held in his honor at the Academy of Music. At the Academy of Design, December 2, he received Mr. Page's picture of Admiral Farragut in Mobile Bay. On the 3d he was the guest of Philadelphia, and of Boston on the 7th. On the 14th he arrived at Montreal. He has given $5000 to the poor of New York.

Information was received by Secretary Fish, December 16, of Catacazy's recall by the Russian government, and of his succession by Mr. Boris Danzas.

The bill repealing the Woman Suffrage act in Wyoming Territory has been vetoed by the Governor. The veto was sustained in the council.

Henry T. Tuckerman, the well-known essayist, died at his residence in New York, December 17, aged fifty-eight years.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

President Juarez opened the session of the Mexican Congress, December 1, with a speech, in which he said that the country seemed to be consuming itself in fruitless struggles, the military element arraying itself against the legislative. He called upon Congress for aid in suppressing sedition. The Speaker of Congress replied that Congress trusts that peace will soon be re-established, and that the republic is satisfied with the re-election of Juarez, excepting the States of Nuevo Leon and Oaxaca, and the bandits who are robbing the conductas.

Toward the close of November a number of medical students of the Royal University in Havana desecrated the grave of Gonzalo Castanon. Those implicated in the outrage were imprisoned. On the 26th there was a riotous demonstration on the part of the Volunteers, who surrounded the jail and demanded the immediate execution of the students. On the 28th eight of the students, after a trial by court-martial, were shot, and others were sentenced to imprisonment in the penitentiary.

EUROPE.

On the 28th of November MM. Rossel, Ferré, and Bourgeois, the condemned Communists, were shot outside of the army camp at Sartory. Rossel was only twenty-seven years of age. The same day M. Cremieux, President of the Provisional Committee of the Commune, was also shot.

The Message of President Thiers was received in the French Legislative Assembly December 7. The Message announces that the British government has been notified of the intention of France to abrogate the treaty of commerce at the stipulated time next year, but France will not discontinue negotiations for a rearrangement of her commercial relations with Great Britain. The President advocated the establishment of a general compulsory military service in war time, and proposed the limitation of the annual contingent to 30,000 men in time of peace.

The Prussian Diet was opened November 27 by the emperor in person. The emperor in his speech declared that in reference to the agitation on church questions the government is determined to preserve perfect independence for the state with regard to the administration of justice and the civil law, and at the same time to maintain the legal independence of the churches and their followers, and to protect the liberty of conscience and faith of all. In connection with the constitutional execution of these principles bills will be laid before the Diet on the marriage laws, on the regulation of the registry system, and the legal effect of secession from the church.

The Federal Council of Germany has given a parliamentary sanction to the report of the National Budget Commission, fixing the strength of the army, for three years, at 401,659 men, at a cost of $90,373,275.

The elections for the Cortes took place December 11 throughout Spain. The republicans carried 23 out of 48 of the provincial capitals, and 48 of the smaller towns.

The Malcampo ministry has been dissolved. On December 21 it was announced that a new ministry had been formed by Sagasta, constituted as follows: Sagasta, *President of the Council and Minister of the Interior;* Malcampo, *Minister of the Marine;* De Blas, *Minister of Foreign Affairs;* Candau, *Minister of Public Works;* Topete, *Minister of the Colonies;* Angulo, *Minister of Finances;* Gamindes, *Minister of War;* Groizard, *Minister of Justice.*

The Holland States-General has adopted the treaty recently negotiated with Great Britain for the transfer to the latter power of the island of Sumatra.

The King of Italy opened the session of the National Parliament in Rome November 27.

The British Foreign-office has sent instructions to all its agents abroad to investigate the organization of the various branches of the International Society in the countries to which they are respectively accredited, and report thereon to the government.

On the 4th of December, Warwick Castle, the ancient and splendid seat of the Earl of Warwick, in Warwickshire, was irreparably damaged by fire. The grand baronial hall of the castle, the great dining-hall, and other apartments of state, were burned out completely. The destruction of pictures, statuary, and other works of art is much deplored.

A colliery explosion occurred in a mine near Bromwich, England, November 24, resulting fatally to eight of the miners.

The French bark *Costa Rica*, from Havre, bound for Buenos Ayres, was run into on the night of December 17 by an unknown vessel off the Isle of Wight. She sunk soon after she was struck, carrying down with her seventeen of the crew.

Five sailors of the American ship *James Brett*, lying in the harbor of Havre, were accidentally drowned December 15.

AFRICA.

In the harbor of Alexandria, November 23, two mail steamships collided, and one of them sunk, involving the drowning of seventy-five pilgrims, on their way from Algiers to Mecca.

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Editor's Drawer.

THE recent calamitous fire at Chicago has been made the subject of some very fine descriptive writing, now and then mixed in with a dash of drollery.

Colonel John Hay, the poet, and leader-writer of the *Tribune*, happened to be in Chicago at the time of the scorch. Seated in the large parlor of the hotel, he noticed two persons talking in whispers at the opposite side of the room. Presently one came over and said,

"You are Mr. Hay?"

"Yes, Sir," replied Mr. H.

"Wrote 'Little Breeches,' didn't you?"

"Yes."

Returning to the place where his friend stood, he brought the latter to where Mr. H. was seated, and continued:

"Mr. Hay, permit me to introduce you to my friend, Mr. M'Kaigins; Mr. M'Kaigins, Mr. Hay."

Of course Colonel Hay greeted M'Kaigins with effusion, though he had never previously had the pleasure of seeing the parties. The introducer, after a moment's pause, and with a certain solemnity of manner, said,

"Mr. Hay, I suppose we shall soon have the *pleasure* of seeing the great fire *embalmed in verse!*"

IN a different vein was the remark of a rural gentleman who visited Greenville, Tennessee, the residence of the ex-President, and had his attention attracted by the glittering sign of the *Andes Insurance Company* of Cincinnati, which was a severe sufferer by the Chicago fire. He looked at the sign, and exclaimed, "Well, I knowed old Andy would be at somethin' afore long: I tell yer they can't keep *him* down!"

IN that most charming book, "The Life and Letters of Catharine M. Sedgwick," is the following curious paragraph:

Had some very agreeable conversation with Judge Story, in which he repeated to me an old message from Chief Justice Marshall—"Tell her I have read with pleasure every thing she has written, and wish she would write more." Had some talk with Judge Story about death. He did not agree with me that Calvinists died with more animation than Unitarians. He said his father (a physician) said young people died most happily, middle-aged with most clinging to life, and old people with most regret.

WHEN Miss Sedgwick visited Europe, in 1840, a lady in England asked her, "Have you any large old trees in America?" And then, checking herself before she could be answered, she said, "Oh, I beg your pardon; your country has not been settled long enough for that."

JERRY WHALEN, an Irishman and good-hearted fellow, was a sergeant in the Seventeenth New York State Volunteers, and always ready to lighten the load of a weary comrade by carrying a haversack for a while. One warm day, during a march on the Peninsula, an officer observing that Jerry was pretty well loaded, and wishing to see how far his good nature would go, asked him to carry his haversack a while. Jerry assented, and added it to his pack. Soon another officer made a similar request. Jerry complied. By-and-by the word, "Halt—rest!" was heard, and for five minutes the men leaned against the fence, letting the weight of their knapsacks rest on the top rail. While thus standing, another officer strolled along, and seeing Jerry so heavily laden, said, "Sergeant, you have the load of a donkey there."

"Yes, Sir," replied Jerry, touching his cap, "*I have the load of two!*"

THE traveler of to-day, as he goes on board the great steamboats *St. John* or *Drew*, can scarcely imagine the difference between such floating palaces and the wee bit punts on which our fathers were wafted sixty years ago. We may, however, get some idea of the sort of thing then in use by a perusal of the steamboat announcements of that time, two of which are as follows:

[*Copy of an Advertisement taken from the Albany Gazette, dated September*, 1807.]

The North River Steamboat will leave Pauler's Hook Ferry [now Jersey City] on Friday, the 4th of September, at 9 in the morning, and arrive at Albany on Saturday at 9 in the afternoon. Provisions, good berths and accommodations are provided.

The charge to each passenger is as follows:

To Newburg	dols. 3,	time	14	hours.
" Poughkeepsie	" 4,	"	17	"
" Esopus	" 5,	"	20	"
" Hudson	" 5½,	"	30	"
" Albany	" 7,	"	36	"

For places, apply to William Vandervoort, No. 48 Courtlandt Street, on the corner of Greenwich Street.

Sept. 2, 1807.

[*Extract from the N. Y. Evening Post, dated Oct.* 2, 1807.]

Mr. Fulton's new-invented *Steamboat*, which is fitted up in a neat style for passengers, and is intended to run from New-York to Albany as a Packet, left here this morning with ninety passengers against a strong head wind. Notwithstanding which, it was judged she moved through the waters at the rate of six miles an hour.

IN the Drawer for November last was given an extract from the wording of a deed, in which a certain boundary line terminated at "a stump and stones where Daniel Harrington licked William Smith." This reminds another correspondent that in the early days of the township of North Hatfield, Massachusetts, a road was laid out which was described as "running from Pochang Meadow to the stream where old Mr. Doolittle's horse died."

That, we think, seems to be sufficiently exact.

THEY have a saying in California that "two pair" is a good hand. We judge so from the following application for a marriage-license:

PLEASONTON, CALIFORNIA, *May* 4, 1871.

Mr. G. E. Smith, County Clerk:

The bearer wishes to procure licenses to marry. He wants two pair—one pair for himself, and another pair for his sister. I would simply say that all parties are ko-rect and agreed, and I hope you will accommodate the youth. Big thing! Yours, C.

IN a little book published in England forty-six years ago, entitled "Noctes Atticæ," we find the following in relation to printers' errors:

When printing first commenced, the most

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laborious part, the correction of proof-sheets, was undertaken by persons conspicuous by their rank and erudition, and dignified by their stations—viz., cardinals, judges, and other eminent lawyers. The printers, in early editions, used to mark their books by some particular device, or a copy of verses, recommending the edition for its accuracy. In a volume with the title, "The Pragmatic Sanction," printed 1507, the following lines are printed in the end of the book by Andrew Brocard, printer, Paris:

Stet liber hic, donec fluctus formica marinos,
Ebibat, et totam testudo perambulet orbem.

IMITATED.

Till an ant shall drink up the whole sea,
Till a tortoise shall walk the earth round,
May this volume continue to be
For type and correctness renown'd.

The labors of these persons (correctors of the press) were likewise, in the early editions of books, commemorated by verses, which set forth the merit of these useful scholars. Here are four rather boastful lines to this effect at the end of a volume printed by Sextus Russingerus at Naples, 1742:

Sixtus hoc impressit, sed bis tamen ante revisit
Egregius Doctor Petrus Oliverius.
At tu quisquis emis, lector studiose, libellum,
Lætus emas, mendis nam caret istud opus.

IMITATED.

Sixtus the copies printed with much care,
Now twice revised by Dr. Oliviere.
The happy purchaser in vain shall look,
Yet find no error in this faultless book.

In the way of nursery jingle could any thing be better than this, by Christina Rossetti:

What does the bee do?
Bring home honey.
And what does father do?
Bring home money.
And what does mother do?
Lay out the money.
And what does baby do?
Eat up the honey.

A WHIMSICAL ATTORNEY'S BILL.

The following bill is copied from an English grammar dated 1799.

A bill of charges, justly due,
From A. B. C. to S. T. U.

	£	s.	d.
Attending for instructions, when Your honor bade me call again,	0	6	8
The like attendance, time the second, Which as before is fairly reckoned,	0	6	8
Taking instructions given to me For drawing up your Pedigree,	0	6	8
Perusing said instructions to Consider whether right or no,	0	6	8
You form the scale in just perfection, I therefore only charge inspection,	0	6	8
Drawing up Pedigree complete, Fair copy (closely wrote), one sheet,	0	6	8
Attending to examine same, And adding Tom to William Naim,	0	6	8
Addendum of Sir Darcy's birth,	0	6	8
Paid Porter's coach hire, and so forth,	0	5	6
Fair copy of this bill of cost,	0	2	0
Another, for the first was lost,	0	2	0
Advice, time, trouble, and my care In settling this perplext affair,	1	1	0
Writing receipt at foot of bill,	0	3	4
My Clerk—but give him what you will.	0	0	0
	4	7	2

Received of A. B. C. aforesaid
The full contents: what can be more said?
S. T. U.

It was before the war. Dinah was "a free nigger." She had bought and paid for herself, and having come North, and being employed as cook in a family living not a thousand miles from Broadway, and making money, concluded she would buy Sambo, her husband, whom she had left at "Ole Massa's, in Virginny."

With the help of her generous employer Dinah succeeded, and Sambo came on and set up business.

For a time Dinah was happy; but, as in other cases, clouds came after a while over her matrimonial sky. Sambo was going his own road. Dinah went to the "Abyssinian Baptist" meeting, and Sambo attended the "Ethiopian Baptist"—two rival churches of the colored folk.

"Massa Charley," said Dinah, one day, "I ain't goin' to invest in no more niggers. I bought that Sambo feller, and he's got too stuck up to live. He's too big feelin' to go to my meetin' wid me. He says it's not 'ristocratic enuff. We pays our preacher two hundred dollars, and he goes to the other meetin' whar' they gives their man fo' hundred."

"Which church do you belong to, Dinah?" asked "Massa Charley."

"Well, thar's two cullud Baptis' churches: Sambo he belongs to the *Thopian* Baptis', and I belongs to the *Obscene* Baptis'!"

The spirit of reverence can scarcely be said to be the leading characteristic of the ragged American boy—at least we infer as much from a reply of a lad of ten years, made a few mornings since to the Drawer. There had been spending a few days with the Drawer a clergyman in infirm health. Intending to take the 8 A.M. train, and preferring to walk rather than ride to the station, the good man trudged off leisurely alone. Following a few minutes later, but not meeting our friend, we asked a premature citizen of ten, as he was seated on the baggage truck, if he had seen a clerical-looking gentleman about. The youthful party promptly replied: "I guess I seen him. *Is he an old cock with a white choker?*"

The phraseology of the young man was succinct, possibly clear; but our judgment was satisfied that it was coarse. And we turned our back upon him.

There dwelt some years ago in Bourbon County, Kentucky, a drunken, worthless, one-eyed fellow named C——, whose chief occupations were getting tipsy and fighting. There had just been elected a new prosecuting attorney, who was entitled to part of the fines which might be imposed on the malefactors of Bourbon, and he determined to squelch old C——. He did not wait long for an opportunity to have him arrested. B——, the constable, said, as it was an important case, he wanted about three days to get an appropriate jury to try it. On the third day the new attorney was informed that things were ready at the court-house. There was the judge, and behind him the constable. On one side sat old one-eyed C——, on the other, the twelve jurymen, "jess like him," on benches forming a triangle, each with a plug of tobacco and jackknife, the gift of the constable, whittling away, and, according to order, *spitting to the centre.* The astonished prosecutor looked at the jury, and exclaimed,

"Where did the constable get this jury?"

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The constable quietly replied, "I thought the prisoner was entitled to be tried by a jury of his *peers*, and I've been out three days hunting 'em up. I've got twelve here, but if you don't like 'em, I've got twelve more outside waiting."

The prosecutor looked out and saw, seated on the fence, twelve more dittos, similarly equipped and employed. He turned to the Court in undisguised wrath, and said,

"I'll dismiss this case!"

The constable wrote his return on the warrant thus, "Dismissed by the county attorney *on sight of the jury*," and so it stands recorded to this day. The prisoner was discharged, and left the court-house rejoicing at having been deprived of his constitutional right of being tried by the previously mentioned citizens.

For the special delectation of our brethren of the clergy, as well as all who appreciate quaintness of thought and expression, we quote a few passages from a delightful book published abroad, and not likely to be seen by the mass of readers of the Drawer, entitled, "A Century of Scottish Life:"

The Rev. Michael M'Culloch, D.D., minister of Bothwell (1767–1801), was a man of sterling independence and great self-decision. To his friend, Mr. Thomas Brisbane, minister of Dunlop, he said,

"You must write my epitaph if you survive me."

"I will," said Mr. Brisbane, "and you shall have it at once."

Next morning Dr. M'Culloch received the following:

Here lies interred beneath this sod
That sycophantish man of God,
Who taught an easy way to heaven,
Which to the rich was always given.
If he get in he'll look and stare
To find some out that he put there.

Mr. William Bell, minister of Errol (1651–1665), bequeathed seven acres of land for maintaining a bursar at St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's. On his tombstone the following lines have been engraved:

Here, ceast and silent, lies sweet-sounding Bell,
Who unto sleeping souls rung many a knell;
Death crackt this Bell, yet doth his pleasant chiming
Remain with those who are their lamp a-trimming;
In spite of Death, his word some praise still sounds
In Christ's Church, and in heaven his joy abounds.

During the voluntary controversy, Dr. John Ritchie, of the Potter Row church, Edinburgh, was one of the foremost champions on the voluntary side. At a public meeting held in Dundee the reverend gentleman was descanting on the misrepresentations to which his opponents had subjected him.

"They have," he said, "called me every thing but a gentleman, every thing but a minister; nay, they have compared me to the devil himself. Now," he proceeded, coming forward to the front of the platform, and exhibiting a well-shaped limb, "I ask if you see any cloven foot there?"

"Tak' aff yer shae" (shoe), vociferated a youth from the gallery.

The oratory was spoiled.

A Dunfermline youth, recovering from sickness, solicited help from an aged land-owner of miserly habits. Meeting with a rough refusal, he said,

"Ye're no vera young, an' ye canna carry ony o' yer gowd awa wi' ye; though ye cud, it wad be meltit in five minutes."

The Rev. Dr. William Taylor, minister of the Cathedral Church, and principal of the University of Glasgow (1803–1823), was much esteemed for his ministerial fidelity. He devoted each Thursday exclusively to pulpit preparations. On that day, one week, a message was brought to his house to the effect that the Duke of Buccleuch and Lord Belhaven were desirous of seeing him at the Black Bull. The principal's manservant was reluctant to disturb him; but as the courier strongly insisted on the delivery of his message, he did not feel justified in holding out. On receiving the message, Dr. Taylor proceeded to wait on the two noblemen. Presenting himself in the hotel parlor, the duke at once said:

"I have sent for you, Sir, to take my measure for a pair of trowsers: my own have met with a slight accident, and I hope you can furnish me with a new pair by to-morrow morning."

"My name is Taylor," replied the doctor; "but I am not professionally a clothier, but principal of the university, and one of the city clergy."

"How awkward!" exclaimed the duke. "I sent for the *principal* tailor, and my blundering messenger has put you to the trouble of this visit. I hope, principal, you will join us at dinner, and if I can do any thing to compensate you for the loss of your valuable time, I'll not be wanting."

The principal remarked that he was much concerned in the welfare of the city infirmary, which was deeply in debt.

"Would £500 be useful to the institution?" said the duke, writing a check for that amount, and handing it to his visitor.

One of the oldest of the old school of clergymen was the Rev. William Leslie, laird of Balnageith, and minister of St. Andrew's, Shanbryde. During the war with France he received his weekly newspaper one Sunday morning just as he was leaving the manse for his duties in church. While the precentor was singing the first psalm Mr. Leslie was busy with his newspaper; and when the precentor ceased he said:

"Just sing another verse, John, till I have finished this paragraph."

During the discourse he gave the news of a recent battle, so that his procedure at the commencement of the service was more readily excused.

On another occasion Mr. Leslie remarked during his discourse: "You must excuse me, brethren, not entering so fully into the subject to-day, since I have an appointment to dine at Ardivit." He referred to the country-seat of a hospitable land-owner in the vicinity.

Mr. Leslie was celebrated for the readiness with which he granted certificates, and for the eccentric manner in which they were written. A marriage-certificate from his pen proceeded thus:

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SHANBRYDE, *January* 8, 1833.

To whom this may or may not concern: It is hereby assigned that William Bain and Helen Gill, being both parishioners of this parish—the parish of St. Andrew's, Shanbryde—in the month of March, in this passing year, 1833, were there wedded by the tying of the knot connubial, in full form, with all the solemnities which our national clerk requires, and that they are now mutually and legally entitled, with due and competent right, respectively to all the privileges, advantages, and provisions which the ecclesiastical and civil laws of the kingdom have secured for husband and wife, both in their united connection, and in the contingent state of their respective videntas.*

In respect whereof, etc., WILL LESLIE.

No agent of the Bible Society ever received a more extraordinary certificate on behalf of an applicant for a copy of the Scriptures than the following:

ELGIN, *August* 3, 1825.

DEAR SIR,—The bearer, Jane Taylor, met me accidentally walking out this forenoon. She said if I would write this note, certifying that she is a very poor woman, you would make her the gift of a Bible. I think her whole appearance may, without my certificate, bear the most satisfactory evidence of her extreme poverty; and as she has not so much common understanding to be sensible that she may save her soul by the public worship of our pure Presbyterian Church, as surely as by the public worship of any of the schismatic synagogues, she increases the weight of her poverty, by misapplying the greater part of what she gets from the collections made by the Presbyterians, for the poor of the parish, in support of schisms, which the apostle, classing among the deepest sins, has assured us "shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven." And I am not very well assured, therefore, that a Bible will be of much real advantage to her, but I think it may not be amiss that you may put it in her power to try, as I am satisfied, on the other hand, that having the Bible will not be to her prejudice.

With every kind and good wish, I am, dear Sir, respectfully yours, WILL LESLIE.

SHANBRYDE GLEBE, *March* 12, 1829.

To all whom this does not concern: It is certified that the bearer, Ann Forbes, the widow of John Laing, of no small consideration in his day for the gratification of the fair by his fiddle, and subduer of stots in the plow by his strong and harmonious whistle, that he left his wife in poverty, and that she has applied for this as a license to beg, by which it is trusted that she may have use and wont success in this occupation, and a-begging she will go. In respect, WILL LESLIE.

IN drollery it would be difficult to exceed what follows:

To all those of his Majesty's loving subjects only who can sympathize with a transgressor of his Majesty's laws, under the impression that, though it was illegal, it was honestly innocent: I hereby certify that William Rainey, the bearer, a simple, honest, and laborious day-laborer in the back settlements of the improved Moss of Braemuckity, was, in the by-gone harvest, subjected to the fine of twenty sovereigns and twenty shillings for the illicit distillation of ten shillings' worth of ill-made malt, under the corporal punishment of the jail for half a year, which punishment, that the country might not be punished by the loss of his highly useful labor in securing the crop, the bench reprieved for three months, in which space, with the price of the cow, dear to him as the poor man's ewe lamb of old which a better king than our most gracious sovereign roasted for his supper, the transgressor managed to pay a dozen of sovereigns, notwithstanding of which he must still undergo the whole punishment of the half year's incarceration unless he can now succeed in eliciting the balance by the last resource—begging. In this regard he is recommended to those who have feeling hearts and half a sovereign in their purse. For the least moiety thereof he will be thankful now, and grateful all his life.

Given by the minister, Shanbryde, at my house in Elgin, the 24th of April, 1826. WILL LESLIE.

WILLIAM JACK would probably not make much progress in his canvass with no better recommendation than the following:

To all his Majesty's loyal subjects who can feel for a fellow-sinner in distress: I beg to certify that the bearer, William Jack, is a son of my old bellman's—a man well known in this neighborhood for his honest poverty and his excessive indolence. The bearer, William Jack, has fallen heir to all his father's poverty, and a double share of his improvidence. I can not say that the bearer, William Jack, has many active virtues to boast of; but he has not been altogether unmindful of Scriptural injunctions, and has labored, with no small success, to replenish the earth, although he has done but little to subdue the same. 'Twas his misfortune to lose a cow by too little care and too much bere* chaff; likewise that walking skeleton, which he calls his horse, having ceased to hear the oppressor's voice, or to dread the tyrant's rod, now the poor man has nothing to look to but the skins of the defunct and the generosity of a benevolent public, by whom he hopes to be stimulated through these testimonials, with receipt.

WILLIAM LESLIE.

SHANBRYDE GLEBE, 1829.

THE certificates of Mr. Leslie were not in the strain of unlimited panegyric. One of his maidens was competitor for a prize offered by the Duke of Gordon to the servant in Morayshire who had longest remained in her situation. From her reverend employer she received the following testimonial:

SHANBRYDE GLEBE, *August* 3, 1836.

By this writing I certify and testify that Kate Bell came into my family and service at the term of Whit-Sunday, in the year eighteen hundred and fifteen, and, without change, has continued to the date hereof, being a useful, canny servant at all work about the cows, the dairy, the sick-nurse, the harvest hay and corn, the service of the parlor and bed-chambers, and, of late years, mainly the cook. That in my regards *she merits* any boon that our club has to bestow, having, in 1815, in her teens, been a comely, tight lass, though now fallen into the sere, and but little seductive, though a little more self-conceited now than she was then, as much, perhaps, a good quality, when not in excess, as a fault. In respect whereof, etc.,

WILL LESLIE.

A TEXAS correspondent sends the following, saying it has not appeared in print. Mr. Louis T. Wigfall, one of the leading secessionists of Texas and the South, felt, after Lee's surrender, somewhat embarrassed as to his corporeal safety in a land then in possession of his enemies. He left Richmond in disguise, and traveled on mule-back, alone, for Texas. Dick Taylor had also surrendered, and all the ferries and crossings were in the hands of the Federal forces. Wigfall could pursue no other course but to risk himself to be put across the Mississippi by a detachment of Union soldiers. He was well disguised. Observing that no allusion was made to himself, and wishing to know, if possible, how the wind blew, he began a general tirade against the leading Confederates, winding up by inquiring what would be done with that scamp Wigfall, if they should catch him. The soldiers replied, they supposed they would hang him. "Yes, they would do exactly right, and I would pull *at one end of the rope!*" replied Wigfall, mounting his mule and trotting off westward.

AN enthusiastic correspondent writes:

"Lives there a man with soul so dead" as to not cut and read the pages of the Drawer *first*, as each month brings a fresh number of the Magazine? To me the Drawer is such an unfailing source of pleasure that, in the language of Dr.

* Videntas—*i. e.*, lack or want.

* Bere, a grain now little used.

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Ollapod, I feel that "I owe you one." So indorse this as a "partial payment."

Away up beyond "John Brown's Tract," in St. Lawrence County, in the thriving village of Gouverneur, lives an old farmer bearing the Christian and Scriptural name of Amasa ——, who is known for miles thereabout for his quaint speeches and ready repartees, as well as for his determined political prejudices. With every recurring September comes the "Town Fair," with its "purely agricultural horse-trots," etc., and to one of these our eccentric friend betook himself, with a newly constructed section of a "farm fence" of his own invention, to show the same to his brother farmers, and expatiate upon its merits. Presently came along Elder B—— (since called to a higher pastorate—blessings on his memory!), and after "viewing" the fence, inter-"viewed" its exhibitor as follows:

"Brother Amasa, how long do you suppose that fence would stand between my old cow and a corn field?"

The elder "had him" there, but only for a minute, and when the laugh had subsided, "Uncle Amasa," who in the mean while had maintained his imperturbable gravity, answered,

"Well, elder, that's a pretty tough question, but" (scratching his head) "if your old cow is any like your congregation, 'twouldn't stand long, for you know, elder, you never could keep them in the fold."

Which turned the laugh; for the secession of many an old-time church-goer from the elder's ministrations was the town talk.

The courts are always furnishing something good for the Drawer. This comes from San Francisco, where a case was on trial involving the validity of a will. A Mrs. Overton testified that Horace Hawes had said if she could induce his wife to get a divorce, he would settle $20,000 upon her, and would also make Mrs. Overton the richest woman in California. On cross-examination she was asked, "Do you consider that any man living has a perfectly sound mind?"

Mrs. Overton replied, "Well, Sir, that is rather an embarrassing question, considering that I am a widow, and there are so many gentlemen in the room."

During the war Nashville was a gay place, and an unusual number of officers was to be seen there at any time. On the last day of November, 1864, a detachment of troops arrived there from some point North, and among those who were looking at them as they marched up Cedar Street were several officers. During a brief halt, a soldier remarked to one of the off-duty officers,

"There are plenty of shoulder-straps in town."

"Yes," replied the officer, with an air of condescension.

"I thought there was before we came here," returned the soldier. "But don't be afraid; we'll protect you."

The officer changed the position of his quid, and as the troop moved forward he remarked,

"Smart, that fellow."

During our "late unpleasantness" a "convalescent hospital" was established in the First Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Nashville. On the corner, across the alley from the church, resided a family who were regarded as "Southern sympathizers;" but the relations between the convalescing soldiers and this family were of the most pleasant character. The soldiers played marbles with the children, and lounged on the grass in the well-shaded yard. In short, they felt themselves "at home" on these premises; and many a poor fellow just out of a long confinement in hospital availed himself of this delightful recreation, for such it was to him. One day Mrs. M——, the "good lady of the house," noticed that all the "boys," as she was in the habit of familiarly addressing them, were sitting beside the church, whose dreary walls reflected the heat of the sun, and not one in her shaded yard, or even on her side of the alley, which was shaded.

"Boys, what is the matter?" inquired Mrs. M——.

"Why," said one of them, "orders have been issued that we shall not trespass upon your premises."

"Well," said Mrs. M——, "this has not been done at our suggestion; and you are at perfect liberty to come into our yard and enjoy its shade whenever and as long as you please."

"But," said they, "we are obliged to obey orders, and can not do so."

Just then Dr. Ritchey, one of the surgeons on duty in the hospitals in the city, came along, and Mrs. M—— inquired of him the reason for this order. He had not heard of it, but would investigate the matter. On going to the hospital he learned that the order was by the surgeon then on duty, who was a new man, and not prepossessed in favor of the people here. Dr. Ritchey informed Mrs. M—— that the surgeons rotated in their visits to the hospitals, and that he would be around in a day or two, and although he had no power to revoke this order, he could prescribe for the patients, and he would thus fix matters right. When the doctor came along late in the evening of the succeeding day he entered this prescription in the hospital book: "It is necessary for the health of the convalescing soldiers that they sit on Mr. M——'s fence and lounge in his yard whenever they desire to do so."

The doctor's prescription was faithfully followed out the next morning, and a happier set of fellows is seldom seen than the "boys" who had the privilege of their old haunt again.

In Colonel Forney's "Anecdotes of Public Men," to be published by-and-by in book form, the which will send him down to posterity as the American Pepys, is the following amusing anecdote connected with the emancipation of John Queen, a light mulatto, who had lived a slave in Maryland, and several years before emancipation obtained his free papers. When asked to show these he would repeat something like these words: "Do you know de H——d's?" "Yes, I know them." "Do you know Squire C——?" referring to certain old Maryland families. "Do you mind de mornin' old Squire H—— said, 'Go, John—go down to de stable, hitch up old Baldy and de silber-gray, put 'em in de coach, go to 'Napolis to make out de free papers?' Den old Squire H—— came down, all dressed up, dressed in black silk breeches, silber buckle on de knee, silber buckle in de shoes, hair powdered, hanging down de back; John Queen

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jump on de step behind de coach, and den we all go to 'Napolis. When we got dere we all go to de *court*, and dere, in de face of de whole court, Squire H—— he kiss de book and do declare dat John Queen is a free-born." Upon being asked to show his papers, which he never would consent to do, the poor, half-witted fellow, who had long years before committed them and locked them in his memory, while he himself did keep the key, in a monotonous, recitative repeated something like the following, never varying in the slightest degree, and always reiterating "dat I's free-born:" "In de State of Maryland, de Ann Arundel County, and de Anno Domini, in de year of our Lord, de one tousand and de eight hundred and de forty-seven. In de face of de whole court, I do now declare dat John Queen, who is five feet ten inches in de height, wid de long, straight, black hair, yaller in complexion, wid a mole on de right upper lip, which is de free-born, in de testimony whereof I do hereby, in de State of Maryland, in de county of Ann Arundel, in de year of our Lord, de Anno Domini one tousand eight hundred and forty-seven, set my hand and de great seal of de court, and do hereby now declare dat de aforesaid John Queen is free-born."

It is not every day that we get an anecdote from one who is more than octogenarian. The following is from a gentleman aged eighty-five, in Western New York, who says, "I can avouch for it, even to the ——:"

Seventy years ago, when the writer was a Sophomore in Yale, Dr. Dwight met a Mr. Ransom, who kept a public-house next door to his own residence, and, in his bland, graceful manner, said, "Mr. Ransom, you have a black boy who swears badly; I hope you will correct him."

Mr. R., striking an attitude and flinging out his arms, exclaimed, earnestly: "There it is, now, doctor! I have talked to that —— creature twenty times, and it don't do a bit of good."

"I presume not," said the doctor, with a smile and bow, and passed on.

The following composition, by an advanced five-year-old pupil in one of the public schools of San Francisco, is sent to the Drawer by a correspondent in that city:

A GOAT.

A goat is stronger than a pig he looks at you and so dose the doctor. but a goat has fore legs. a boy without a father is an orphan and if he aint got a mother he is two orphan. The goat does not give so much milk as the cow but more than an ox. I saw an ox to the fair one day with a card tied on his left ear, and we all went in on the family ticket. Mother picks geese in the sumer. A goat eats grass and jumps on a box some folks don't like goats but as for me give me a mule with a paint-brush tale.

the goat is a useful animal and smells as sweet as bars oil for the hair. if I had to much hair I would wear a wig as old captain Peters dose I will sell my goat for three dolars and go to the circus to see the Elephant which is biger than five goats. Father is coming home and the baby has got the crupe.

Etty Jane.

Napoleon, in the State of ——, is famous for its wickedness, and also for being surrounded by a perfect labyrinth of roads and cross-roads, by-paths, bifurcations, etc., very puzzling to a traveler. Upon a time the sheriff of a neighboring county had occasion to trace up some individuals and places in the vicinity of this village. Being a stranger in that portion of the country, he halted three or four miles from the village to make some inquiries of a resident farmer who was cutting wood in front of his house, when the following conversation took place:

Sheriff. "Which way shall I go to find Joseph B. Camp?"

Farmer. "Go to Napoleon, and strike out north half a mile; then turn to the right, and go till you come to a rail fence," etc. (A tedious description of route was given.)

Sheriff. "And I want to visit Charlesport also; which way is that?"

Farmer. "Go to Napoleon, and start out east," etc. (Tedious directions as before.)

Sheriff. "Well, where does Mr. William R. Jones live?"

Farmer. "Well, go to Napoleon, and then west," etc.

Sheriff. "And Thomas Lindsay?"

Farmer. "Go to Napoleon, and then south—"

The sheriff interrupted here, becoming angry, as it seemed so strange to him that he had to go to Napoleon every time to get a start in any direction, and blurted out, "Well, which way shall I go to go to ——?"

The farmer thought a moment, and replied, "I don't know any other way than to go to Napoleon."

The very, very old lyric of "Four-and-twenty blackbirds all baked in a pie," and the same number of tailors placed in line, has animated an English antiquary to give to the press something of the same sort which he recently found in an old Derbyshire book:

Seven-and-twenty tailors went to catch a snail,
The bravest one among them durstn't touch his tail;
The snail put out his horns, just like a little cow,
"Faix!" says my feyther, "we're a' ta'en now."

And this:

A carrion crow sat on an oak
Watching a tailor cut out his coat;
He cut and he snipped with clever art,
While the old carrion crow said, "Quark! quark! quark!"
"Oh, bring me my arrow and my bow,
That I may shoot that carrion crow!"
The tailor fired and missed his mark,
And the old carrion crow said, "Quark! quark! quark!"

We are strong in the faith that our lady readers will appreciate the woe of a fond spouse in Connecticut who sent a note to her relatives, announcing in the following words the decease of her husband: "Dear John is dead. Loss covered by insurance."

At a time when a certain learned medical society of this city was in a somewhat languishing condition, the president, after a meeting held for the purpose of discussing the best means of restoring vigor to their organization, invited the society around to his house to partake of a little "spread." A witty member, circulating with his dish of oysters among his brother pathologists, inquired, "Why does our society resemble inflammation?" One after another gave it up, and he had to explain that, "failing in re-solution, they had gone on to supper(u)ration."

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXII.—MARCH, 1872.—Vol. XLIV.

THE UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT.



Robt Morris.

In less than three weeks after the Declaration of Independence the Continental Congress proceeded to organize a Treasury Department; and though it was imperfect in many particulars, it furnished excellent precedents for future legislation with regard to our national finances, and trained men, under the severe discipline of the Revolutionary struggle, in details of business, which made their experience of invaluable service in subsequent legislative proceedings. Michael Hilligas and George Clymer were appointed Joint-Treasurers of the United Colonies, to reside in Philadelphia, with a salary of five hundred dollars each the first year, and to give bonds to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars. These gentlemen performed their duties so satisfactorily that in the following year their salary was increased to eight hundred dollars. George Clymer having been in the mean time chosen delegate to Congress from Pennsylvania, Michael Hilligas was continued as Treasurer, and acted as such until the close of the Revolution.

For six months Mr. Hilligas was without any apparent associated authority; but in the month of February, 1778, a committee of five persons was organized to superintend the Treasury. It was apparently made the duty of its members to simply prepare the estimates of the public expenditures. Three months later authority was given to create an office in which was to be kept the Treasury accounts, which office was to be located

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"where Congress assembled from time to time." The necessary acts were passed for the establishment of a mint for national coinage, but the mint never struck off any gold or silver. An Auditor-General's office was also organized, and John Gibson was appointed to the responsible position, with an annual salary of one thousand and sixty-six dollars and sixty-seven cents. November 3, 1778, the office of the Comptroller of the Treasury was created, and Jonathan Trumbull, Jun., appointed, with a salary of four thousand dollars.

The approaches toward a more thoroughly organized system were thus made step by step. Finally, the need of some responsible head of the department, to act in unprovided-for emergencies, became apparent, and Congress, on the 11th of September, 1781, repealed the act creating the five commissioners, and in their stead a single individual was substituted, who was officially styled "Superintendent of Finance."

Robert Morris, a gentleman destined to occupy a prominent place in the history of the country, and already distinguished for his great financial abilities as a merchant, and for his earnest patriotism, was chosen to fill the place. Through his exertions he maintained the credit of the colonies in the darkest hours of their struggle. He freely gave his private resources, and added them to those raised from the nation at large. At a most critical period, when Washington, for want of money to pay his troops, was almost forced to despair of success, Robert Morris, by borrowing money from "the purser of our allies, the French," averted the threatened disaster, and thus accomplished, as a financier, as much to save the country as did many more conspicuous persons who performed their parts on the field of war.

At the close of the Revolution, when the pressure of the struggle was no longer felt, the diversified interests of Congress developed many heretofore suggested plans for the future management of the Treasury. A feeling of jealousy seemed to exist, that made it impossible to reconcile the concentration of the necessary power in one person; and for the purpose evidently of mollifying the jealousies of "the sections," three commissioners were appointed to take charge of the national finances, "one from the Eastern, one from the Southern, and one from the Middle district," severally represented on this occasion by Samuel Osgood, Walter Livingston, and Arthur Lee.

Robert Morris, on his displacement as Superintendent of Finance, subsequently reappeared in public life in the important rôle of a statesman, thoroughly acquainted with the financial resources of the country, and of the details necessary to be adopted to make them available. Originally a delegate to Congress in 1775, he now became a member of the Convention which formed the Constitution of the United States, and signed that immortal document along with Benjamin Franklin and his associated patriots, and closed his useful public services to his country as United States Senator.

Mr. Morris, in yielding his place as Superintendent of Finance (1784), reviewed the pecuniary situation of the colonies. He stated that when he took charge of their administration the public credit was at an end; no means were afforded adequate to the public expense. Various expedients had been used, and with considerable success, to raise money during the year 1781 (the year he entered upon his duties), but, as in the case of all expedients, they increased the evils they postponed; and the autumn of that year found America so poor that part of the Federal army, which then returned through Philadelphia from the capture of Yorktown, though covered with laurels, was distressed with want.

Two years after the retirement of Mr. Morris the three Commissioners of Finance (1786) had been so unsuccessful that Congress declared, in the most solemn manner, that the crisis had arrived when the people of the United States must decide whether they would preserve their public faith or not; and the country came near dissolving into fragments for want of money to pay its current expenses, and give assurance of future stability. This state of things brought Alexander Hamilton, who had retired to private life, before the country in the character of a financial statesman; and through the impulse given by his influence was evidently called the convention which met at Annapolis "to take into consideration the position and prospects of the United States." The inexpediency of having a divided head to manage the Treasury now became apparent, but the three commissioners maintained their places until the present system was matured and adopted; and upon their retirement ended the effort to organize and carry on a Treasury Department under and during the Confederation.

The newly formed and officially accepted Constitution of the United States went into operation on the 4th of March, 1789, at which time Congress, in accordance with an act passed January 18, 1785, commenced its first session in the city of New York. On the 30th of April following, the first President of the United States was inaugurated.

From the moment Congress assembled, two subjects, widely different, it would seem, in their importance, occupied the attention of the members, and not only equally divided their official attention, but were finally, for the sake of a compromise, joined together, making the success of one project dependent upon that of the other. We allude to the financial condition of the country, and the permanent

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WASHINGTON IN CONSULTATION WITH MORRIS AND HAMILTON AT HIS HOUSE IN NEW YORK.

location of the national capital. The financial interest, though paramount, was not absorbing. The nation, it is true, had been impoverished by a long and harassing war, and was weighed down by an enormous debt, almost wholly contracted during its prosecution. There were no statistics existing to indicate the resources of the country, and every preliminary step had to be taken without any guiding precedent; there was not even an organization of a department of any kind through which fiscal operations could be carried on. But this subject of finance more directly interested the New England States. The Southern States conceived it to be most important to their interests to have the capital within their section; and hence arose, at the very preliminary movement toward the perfect organization of the interests connected with the Treasury, a divided sentiment that was difficult to harmonize, and this division affected the entire financial legislation of the opening session of the First Congress.

The committee to which was intrusted the important matter of organizing a system for the collection of the revenue proved to be eminently worthy of its task. Its members were assisted by the most experienced clerks of the "old government." The result was that, after nearly four months' deliberation, on the 31st of July, 1789, was passed the first important act connected with the Treasury Department, entitled, "An act to regulate the collection of the duties imposed by law on the tonnage of ships or vessels, and on goods, wares, and merchandise."

One month later—September 2, 1789—was enrolled as a whole, and passed, the fundamental act establishing the Treasury Department, which was made to consist of the following officers: a Secretary of the Treasury, to be deemed head of the department, a Comptroller, an Auditor, a Treasurer, a Register, and an assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury, which assistant was to be appointed by the said Secretary. The paramount and general feature was, that the settlement of all public accounts, both primarily and finally, should be in the Treasury Depart-

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ment, making the Secretary, in the inherent attributes of his office, the head of the fiscal department of the government, as well as under the authority and requirements of the acts or resolutions of either House of Congress. He gives instructions initiative of all Treasury and financial operations. He superintends the collection and disbursement of the revenue, from whatever source derived, except that of the Post-office. He receives returns of the results in general, and he reports to Congress plans and projects of finance, and the final results of official action performed by himself or his subordinates.

While the discussion of the merits of the bill was carried on by the members of the legislative department of the government, Washington was not only occupied in devising ways to relieve the embarrassed condition of the country, but was also informing himself as to the merits of the candidates for the responsible position of chief of the Treasury Department. Oliver Wolcott was a formal applicant for the place. He was a son of the signer of the Declaration bearing the same name, and his services not only under the colonial government, but under the Union, were acknowledged to be of lasting importance. Public sentiment seemed to point to him as the successful aspirant. In the mean time Washington admitted to his most confidential advisers that he was most deeply impressed with the importance of his action in the matter, and in the strait in which he was placed he invited Robert Morris, with whom he had become personally very intimate while they were fellow-members of the Convention which formed the Constitution, to visit New York, and give the President the benefit of his suggestions.

All that was said at these interesting meetings is not known. But the intense anxiety felt by Washington may be realized in the exclamation he made to Morris in one of their interviews, which was, "What is to be done with this heavy (national) debt?"

"There is but one man," said the veteran merchant, statesman, and financier, "who can help you, and that man is Alexander Hamilton. I am glad," added Morris, in the enthusiasm of the moment, "that you have given me an opportunity to disclose the extent of the obligations I am under to him."

Ten days after the passage of the act establishing the Treasury Department, and five months after Washington's inauguration, Alexander Hamilton was appointed its chief. The following day he entered upon the discharge of its duties, with Oliver Wolcott as Auditor, Nicholas Eveleigh, Comptroller, Samuel Meredith, Treasurer, and Joseph Nourse, Register. This last-named gentleman had been an accountant of the government throughout the years of the Confederation, and subsequently continued to fill his newly acquired position for nearly forty years.

Alexander Hamilton was a native of St. Croix, West Indies, born of good parentage, yet by fortuitous circumstances was thrown upon his own resources at the tender age of twelve years, when he appears in his native town intrusted with the entire responsibility of a large shipping house. It seems almost incredible that a mere lad of such inexperience and youthfulness should have performed his duties with efficiency, but such was the case. He seemed to be governed in his conduct by an inspiration that always led him to act in the most proper manner, and with perfect success. Not content with this employment, he found while engaged in it time, and commanded intellect enough, to write and print articles on commercial matters that are most remarkable for their comprehensiveness and thorough practical knowledge.

At fourteen he came to the United States, and at eighteen he entered King's, now Columbia, College, where he at once attracted attention by his brilliant essays on political subjects. With the excitement that preceded the Revolution he deeply sympathized, and showed his earnestness by raising and taking command of a company of artillery. Every thing he found useful in the way of knowledge seemed to come from intuition, for his efficiency as a military officer was at once admitted. Washington's notice was attracted toward him, and upon the first interview Hamilton was made aid-de-camp, through which marked honor he won and wore through the Revolutionary struggle the enviable title of being "the right arm of the commander-in-chief."

At the close of the war he returned to New York, and commenced the practice of the law, and in spite of his inexperience in the practical duties, he at once rose to the head of his profession.

The first official act of Hamilton was to recommend that the domestic and foreign war debt be paid, dollar for dollar, although he was aware that the claims were almost entirely in the hands of speculators, who had purchased them at greatly reduced rates from the original holders. He advised, further, the assumption of a large portion of the war debts incurred by the individual States, he asserting that this aggregated debt was really created for the support of the national cause; the outstanding Continental money to be funded at the rate of one dollar in specie for each hundred in paper; and to unite the whole, and make all the national resources available for the security of the public creditor.

When the able paper containing these suggestions was read in the two Houses of Congress, it was received with the most profound astonishment, and almost created

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A Hamilton

a doubt in the minds of many if the new Secretary had not gone mad in the wearing of his new honors. To start an impoverished people of less than four millions in number with the voluntary assumption of a debt of the then enormous sum of $75,000,000 seemed to be without reason. There appeared to be no resources to meet such demands. To procure enough money to defray current expenses would be a triumph; to do more than this, impossible.

The opposition and consequent violent debates that followed were acrimonious and bitter. For a time it looked as if Hamilton's project would be defeated, because it was impossible to even clear-headed statesmen to comprehend the great future prosperity of the country, which to Hamilton's grasping mind was an accomplished reality.

The instant that Hamilton moved in regard to some proposed action respecting the financial situation of the country, he was met with the proposition from a powerful party that no general policy would be considered until a decision was made with reference to the permanent location of the national capital. It was in vain that Washington, John Adams, and a majority of the members of Congress urged the propriety and necessity of first arranging the financial affairs of the nation; the powerful minority against this course was immovable, and two distinct interests Hamilton had to control to reach his desired results.

He kept his eye steadily upon the legislation which, having finally been accepted, established the great principles of political action and financial policy which have since inspired the legislation of our best statesmen, and controlled the financial policy of our government. In the earnest debates which followed, the great minds which con-

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ceived the idea of the Revolution, and carried it through with such patriotic ardor, met in the intellectual struggles of the forum; men once united in one supreme idea of national independence were now dividing on matters of policy, and in the assertion of their ideas brought to bear all their native energy and gigantic abilities to sustain their several positions—no legislative body ever assembled in the world presenting such memorable examples of pertinacity of opinion, wisdom, and statesmanship. Yet prominent over all, for the time being, in every quality of statesmanship, was Alexander Hamilton, the yet comparatively untried pilot at the head of the Treasury—or rather at the head of a nation poverty-stricken, despondent, and threatened with bankruptcy—so far gone, indeed, in the desperate spirit of national want that it was seriously believed by many able observers of the times that the struggles and sacrifices for independence—the sufferings at Valley Forge, the victories along the Delaware, and the surrender at Yorktown — would be fruitless, and their moral effect lost. No one saw the glorious future with the same precision as the youthful financial minister, who, at the age of thirty-three, bore this responsibility, giving to even the most hopeless a security of success in the remembered fact that, as a boy of nineteen, he was the chosen military counselor of the commander-in-chief—"the right arm" of Washington. Denied a place in the halls of Congress from which to defend and explain his great measures for the political consolidation of the country by uniting its entire commercial credit, he made his house at nightfall, then standing on the east side of Broadway, just below Trinity Church, the rallying-place where the leaders adjourned from official debate to finish their discussions, and gather new ideas for attack and defense. It was in these social gatherings that Hamilton opened up in detail the grand future of the now consolidated nation, explained, for the inspiration of his hearers, how soon our commerce, under an accepted broad financial policy, would whiten the seas; how abundant our agricultural resources; how mighty would become the commerce between the States and the world. Nor did he fail to set off the exciting question of the location of the national capital, which he considered secondary, against the more important one of national credit. The result of this struggle ended in compromises which rejected New York as the seat of the Federal government, and its transfer, until the year 1800, to the city of Philadelphia, with its final and permanent location on the banks of the Potomac, and in the adoption of Hamilton's great financial scheme of funding "the domestic debt."

With this glorious consummation literally ended all national legislation in New York city; for, in accordance with law, Congress subsequently met at the close of the year, December 11, 1790, in Philadelphia, where it was destined to remain while Alexander Hamilton was at the head of the Treasury.

The meagre annals of the day which have been preserved give lugubrious pictures of the annoyances endured by the officials of the government in making this change in their residence. By many and vexatious processes their household furniture and the government property were conveyed away to the banks of the Delaware in slowly sailing sloops. Mrs. Washington was made sick by the annoyance and excitement, and "the General," with the most scrupulous care, personally attended to the disposition of his household property, sending a part to auction sale at the "Coffee-house," and superintending the packing of the remainder, accompanying the loads to the vessel to see that every thing was safely delivered; doing all this much to the astonishment of the worthy burghers, who had heretofore seen but little of the "chief magistrate," except on most ceremonious state occasions.

On the opening of Congress at Philadelphia, it may be justly said that the government was for the first time thoroughly organized. The cabinet was completed, the debts of the nation funded, an elaborate and most perfect act passed for the collection of the revenue; and the national existence, relieved from the first and most responsible steps, could now confidently make rapid strides toward prosperity.

Hamilton, though acknowledging in his private correspondence that he was, in the midst of this apparent success, weighed down with care and responsibility, harassed by the abuse of personal and political enemies, and suffering from inadequate pecuniary resources to meet the just demands of an increasing family, was constantly charged with being a speculator in the public funds, and with taking advantage of his official position to assist himself and friends. At this time Henry Lee, who was subsequently selected by his associates in Congress to deliver what is now known as the immortal funeral oration on the death of Washington, wrote Hamilton as follows:

"From your situation, you must be able to form with some certainty an opinion concerning the domestic debt. Will it speedily rise? Will the interest accruing command specie, or any thing really as valuable? What will become of the indents already issued?"

The reply was as follows:

"My dear Friend,—I am sure you would not subject me to an impropriety, nor do I know that there would be any in answering your inquiries; but you must remember the saying in regard to Cæsar's wife. I think the spirit applicable to any man connected with the administration of the finances of the country. With regard to such, mere suspicion is eagle-eyed, and the most innocent things may be misapprehended."

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So sensitive was he on this subject that he requested General Schuyler, his father-in-law, not to permit his son to speculate in public securities, lest it might be inferred that these speculations were made on information furnished by Hamilton, or made in part on Hamilton's account.

Washington, with his characteristic modesty, declined to live in the mansion erected by the authorities of Pennsylvania for his residence, and selected a handsome three-story house on High Street, where were held those "receptions" which, in the history of that day, occupy so large a place in public interest. Hamilton rented a comfortable dwelling in Market Street, next to the corner of Sixth, on the right-hand side going toward West Philadelphia. The Treasury was established in a plain building in Arch Street, two doors east of Sixth. But little is said of Hamilton, or of the most accomplished daughter of General Schuyler, his wife, in the "court gossip" of that day. Mrs. Hamilton was entitled by birthright to stand beside Mrs. Washington; and her husband had been, and was now, literally a member of the President's family; but Alexander Hamilton and his wife had little time, and no desire, for ceremonious visiting; nor was it necessary, for they were among the very few, possibly the only favored persons not near relatives, who, with Robert Morris, had the pleasure and welcome of being informal visitors at the President's house. That Robert Morris was Washington's most intimate friend while he resided, as chief magistrate, in Philadelphia is proverbially well known. Morris, Hamilton, and Washington were united by the very closest bonds of personal friendship; and as the finances of the country were still the source of the greatest anxiety, it was at these reunions, no doubt, that Hamilton's impulsive and youthful genius suggested, Morris, with the gravity of vast experience, analyzed, while Washington, grave, thoughtful, and quick to comprehend, though slow to invent, acted as umpire. A group of three more interesting men never met to discuss the interests of an infant nation.

Then followed in rapid succession those great state papers suggesting financial measures, the embodiment of which into laws levied duties on foreign wines, spirits, and coffee, and, on domestic productions, taxes comparatively high on luxuries, and moderate on the necessities of life. The comprehensiveness of these enactments did away with the divers conflicting systems established by colonial laws, pleased the people, and secured for the new government the confidence and respect of foreign nations.

Next turning his attention to commerce, Hamilton conceived and brought forward his great project regarding "tonnage duties," which levied six cents per ton on United States vessels arriving from foreign ports, thirty cents per ton on those owned abroad but built in the United States, and fifty cents per ton on all others. These discriminating duties in favor of American shipping, and statutes of similar inspiration, confined the coasting trade to vessels built in the country, and laid the foundation of our foreign commerce and mercantile marine.

What Hamilton in the mean time was doing for his personal interests may be perceived by the following note, addressed to a friend, dated September 30, 1791:

"Dear Sir,—If you can conveniently let me have twenty dollars for a few days, send it by bearer.

"A. H."

On the 25th of February, 1791, Hamilton brought forward his bill to establish a United States bank, to aid in the collection of the taxes, and the transmission of government funds from one part of the country to another. By this act was laid the foundations, broad and deep, of those great discussions on finance which in later days, more or less under every administration, agitated the country, and culminated in a financial revolution by the "removal of the deposits," under the administration of General Jackson.

The bank recommended by Hamilton was established, and so rapidly had his administration of the Treasury Department developed the resources of the country that the impoverished people of the two previous years were now so prompt in their subscription to the stock that General Washington, on the 25th of October, 1791, in his message, had the following congratulatory paragraph: "The rapid subscription to the United States Bank, which completed in a single day the sum allowed to be subscribed, is among the striking and pleasing evidences which present themselves not only of confidence in the government, but of resources in the community."

We can now perceive, by reviewing the gradual development of the machinery of the Treasury Department, how perfect were the plans of Alexander Hamilton. First, inspired by his suggestions, came the act which established the routine by which customs were to be collected; then followed the acts for the levying of taxes and the accumulation of the revenue; next came the impositions on ships, and our commercial marine, foreign and domestic, was established; then the bank for the depository of the collected funds, and for their distribution throughout the country. One thing more was needed to complete the grand structure, viz., a legalized institution for the coinage of gold and silver. Hamilton, in accordance with his great design, now recommended for the adoption of Congress the establishment of a mint for the purposes of national coinage, and the act passed on the 2d day of April, 1792. It was ordered that this institution

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should be at the seat of government for the time being (then in Philadelphia). On the transfer of the capital to Washington the mint was not removed, and subsequent legislation has continued it in the city of its first organization.

The amount of work performed by Hamilton while engaged in these important official duties was extraordinary. Talleyrand, who was at this time "a refugee" in Philadelphia, became acquainted with Hamilton, and after he returned to France was fond of expressing his admiration of his genius. Passing the Secretary's office late one night, he saw him at work, and found him still engaged early in the morning. In speaking of his experience in America, he once said, "I have seen in that country one of the wonders of the world—a man who has made the future of a nation, laboring all night to support his family."

After nearly six years of public service, and in spite of the most unceasing personal and political opposition that ever assailed any statesman, Hamilton, seeing that his financial plans were ingrafted upon the policy of his country, resigned his office and returned to New York city, quietly resuming the practice of law.

The opposition meted out to Hamilton, to which we have already alluded, crystallized into national political partisanship, under the lead of Thomas Jefferson, in the contest for President at the close of Washington's second term. The election of John Adams, however, secured the continuance of Hamilton's policy, and the increasing prosperity under its administration gradually reconciled popular opposition. His system, though subsequently subjected to some modifications, to meet the demands of our growing country, as a whole, not only established the national credit, and thereby started the nation on the road to its destined prosperity, but its far-reaching excellence has enabled future statesmen to pay off two great national debts—that of the Revolution, and of the war of 1812. Under its wonderful adaptiveness, it has met the varied and unexpected demands on our rapidly developing country. In the rebellion, when the expenses of a day were more than the national income was in a year under Hamilton's administration, the foresight and genius of this man had suggested ways for the vast accumulation and disbursement.

Hamilton, personally, was under the middle size; his figure was slight, well proportioned, erect, and graceful. His complexion was fair, his cheeks rosy, and his whole expression attractive and refined. His voice was musical, his manner cordial; and although identified by tradition with the politically aristocratic party of his day, Oliver Wolcott, writing to his wife, congratulates himself that Hamilton, who is to be his chief in the Treasury Department, "is a plain man."

Upon the retirement of Hamilton, Oliver Wolcott, Jun., who had been Auditor under the Confederation, and was Comptroller at the time (February, 1795), was appointed Secretary of the Treasury. He fostered the great fundamental principles of national finance introduced by his predecessor, and was reappointed by John Adams. On the 14th of July, 1798, the first direct tax was laid upon the nation. On the 16th of the same month the humane law for the creation of a marine hospital was passed. But the great measure of Mr. Wolcott was the revision and completion of the laws relating to the collection of the revenue. The act of 1789, though in the main very complete, still had many defects, which exhibited themselves as our commerce and resources increased. The act of 1799 is so remarkably comprehensive and so thoroughly practical that no fundamental alterations since its enactment have been made or suggested. It contains one hundred and twelve sections, and, with a few unimportant modifications, remains to-day the fundamental law on all subjects embraced within its provisions. Mr. Wolcott completed this great work at the especial request of Congress, and in its preparation he critically examined all laws and existing customs, carefully retaining every item worth preserving, and adding such new features and improvements as his experience and sound judgment suggested.

The fact that Philadelphia was always considered by the Federal officials as a temporary resting-place had the effect to make all arrangements connected with the government of a commonplace character. Every building selected for a public office, however inconvenient it proved to be, was retained, with the remark, "We shall soon remove." The consequence was that very little interest was felt in keeping any consecutive historical data, and what little collateral evidence had accumulated on the removal of the seat of government to Washington was destroyed by fire. Authentic details, therefore, of the occupation of Philadelphia as the national capital, and all the interesting social life of President Washington and his contemporaries, are difficult to obtain; in fact, it has almost passed out of remembrance that Philadelphia was the national capital through nearly twelve of the most important years of the republic.

The experiences of living in Philadelphia through Washington's administration are clearly detailed in the following interesting documents. It is very evident that official services under the government eighty years ago were more highly esteemed than now. This may be inferred from the following letters and documents:

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"TREASURY DEPARTMENT, PHILADELPHIA, *January* 30, 1799.

"SIR,—I do myself the honor of inclosing letter addressed to the Honorable Goodloe Harper, Esq., covering estimates which he requested might be made by me for the purpose of aiding in an inquiry into the expediency of increasing the compensation of the executive officers of the government in the late reference to the Committee of Ways and Means. I undertook this with some diffidence, and now beg leave to submit them to your consideration previous to their delivery. I have the honor to be JOSEPH NOURSE, *Register*."

"PHILADELPHIA, *January* 30, 1799.

"SIR,—I do myself the honor of inclosing an estimate of the expense of supporting a genteel family in the years 1789, 1790, and 1791, at the seat of government of the United States, amounting to $2412 50 per annum; and another estimate of the years 1792 to 1798, inclusive, in the aggregate amounting to $4163 66 per annum. From the experience I have had during both periods I am persuaded the estimates will, on inquiry, be found rather below than above the true sum. The estimates of horse-keeping are in neither instance greater than actually does arise to the executive officers of the government on occasional visits to their friends, or having them from the several States from which they are selected, or in occasional expenses in the line of carriages. The item of marketing may appear large to those who are not accustomed to reside in cities, and who have no families; for where hired servants are indispensable, the expense is greatly increased, and I am of opinion that to include groceries, liquors, soap, candles, and the variety of articles not readily enumerated, the estimate of twenty-five cents per head for the first period, and fifty cents per head for the last, per day, is not more than the actual expense.

"The article of personal expense at $160 each for the parents and children, estimating six, to include the variety of clothing, tailors' bills, doctors' bills, schooling, is not, I believe, more than every genteel family experiences. It may not be improper for me to remark that the head of one of the executive departments pays $1000 per annum rent. These estimates, therefore, correctly apply to the executive officers other than heads of the departments. I beg leave to inclose an extract from the Journal of the Senate, Second Session, Fifth Congress, page 187, by which it appears that the compensation to the heads of the departments has not been increased since their first establishment in 1789. I have the honor to be your most obedient and humble servant, JOSEPH NOURSE."

Estimate referred to, demanded to support a genteel family at the seat of government in the years 1789, 1790, 1791:

House rent, per annum	$300 00
Wood, 25 cords, at $4	100 00
Horse-keeping, 2 horses	200 00
Marketing, estimating the family to consist of two heads, four children, four servants, and 25 cents, on an average, each, per day (including groceries, wines, etc.), per annum	912 50
Wages—four servants (one cook, one man-servant, one chamber-maid, one child's-servant), at an average, per annum, of	900 00
	$2412 50

For executive officers, from 1792 to 1798:

House rent, per annum	$600 00
Wood, 25 cords, at $8	200 00
Horse-keeping, 2 horses	266 66
Marketing, estimating family to consist of ten persons, at 50 cents, on an average, each, per day (to include groceries, liquors, etc.)	1825 00
Wages of four servants, at $1 50 per week, average, including washing	312 00
Personal expenses (including doctors' bills, schooling, washing) for six persons, at $160 each	960 00
	$4163 66

The officials of the government, having made an effort to have their salaries increased in contemplation of the additional expenses of a removal of the capital, in the spring of 1799, turned their attention to their long-contemplated journey to a location at some point "on the Potomac, between the East Branch and the Conecocheague." As midsummer approached, to the confusion attending "the flight" were added the unmistakable threatenings of a "sickly season;" and the end was the breaking out of yellow fever in the most virulent form. The different bureaus of the Treasury and other departments of the general government were scattered in all directions for temporary location in the country. The Secretary of the Treasury was at Trenton; the Register at Gray's Ferry, then a small village on the Schuylkill. As the time had now nearly arrived for the permanent removal, it is probable that the widely separated departments were never united again until brought together at the new capital.

Among the bills still on file which are characteristic of the times, is one of Joseph Nourse, the Register, who had been obliged to pay the rent of his house in Philadelphia up to the last day of February, 1800, though he left for Washington, under orders, in the middle of the month. He claims reimbursement for money paid for a house he did not occupy, and it was allowed. The bills for expenses on the road inform us that about six days were then required to travel from Philadelphia to Washington. One of the officers states that he was obliged to remain in Philadelphia (after the other officers of the Treasury had left) to the first day of 1800, to superintend the packing and removal of documents, which had subjected him to extra expenses, for which he claims reimbursement.

When the officers arrived at their newly assigned quarters they found no places provided for their accommodation or for the depository of the archives. The condition of Washington was a strange conglomeration of splendid buildings half finished and wretched huts. Even at the close of the year 1800 the situation was wretched. A suggestive hint may be obtained from the gossip of Mrs. Adams, who says:

"I arrived in Washington on Sunday last, without meeting any accident worth noticing, except losing ourselves when we left Baltimore, and going eight or nine miles on the Frederick road, by which mistake we were obliged to go the other eight miles through the woods, where we wandered two hours without finding a guide or path. But woods are all you see from Baltimore until you reach this city, which is only so in name."

At this time only one wing of the Capitol had been erected; the "White House" was a mere barracks; and near by, facing on

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ALBERT GALLATIN.

Fifteenth Street, was the plain three-story building, in the style of all the "Federal structures of the period," erected for the Treasury. It was so small, even when first taken possession of, that it did not afford comfortable office-room for the clerical force, then fifty in number. The official records brought from Philadelphia were therefore, from necessity, deposited in a house known as "Sears's Store," which house soon afterward took fire, and the records, which would now be of the greatest value, especially in details relating to the Treasury Department, as we have already stated, were destroyed.

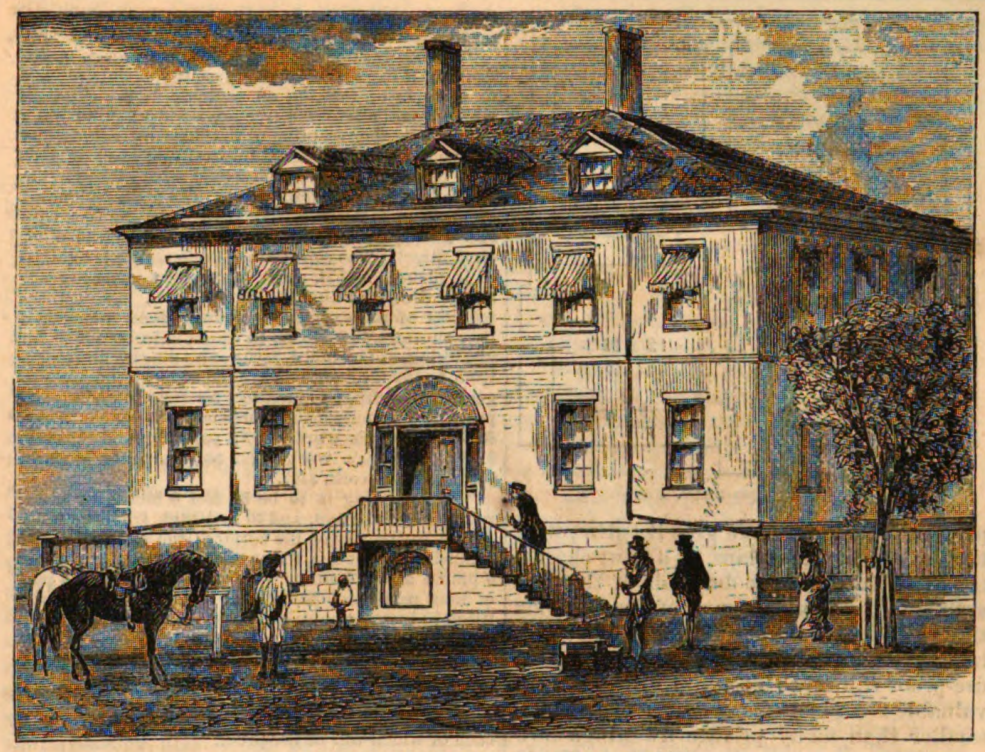
The first official act of the Treasury Department of national interest dated at Washington was one of great prospective importance. It directed that the Secretary should make an annual report to Congress of the state of the finances of the nation, embracing estimates of the public revenue and expenditures, as well as plans for improving and increasing the revenue. Hamilton had voluntarily, from time to time, sent in his reports and suggestions, and was the first to use decimals instead of pounds, shillings, and pence in stating money values. This example of making communications from the cabinet officers to Congress was now made imperative by the action of law, and applied to the routine of the other secretaries.

Samuel Dexter, of Massachusetts, also a son of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, on the 10th of May, 1800, was appointed Secretary in place of Oliver Wolcott. The 4th of March following closed the administration of John Adams, and ended what may be termed the "Washingtonian era" of the Federal government.

Coincident with the inauguration of Thomas Jefferson were to be seen the constantly increasing evidences of the prosperity of the country. The foundations of the national structure had been solidly laid, and the fruits of the wisdom and sacrifices of those who had gone before were now being gathered. Hamilton's policy of administering the Treasury Department, and his financial schemes, had been made an element of bitter partisan discussion in the Presidential contest of John Adams, which was revived in the one which secured the election of Jefferson, and against Hamilton's still comparatively untried system was brought the opposition of a new era of Presidential policy. The consequence was that Mr. Dexter was not in harmony with the government, and Mr. Jefferson, after patiently waiting nearly a year, set the precedent of removal, and placed, January 26, 1802, Albert Gallatin at the head of the Treasury Department — a man destined to be ever associated with Morris and Hamilton as forming one of the three founders of the financial policy of the nation.

Albert Gallatin was born in Geneva in 1761. After receiving a liberal education, at the age of eighteen he came to America, thoroughly imbued with the progressive spirit of our political institutions; and four years after his arrival, depending upon the business of a teacher for support, he became a tutor in Harvard College. Carrying out his original idea of an active life, he finally settled in Philadelphia, then the national capital, became acquainted with the leading statesmen, and rose so rapidly in public estimation that he was, in the year 1790, elected to Congress, and was shortly after transferred to the Senate. In this prominent field of national legislation his surprising abilities, especially his reports on matters of

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UNITED STATES TREASURY BUILDING, A.D. 1804.

finance, attracted universal attention. Characteristic of the political bitterness of the era, and illustrating how great men rise above its influence, we quote Mr. Gallatin's statements regarding his introduction to the responsibilities of his office.

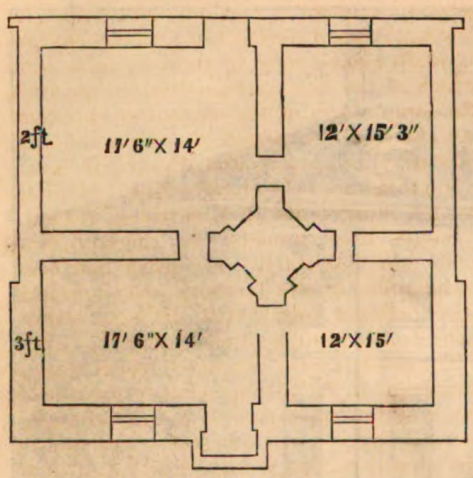
He relates that Mr. Jefferson, upon handing him his commission, said: "Your most important duty, Mr. Gallatin, will be to examine the accounts and all the records of your department, in order to discover the blunders and frauds of Hamilton, and to ascertain what changes will be required in the system. This is a most important duty, and will require all your industry and acuteness. To do it thoroughly, you may employ whatever extra service you may require."

Gallatin was at heart with the President, and as strong a partisan as possible, else, with all his abilities, he probably would not have been selected for the important position he held. He admits that he undertook his assigned task with a good appetite, and that he performed the searching work assigned to him with great thoroughness. All the accounts and correspondence were examined with the minutest attention. What was at first to be a work of fault-finding, criticism, and a hunt for defects, soon became to Mr. Gallatin a labor of love. Gradually Hamilton's perfect system developed itself, and when Mr. Gallatin mastered the details completely, he was filled with admiration. In the honest enthusiasm of a truly great mind, he finally went to Mr. Jefferson and said, "Mr. President, I have, as you directed, made a thorough examination of the books, accounts, and correspondence of my department from its commencement. I have found," said the conscientious Secretary, "the most perfect system ever formed. Any change under it would injure it. Hamilton made no blunders, committed no frauds: he did nothing wrong."

The administration of Albert Gallatin was distinguished by a series of reports regarding the best method of canceling the national debt, the proper policy of disposing of the public lands, and the legality and necessity of establishing a national bank. The purchase of Louisiana required fifteen millions of dollars, in addition to the current expenses, yet the Treasury met all demands with promptness, mainly owing to the activity of our foreign commerce, our shipping, in the general war then raging in Europe, being preferred carriers on the seas. The war also created a great demand for our agricultural products, and thereby encouraged the settlement of the then great "wilderness of the West."

In the year 1804 the business of the Treasury had so much increased that a movement was made having for its end the erection of a building to become the especial depository of the records. The Register, on the 21st of November, 1804, writes to the Secretary a report, inclosing specifications and cost of the

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A. GROUND PLAN.

proposed building. We give it entire, with the drawings of the plans, as a most characteristic example of the demands of the government in its infancy, and of the economy that prevailed in the erection of public buildings. It will be noticed that this vaunted fire-proof edifice, so needful to preserve the valuable records of the department, is much smaller than many private dwellings now occupied by unpretentious people in Washington, and that the entire expense of building it amounts to the modest sum of less than twelve thousand dollars.

REPORT OF THE REGISTER.

"From the accumulation of vouchers to the public documents, and the danger to which the present building occupied by the Treasury Department would be subject from a weight too great in the upper story, it was deemed expedient some time since to floor the cellars of the said building for the reception of public records, under the expectation that by keeping the windows open for free circulation of air they might answer the purpose of a place of deposit; but upon trial this was found to be ineffectual, and the records deposited therein are in danger of injury from moisture.

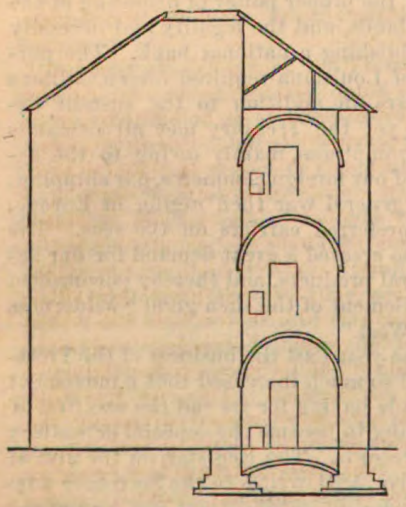
"Upon this subject being mentioned to you by the Auditor of the Treasury and myself, you were pleased to approve of forming an estimate of the expenses which would attend the erection of a fire-proof brick building for the reception of the Treasury records, and I have now the honor of transmitting such an estimate of the expenses which would attend the erection of a building of this description. The place designated in the plan is between the Messengers' houses, with two fronts, one toward the Treasury, and the other on G Street. The elevation of the building is exhibited in plans A and B, and the projection of the arches for the fire-proof annexed to section B. The estimated cost of the expense, including stone frames and iron shutters, is $9018 06, to which is to be added for plastering, not included, $300; extra digging and stonework to the level with the foundation of the Messengers' houses, $200; to architect for superintending and procuring materials and workmen, at 5 per cent., say, $500; plumber's work, $112; painting and glazing, $135 80; slater's work, $299 56; carpenter's work, $758 50; iron-work, $407.

"The building is to be 37 feet 6 inches in front, running back 36 feet, and 40 feet high from the foundation to the top of the cornice; the external walls, exclusive of footings, 3 feet thick, with footings 4 feet 6 inches at the bottom; one cross partition and part of long partition 2 feet thick; the other part of partition 18 inches, running the whole length of the front and back walls, etc.

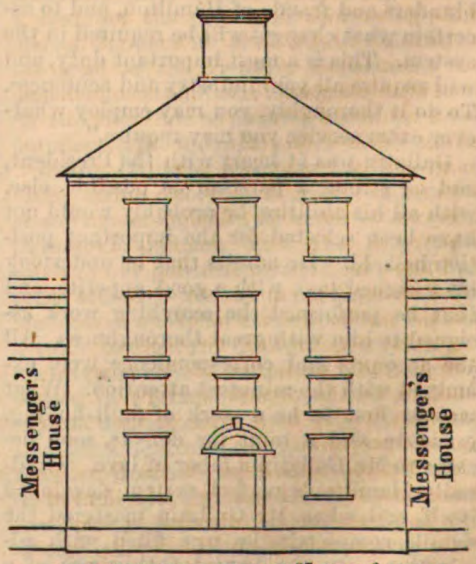
"The house to be built of hard brick and good stone, the foundation of which will be properly grounded; the floors to be paved with brick or tiles, and one fireplace in each room; the house to contain 12 rooms, each of which will be fire-proof."

These plans and specifications are signed, J. Nourse, Register of the Treasury; Albert Gallatin, Treasurer.

A quaint traveler, speaking of the society of the capital, thus writes: "I obtained accommodations at the Washington Tavern, which stands opposite the Treasury. At this tavern I took my meals, where there was every day to be found a number of clerks employed in the different offices under the government, together with about half a dozen Virginians and a few New En-



SECTION OF B.



B. SOUTH ELEVATION—EXTENDS 37 FEET 6 INCHES.

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gland men. There was a *perpetual conflict between these Southern and Northern men*, and one night I was present at a vehement dispute that ended in a bet."

Mr. Madison, on his accession to office, continued Mr. Gallatin as Treasurer. On March 1, 1809, an act of Congress directed that all warrants drawn on the Treasury by the secretaries of the different executive departments should designate the appropriation to which they were charged—a most important addition to the routine of the Treasury. The threatening relations which had for some time existed between this country and England made it necessary to raise more than the ordinary revenue, to enable the government to meet contingent expenses. On the 18th of June, 1812, war was declared, and Congress was convened in special session to consider the necessities of the Treasury. Out of the legislation which followed was laid the foundation of our present internal revenue laws. Mr. Gallatin, after holding his office longer than any of his compeers, resigned, and accepted a foreign mission. An era of extraordinary money depression followed. On the 24th of August, 1814, the British troops took possession of Washington, burned the Capitol, the Treasury, and other public buildings. This second disaster by fire destroyed many valuable documents. The business of the Treasury for a time was consequently carried on in what was known as the "seven buildings," in the western end of the city. An attempt was made by Mr. Gallatin's successor, George W. Campbell, of Tennessee, to negotiate a loan of $25,000,000, but he utterly failed, and resigned his trust. There never had been a time in our history when the national credit was so low. But the same Providence which provided the proper men for every trying emergency in the formation of the government inspired the appointment of Alexander J. Dallas, of Pennsylvania. He was a gentleman of the highest social position and intellectual culture, an accomplished statesman, and distinguished financier. Upon taking his seat he replied, to the desire of Congress that he should make suggestions of ways for the restoration of the public credit, in one of the ablest documents that are to be found in the archives of the Treasury. Mr. Dallas inspired such a degree of confidence among the capitalists of the country that the public credit was at once restored. Successful negotiations for necessary loans were promptly made, and the Treasury notes issued, with the almost universal opinion that they would be a drug in the market, rose to a premium.

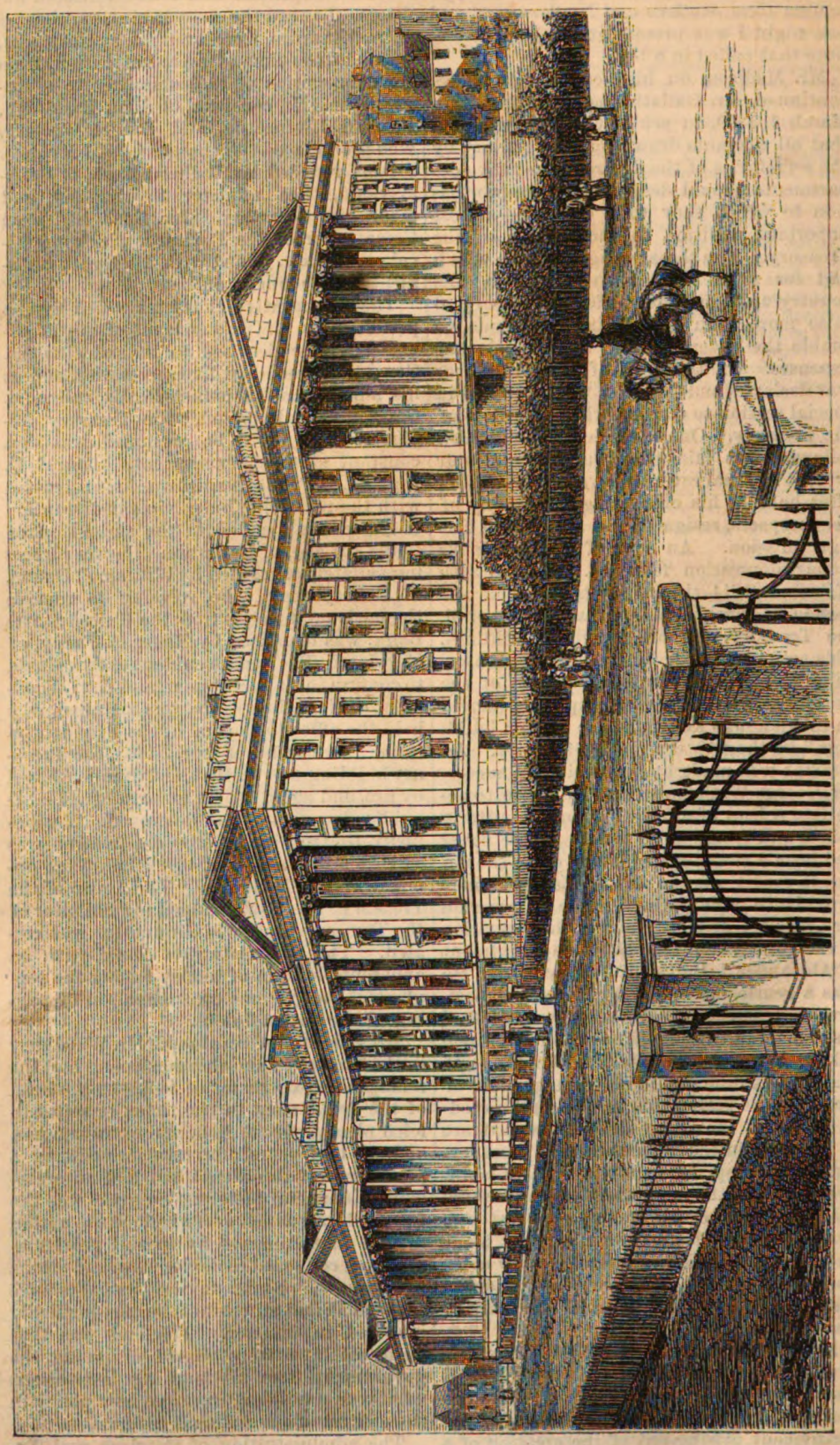
Mr. Monroe appointed W. H. Crawford, of Georgia, to the Treasury. He signalized his administration by introducing some important improvements in the routine of the department, arising out of the creation of a second comptroller and four additional auditors. Toward the close of his term charges of malfeasance were brought against him, which at the time attracted attention, from the composition of the committee to examine them. It consisted of John Randolph, Edward Livingston, and Daniel Webster, who pronounced the charges false. Mr. J. Q. Adams recalled Mr. Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania, then minister to England, and made him Secretary. Mr. Rush had been Comptroller of the Treasury, which practical experience, joined with his legal attainments, made him an efficient officer.

The conservative character which was so prominent in the management of the Treasury was now destined to radical changes. General Jackson had five secretaries, and as his administration is historically known as the "anti-bank period," the Treasury Department, as might be presumed, was in a constant state of excitement. Samuel D. Ingham, of Pennsylvania, was first intrusted with the port-folio, but a violent disruption of the cabinet ended in the succession of Louis M'Lane, of Delaware. He was almost immediately succeeded by William J. Duane, of Pennsylvania, who, refusing to remove the national deposits from the United States Bank, was displaced by Roger B. Taney, of Maryland. The Senate subsequently refused to confirm this appointment, and Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire, was installed, who held the office to the end of the Presidential term. On the 1st of April, 1833, the Treasury building was for the third time consumed by fire, and again a large amount of valuable public documents was destroyed. Temporarily the routine of the department was carried on in a row of brick buildings opposite Willard's Hotel. "The Agent of the Treasury" was now changed to "Solicitor of the Treasury," and a sixth auditor was created. The administration closed with an apparent plethora of money among the people, and the glorious consummation of paying off the national debt.

Mr. Van Buren continued Mr. Woodbury in the Treasury; and this gentleman had the remarkable experience of being at the head of the department in the times of unparalleled plenty, speculation, and extravagance, and, in two years afterward, witnessing a pecuniary revulsion that had had no precedent in financial history. So great was the financial ruin which overwhelmed the nation in 1837 that Congress, by special proclamation, was convened to devise ways and means to relieve the people. Specie payments were suspended, and all business became suddenly involved in disaster. The end was that stringent laws were passed divorcing the government from all banking institutions whatever, and inaugurating a new policy in the control of our national finances.

The administration of Harrison and Ty-

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UNITED STATES TREASURY BUILDING, A.D. 1871.

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R. J. Walker

ler had five secretaries: Thomas Ewing, of Ohio; Walter Howard, of Pennsylvania; John C. Spencer, of New York; and George M. Bibb, of Kentucky. Down to 1843 the fiscal year had ended with the calendar year; it was now altered to end the 30th of June, for the purpose of enabling the executive departments to furnish the latest data in the annual reports presented at the commencement of each session of Congress.

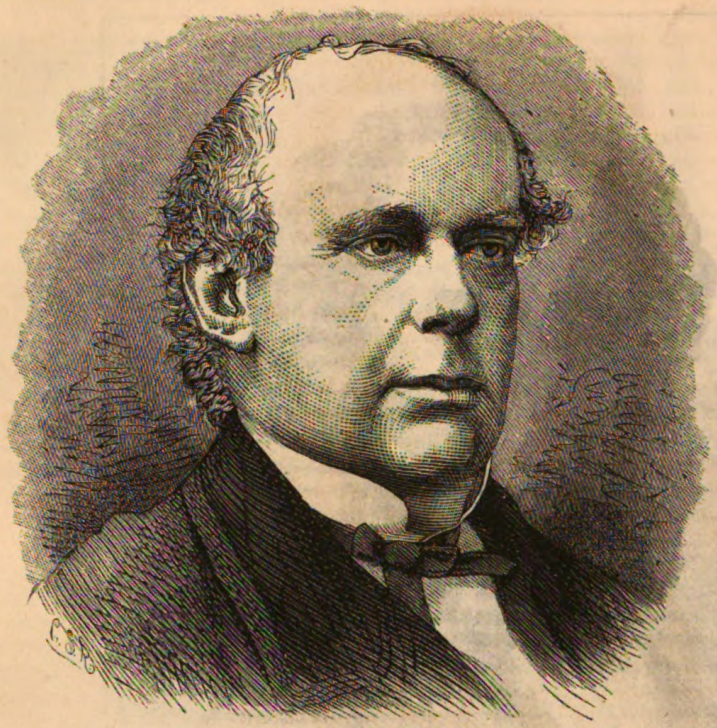
Mr. Polk appointed Robert J. Walker Treasurer. He was popularly known as the "apostle of free trade." He introduced the present warehousing system, following English precedent in the details, and virtually, by his reciprocity treaty between Canada and the United States, abolished all customs and imposts. Finding the business of the Land Office growing too important to be a bureau of the Treasury, he was instrumental in transferring this great interest to a cabinet officer, under the title of Secretary of the Interior.

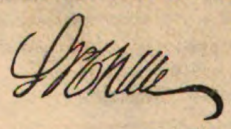
Taylor and Fillmore had two secretaries: William M. Meredith, of Pennsylvania; and Thomas Corwin, of Ohio. The latter established the present most efficient light-house department, and drew up the instructions regarding light-vessels, beacons, and buoys. Under this beneficent legislation our coast, from being comparatively neglected, has now over six hundred lights to protect the interests of navigation.

President Pierce appointed James Guthrie, of Kentucky. He was a most efficient officer in demanding the strictest attention to the duties and laws of the department. On examination, he found there were outstanding balances against the Treasury which, if collected, would more than pay off the national debt. He collected a hundred millions of this indebtedness, and made his subordinates more efficient by demanding from them monthly instead of quarterly reports.

Mr. Buchanan had three secretaries: How-

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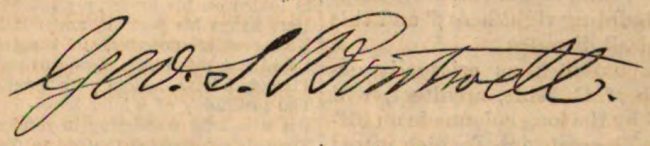
ell Cobb, of Georgia; Philip F. Thomas, of Maryland; and J. A. Dix, of New York. Mr. Buchanan's administration was embarrassed by a monetary revulsion only less severe than that of 1837. Its close was amidst the stirring "breaking up" which preceded Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, and its Secretaries of the Treasury were throughout their term of office occupied by political more than financial matters.

Mr. Lincoln appointed S. P. Chase, of Ohio, Secretary. Mr. Chase entered upon his important duties at a time requiring the utmost financial ability and undoubted courage. Independent of the threatening political relations of the country, which presaged a dissolution of the Union, the national debt had increased to three times the amount it was at the close of the previous administration. The routine business of the department had heretofore been gradual; but now the demands suddenly made upon its resources were enormous, and without the slightest precedent. The clerical force, which in October, 1861, numbered three hundred and eighty-three, four years later was two thousand in number; this extraordinary increase being demanded by the magnitude of the labor of examining accounts, and the preparation and supervision of the national currency and securities. The important measures of Mr. Chase's administration were, first, the "Internal Revenue Act," which, in its operation, raised through this means the income of the government in four years from forty-one millions to three hundred and nine millions; second, the "National Currency Act," which act, though not free from objections, has established not only a paper currency equally good throughout the Union, but as a financial measure has been pronounced by the best authorities as being better adapted to the nature of our political institutions and to our commercial necessities, and affording less opportunity for abuses, than any system which has yet been devised. Consequent upon maintaining the vast military operations growing out of the war, the national expenditures under Mr. Lincoln's administration increased so enormously that it made previous outlays appear insignificant. On one day, at least, there was more money paid out for quartermaster's stores and arms ($46,000,000) than was required for the support of the national government the first year of Washington's administration; and in four years the public debt increased from ninety millions to two thousand six hundred millions; and yet under this wonderful demand upon the resources of the country the national credit constantly increased, and, in spite of at least two millions of men being withdrawn from the productive pursuits, our exports more than doubled the highest amount of any previous administration. William P. Fessenden, of Maine, upon the retirement of Mr. Chase, accepted the office, with the evident approval of the nation. A single state paper, marked by great ability, was Mr. Fessenden's only record as financial minister, when he gave way to Hugh M'Culloch, of Indiana, who filled the place, with credit, until the close of Mr. Johnson's administration.

On the accession of President Grant the Treasury was assigned to George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts. Under his administration the difficult task has devolved of gradually reducing the high impost and revenue demands created under the pressure

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of "war expenses," and yet preserve taxation at a point to meet the interest on the public debt, and enough additional to materially reduce its amount, and thus satisfy the people by gradually relieving them from excessive taxation, and at the same time sustain the national credit. No financial minister ever had a more difficult task, and yet Mr. Boutwell is apparently accomplishing it, and the "monthly statement" of the steady liquidation of the war debt goes hand in hand with the gratifying fact that the revenue charges will soon rest upon the luxuries of life. The following table shows at a glance the statistics of commerce and of national finance from 1789 to 1871:

Administrations.	Years.	Exports.	Imports.	Receipts.	Expenditures.	Public Debt.
George Washington.	1789–1792	$39,765,139	$83,500,000	$13,543,801 29	$12,760,356 78	$80,352,634 04
	1793–1796	174,189,374	216,892,432	34,146,139 04	34,040,588 13	82,064,479 33
John Adams	1797–1800	268,014,605	314,252,022	41,898,743 44	40,164,426 87	83,038,050 80
Thomas Jefferson...	1801–1804	300,098,192	337,363,510	50,831,654 91	49,417,961 64	82,312,150 50
	1805–1808	327,877,094	443,990,000	62,579,305 46	56,674,500 76	57,023,192 09
James Madison	1809–1812	218,805,272	275,230,000	56,969,354 25	63,048,946 80	55,962,827 57
	1813–1816	169,261,643	295,114,274	183,217,041 32	165,045,739 54	123,491,965 16
James Monroe.....	1817–1820	320,786,892	382,575,000	100,914,688 04	121,749,746 02	89,987,427 66
	1821–1824	287,820,446	303,955,539	84,728,010 71	83,979,874 79	83,788,432 71
John Quincy Adams .	1825–1828	331,720,223	349,308,444	99,831,285 42	95,805,446 74	58,421,413 67
Andrew Jackson	1829–1832	314,695,705	349,589,837	110,066,015 37	114,024,784 13	7,001,698 83
	1833–1836	444,834,023	574,515,420	141,997,244 98	97,300,586 53	3,308,124 07
Martin Van Buren..	1837–1840	479,020,354	523,940,272	127,376,213 45	142,561,945 46	13,594,480 73
Harrison and Tyler.	1841–1844	422,088,863	401,297,098	117,285,376 72	110,494,522 56	15,925,303 01
James K. Polk	1845–1848	540,815,875	540,490,927	172,030,721 27	179,298,686 54	63,061,858 69
Taylor and Fillmore	1849–1852	725,700,917	755,166,131	210,102,101 71	196,179,854 14	59,803,117 70
Franklin Pierce	1853–1856	1,111,338,975	1,148,649,490	274,814,021 17	268,941,350 02	28,699,831 85
James Buchanan	1857–1860	1,444,516,861	1,344,435,362	297,957,252 00	314,070,542 68	90,580,873 72
Lincoln and Johnson	1861–1864	1,151,584,619	1,123,904,697	2,947,892,431 81	2,846,411,902 93	2,680,647,869 74
	1865–1868	1,857,825,873	1,483,526,193	5,238,633,956 12	5,213,231,594 36	2,588,452,213 94
Ulysses S. Grant....	1869–1871	1,559,625,881	1,441,185,550	1,958,444,270 26	1,979,366,697 89	2,353,211,332 32

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In the statistics of the Treasury Department we have, most clearly defined, the wonderful material progress of our country. By examination of the account current of the business of the nation since its organization under the Constitution, we find in the four years of 1793, '94, '95, '96, the country sent abroad productions valued at one hundred and seventy-four millions of dollars. In the years 1866, '67, '68, '69, were exported values to the amount of nineteen hundred millions —a most suggestive representation of the increase of population, geographical enlargement of territory, and material resources developed in seventy years.

The Treasury building, for architectural beauty and size, is unequaled except by the Capitol. As we have already stated, the first Treasury structure was erected in 1800. It was destroyed by the British in the year 1814, rebuilt on the old site in the year 1817, partially destroyed again in the year 1831. The corner-stone of the present magnificent structure was laid in 1834 by Levi Woodbury, then Secretary of the Treasury. The site was decided upon by General Jackson. For a long time the subject of the exact location was a matter of exciting disputation, when the "old hero," it is related, became so tired of hearing the claims of rival factions that he went out early one morning, and driving the end of his cane into the spot which now marks the northeast corner of the present site, said, in his emphatic manner, "Put the building right here;" and this decision settled all disputes.

The modern building, as originally designed by Robert C. Mills, architect, will be remembered by the long colonnade on Fifteenth Street. The material of which it was constructed was freestone from near Acquia Creek, Virginia. The extension of the building was authorized in 1835, according to the design of Thomas W. Walter. The work of the enlargement of the Treasury building was at once commenced on the south front, of material obtained at Dix's Island, off the coast of Maine. The south wing was completed and occupied in 1860. The west wing was completed in 1863, the north wing in 1867, the whole at a cost of $6,750,000. A volume would scarcely suffice to give the necessary details of the interior and exterior of this noble structure—the first perfect in arrangement, the second charming the eye from every aspect. In the north wing is the celebrated marble "cash-room," the walls, floors, doors, and window-frames of which are of solid marble, forming one of the most perfect places for the purposes designed in the world.

The exterior is four hundred and sixty-four feet by two hundred and sixty-four feet, three stories in height, with basement, sub-basement, and attic. When the building was commenced it was considered on a scale large enough to accommodate the public service for this century at least; but it has become so overcrowded that several important bureaus of the Treasury Department are already, from necessity, forced to occupy rented buildings in different parts of the city. The prospect is that before the year 1900 another Treasury building, of similar magnificent proportions, will be required to meet the wants of the department, and furnish room in which to carry on economically and expeditiously the constantly increasing financial interests of the nation.

THE MESSAGE.

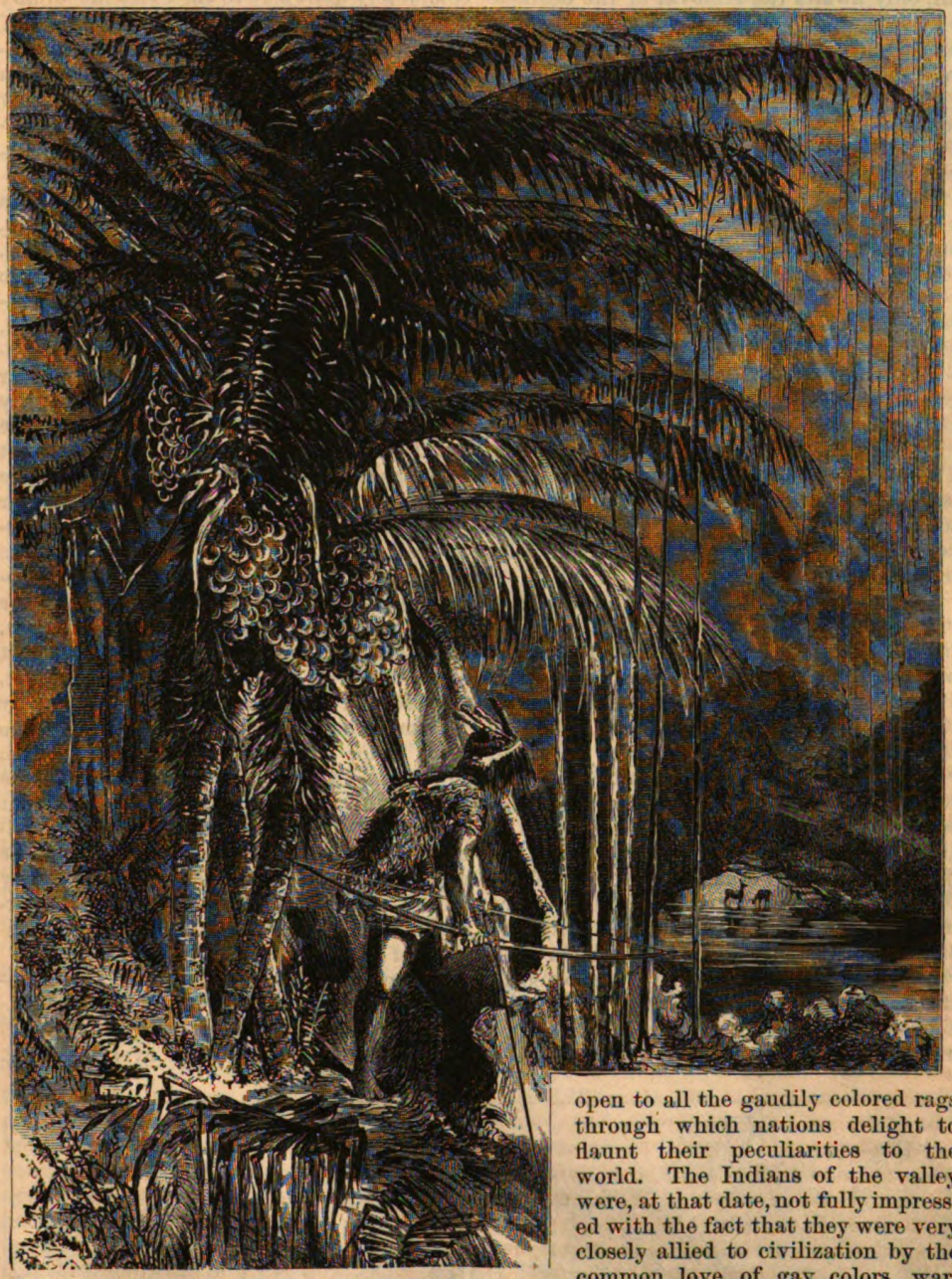
To you, my comrades, whether far or near,
I send this message. Let our past revive;
Come, sound reveille to our hearts once more.
Expecting, I shall wait till at my door
I see you enter, each and every one
Tumultuous, eager all, with clamorous speech,
To hide my stammering welcome and my tears.
I am no host carousing long and late,
Enticing guests with epicurean hints;
Nor am I Timon, sick of this sad world,
Who, jesting, cries, "The sky is overhead,
And underneath that famous rest, the earth:
Show me the man who can have more at last."

Without, the thunder of the city rolls;
Within, the quiet of the student reigns.
There is a change. Time was a childish voice,
Sweet as the lark's when from her nest she soars,
Thrilled over all, and vanished into heaven.
Music once triumphed here: the skillful hand
Of him who rarely struck the keys, and woke
My soul in harmony grand as his own,
Is folded on his breast, my soldier love.
Here hangs his portrait, under it his sword;
He served his country, and his grave's afar.
Dread not this place as one to relics given,
Though I have decked with amaranth my wall,
The testimony of a later loss—
His who long wandering in foreign lands,
Then dying, crossed the sea to die with me.
Behold the sunrise and the morning clouds
On yonder canvas, misty mountain-peaks—
The simple grandeur of a perfect art!
Behold these vivid woods, that gleam beside
The happy vision of an autumn eve,
When red leaves fall, and redder sunsets fade!
The world grows pensive sinking into night,
Whose melancholy space hides sighing winds:
Can they reply to sadder human speech?
What centuries are counted here—my books!
Shadows of mighty men; the chorus, hark!
The antique chant vibrates, and Fate compels!

Comrades, return; the midnight lamp shall gleam
As in old nights; the chaplets woven then—
Withered, perhaps, by time—may grace us yet;
The laurel faded is the laurel still,
And some of us are heroes to ourselves.
And amber wine shall flow; the blue smoke wreathe
In droll disputes, with metaphysics mixed;
Or float as lightly as the quick-spun verse,
Threading the circle round from thought to thought,
Sparkling and fresh as is the airy web
Spread on the hedge at morn in silver dew.
The scent of roses you remember well;
In the green vases they shall bloom again.
And me—do you remember? I remain
Unchanged, I think; though one I saw like me
Some years ago, with hair that was not white;
And she was with you then, as brave a soul
As souls can be whom Fate has not approached.
But seek and find me now, unchanged or changed,
Mirthful in tears, and in my laughter sad.

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NORTHERN BOLIVIA AND ITS AMAZON OUTLET.



PURI INDIAN HUNTING ON THE MADEIRA.

"Navegando
En mi canoa,
Con la proa
Al setentrion,
Voi siguiendo
Del Madera
La carrera
Sin timon."

THUS sang General Quintin Quevedo as he floated along the rapids of the Madeira River in 1861, *en route* to the Atlantic Ocean. The giant Amazon was not then open to all the gaudily colored rags through which nations delight to flaunt their peculiarities to the world. The Indians of the valley were, at that date, not fully impressed with the fact that they were very closely allied to civilization by the common love of gay colors, war-paint, feathers, and trinkets. After centuries of lethargy, they were just awakening to the notes of the steam-whistle echoing through their forests, were commencing to accept the clothing freely offered for sale, were paying a good price for it, were putting it on, and, in consequence, were rapidly being classed under the head of "civilized" by the gratified commercial world.

But this has taken place in the part of the valley belonging to Brazil. The world almost forgets that several powerful states lie

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sunning their Atlantic fronts in the same valley; and that Bolivia, the richest of them all, only awaits the removal of the obstacle of the rapids of the Madeira River to pour an astonishing agricultural and mineral wealth into the marts of commerce.

It may truly be said that the real development of the Amazon Valley will not be commenced until these rapids are avoided by a railway; for, traversing the territory of Bolivia, and converging upon this point, there are three thousand miles of great navigable streams within very easy reach of two millions of the population of that country—that is, four-fifths of the entire population of the Amazon basin are found in the valleys and rich *pampas* that flank the Bolivian Cordillera. To-day they have a forced communication with the world *via* Cape Horn and the Andean passes, the lowest of which, facing Bolivia, is 14,800 feet above the sea. The only barrier, therefore, which shuts out numerous cities of from 10,000 to 83,000 inhabitants from rapid contact with Europe becomes of considerable geographical and commercial interest.

The rapids of the Madeira have been twice examined by regularly organized engineering parties. The first exploration took place over a century ago, when the struggle between Portugal and Spain over the virgin wilds of the New World was at its hottest. The Portuguese then built an outpost at the rapid of Teotonio. In Matto Grosso they also built the fort Principe de Biera, a regular work on the Brazilian side of the Guaporé or Itenez River, about sixty miles above its junction with the Mamore. The sandstone for the revetments was taken from a point near the junction of the Mamore with the Madeira River, and carried up stream with the greatest difficulty, being transported to the launches by manual labor. In 1853 Lieutenant Gibbon, of the United States navy, found a lonely looking sentinel pacing upon the ramparts, almost as solitary as the virgin solitudes which surrounded him, and completely oblivious to the existence of any other world but the one within the range of his vision. He may have watched the waters of the Guaporé, never dreaming that a note tied to the little piece of wood he saw floating upon its surface might reach the Atlantic, and thence, *via* the ocean currents, carry his salutation to the coast of Europe.

As a preliminary to the construction of a railway around the rapids of the Madeira, Brazil and Bolivia ratified a treaty in 1868. The former country immediately sent a large engineering party up the Madeira, with instructions to make a thorough exploration, report upon the exact nature of the obstacles encountered, and the best plan for their removal. This survey was very faithfully carried forward by the engineers MM. José and Francisco Keller; and an elaborate set of maps, profiles, and artistic sketches, the results of their labors, at once attest their skill and the zeal with which they performed the work intrusted to them. The engravings found in this paper are from photographs of the water-color sketches of the latter gentleman; who has, at the same time, furnished me with the most valuable part of the material here found relative to them. Last March, in Rio de Janeiro, I was reliably informed that the surveys only confirm the very exact ones previously made by the Portuguese, the maps of which are in the topographical department of the government of Brazil. This is a proof of the high estimate placed by the Portuguese upon reliable geographical information relative to any points of their territory of strategic importance in contact with the colonial possessions of Spain.

An engineering expedition on the Amazon, or any of its tributaries, is a curious mixture of human faces packed into the oddest-looking craft that man ever invented.



TURTLE-SHOOTING ON THE MADEIRA RIVER.

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HUNTING THE TAPIR.

In all the vast valley the canoes or boats appear to be of the same type. I have seen them sweep into the port of Para from Venezuela, New Granada, and Bolivia. All of them might have come from the same town, instead of from these widely separated countries, so far as their general appearance was concerned. Their round trading voyages down stream and back frequently occupy nearly a year, and during that time the crews, sometimes numbering a dozen men, must be fed and paid from the profits.

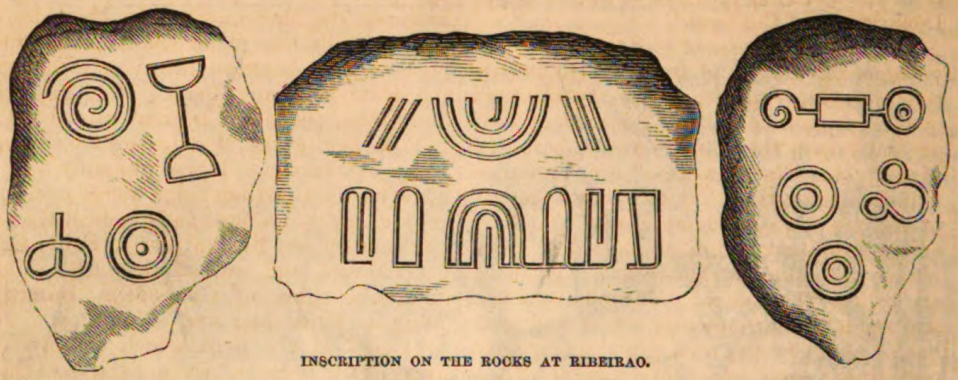
It was in one of the largest of these nondescript craft, requiring twelve boatmen, that the explorations of the Madeira were prosecuted in 1869. The cargo consisted of provisions for four months, materials for repairs, arms, tents, medicines, etc. The voyage up the Madeira from the port of Manaos, on the Amazon River, was not of great interest. At the *hacienda* of Señor Araus they met, in the middle of June, a Bolivian merchant *en route* for Trinidad, the capital of the Beni Department of Bolivia, and joined his party, making a total of seven canoes, eight white men, and seventy Bolivian boatmen from Mojos. At the little settlement of Baetas they found that a former *reduccion* of Muras Indians had been broken up, on account of the persecutions of the recruiting agents for the war against Paraguay, who had penetrated even to these remote districts in pursuit of recruits.

A few days later they met a family of these Indians—"true nomads of the valley of the Amazon"—who, in ten canoes, were ascending to the shores of the Upper Madeira, to be on hand for the turtle-egg season. These followed the expedition for several days, occasionally selling turtles to the party. These they shot with the arrow called *sararaca*, which they use with extraordinary skill.

Occasionally an opportunity offered to hunt the anta, or tapir, in the course of the voyage. These amphibious animals are very numerous throughout the Madeira Valley, both in Bolivia and Brazil. In Bolivia, among the river towns, they are frequently tamed, and afford an infinite source of amusement to the boys, who mount them and drive them about the streets. The wild ones are, however, very savage, and it requires a bold hunter to attack them in a canoe, as shown in the above engraving.

The expedition reached the vicinity of Crato early in July. Here there is a cattle estate, which was founded by Antonio de Barros Cardozo, a resident of the banks of the Mamore River, in Bolivia, where he is the owner of immense herds of cattle. Aware of the fact that they were worth about ten shillings per head in Bolivia, and four pounds sterling in the lower valley of the Amazon, he conceived the daring idea of transporting a sufficient number of them to this point, near Crato, in large launches or canoes of eight tons burden. Half wild

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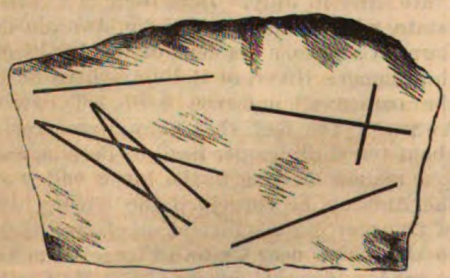
INSCRIPTION ON THE ROCKS AT RIBEIRAO.

as were the animals, and having no food but what they could browse from the landing-places in the forests and on the river margins, he succeeded in passing the 229 miles of *cachuelas*—the Indian name for rapids—and established the *hacienda* above mentioned.

About the middle of July the expedition passed the Isla de los Mutuns, on the shore of Tamandua, a famous spot for turtle-egg hunting. Here the turtles, after a long swim up stream, deposit their eggs during the month of September, at which time the rubber collectors, the fishermen, and the Indians arrive to gather them and extract the oil. The number of eggs required to fill the 2000 jars of oil annually produced here is calculated at 4,000,000. But the destruction does not end here, for hardly are the eggs hatched when the hunters return to collect whole cargoes of the young turtles. This fishery, carried on from year to year without regulations, threatens the extinction of this productive branch of commerce on the Madeira, however numerous the turtles may be at present. The turtle fisheries of the other parts of the Amazon Valley are carried forward with the same reckless carelessness of results.

The expedition reached the first rapid, San Antonio, on the 16th of July. Here they found it necessary to unload their canoes, and transport all the cargoes overland for a distance of over a quarter of a mile on the left margin of the river. While accompanying the boatmen who were engaged in this task, they discovered upon different granite ledges some very curious marks crossing each other at various angles, and cut into the rock to a depth of one-hundredth part of a meter. They afterward found more numerous marks of the same kind at the rapid of Teotonio, and just above; but it was at the rapid of Ribeirao that the most extraordinary of these tracings was found. Here they were cut into the hardest rock, and appeared like letters, which, from their corroded surfaces, showed traces of very great age. To translate from the MM. Keller's report to the government of Brazil:

"The great and patient labor which was necessary to cut these signs in stone of this nature without any iron tools, and only by erosion with another stone, leads us to the belief that they are not the labor of indolence, and that they have some signification, especially those of Ribeirao. The latter form an interesting parallel with the rough representations of celestial objects and of animals upon the rocks of the Orinoco, described by Humboldt."*



SPECIMEN OF CURIOUSLY CUT STONES ALONG THE RAPIDS.

The passage of the rapids of the Madeira is no easy task at the points where the canoes have to be unloaded; and yet it is an astonishing fact that since 1868, as an effect of the treaty between Brazil and Bolivia, and the opening of the lower Amazon to all flags, a very large and lucrative trade has sprung up. For the year 1870 the amount of freight passing this line of obstacles in this rude canoe trade will exceed 1000 tons. In the whole line there is a total dragging of launches overland of two and a half miles, while at other points the goods are carried an equal distance by hand, and the boats towed up stream. The average time consumed in the transit is seventeen days, at all seasons; for some of the rapids, which are difficult to pass in the dry season, present no obstacles in the wet, and *vice versa*.

The work is performed by the boatmen

* In crossing the Andes, in 1869, from Arica to La Paz, in Bolivia, I noticed on the right hand of the road, six leagues from Tacna, a large rock with a flat, oval face, containing about twenty-five square feet, covered with numerous hieroglyphics of circular form.

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from the Bolivian province of Mojos, in the Department of the Beni.*

The largest boats ever used in any of these voyages have been of from ten to twenty tons carrying capacity, while the ordinary ones are from four to five. The most of them are built upon the Mamore and other rivers of Bolivia. The "gariteas" are similar to launches, excepting that they have the hull of one piece, are without a keel, and have one or two planks added to the sides. Those which are equal in size to two "gariteas" are called "batelones." These have a keel and rudder, and frequently are of 2000 arrobas, or about twenty tons, carrying capacity, requiring a crew of seventeen men. There are some very swift little craft, called "montarios," and others made from a single piece of wood, which are real canoes, and are so called.

From the Macacos Rapid may be seen the mist of the celebrated Teotonio, which at low water has a fall of about twenty-five feet. The width of the river at this point is about six-tenths of a mile. The immense volume of waters which constantly pour over the fall gives one an idea of the vastness of the Bolivian river system, which furnishes the supply.

This point would be a very paradise for a sportsman; for "the riches in fish—*surubios, piritados, tambakis*, etc.—in the still water below the fall is astounding; and at certain seasons of the year they can be taken with a harpoon, at the moment they make efforts to overcome the small rapids below the principal fall."

It was at Teotonio that one of the canoes had a hole stove through her by hitting against a rock in the transportation overland; "but the voyager on the Madeira carries all his iron and carpenter's tools with him, and in less than a day the craft was repaired."

The Madeira River at the rapids is forced in a great curve far to the westward by the mountain ridge of Brazil called the Sierra Geral. This runs northwest through the province of Matto Grosso, nearly parallel with the Guaporé River, the present boundary line with Bolivia. In this westward curve, however, the Madeira met the obstacles of the low hills that flank the Andean spurs, pushed down between the river Purus and the Manu-tata and Beni. There is little doubt that there was a great inland sea in Bolivia before the Madeira broke through this rocky barrier. It was probably held in place by the Brazilian ridge above mentioned, and covered almost the whole of the Department of the Beni, a part of Santa Cruz de la Sierra, and washed the bases of the mountain spurs of Caupolican, Larecaja, Yungas, Yuracares, and Chiquitos. The provinces of the Beni, which contain the great fertile pampas,* richer even than those of the Argentine Republic, are still partially inundated at times during the rainy season. The very slight fall of the Mamore River in a course of 600 miles, before it reaches the first rapid, indicates that it would require but a moderate increase in the elevation of the rapids to form the lake which I suppose may have existed.

Relative to the geological formation of the Lower Madeira Valley, to translate from the work of MM. Keller:

"The ferruginous conglomerate which is found on the surface of the earth, or only covered with a bed of clay of from five to six meters of thickness, is a conglomerate of sandstone—little pieces of dolorite, cemented with oxide of iron, full of openings and cavities, which give it the appearance of a sponge or scoria.

"Its beds are generally horizontal, and are from four to five meters thick. In the inferior beds the seams are smaller, at some points disappearing entirely, and forming then a more homogeneous mass of very argillaceous red sandstone.

"The extension over which this formation is found is enormous. We saw it at Manaos, and at the margins of the Rio Negro and affluents, along the whole length of the Lower Madeira. It was perforated and in part destroyed at the rapids, but we found it afterward in the Upper Madeira, the Guaporé, and the Mamore, extending in only this direction over more than twelve degrees of latitude."

Accompanying the expedition was an old mulatto called Fortunato. He was a pilot of great skill, who knew every island and every shore of the Madeira—one of those curious men such as are found upon the great rivers of the Western continent, with instincts so exact that they know the bearing of every point even in the darkest night,

* In 1842, under the Presidency of General Ballivian, the Department of the Beni was created in Bolivia. It was composed of the ancient province of Mojos, a part of Caupolican, and part of Chiquitos. At the same time the indigenous inhabitants of this new province were declared citizens of Bolivia, in common with the white population, without being subject to the law which regulates the citizenship of the Quichua and Aymara races. This law is that every man shall be able to read and write, and have two hundred dollars per year income, before he can vote.

The Beni Indian has wonderful imitative powers. It is amusing to see him present himself at the polls on the day of an election for President or a deputy to Congress. Without knowing a letter of the alphabet, he copies upon a piece of paper, in a clear and legible hand, the name of the one for whom he votes. He will also copy an entire manuscript in any language without knowing a word of it.

* These pampas are covered with vast herds of fat cattle. The soil is of the richest and most productive nature, and would afford sustenance to millions of inhabitants. For thousands of square miles there is not even a pebble; and it is so rare to find a stone that when any one makes a voyage up stream to the base of the mountains, his friends charge him to "bring back a little piece of rock" as a curiosity.

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DRAGGING A CANOE AROUND TEOTONIO.

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MEETING WITH THE CARIPUNAS.

and are almost as reliable as a compass. In some cases I should be disposed to trust them more.

Fortunato told them that the next day they should meet with the Caripunas, and, sure enough, early on the morning indicated, three of their light bark canoes appeared behind a salient point on the right bank of the river. Two of these paddled across to meet the expedition, then on the left margin, while the third, as if to stand guard, remained half hidden in the shade of some trees which overhung the water. In each canoe were two men and one woman, the former entirely naked, the latter, according to custom, wearing nothing but a little apron. They were all under the medium size, and of a clear reddish-brown color. Their hair was stiff and black, and cut upon their foreheads. Upon some of them it fell in long and thick locks upon their backs; upon others it was bound in the form of a queue. Some among them had their abdomens very much swollen, which Mr. Keller attributes to the consumption of the farinaceous root of the mandioca, which, as well as corn, they cultivate near the rapids.

"The Indians, who, without showing any fear, had approached our canoes, made us understand by signs that we should accompany them to the opposite side of the river, where their cabins were. Our rowers, the Mojos Indians of the old 'missions' of the Mamore, who still preserve considerable of the bigotry which the Jesuit fathers implanted in their hearts, looked with an air of the greatest distrust at their poor cousins of the forests, whom they honored with epithets which were not very flattering—as, for example, savages, heathens, etc."

There is little doubt that the Mojos were perfectly right, for they have often suffered from the treachery of the Caripunas, who have, on occasion, taken advantage of unarmed canoes of Bolivian boatmen. This, however, took place when the Bolivian commerce *via* the Amazon was first commenced; but now that it has obtained considerable proportions, the Caripunas have ceased to be troublesome.

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A CARIPUNA INDIAN.

When the boats of the expedition, at the indication of the Caripunas, took the direction of the opposite shore, the Indians in their frail canoes shot on ahead, shouting and screaming with delight. A magnificent tree, loaded with orchids, overhung the opposite bank, and sheltered several other canoes. In these, and upon the bank, were some twenty more men and women. A few of the latter had children in their arms. They all showed the liveliest curiosity, and questioned with great vivacity the Indians who had guided the expedition to this point.

First, one approached slowly. He was a little more venturesome than the rest, but it was the signal for them to take courage, and finally a dozen advanced toward the expedition and stepped on board the canoes. They examined every thing with the greatest attention, and asked for all they saw—from a knife to even the long, shaggy coat of Mr. José Keller, which appeared to greatly excite the covetousness of an old woman, who, like the rest, was not fully instructed in the laws of trade. From the boxes in the canoes were produced the presents which had been treasured for the occasion. Landing on the shore, there were displayed to the delighted eyes of the Caripunas great knives, white beads, little mirrors, combs, fish-hooks, scissors, needles, etc. In continuation, Mr. Keller thus relates to me: "At the moment when we climbed the steep shore an Indian of uncertain age, whose face was in part painted of a deep blue color, which gave him a most savage air, presented himself to us. He was armed with a bow and arrows. Black and shining cords were around his wrists and ankles, as well as his fore-arm. In his pierced nose he wore some short toucan plumes. He struck his breast, covered with a veritable cuirass of white and black beads, and pronounced in a guttural tone the Portuguese word *Capitao*, probably the only one he knew. He thus gave us to understand that we had the honor of speaking to the chief of the tribe. At his invitation we accompanied him without hesitation. He conducted us over a well-kept road, two meters wide, which, in the shade of the palms, the *uranias*, and the cacao groves, led us in a few minutes to their *malocca*. It consisted of three cabins, of which two large ones served for habitations, being entirely closed in—that is, their palm-leaf roofs touched the earth; the other was a shed open on all sides, the roof supported by eight columns. Among these were suspended some dirty hammocks, some bows and arrows, and in the centre was a lighted fire. We observed that this was a place of reunion for the men, a species of *corps de garde*, and at the same time a cemetery.

"In a few minutes every body was gathered in this place, and we commenced to distribute the presents, making the Indians understand that we desired to have some bows and arrows in exchange. After a little hesitation they gave me several made of the paxiúba palm (*Triartea exorrhiza*), a very hard wood, and almost black. The arrows were made of the shaft of the *uba* (*Saccharum sagittarum*), and were two meters long. These arms, the little tufts of toucan feathers, which men and women without distinction wore through the nose, and a few of the little aprons of the women, were all we could obtain.

"Among the Mundrucus Indians, upon the shores of the Tapajos and of the Manlies, so renowned for their ability in the manufacture of their feather clothing, we would have found, without doubt, ten times more than among this poor horde of Caripunas.

"That which caused considerable surprise was the great number of children of every age, which proved that the lack of fecundity was not the cause of the smallness of their numbers. Many travelers have noted this smallness; and it becomes a question to know if these Indians retire from time to time to places less frequented by the white man, or if epidemics are the cause. As there has never been a missionary among them, and no one speaks their language, this question is difficult to decide.

"The women place upon their shoulders a kind of band made of the bark of a brown wood. Upon this they seat the young children, which they carry. The features of the women were sufficiently regular, but the tuft of red feathers gave them a droll appearance, recalling to mind the look of a wild-cat. A few teeth of the capivara (*Hydrochœrus capivari*), and some long, white bead necklaces, completed their ornaments.

"After many efforts to make myself understood in a mimic language, I undertook to tranquilize a boy of from seventeen to eighteen years of age for the purpose of sketching his profile. It was then that I observed that among the men of that tribe

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the absence of eyebrows was almost complete, while their eyelashes were well developed.*

"The incident which causes me to remember that these Indians inter their dead in their houses is too curious to be passed in silence. Near two narrow drums I saw some small, very thin boards eighteen inches long. In the middle of each was tied the end of a piece of twine. Unable to understand its meaning, I asked the young Indian whose portrait I had been sketching to exchange one of them for a pair of scissors. He became at once greatly astonished, and went to one of the oldest Indians, who wore an enormous queue, and communicated to him my request. The old man, in a very serious tone, tried to make me understand that these boards were only used for funeral ceremonies, by causing them to revolve with force about the twine, striking the air with a hurtling sound. The expression of his figure, his mimicking, and the terror painted upon his form, would have been sufficient to make me understand what he wished; but when, in addition, he showed me four small openings in the earth, in part covered with flat stones, corresponding evidently to as many *igaçabas*, or great urns, in which they buried their dead, there no longer remained any doubt that we were over a kind of family tomb. Thus is explained the custom which these Indians have of frequently abandoning their *maloccas* to construct others elsewhere, when in the old ones there is no longer a place for the living."

The Caripunas would not permit any further researches into the mysteries of their funeral ceremonies. A fine pair of scissors, offered for a few of the funeral implements, was apparently no temptation to an exchange. Finally some knives were exchanged for three baskets of mandioca roots and a little corn, of which the Mojos boatmen are very fond. The Indians brought these eatables in vessels carried by means of a large band of bark, which they pass around the forehead. All the Caripunas then accompanied the party to the canoes, and parted with them upon the most friendly terms.

It is evident that these Indians only require a little friendly contact with traders and settlers to become of great use in the development of the district in the vicinity of the rapids. Their knowledge of the location of groves of rubber-trees, their peculiar ability in hunting and fishing, their cultivation of the mandioca root, of cocoa, corn, and sugar-cane, must become of great advantage to the important and rapidly increasing commerce now passing the line of rapids.

* The eyebrows may have been plucked out, the same as the North American, and I believe some of the South American, Indians pluck out their beards.

A single Franciscan friar would, in less than a year, form two or three very valuable and respectable settlements here. The profits which such settlements might reap from the sale of food to Bolivian merchants would liberally support the *missions*.

In the years 1866 and 1867 some Franciscan missionaries, from the Recoleta College of La Paz, Bolivia, penetrated the northwestern part of the country, on the Mididi and Madre de Dios (or Manu-tata) branches of the Beni River. They made a rough map of the district, and in a letter to the Bishop of La Paz gave a most interesting account of the five Tacana tribes which they visited —of their rude civilization, and the wondrous beauties of the rich and virgin lands they occupy.

I may be allowed to digress a moment to yield my most solid admiration for the tremendous energy shown by the Jesuit and Franciscan friars in their efforts to civilize the Indian tribes of South America. Fanatical zeal, self-denial, and contempt of life have given extraordinary results. It is a curious fact that when the first Jesuit penetrated the Beni districts of Bolivia, from the frontier of the civilized Inca race, he was immediately killed. Another followed, and also lost his life: still another pushed down this valley of the Upper Madeira River. The Indians were astounded; for, to them, they were all the same man, exactly the same costume, precisely the same appearance. It evidently did no good to kill the immortal stranger; and, upon consultation, they declared him a god, gathered around him, worshiped him, and acknowledged his rule.

Since the surveys of the rapids have been finished a considerable number of Bolivians from Mojos and Trinidad have settled along their line, to tap the rubber-trees, which are found in great abundance on both sides of the river. The following illustration will give an idea of the process used there in preparing the gum for market. The sap, or milk, of the tree has been received in an inverted turtle-shell. An earthen jar, with a hole in the bottom, sits over a palm-nut fire, the smoke ascending through the jar. A Bolivian Indian sits near; he dips a paddle into the milk, and holds it over the smoke until the gum is hardened, then dips it again, and again hardens it over the jar. This process is continued until the end of the paddle is covered to the proper commercial thickness. The gum is then cut off, and is ready for market. A good day's work is six pounds. The rubber product of the Amazon Valley is increasing with great rapidity. That for 1870 was correctly estimated at 5760 net tons, and once the lands of Bolivia are penetrated, this figure will be very largely increased. In Northern Bolivia, especially upon the Manu-tata River and the

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INDIA-RUBBER-MAKING ON THE MADEIRA.

western branches of the Beni, are vast groves of rubber-trees as yet untouched. They border lands of exceeding fertility and health, and are destined, ere long, to attract much attention.

At length the party has passed the upper rapid of Guajara-Merim, and has before it six hundred miles of unobstructed navigation into the heart of Bolivia. The canoes have been examined, to see if every thing is in proper order, and at early dawn the camp upon the river-bank bestirs itself for breakfast. A few minutes with hook and line land several fine fish upon the shore, and a nondescript dish is soon prepared by the Mojos cook. Meanwhile one of the boatmen, whose bark shirt is somewhat worn, unrolls a strip of bark, and continues his unfinished task of manufacturing a new one by pounding the bark until it is sufficiently soft and pliable.

The hard work is over; the Mojos boatmen load the canoes with a will; again the party embarks, and up the river with a steady dip of the paddles shoot the canoes of the expedition. Vast prairies meet the eye, rivaling in beauty those of Illinois and Iowa in the United States. They are covered with great herds of fat cattle, whose shining hides and rounded forms attest to the nutritive qualities of the abundant pastures. Now and then a tiger darts away from the river-bank and plunges into some forest of lofty trees. Immense wild almond groves sometimes obstruct the vision. Vast areas of wild cotton fields, brown, yellow, and white, all of perennial growth, speak of the dormant riches which await the muscular energy of over-crowded Europe. Of no less extent are the areas of wild indigo and wild cacao-trees. The latter are frequently planted by the monkeys. Seizing a cacao pod, they ascend some neighboring tree, eat what they please, and throw the balance away. The fertile soil soon returns royal payment for the seeds received.

Occasionally are seen little ponds and lakes in the pampas. These are almost hidden by the aquatic birds which sport upon their surfaces or dress their gaudy plumage upon their margins. One might almost deem this fairy-land; and truly he would not be far wrong; for here, upon this great shore of the Andes, this slope which drinks in the heat of the tropics to temper it with mountain breezes to the most delicate wants of man, are found lands such as Italy dreams of.

A favorable wind from the northeast gave the boatmen a transient aid, and the heavily loaded craft moved rapidly up stream, causing the yellow waters of the Mamore to break into foam under their clumsily formed bows. After several days of steady work up stream they arrived at the ancient Jesuit mission of Exaltacion. Several *ubas*, or small canoes, marked the spot which bore the sonorous title of Puerto de Exaltacion. Two larger craft, evidently out of service, lay half submerged upon the river margin.

At the height of the river basin, about thirty-two feet above low water, were some miserable cabins, with meagre bunches of bananas hanging near them on some stunted bushes. A few Indians were bathing near,

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and several Indian women were filling enormous earthen jars from the river. These were the only indications that the town of Exaltacion was near by. Between this point and the town, which is above a mile distant, the land is entirely flat, and covered with tufts of coarse pasture, interspersed here and there with little clumps of trees. All this offered but a miserable appearance to him who had just left the Lower Mamore, the Madeira, and the Amazon, with their beautiful lands and grand virgin forests. "The herds of cattle which were visible on each side of the road were, nevertheless, of a good breed, and had the appearance of being well fed. Some Indian women whom we met, with their classic pitchers upon their heads, wished us welcome, which was translated to us by our Bolivian companion by '*Te voilà arrivé?*' The response to this, as he told us, and as we afterward verified, consists in a prolonged *hum*."

The roofs of the town, gilded by the setting sun, were visible from a long distance. Like most inland towns of Spanish America, its streets appeared almost deserted. Decayed door-ways and unrepaired walls did not give it a very thrifty appearance. Like the other towns of the Department of the Beni, it has had a forced communication with the world over almost impassable roads across the Andes. Of all the rich products that lie rotting about it, the people have been unable to sell any thing that will cover the cost of transportation. For instance, English iron, which sells there for eighty-five pounds sterling per ton, is almost considered a precious metal; and gold, which is sold at two pounds sterling per ounce, is easier to obtain.

The streets of Exaltacion are very wide.



BREAKFAST ON THE MAMORE.

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CHURCH AND PLAZA OF EXALTACION.

Aside from the doors, some of the houses have no other openings; but there were some with a little shutter barred by a grating of wood.* The low residences of the Indians are built in continuous files. These, in common with those around the plaza and in adjacent streets, have a veranda their whole length, sustained by columns of wood.

"Upon one side of the plaza, which was at least 100 meters long, arose the church, with its isolated bell tower, and the ancient Jesuit college. The other three sides were closed in by the habitations of the Indians.

"The façade of the church showed an immense peristyle door-way of four wooden columns, designed to protect the façade against the rains; for this, like all the rest, was built of *adobes*. During the feast-days it also served to receive the surplus of the faithful that could not crowd into the edifice. The college had a long veranda for its entire length, on the ground-floor as well as the first story.

"It must be acknowledged that the Jesuits knew how to derive the greatest possible profit from such miserable material of construction as adobes. Although these edifices are not of great monumental beauty, they at least contain spacious halls, and have been able to resist the inclemencies of the storms of a century and a half. And still, to-day, a century after that other formidable tempest which deprived the Jesuits forever of their rich missions of Paraguay, Brazil, Bolivia, etc., these structures might be well preserved if Spanish carelessness had not neglected to make the necessary repairs. Despite the traces of decay visible at each step, the general impression is such that, at every instant, one awaits the appearance of some disciple of Loyola from the sombre shadows of these columns.

"It is principally the absence of all vegetation in the plaza, and the uniformity of construction about it, which give it an aspect which at once recalls the convent and the barrack. The enormous and numberless crosses of wood, the largest of which is found in the centre of the plaza, and the sombre figures of the Indians passing through the long corridors, clad in their long white gowns, do not contribute to enfeeble this first impression.

"By means of our companion, Don Domingo Leigue, we found the residence of the

* Near the Rio Grande affluent of the Mamore River, in the midst of an agricultural district of unsurpassed beauty, is situated the town of Santa Cruz de la Sierra, containing 15,000 inhabitants, and having a large number of families of the best blood that old Spain sent to the New World. A year since there were not a dozen houses with glass windows, a common dinner-plate sold for two shillings, a common drinking-glass for three shillings to four. Such brittle material will not stand the rough voyage of nine hundred miles from Cobija, on the Pacific, across the Andes, to the bank of an affluent of the Amazon River. Within a year, however, despite the obstacle of the rapids of the Madeira, the town has begun to feel the influence of the opening of the Amazon. Large invoices of mirrors of considerable size, crockery, glass-ware, pianos, and other luxuries of life reach them from the Atlantic.

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sacristan, an Indian of pure blood. After we had sufficiently admired the grotesque ornamenting of the façade, painted with glaring colors, with much good-will he opened to us one of the lateral portions of the church. It is divided into three naves, and is sixteen meters wide by fifty-two long. It has no transept. The pillars of the naves, and also those of the choir, are richly sculptured in wood; and although the ornamental details are far from having the fineness and elegance of the forms of the true renaissance, the whole impression is none the less rich.

"The kinds of wood most generally employed in the construction and carvings were *uráputanga, jacaréuba, jatuaúba*, cedar, and *vinhatico*. These were, without doubt, in great part brought from a distance, for in districts in the vicinity of the mission trunks of such considerable dimensions are seldom found.

"From the boldness and perfection of handiwork displayed in these carvings, it is readily seen that they were executed by masters. The Jesuits, without doubt, brought able artists from Europe; for the Indians, then scarcely elevated from their completely savage condition, were able at the most to serve as aids in the rude works of carpentry and masonry, but never in the works of art.*

"The main altar is somewhat surcharged with ornaments, so that it can scarcely be said to be perfectly beautiful; but another, of from seven to eight meters wide and of equal elevation, was found in the sacristy. Its noble lines, borrowed from the true renaissance, and its deep brown color, made an imposing impression. Unfortunately the taste of the fathers for painting was not equally developed, or perhaps they had not had opportunity to purchase good pictures. The ones we found on the altar were nothing but horrible daubs.

"In the closets of the altar of the sacristy they also keep the silver of the church, in the form of cups, basins, vases, great crucifixes, chandeliers, lamps, and ornamental sheets of silver used as coverings for the altars on fête-days, the whole, as it is said, weighing fifteen arrobas—nearly 500 pounds."

It is said that equal riches are held in the other missions of the Department of the Beni. In the mission of San Pedro, upon the banks of the Mamore, there existed, aside from the ornamented sheets of silver covering the altar, two massive silver tablets. One by one the rich morsels of silver have disappeared, until to-day the churches and missions have scarcely a tithe of that which once gave a prodigal magnificence to their *dias de fiesta*. It was, moreover, customary in those days for every family of note to possess a large quantity of silver-ware. These great riches have not, as it may be supposed, entirely disappeared from the country, for one may yet see considerable displays in private families, while in some of the churches still exist immense altars of massive silver, attesting to the wealth of Potosi and the vast mineral products of a country whose treasures have been scarcely touched by the old Spaniard and his progeny. During the presidency of Velasco, the people of Santa Cruz de la Sierra were pleased with the idea that they should have a new cathedral. The old one was torn down. It was wonderfully rich in silver ornaments. These were carried to Potosi for safe-keeping, but, unfortunately for their religious services, they were all coined into dollars. The good people of the city have since awaited in vain for a new cathedral, and its promised decorations, while, as a result, every old lady of strictly religious training has but little hope for the happiness of President Velasco in the future world.

Some years since, during the presidency of General Linares, the Bolivian government, not thinking it good political economy to let so much treasure lie idle, sent an officer to visit the missions, to take an account of the various amounts existing in the churches. "At Trinidad the Indians seized their bows and arrows, for many years unused, and forced the emissary to turn back. This treasure is the only remains of a past splendor, and represents but a very trifle of the sum which the ancestors of the present inhabitants of the missions accumulated under the patriarchal rule of the Jesuits by the planting of cacao, sugar, and cotton.

"Upon the large music gallery which is found over the main entrance of the church at Exaltacion an organ may be seen in a richly sculptured case. This, as also the confessionals, the choir, etc., are covered with a thick layer of paint. We also found a harp and violoncello, whose forms attested a very great age. Near them, in a corner, were two musical instruments of such original construction that the assertion of the sacristan was at first necessary to make us believe that they were really instruments for sacred music. One of them was a species of flute, or gigantic *pan*, of which the largest tube was one and a half meters long and eight centimeters opening. These tubes were formed of five palm leaves, glued one over the other with a kind of resin, and tied with thread. There were two lines of tubes —the shortest below, and the longest, producing the bass notes, above. The instrument compassed two octaves, and the sound it gave, in blowing it with considerable force,

* I think Mr. Keller is greatly mistaken here. The Indians of Bolivia have a wonderful aptitude for fine cabinet-work and carving. I have seen native productions in various Bolivian cities which would do credit to the skilled workmen of Europe; and this notwithstanding the rudeness of the tools, which the isolated position of the country has caused to be of the very worst class, and of the ugliest forms.

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MOJOS INDIANS AT TRINIDAD CELEBRATING MASS.

resembled that of a trombone. The tubes at the small end were supplied with an *anche en corne*.

"At Trinidad of the Beni I had occasion afterward to attend a chanted mass, executed exclusively by Mojos Indians, where two of them played from notes upon these same instruments, which they call *bajones*. The ability displayed by the musicians was admirable; for they blew first into one tube, then into the other, without losing sight of their notes.

"From the music gallery we descended into the nave, where we looked every where among the rich sculpturing of the pillars and the altars without finding any thing to indicate to us exactly the date of the construction of the church. Judging from the style of the ornaments, the conservative tendencies of ecclesiastical rigidity, and the isolation of the spot, it might have been 1680 to 1690."

During another visit to Exaltacion we discovered something more definite in the form of an inscription upon a small cross. As this was considered a relic, the sacristan would not show it without great hesitation. It was exactly framed into the body of the altar above the tabernacle, and covered with another cross of the same size, and in such a manner that it was very difficult to remove it.

In the centre, covered with a glass, was found incased a splinter of the holy cross, as the inscription, "Sanctum lignum Crucis," gave us to understand. Under the pedestal of the cross itself was a silver plate, screwed on. It was ten centimeters by eight, with the following inscription:

"S. Lignum Crucis del que se adora en el Colegio de S. Paplo de Lima, dio el P. Provl Antonio Vazquez al P. Juan del Campo quien como Rector de S. Pablo lo dio á otro Pe grave e este el P. N. de O. que con bene placito de los superiores lo aplico á la Reducion de Mojos de la Exaltacion de la Cruz q. funda el P. Anno 1704. ANT. GARRIGA."

"We finally left this interesting edifice, under the vaults of which there already reigned that feeble glimmer so well known in our immense Gothic cathedrals, and which, in hiding some imperfections of workman-

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A MOJOS INDIAN.

ship, made the general impression more grand and noble. In traversing the peristyle we discovered some enormous rusty nails, half buried in the pedestal of two great columns at the side of the entrance. For curiosity we asked the sacristan for what purpose these served. The response he gave in almost unintelligible Spanish was, that in the time of the *padres*, and even during the first years after their expulsion, it was the habit to suspend from these nails every thing that any one found that had been lost in the church during mass, or in the streets of the town. 'To-day,' added he, with bitter irony, 'these nails rust in their places; for no one thinks of returning what he finds.'"*

It is scarcely a score of years since, at sunset hour, the immense plaza was covered with thousands of Indians dressed in their long shirts of irreproachable whiteness, and raising their voices in an artless prayer. The Jesuit who made these machine-men has disappeared, and now the Indian is passing through a transition period.

"It is stated that near the mission of Exaltacion are found large quantities of the débris of broken pots; also Indian stone hatchets of the well-known characteristic forms. On the estate of Señor Antonio de Barros Cardozo, four leagues below Exaltacion, near the margin of the river Mamore, we ourselves had occasion to examine one of the spots where the Mojos Indians, before being gathered into missions by the Jesuits, were doubtless already living in fixed habitations. At this point, which is signalized by a little hill rising above the highest floods of the Mamore, the ground is strewn with these pieces of baked earth, covered with curious grooves, and indicating by the curves that the jars of which they formed a part were of considerable diameter. Señor Cardozo also found there white quartz ornaments, which, among the *Guaranis* of the Brazilian province of Parana, are known by the name of "cherimbita." They have the form of a little rod with a head, and are worn in the under lip, pierced for the purpose. The *cherimbitas* which I was able to obtain in the settlements of the Parana are, in effect, formed of the resin of the *yutahy*-tree; but I saw one of them, of white quartz, on the river Tibagi, exactly like that found in Bolivia.



THE CHERIMBITA.

"This archæological godsend appears still more interesting, as it may serve to throw a new light upon the still obscure question of the migration of the Tupis Indians."

Northern and Eastern Bolivia offer a rare field for the archæologist. Here are found tribes of the most diverse features, languages, and natures. Upon the Manu-tata River lives the Tacana race, in five subdivisions, each of marked characteristics, and most of them semi-civilized, and living in comfortable houses. There is no tradition of these having had any contact with the early Spanish conquerors of America or their descendants. From data that has come into my possession I have good reason to believe, however, that the Tacanas were once subject to the Inca rule, and formed its frontier line to the coast of Cuzco. An Inca military road penetrated their country, and gave easy control of the rich district.

The Orient of Bolivia in past time was overrun by the Guaranis from the southeast. Their language has left a marked impress upon the diverse tribal divisions of that district. The Indians themselves have strong, bold features, intelligent faces, and a very independent bearing—of marked contrast to most of the Indian races of South America. Perhaps nowhere upon the Western continent is there to be found a richer or more interesting field for study, and yet it has been virtually untouched.

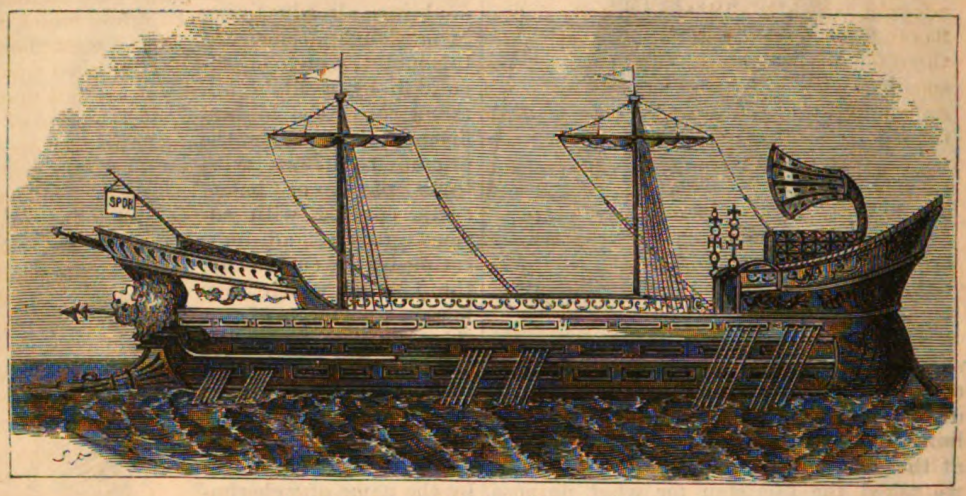
* Certainly Exaltacion must be an exception to the rest of Bolivia. A robbery or a theft is of very rare occurrence. So perfectly safe are the roads in the wildest part of the country that arms are quite unnecessary. In one of my journeys across the Bolivian Andes I got so tired of carrying a revolver in my belt that I put it in one of my saddle-bags, and on my arrival at the Pacific coast found the chambers and barrel full of bread and cheese.

In Southern Bolivia I once met a train of mules and asses, some twenty-five in number. They were in one of the wildest parts of the country, and a hundred miles from their destination. Every one of them carried two silver bars, of about £150 value each. These bars were simply slung in hide thongs, and rested uncovered on the backs of the animals. Naturally I expected to see an escort, but what was my surprise to see only an inoffensive old Indian and a small boy slowly walking on foot and driving the train!

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NAVAL ARCHITECTURE, PAST AND PRESENT.

[First Paper.]



ANCIENT GALLEY WITH THREE BANKS OF OARS.

THE infancy of the art of naval architecture is enveloped in obscurity, and the accounts which we have of the ships of the ancients are of a very limited character. It is quite certain, however, that the first vessels in use were not large, for the largest of the Grecian fleet at the siege of Troy (1184 B.C.) carried only one hundred and twenty men; and it is probable that this was the entire number of souls on board. These vessels were all propelled by oars, and had no decks—were, in fact, merely large row-boats; and it is not improbable that the oarsmen made up the line of the army during the progress of the siege. Such sails as these vessels had were of but small dimensions, and were merely auxiliary to the oars, and it was not until a much later day that the oars were discarded. This may, perhaps, be accounted for by the fact that there was little or no commercial intercourse between the various nations, and that their ships were used mostly as a means of transporting armed men. Fighting at sea had not yet come into fashion, and it was not until some five hundred years later that we read of vessels being built with a view to encountering an enemy afloat. By this time the oars had been increased in number, and arranged in banks one above the other; the fighting men were stationed at the bow and stern, while the oarsmen occupied the centre of the vessel. These vessels were called galleys, and were frequently of considerable size; the sort most in use appears to have been the *trireme*, in which the oars were arranged in three banks, as indicated in the above illustration. The interior of the boat was entirely open, save the platforms for the soldiers at the extremities; but about 470 B.C., in preparing his fleet for the great battle afterward fought at Eurymedon, the Athenian commander-in-chief caused these platforms to be connected, thus making a deck, and allowing a stronger force of soldiers to be put on board, besides more thoroughly protecting the oarsmen from the enemy. The sails were increased in size, but were still comparatively very small, and of use only with a fair wind.

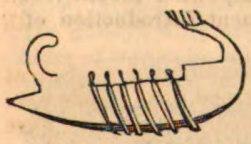
Although the Carthaginians showed great commercial enterprise, and their vessels were known all over the Mediterranean, we have but few data upon which to depend for a knowledge of their ships: judging from the present day, the demands of commerce must have produced a superior type of vessel.

It is to Grecian and Roman history that we must look for any accurate means of determining the form of the ancient vessels, and it is tolerably certain that their main features were borrowed from the despised Carthaginians. The bow and stern below the water-line were usually of the same shape, but above that they were of different form. They rose above the level of the centre of the vessel, and were generally highly ornamented. The steering apparatus consisted of two rudders or paddles, one on either quarter; sometimes there were two of these on each side, as shown in the illustration, which represents an ancient *trireme* of the first rate; it is still evident that the oars were depended upon to propel the vessel, the sails being of but scanty size. The model of all the vessels in use at this time was of the same general character, and the manner of building was substantially the same. The planking was affixed to the frame by iron bolts, but experience soon dem-

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onstrated that these were subject to corrosion, and brass ones were substituted. The interstices between the planks were calked in various ways, until finally the style was adopted which is still substantially in use: flaxen fibres were driven into the seams, and then the entire outside of the vessel was smeared with a coating of wax or pitch. As an additional security, hides, properly tanned, were stretched over the bottom, and were covered with the same composition. In this way not only was the water kept out, but the wooden bottom was protected from the injurious effects of salt-water. It is only within a comparatively short number of years that the practice of covering the bottoms of vessels with copper has obtained; but we find it stated as a fact that the galley of the Emperor Trajan, which was recovered from Lake Riccio after having been there for nearly thirteen hundred years, was not only calked and pitched, but had also "lead sheathing attached to the ship by copper nails."

The object of the naval tactics of that day was to run alongside of an enemy, and disable his vessel by breaking his oars, as well as to crush in his sides, if possible. In order to accomplish this design, the prows, or beaks, were built of the strongest and toughest woods, and were sometimes shod with iron: the prow frequently extended below the water-line beyond the upper works, thus rendering a blow more destructive. From this it will be seen that the idea of ramming, which has obtained in these later days, is but a revival of the earliest style of naval warfare. A galley of this sort, depicted on a Roman coin of about the time of the republic, is shown in the illustration. Much taste was shown in the ornamentation of these vessels, gilding and various colored paints being employed for that purpose. In process of time means of offense additional to personal armor were adopted. Probably the first step in this direction was that form of weapon in which a beam, projecting beyond the side, was slung from a mast in the bow of the vessel: the extremity of this beam was shod with iron, and the whole affair was managed, by means of ropes attached to it, in such a way that it could be used as a battering-ram to break down the upper works which protected the enemy's men. It could also be used as a sweep, by turning it rapidly round in such a way as to clear the enemy's deck. A piece of iron was sometimes attached to the beam by means of a chain about a fathom in length, and this addition rendered the whole thing a formidable engine of destruction when turned about its centre with a velocity sufficient to overcome the feeble resistance that could be offered by the shields of the opposing force.



ANCIENT GALLEY, FROM A ROMAN COIN.

The *corvus* was an improvement on that just described. This machine bore no little resemblance to the modern crane which is used for lifting heavy weights. A mast about twenty-five feet in height was placed upon the prow, serving at its top as an axis upon which turned a long beam, like the arm of a crane; to this were attached various ropes, by which it was easily turned from the deck. At the extremity of the arm was a pulley, through which passed a rope to which was suspended the *corvus* — a conical piece of cast iron of great weight. On the approach of an enemy the arm was turned so as to extend over his deck, the rope which held the *corvus* was let go, and the heavy mass fell upon the enemy's vessel, penetrating the deck, and making a general wreck of every thing within its reach. To prevent its withdrawal through the hole which it made, it was furnished with movable hooks of iron, attached to it by hinges so that these grappling-irons took hold of whatever was within their reach, and held the vessels closely together. In connection with this apparatus was a draw-bridge, which turned upon the mast as a centre, being suspended from it by means of chains. The *corvus* having been let fall, the draw-bridge was lowered, and the soldiers advanced across it, endeavoring to force the enemy from their defenses. Grappling-irons, with light chains attached, were also used to bind the opposing vessels together when an attempt was made to carry the enemy's ship by boarding.

Contrivances for setting fire to the vessel of an enemy were also in use, the simplest form being that in which burning coals were placed on the prow in vessels formed of baked earth, so that the shock of contact would break the pottery and scatter the contents upon the enemy's deck. Another form was that still in use among the Chinese, in which two substances (separated by a partition) were inclosed in an earthen pot, upon the breaking of which the two united and burst into a flame. Still later the celebrated Greek fire was introduced. This much-dreaded substance was projected in some way through a tube, which was placed at the bow, and falling upon the enemy's deck, immediately enveloped it in a sheet of flame.

Short as is the preceding account, it still comprises nearly all that is actually known with regard to the ships of the ancients. The wants of commerce had not yet demanded vessels of a quality superior to these, which could make their way from port to port only when the wind was fair. It was not until several centuries later that the discovery of the mariner's compass gave an impetus to navigation which has not ceased to be felt even at the present day.

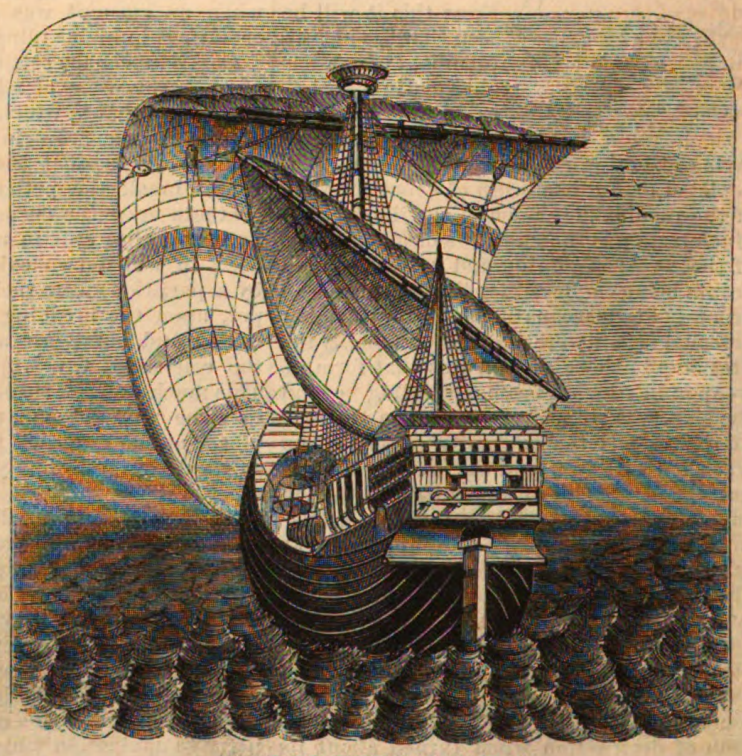
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SHIP OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

Of the history of ship-building during the centuries immediately succeeding the downfall of the ancient civilization still less is known; and it would seem impossible to believe that the great enterprises of those days were undertaken in vessels of such precarious structure as were used, were it not that the few accounts that we have are of such undoubted authenticity. The Saxon pirates, who ravaged the coasts of Europe, spreading devastation wherever their footsteps trod, put to sea on their expeditions in large flat-bottomed boats, the keels of which were of very light timber, the floor and sides being merely of wicker-work, the whole covered with strong hides. In process of time these vessels were replaced by those built of wood, and having leather sails. Oars still continued to be used as the chief method of propulsion, but gradually the sails were increased in size, until oars were cast aside. In the time of William the Conqueror this had come to pass, and in the above illustration, which is copied from the Bayeux tapestry, we have quite a spirited representation of the vessels of his day. During this time commerce was being largely developed in the Mediterranean, and the vessels in use there were chiefly modifications of the ancient galley, to which the waters of that inland sea were well adapted. The rougher character of the northern seas, however, rendered commercial enterprises almost impossible in vessels of that character. Accordingly we find that they were propelled by their sails alone; their bows and sterns were considerably more elevated than the centre, a feature inherited from the model of the galley. Their masts were generally single sticks, and seldom exceeded two in number; the sails were all square, and the yards lowered on deck. These vessels were used both for the naval and the merchant marine, though the galley was still in favor for war purposes, especially in the Mediterranean. The method of steering by paddles had been superseded by that in use at the present day—that is, by the rudder hung at the stern.

The invention of gunpowder (about A.D. 1400), and the consequent introduction of



SHIP OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

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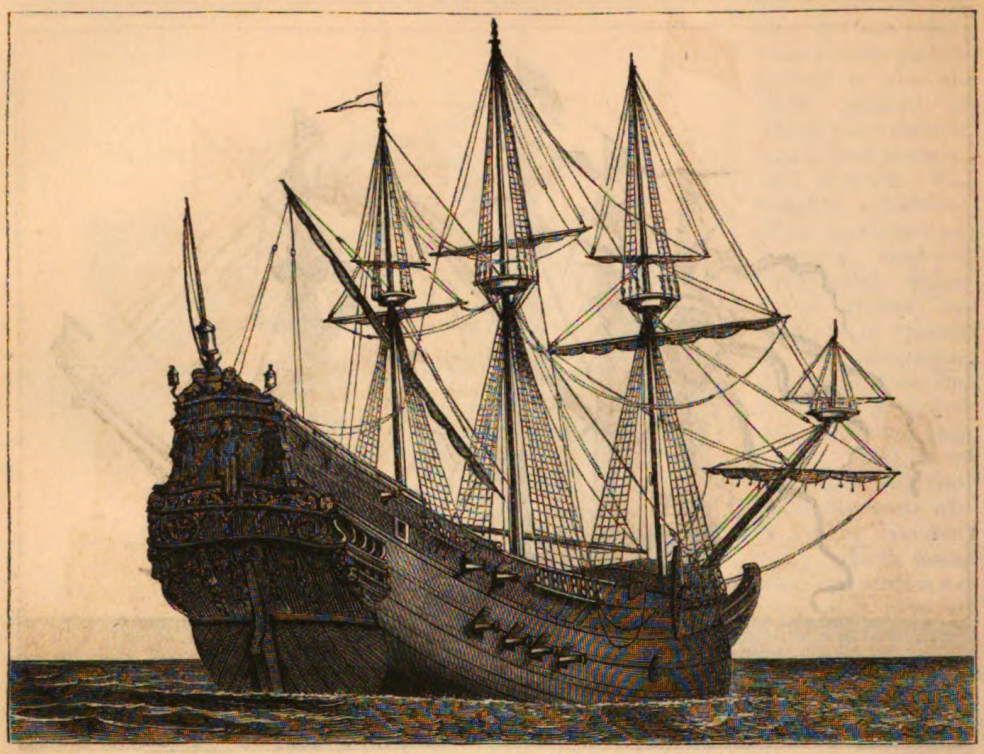
THE "GREAT HARRY."

artillery on board of vessels of war, necessitated further improvements in the ships. The galleys were first adapted to the new order of things by being enlarged and armed with guns placed in the bows, in the manner indicated in our illustrations. These vessels soon gave way to the galleons, in which the use of oars was entirely dispensed with, and which were better suited for deep-water navigation. They still preserved the general form of the vessels before in use, but more sail was given to them: the masts were higher, and the number of sails on each mast was increased by the addition of top-sails, which were furled to the yard aloft. Port-holes were also cut in the sides, by means of which guns could be carried on the lower deck.

During the fifteenth century commerce was constantly increasing, and at the latter part of this time had become widely spread. The mariner's compass had come to be generally known and used; navigation had been rendered more exact by the use of the astrolabe,—an instrument by which observations of the heavenly bodies could be taken at sea, and the position of the ship ascertained; the art of sailing by the wind had come into use, and the generality of vessels were rigged for that purpose; America had been discovered; the Cape of Good Hope had been rounded, and the sea route to the East Indies had superseded the land route. It follows that the vessels used in these enterprises were improvements on those in use at an earlier day; but the changes had been confined almost entirely to the fittings of the ships, little or no alterations having taken place in the model. At this time all ships carried guns, and, as a general rule, mariners were not averse to using them offensively whenever a weaker vessel was met.

About 1520 was built the *Great Harry*, an English ship, which has been styled the parent of the navies of the world. Her construction was considered to be a great triumph in ship-building, and gave an impetus to naval architecture the effects of which are still felt in the desire of each nation to have vessels of a better character than those of other countries. The carack of 1542 shows great improvement over the unwieldy hulks of former days; the shape of the bow and the general arrangement of the sails evince a desire to break away from the ancient models, but the projecting prow of the galley is still retained. The difficulty with these vessels was that when applied to war purposes their lower tier of guns was so near the water as to be absolutely dangerous. Indeed, a large vessel (the *Mary Rose*) was sunk at Spithead by the water entering her ports as she was heeled over by a sudden squall. The position of the wreck is still known, and as late as 1836 several brass breech-loading guns were obtained from it by divers. Dangerous as was this system of construction, ship-builders seem to have been unable to

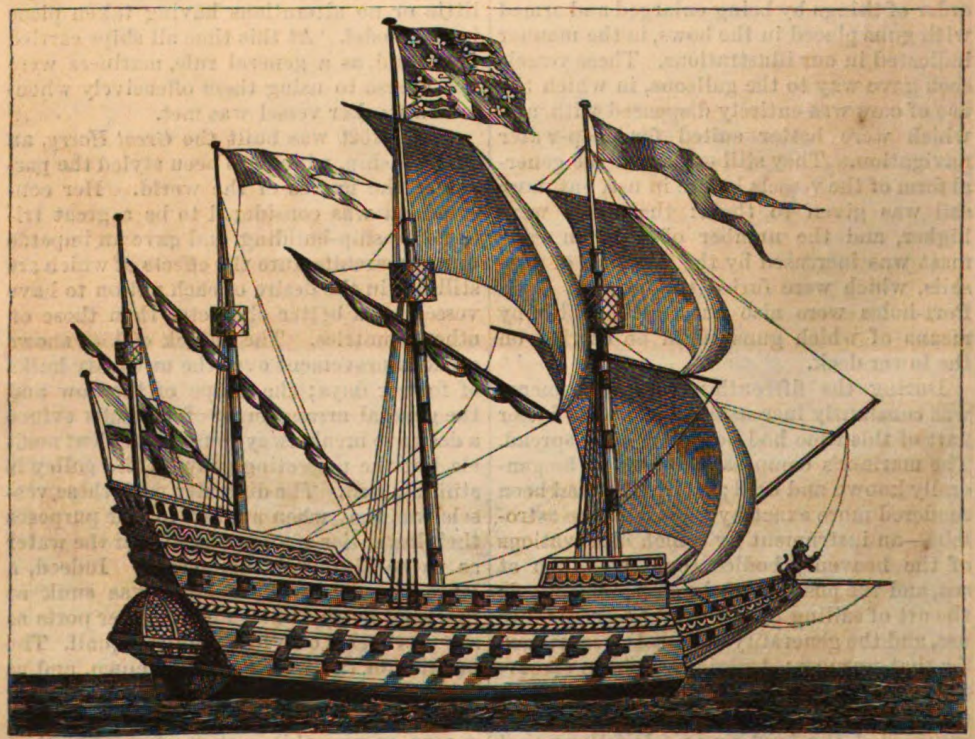
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GENOESE CARACK, 1542.

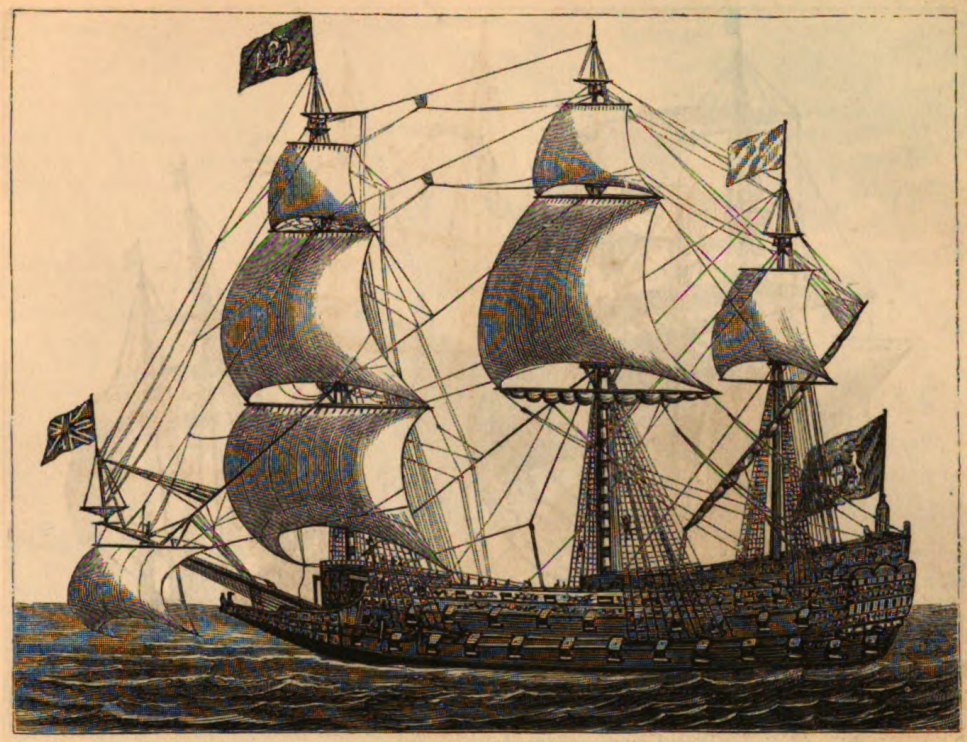
learn better methods by the occurrence of such accidents.

About 1600, vessels mounting three tiers of guns were built by the Spaniards, whose naval power was fast increasing. Stimulated by this example, the English built (in

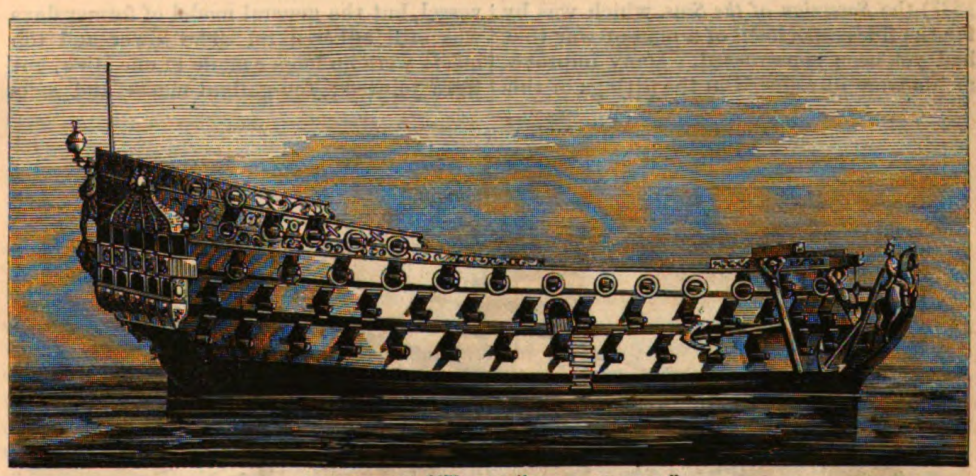


BRITISH SHIP OF WAR, 1578, FROM TAPESTRY IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

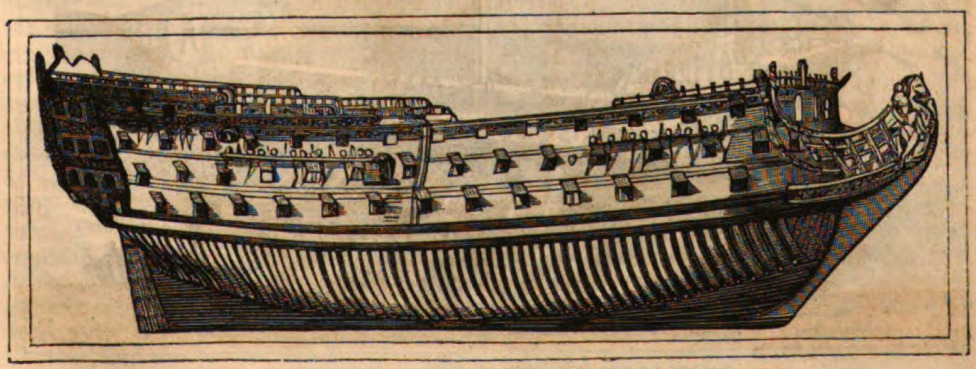
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"SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS," 1637, FROM AN ORIGINAL PICTURE BY VANDEVELDE.

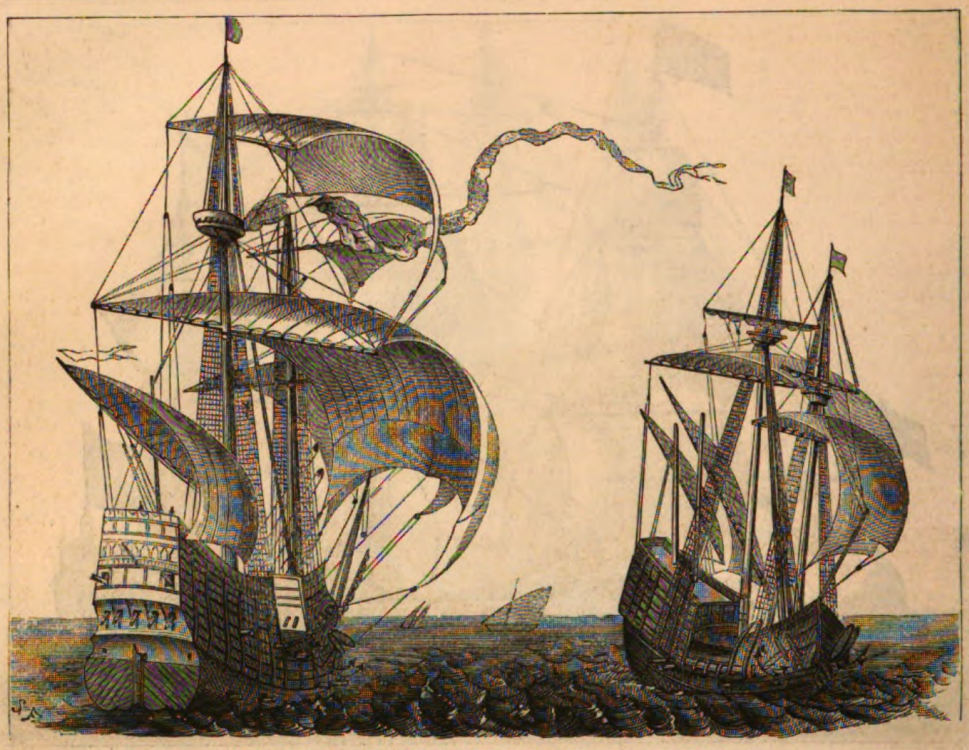


WAR SHIP OF 1673, THE "ROYAL CHARLES."



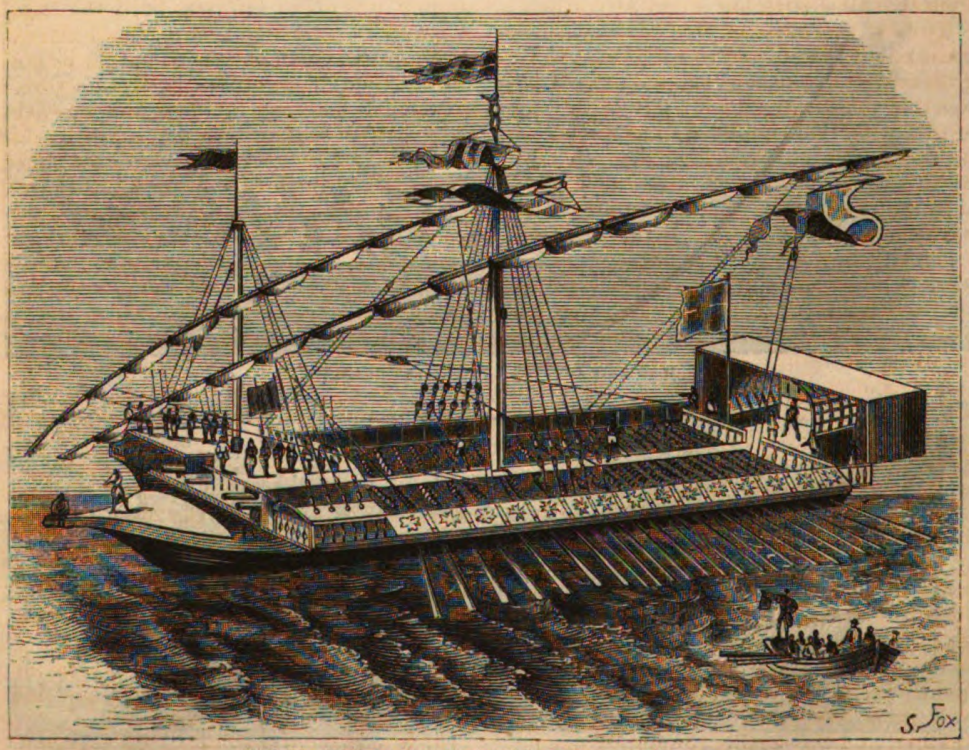
THE "ROYAL GEORGE."

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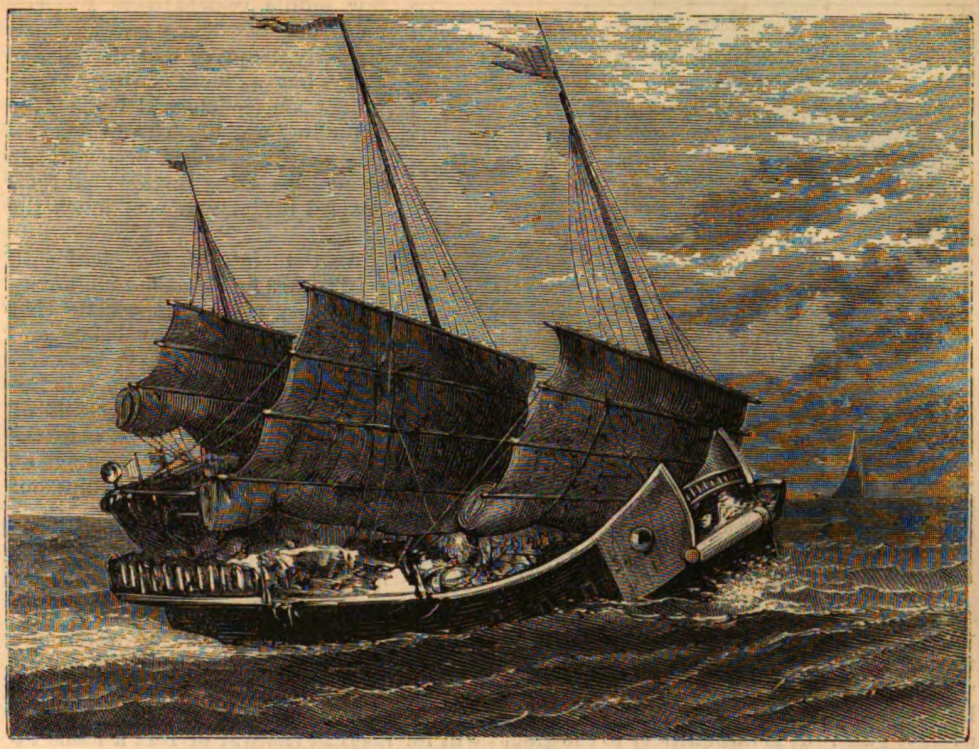
GALLEONS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, FROM VAN YK.

1637) the *Sovereign of the Seas*, which was by far the finest specimen of a man-of-war that had yet been constructed. Many improvements were introduced in the fittings of this vessel, but the general model of former days was still adhered to. The lower and top masts were no longer made of one stick, but were jointed; top-gallant-masts and sails



GALLEY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, FROM VAN YK.

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CHINESE JUNK.

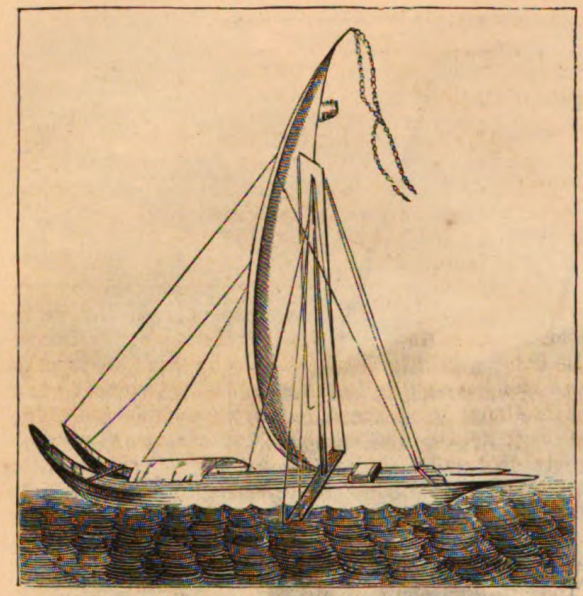
were also in use; and, in fact, the same general arrangement of masts and sails exists at the present day, having come down to us from that time with but slight alteration.

Toward the close of this century all the great naval powers had so conformed to English models in the construction of their vessels that the illustration of an English vessel of 1673 would do equally well as a representation of a Dutch, French, or Spanish craft. By this time ships were built of such a size as to be able to carry their own provisions, which had heretofore been borne in vessels designed especially for that purpose. These tenders accompanied the squadrons to sea, and were guarded with great care; they carried but few men, and were occupied in distributing the provisions to the fleet as required, and they bore the same relation to the men-of-war that supply vessels do in our own day. In the early part of the eighteenth century the French made many improvements in naval construction, but the English, always slow to follow, were still wedded to the building of ships which are described by one of their own authors as being "destitute of almost every principle that could constitute a ship of war; crank, heavy sailers, of ill stowage, confined and inconvenient in the hour of battle; the larger ships frequently incapable of employing their lower-deck guns except in the most moderate weather, and the smaller absolutely dangerous." And yet in such ships as these, and even in worse than these, were won the glorious triumphs of the English navy.

At length the spirit of advancement was aroused, and about 1750 was built the *Royal George*, a vessel which was regarded at that time as a "paragon of beauty, and the *ne plus ultra* in the science of marine architecture." Her length was one hundred and seventy-eight feet—less than that of a modern gunboat—and yet she carried one hundred guns! This vessel during her existence was the pride of the English navy; she carried more guns, had seen more actions, borne more admirals' flags, and done more service to that country than any other vessel in the navy. She was lost by a melancholy accident, which has no parallel in history. Lying at anchor off Spithead, she was heeled over by the guns being run to one side, when a sudden squall from off the land caused her lower tier of ports to go under water, when she immediately filled and went down, carrying with her the admiral (Kempenfeldt) and nearly nine hundred others. At the time of the disaster there were on board not only the crew of the ill-fated vessel, but many of their wives and children. Attempts were made some years after to raise her, but they were not successful. A number of bronze guns were obtained from the wreck, and then large charges of gunpowder were exploded within her, and the hull broken up.

The French were at this time the best ship-builders in the world—at least their models

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DOUBLE CANOE, SOCIETY ISLANDS.

were the best; and this remark applies to the merchant marine also, for their vessels were of comparatively large size, and were heavily armed, carrying sometimes as many as sixty guns. It is due entirely to the great exertions of the French that improvements were continually being made, the other powers following her but slowly. It is but just to say, however, that their vessels did not possess the durability of those of other nations, owing to their being built of fir; so that there was more scope for improvement in the number of new ships necessary to be built to keep up their naval strength.

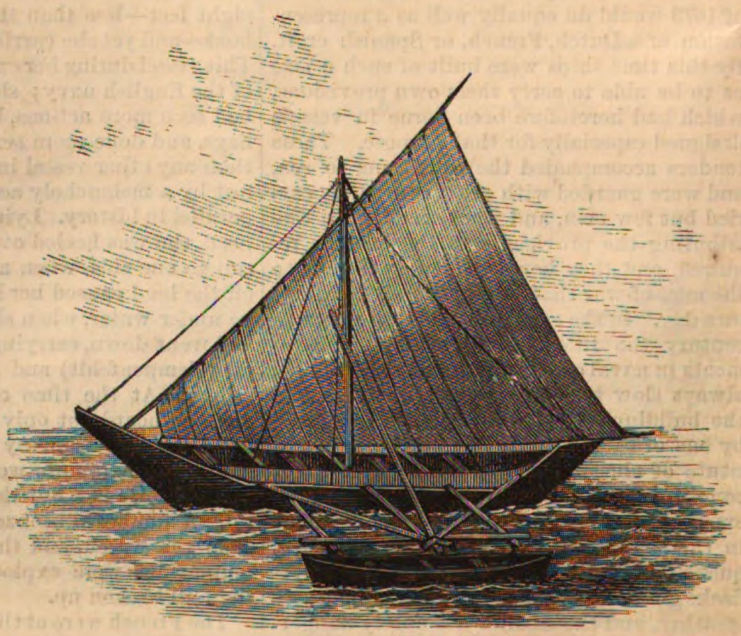
The American colonies of England, previously to the Revolution, were beginning to build ships, but the commerce between them and the mother country was generally carried on in British bottoms. As early as 1748 a 40-gun ship called the *America* was built in Boston for the king's service; this vessel never made a cruise, but was laid up in the dock-yard at Portsmouth.

The war of the Revolution gave a great impetus to ship-building in this country, and many privateers were put afloat, while not a few public vessels were likewise constructed. These vessels, particularly the privateers, designed to carry but a small battery, were built upon models which found no favor in Europe. The heavy vessels were in general better sailers than those of the English, but their general model was very much the same.

At the close of the eighteenth century we find that foreign navies were very much in the state that they had been fifty years before, and the French still built the best vessels. The American navy was but of small size, but the vessels of which it was composed were the finest in the world of their class. We built no line-of-battle ships, but confined ourselves to frigates, which were built from models furnished by the best builders in the country. They were remarkably well adapted for speed and for manœuvring, carried their guns well out of water, and were much easier as sea-boats in a gale. These good qualities, in connection with good gunnery, caused our infant navy to win for itself in the war of 1812 a name inferior to none in history.

Having thus traced the progress of the ship to the beginning of the present century, let us, before proceeding to the consideration of the application of steam to the propulsion of ships, glance at the various sorts of vessels in use in other quarters of the globe.

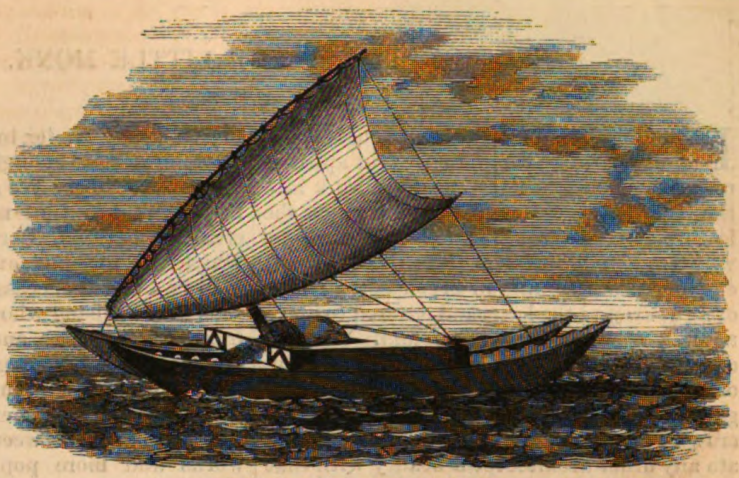
To the Chinese probably belongs the hon-



FLYING PROA, LADRONE ISLANDS.

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or of first using vessels propelled by sail alone; but the early history of that remarkable nation is so enveloped in obscurity that no reliable information can be obtained with regard to the subject under consideration. Judging from the disposition which they still exhibit to follow in the steps of their ancestors, it is probable that for the last thousand years no change has been made in the model of their junks. The illustration is copied from a painting by a Chinese artist; the bow is almost square, and on either side is painted an eye, without which no junk is ever sent to sea. The vessel is built of heavy plank—so thick that they retain the shape of the tree from which they were sawed; these are fastened to the frames by bamboo lashings and by treenails. The stern rises high out of the water, and is highly ornamented with paint and gilding, while gaudy-colored streamers float from various parts of the vessel. The sails are of matting, extended by means of yards of bamboo placed at intervals on the mast: this arrangement allows a speedy reduction of sail when necessary. The masts are single sticks, often of very great size; the rudder is not hung to the stern as with us, but is held in its place by cables leading under the bottom of the vessel to the bows. These singular craft will sail very well with a fair wind, but, being very flat-bottomed, make but little progress when beating against the wind.



DOUBLE CANOE, FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

In remarkable contrast to this style of vessel is the flying proa of the Ladrone Islands, which lie in the region of the northeast trades, and are so situated that in passing to and fro the wind is always upon the beam of a vessel. This invention is one which would do credit to any civilized nation; its speed is wonderful, it having been known to sail twenty miles an hour. The stem and stern are very sharp, and are exactly alike, as the boat is intended to sail in either direction, and always to present the same side to the wind. On the windward side is an outrigger of timber extending some distance, and upon the extremity of this is a heavy log of wood, pointed at either end to facilitate its progress through the water. This contrivance prevents the capsizing of the boat, which would otherwise inevitably occur, as the weather side is built in the ordinary manner, while the lee side is nearly vertical—thus preventing the great drifting to leeward which would otherwise ensue. When the direction of the boat is to be changed, the end of the yard which was before free is brought down into the boat, while the other end is raised, and thus in a moment the direction is reversed, while the outrigger is still to windward.

The natives of the other islands scattered throughout the Pacific Ocean possess vessels of the same general character, though there are some slight differences of detail. The illustration of the Society and Friendly islands canoes shows the manner in which the same principle is applied to double canoes.

TO-MORROW.

To-day can sing of yesterday,
Songs tender, tinct with sorrow;
But mute she comes along the way—
All-beautiful To-morrow!

Her face is full of prophecies
Her lips have still withholden,
And gazing in her radiant eyes
Song turns to silence golden.

Hope rapt beside her pathway stands,
Asks nothing but the vision,
And turns at night with empty hands,
Still dreaming of fruition.

Ah, beauty! soon as present, gone,
Most fleet and most beguiling:
Why are our hearts forever drawn
By that strange, far-off smiling?

Why is it that from new delays
New faith they still can borrow?
Oh, is it that among the days
Comes Heaven's first good-morrow?

She will come in with no alarms,
Under this same low portal,
And clasp us as in mortal arms,
And we shall turn immortal!

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THE CITY OF THE LITTLE MONK.

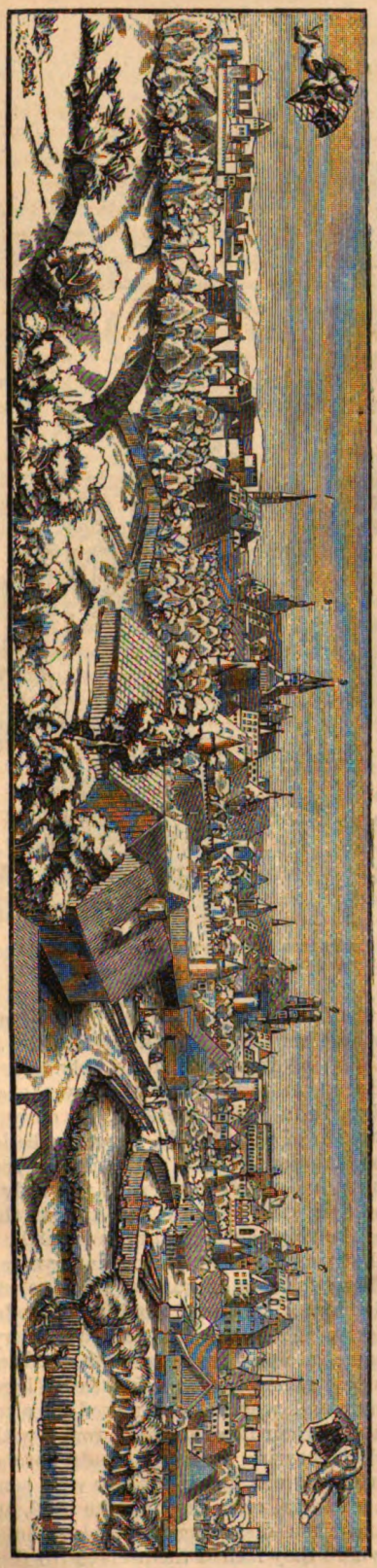
[First Paper.]

IN the mind of the traveler through many lands there are certain cities set apart as unique. Such was Paris until she sank into the tremendous sea of cloud from which she is so slowly emerging; such was Chicago, which one coming from the prairie toward evening saw gleaming in the sunset, a fringe of light around the lake, and entered to move as amidst the splendors of a dream. Who can compare any other spot to quaint Nuremberg, or to Moscow, with its domes of green and gold, looked down on from the Byzantine crown of the Kremlin? Or who can associate any other architectural beauty with that of Venice, recumbent on her lagune, as it were the place of sapphires? Nor is old Edinburgh less incomparable, with her superb Arthur's Seat, where the genius of antiquity seems to sit watching through the ages, as the forces which piled up Castle Rock make way for the formations of history in which it is set. But among these cities specifically different from all others, none can be more truly named than Munich. It is the city that a boy dreams of in some far-away rustic home, where he knows of cities only by picture-books. From the time when, from a great distance, one sees it stretched on its vast plain, to the time when the last of its treasures is explored, there is no let or pause in its enchantment. Dream delivers you to dream. True, there is perpetual surprise. Meeting the few quiet wayfarers on its dazzling streets, or the small occasional groups, oftener solitary individuals, gliding softly through its matchless galleries of art, one can not help asking, Where is the population? Why is the world not here in this splendid city? Munich constantly suggests a magnificent coat too big for its wearer. As many as are the people you meet in the beautiful capital, so many are the explanations of its village-like quietness and its paucity of inhabitants. One will urge that it is because Murray, who has been threatened with a prosecution for the calumny, says Munich is unhealthy, whereas, the indignant citizen assures you, they only suffer from typhus. Another will tell you that the throng is all there, but is asleep. The truest interpretation, as it seems to me, is that Munich has not been brought into existence by any natural causes, or by commercial advantages; it is the artificial production of æsthetic kings. It has arisen on a marsh, by the side of an unnavigable mountain stream, amidst an unattractive country, apart from any natural highway between nations or sections.

But to say that Munich has been forced into existence is not to explain it. That can be done only by its own curious history. I must beg my reader to turn antiquarian for a while, at least enough to go back into the twelfth century. We are confronted at the first step into that mouldy realm with a struggle between Germany and Rome, of which the present conflict in the same region is a lineal successor. Then it was the Bishop of Freising who claimed sway, dating from two centuries and a half back, for his see, over the best regions along the Iser, and especially for sundry villages which had been called into existence by being on the pathway between neighboring salt-works and more populous regions. This bishop, Otto by name, established dépôts for the salt, and levied heavy tolls upon it. In 1156 Barbarossa presented the dukedom of Bavaria to Henry the Lion. Neither of these princes had much reverence for the temporal power of the Church. Henry the Lion destroyed Bishop Otto's castle, mint, and a bridge over the Iser, and otherwise gave him strong hints that he was not master in that region. Then Henry the Lion fixed on a certain woody spot to found a salt dépôt. There was no trace of a village; but a number of monks, flying from Hungary into the wilderness, came to this region, and were allowed to build them some shanties near this salt dépôt. The place then came to be popularly called "Bei den Mönchen," or the place of the monks, whence München and Munich. The name Mönchen first occurs in an act of Barbarossa, dated A.D. 1158, by which he gives legality to the seizures of Henry the Lion from the Bishop of Freising. But now what has become of this "Mighty Freising," as it was then called, to whose cathedral all the villages of the Iser were mere tributaries? I copy the best description I know from the nearest gazetteer: "Freising, a town of Upper Bavaria, on the Iser, twenty miles north-northeast of Munich. Population in 1845, 5350. It has breweries and tobacco factories." Such is the result of the earliest historical struggle between the Germans and Church power on that very spot where Dr. Döllinger, with a descendant of Barbarossa at Berlin to back him, and a Bavarian Duke Lion at his side, is superintending the final crumbling away of papal authority in Germany. Truly there is an appropriateness in these Munich recusants calling themselves Old Catholics: they are veritable chips, so to say, of the old block which impeded ecclesiastical supremacy seven hundred years ago.

Thus it is that Munich became the City of the Little Monk. Whether the Hungarian monks were smaller than others may be doubtful; but the city has aptly taken the figure of a

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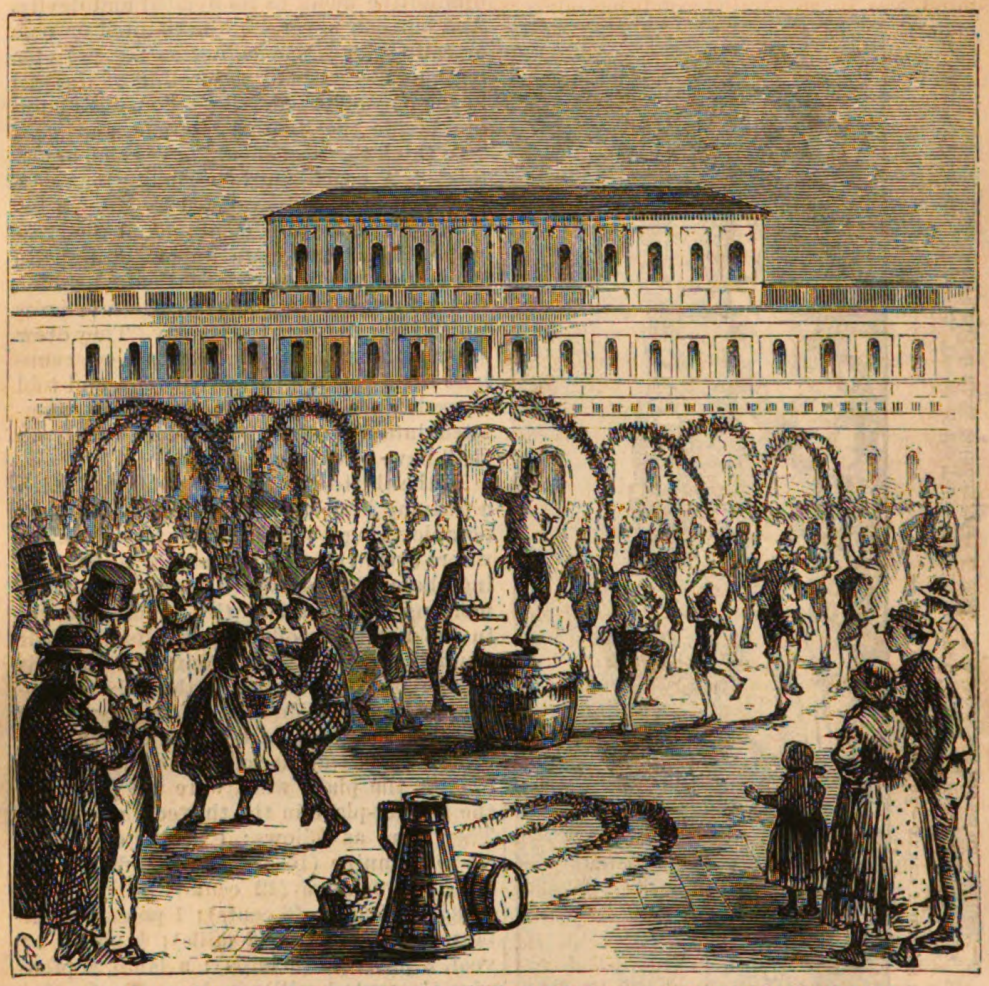
MUNICH, IN THE YEAR 1590.—TAKEN FROM THE EAST SIDE.

1. Church of the Holy Cross.—2. Tower of the Town-Hall.—3. St. Peter's Church, with two Towers.—4. Frauenkirche (Church of Our Lady).—5. St. Michael's Church, with the Tower which fell while building, May 4, 1590. The Derrick is shown on the Roof.—6. The old Castle.—7. Church of St. Salvator (Greek).

diminutive monk as its symbol and device. And one can never see him painted on sign or ceiling, or promenading as the pet of a masquerade, without the feeling of the girl in the play of "Cinderella" who sets a pumpkin beside the liveried footman, and says, "To think that *that* should have come out of this!" A coach-and-four coming out of a pumpkin is fairly paralleled by Munich beginning with a little monk. And the association is all the more important because the fact of this monastic settlement, which was its origin, has given a certain impress which Munich bears to this day. They drew other monks there; pilgrims from all countries sat together in their convent, and told marvels and incidents which have accumulated into the distinct folk-lore which we shall have to examine.

In the thirteenth century we find Munich a thriving little country village. The most notable thing about it was a market-place, where every thing conceivable was sold during the week, and where on Sundays, after morning service, the entire population was in the habit of collecting to discuss their municipal and political affairs. Nothing is more remarked nowadays than the cheapness of living in Munich. Food there costs less than half of what it costs in other large cities. It is curious to read in the old records of the place what were the prices on the market-place in the thirteenth century. They were as follows: 1 bushel of wheat, 80–90 pfennige (16–18 cents); 1 bushel of corn, 60 pfennige (12 cents); 1 bushel of oats, 30 pfennige (6 cents); 1 pound of the best beef, 1 pfennig (2 mills); ½ pound of veal, 2 pfennige (4 mills); a lamb, 8 pfennige (1½ cents 1 mill); a sheep, 16 pfennige (3 cents 2 mills); a chicken, 2 pfennige (4 mills); 10 eggs, 1 pfennig (2 mills); a quarter of flour, 13 pfennige (2 cents 6 mills); 1 pound of suet, 2½ pfennige (½ cent); 1 loaf of white bread, 1 pfennig (2 mills); 2 loaves of rye bread, 1 pfennig (2 mills); ½ pint of the best French wine, 2½ pfennige (½ cent); ½ pint of Neckar, or Elsass (Alsace), or Austrian wine, 3 heller (½ cent); ½ pint of Bavarian wine, 1 pfennig (2 mills); 1 pint of beer, 1 heller (⅛ cent); a pig, 30–40 pfennige (6–8 cents); a horse, 3–6 pfund-pfennige (about from $9–$18). Unfortunately there is no record of what were the early prices of raiment; but there are indications even in the sumptuary laws of the same period that finery was proportionately cheap. The upper classes wore woolen, camelot, or taffeta. The waist of the gentleman might be clothed with satin, but not velvet. The trowsers were of taffeta, with silk stripes. It was forbidden the patricians to wear a golden chain, or silver scabbard, or velvet shoes. They were allowed to wear only two gold rings, which must not cost more than twenty florins. Women might

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THE COOPERS' DANCE, INSTITUTED JANUARY, 1517, RECURRING THEREAFTER EVERY SEVEN YEARS UNTIL 1865.—[SEE PAGE 536.]

wear velvet dresses, each dress being permitted twelve ells of stuff; but it must not be embroidered with gold or silver. Women and children might wear gold chains and velvet caps.

The laws at this early period defending property were very severe, as, indeed, was the case every where, our ancestors having been of Shylock's opinion, that to take the means of life is to take life. A great number of people were hanged for theft, the circumstances of each case being carefully recorded. On one occasion a youth was condemned to death for stealing some clothes, but he was so very handsome that all the women of Munich met together, and by their entreaties for his life softened the hearts of the gallant Stadtrath. The youth was expelled from the city.

The most painful chapters in the early history of Munich relate to persecutions of the Jews. (Alas, of how many European cities may the same be said!) These persecutions were partly animated by the religious fanaticism awakened by the Crusaders, whose remorseless slaughter of the Jews in Palestine it was thought holy to repeat in European towns, but they were certainly due, in a large measure, to envy of the wealth of that people, generally believed to be fabulous. This last motive seems to have had much to do with the ugly events of this kind which occurred near the close of the thirteenth century in Munich. About that time there were some dark years, marked by failures of harvests, famine, and epidemics. The same troubles extended into Italy. From this last-named country there came into the Bavarian towns and into Munich, by thousands, the fanatical Flagellants. Men and women, half naked or altogether naked, their faces wrapped round with black cloth, bearing in their hands torches and crosses, went howling their wild songs and penitential cries through the land, and now and then disposing themselves in circles, where they lashed themselves till their bodies were covered with blood. The public

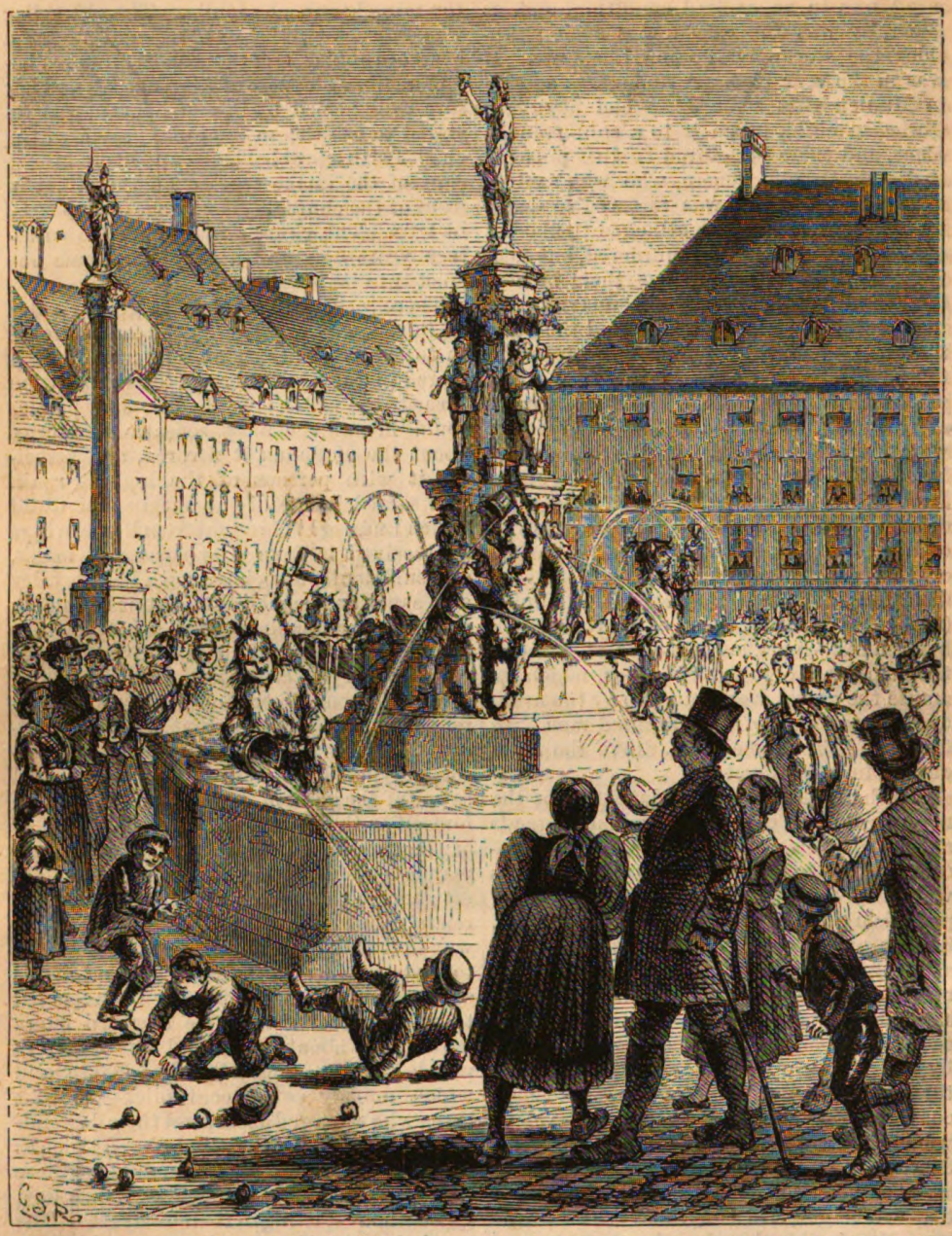
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mind was in an excited condition, and, as generally was the case under such agitations, the storm burst upon the Jews. It was in the year 1285. A rumor was started in Munich that some Jews had bought a Christian child, taken it to a subterranean place, and there punctured it with pins till it died. An old woman, who was said to have sold the child, was tortured to death by the mob, which then attacked the homes of the Jews. These they murdered, but took great care in searching out their money. Count Ludwig the Strong tried unavailingly to still the tumult, and he advised the Jews to escape by flight. The poor creatures, in their panic, took refuge in the very worst place—their synagogue. The mob immediately set fire to it, and a hundred and eighty were burned to death. It was some years before any Jew ventured to appear again in Munich, though, in the course of time, they did return, and the Judengasse was as full of life as in former times. Yet the hatred of this people continued. There is incidental mention in the chronicles of Munich (1423) that on the occasion of a certain Jew's being hung—for what crime is not stated—the hangman brought two dogs, which, to amuse the crowd, were hung up by the neck, one on each side of the executed man. In the year 1442 Albrecht III. drove the Jews out of Munich altogether.

And here there may be related one of the most primitive of those monkish legends about those miraculous images, which gathered about them all the idolatrous elements which survived the violent destruction of paganism in Europe. This Albrecht III., having expelled the Jews, presented their synagogue to his own physician, a man of repute for learning, named Hartlieb, who had studied in Italy—the great credential in those days—and was looked upon with awe by the people as an alchemist. Hartlieb turned the synagogue into a grand mansion; converted the cellar—believed to be the place where the Christian child was punctured to death—into a chapel of the Virgin, and the street's name was changed from Judengasse to Schriebergasse, in compliment to his learning. Now in this chapel, under the old synagogue, there had been placed an image of the Virgin Mary, which very soon began to display miraculous powers; its wonderful works in healing attracted crowds; and Hartlieb pulled down the synagogue, and built a fine church. This church was visited by eminent bishops and many pilgrims. But after a time the pilgrims became fewer; some more potent image attracted attention, and the doctor's church was neglected. But more than two hundred years thereafter it is related that a nun who suffered from pains in the feet had a dream of this image, of which she had never heard. This mere dream of it cured her ailment, and the rumor concerning the miracle spread rapidly. The old cellar was ransacked, the image found under a heap of rubbish, and the wonderful cures began again. The wife of Albrecht VI. had her sore eyes healed by it, and his son was restored to health; so the duke presented the chapel with a jeweled lamp, and had a bronze copy of the image erected on the street in front of the church. The image disappeared in 1805. The church was pulled down fifteen years ago, and a very handsome one erected in its place.

There seems to have been a great rivalry in Bavaria, at one time, between churches as to the authenticity and potency of their sacred pictures. Generally the competition turned on which of the devout parties could invent the most sensational stories about the Madonna it favored, and associate it with persons of the highest rank. The sacred image of the Virgin and Child which Ludwig IV. brought from Rome, where he received it from a supernatural monk, was sufficiently associated with both royalty and sanctity to make the fortunes of many generations of monks at Ettal, where he built a monastery for it. But in 1721 the friends of a maker of crucifixes, named Gabriel Luidl, hit upon a very ingenious method of rendering the work of that individual famous. It is related that a very strange person, very aged, and of dark visage, appeared at one of the gates of the city, and announced himself as the Wandering Jew. The keepers of the gate refused him entrance, and he remained outside of the gate selling the richest gems to the crowds who visited him. He related that having scoffed at Christ on his way to crucifixion, and refused to permit him to rest a moment on a stone in front of his shoe-maker's shop, he had been condemned to wander ever since. He narrated many particulars about Jesus and the disciples which had never been heard of before, and which nobody could contradict—as that those who scourged Jesus, and their descendants ever after, had their right hand twice as long as the left; and the descendants of those who spat upon him could not, to that day, spit without spitting in their own faces. The people bought Ahasuerus's gems at fabulous prices. He was careful to state that the crucifix on the Gasteigberg, which Gabriel Luidl had made, was the only exact portrait of Jesus which he had ever seen; and the image became quite celebrated. This fellow disappeared one day, but was afterward heard of agitating silly crowds at Bamberg and Würzburg with the same rigmarole. It was very rarely, however, a crucifix which was associated with marvels. Superstition always availed better with the Virgin Mary. Of the various famous images of this kind nearly all have disappeared from Munich. One only I was able to see, a picture in the chapel of the Herzogspital. The legend of

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DER METZGERSPRUNG (THE BUTCHERS' LEAP), ON THE EVE OF SHROVE-TUESDAY EVERY YEAR.—[SEE PAGE 536.]

this picture is that a peasant woman, who had taken her little daughter to church, was told by the child that the Virgin was looking at her "with burning eyes." So it turned out, wherever the child went in the church, the eyes of the picture turned after her. Out of such a flimsy illusion as this the legend arose, and the Bishop of Freising having proclaimed the sanctity of the picture (1691), the chapel made a fortune. The picture is of life size, dark with age, and before it is a long plank full of holes for the little wax-candles which the pious stick in it. Near by is the inevitable box to receive the coin dropped by worshipers and visitors. Half a dozen old women were kneeling before the picture. The eyes of the Virgin had been too long hidden under dust to look upon them or to be looked upon. Why miraculous pictures can not save themselves from the tooth of time, seems to be a question that never suggests itself to these devotees.

It is natural that educated people should feel simple disgust at such superstitions as those I have mentioned. But it is to be feared that this disgust has cost the scholar

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of to-day many records and traditions which would now be very valuable, the fact being now recognized that much of the prehistoric mythology of the German race in departing dropped its mantle on the sacred figures of Christianity. In wandering through Bavaria I have been amazed to find how much of that ancient mythology survives. It is found now chiefly in the form of romances. At every fair, or festival, or market there are stalls piled up with little pamphlet copies of this kind of lore, each costing about four kreutzers. At the entrance to the Oberammergau Passion Play there were several old women driving a roaring trade in this kind of literature, along with religious books. I purchased there and elsewhere considerable numbers of the stories, and found that nearly all of them were legends of a supernatural kind relating to the wild regions round about. And this I particularly found, that the main type of romance was a beautiful maiden hidden away in some cave or castle by magical or by wicked device. It is the beautiful Brinhilda taking her bath in a clear pool in the mountain, and suddenly sinking to find herself queen in a gorgeous realm by the side of the demon king, who has long watched and loved her; or it is the fair Countess Genovefa, cruelly driven into the forest by her suspicious husband, and who, with her child, dwells in a cavern, and is fed by the milk of a friendly goat. Such stories are innumerable. There is one thing apt to be related at the conclusion of them—namely, that at the spot traditionally connected with each such legend a chapel has been built, that many pilgrims go to that chapel, and that the worshipers there obtain many blessings. In the early part of the fifteenth century there was a man in Munich named Schiltberger — of whom I shall have more to say presently—who wrote a wonderful book of his travels. Among his narratives we find one of a man he had encountered three hundred and fifty years old, whose beard was down to his knees, and who was then enjoying his third set of teeth—showing what consistency the Barbarossa legend had gained at that time. Schiltberger also relates that in the mountains he saw the enchanted castle where a beautiful maiden dwells with her hawk. Every one who enters the castle may utter a wish, which will be fulfilled unless it be a malignant one, in which case the wisher will suffer. The old author says he only made the sign of the cross as he passed, and that only one of his company had the boldness to try the adventure, from which, however, he was dissuaded by the rest, on the ground that it was clearly the work of the devil. This bestowal of things wished for by maidens in enchanted castles was certainly but the last phase of the supposed beneficence of Frigga and other pagan goddesses. The images of these goddesses in the ancient German temples were rescued from destruction by devotees, when the Christians made their religious raid on all such things, and hidden in caves and mountain recesses; but they still appealed powerfully to the popular imagination, and we hear even yet of wishing-wells and wishing-trees, each of which was once, no doubt, the place where some deity was petitioned. The Church borrowed the odor of sanctity which lingered around such spots; raised images of the Madonna to which were attributed similar wonder-working powers; while the legends of the goddesses and gods were taken to invest such half-mythical heroes and heroines as Barbarossa, Charlemagne, Bertha. Any one who should collect all the legends about the images of the Virgin in Europe which have especial sanctity would probably have the nearest idea of what the prechristian German religion meant for the common people. I may add that when the legends of Southern Germany are traced, they are in many instances found to have a much closer resemblance than the Northern versions to the corresponding stories in the far East. As it is related that Bertha was betrayed by the messengers of King Pepin, commissioned to bring her to their master, who wished her for his wife, so Unmadanti, the most beautiful of all women in Buddhist legend, had been similarly wronged. The ministers in each case pronounce her ill-favored. Oriental books are full of stories of fair saints seized by magicians and carried away to their preternatural realms; of pure women left to wander in forests under false suspicion, to be then rescued by princes; and of others, again, miraculously preserved by friendly animals in caves. There is not only a general resemblance between the Oriental myths and those which endlessly repeat themselves in the villages of Bavaria, but there occur very frequently those special incidents of such stories which are the surest guides of the comparative mythologist. Thus the story in the Devadhamma of King Likkhavi's queen relates that he married a peasant girl, who was not handsome, and who had remarkably big hands, on account of her modesty and worth; and that she bore him "a son who had every sign of wisdom and glory." The story of the mother of Charlemagne repeats this in every essential, only that the Bavarian queen was called "the big-footed" instead of "the large-handed"—a difference which renders the comparison even more striking, indicating a studied remodeling of the story while preserving its idea.

To explain fully how the Oriental legends reappear to so large an extent in the religious folk-lore of Bavaria would carry us back into that shadowy realm of prehistoric speculation which mythologists have not yet been able to fully explore. But for the im-

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portation of many of them we need not look farther back than the time of the Crusaders, whose raids in the East kindled the imagination of Europe, and roused a hunger for Oriental marvels, which the warrior-pilgrims were not slow to satisfy by bringing back every legend they could pick up. How far these dispositions were carried is displayed in Schiltberger's "Travels," which, though but little known in English-speaking countries, are the Bavarian child's "Robinson Crusoe." Schiltberger is a kind of Purchas, with a strong admixture of Defoe, and more than a dash of Munchausen. Not only does Schiltberger give the most astonishing account of the battles of Tamerlane and other Oriental heroes, whom he groups in his pages with utter contempt of the chronistic and geographical consistencies, but he gives the most minute details concerning characters of whom the world is otherwise ignorant. Thus Tamerlane had an uncle, Abubachir, who used the tire of a wheel instead of a bow, and who, with a single stroke of his sword, neatly divided an ox into joints. He saw a Tartar princess, Sadurmelik, who, when her husband had been slain in battle, rode against his enemy at the head of many thousands of women, vanquished him—and herself, by a single stroke, divided in two halves the slayer of her husband. He saw at Ispahan a large Egyptian pyramid made entirely of the heads of Tamerlane's foes. It is not wonderful that in the same region the animals should imitate human ferocity. Schiltberger witnessed a tremendous battle, which raged from sunrise to sunset, between sea-snakes and vipers, the latter gaining the victory. He observed an ingenious custom among the Tartars. In riding to war they have saddles contrived to make the backs of their horses tender. When they get hungry they eat a slice out of this tender part, and the blood is used as wine with the repast. He saw in the tower of Alexandria a looking-glass, on the surface of which was reflected the minutest operations of the enemy in Cyprus. This was afterward broken by a priest, who, to accomplish it, was permitted by the pope to become a sham worshiper of pagan gods, and afterward given a bishopric in reward for his success in destroying the magical mirror. He saw the Greek monks of St. Catherine, who never eat at all. When one of them dies his lamp is supernaturally extinguished. Every bird of the surrounding country brings an olive-branch to St. Catherine's Mount, so that the friars never have to seek oil for these lamps. When an abbot dies a miraculous letter is always found on the altar naming his successor. Schiltberger tells of a giant in Egypt who brought so much wood in his arms, at one turn, to Cairo that all the bakers' ovens in the region were heated by it. For this they gave him 12,000 loaves, which he devoured at one meal. When this giant died his tibia was thrown, as a bridge, across a vast mountain chasm, over a river so far down as to be invisible, though it could be heard. In the time of Pope Sylvester the country around Rome was much troubled by a dragon and a unicorn, who used to devour travelers. The pope called to his aid the King of Armenia, who possessed the strength of forty oxen. This Armenian rode out to meet the vicious creatures, whom he found fighting each other. He cut off the head of the dragon; and the unicorn, starting back, fell over a precipice and was dashed to pieces. This is, perhaps, one of the earliest versions of the legend which in England has branched off into two—the lion being substituted, in the contest with the unicorn, for the dragon, which survives in the legend of St. George.

But while exploring legendary Munich, we have close at hand the explanation of the evolution of the fable just mentioned. No one passing through the Marienplatz can fail to be struck by an ancient fresco covering a large part of the house No. 19. The people tell us it is "Cristoph am Eiermarkt." But it recalls St. Christopher only in being a gigantic man, and having a staff. There are more suggestive peculiarities: this giant has his loins girded with the leafy bough of a tree, a crown on his head, and a double cross in his left hand, a heavy knobbed stick being in the other. A Munich superstition has confused St. Christopher somewhat with the Wandering Jew, affirming that he is still going through the world doing his old herculean services, and that in 1659 he turned up at Munich during a terrible fire, and overwhelmed the flames by a preternatural quantity of water brought from the river. But the archives of Munich show that the ancient fresco (certainly the twelfth century) has another origin. The legend goes back to Persia, where a certain king, believing his queen to have been unfaithful, throws her child on the fire as soon as it is born. The fire refuses to harm the child, whose mother is thereby acquitted. Then, by direction of an angel, the boy is sent to Egypt for education in an unusually sacred cloister, whence he returns to be the pride of the king. But no; the youth seeks the forest, and becomes the monk thereafter to be known as St. Onuphrius. He lives on roots and water, but acquires the size and strength of a giant. Sunshine and frost harden him; his body and even his feet are covered with hair enough to render clothing and shoes unnecessary. Now it is related that when this saint died his soul went to heaven as a white dove, while two lions of the forest dug a grave for his body and buried it. On the spot a cloister was built. The reader may remember a previous allusion to the duke called Henry the Lion. This duke

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made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He visited the cloister consecrated to St. Onuphrius, and found in it a picture of that saint girt with boughs, etc., of which he had a copy made which was the original of that now on the house in Marienplatz. But it is further related that this duke, by his mere visit to the scene of the hermit's life, became very powerful. As he was passing through the forest he found a lion fighting with a fire-breathing dragon. Heinrich slew the dragon, and the lion, in gratitude —no doubt, too, it was a pious descendant of one of those which buried Onuphrius— followed him across the sea and all the way to Bavaria. Hence he was called Henry the Lion. And here—unless my reader feel disposed to go back to Apollo slaying the Python, or to the Sun dispelling Darkness—we have the pedigree both of St. George and the Dragon and of the British lion. If any one should visit the old cathedral in Brunswick he will be shown certain scratches on the wall over the tomb of Henry, and will be told that they were made by a certain tame lion which followed the prince from the East, and thus tried to get at his master after death. The story had great currency at one time, and Henry the Lion having died (1195), his title was plagiarized for Richard (Cœur de Lion) of England. The British lion, therefore, notwithstanding the fierceness of roaring which has been attributed to him, came thither as a tame and pious animal, and it may be hoped that many lambs will be able in the end to lie down beside (not inside) him.

I have mentioned in a previous article in this magazine ("A Passion-play Pilgrimage," November, 1871) the Maria Eiche, near Munich, or the image of the Virgin, which is said to have given new life to a decayed oak-tree, in the hollow of which a little boy set it up. Let that incident, which is said to have occurred one hundred and fifty years ago, be compared with the following legend, which Schiltberger brought back to Munich four hundred years ago. He says he saw in the valley of Mamre a dry tree, which the Mohammedans call girpe, and which existed in the time of Abraham. From the time of that patriarch this tree continued green until the crucifixion of Christ, when it suddenly dried. Nevertheless the tree is much reverenced, and a little of its wood will cure epilepsy. There is a prophecy that a Christian army is one day to conquer and possess the valley, and when, under such circumstances, mass shall be said under this tree, it will again flourish with green foliage. Schiltberger is careful in telling a wonderful story to say, "Were it not really so, I should not write it." He returned to Munich from his travels in the East in 1427, when forty-seven years of age. He married, and told these stories to his children.

One word more concerning sacred images and pictures. In most Catholic countries they are found in once dangerous places and regions—in remote mountain passes, frequented by highwaymen and wild beasts, and on the sea-coast. How far their existence in such localities may explain their origin, each reader can judge for himself. But in connection with the subject there is a certain interest attaching to the following memorial sent to the Emperor of China last year, recommending that a title of honor be conferred on the Queen of Heaven, by Chunghow, immediately before he left for Europe to negotiate a compensation for the Tientsin massacre. Chunghow reports: "Having for many years filled the office of Superintendent of Trade, I have had constant opportunities of observing to what extent coasting craft and ships from Fu-kien and Kuan-tung depend upon the grace of the Queen of Heaven, each vessel having on board a tablet inscribed to her. In obedience to the imperial will your slave is now departing for foreign countries, having already passed by seven provinces, namely, Feug-tien, Chin-li, Shang-tung, Kiang-su, Che-kiang, Fu-kien, and Kiang-tung. During this passage he has observed that all along the 10,000 or 15,000 li of coast which bounds the empire the people every where derive their support from labor on the sea. Whether they are fishermen or salt-collectors, they work day and night in tempests and amidst the waves. Therefore it is especially necessary to invoke the mercy of the Sacred Spirit in their behalf. The importance of the traffic by sea is enormous, whether between the ports or with foreign countries, whence warlike stores of all kinds are brought to supply our wants. This, indeed, demands greater attention than the industry of the people. Wherefore it is begged that an honorific epithet may be conferred upon the goddess, and that offerings may be regularly made at her altars, whereby the people will be led to display increased reverence for her."

Thus are goddesses and mythologies made!

Tacitus remarked on the superior sanctity which the ancient Germans ascribed to the nature of woman. Her intuitive and even her capricious traits of character, in the absence of any primitive Kant to analyze them, were attributed to a divine afflatus. The most common form in which that belief survived was in the fact that the great majority of witches and fortune-tellers were of that sex. But of the sagas of nearly every German city, the most important relate to notable women. Munich is particularly rich in such legends. Nurses still tell children the story of "the fair Ursula," who, in 1426, came from Wolfrathausen to Munich, and bewitched the town by her charms, driving the women mad with jealousy; how a duke, to enrich her, sold valuables from the churches to the Jews;

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how suddenly the nobleman and "die schöne Urschel" disappeared, and were never heard of again. Tableau: Enchanted Castle; Duke and Ursula in golden palace, on diamond thrones—all, of course, the result of compact with the devil. Seven years later (1431) Munich was powerfully agitated by a beautiful woman who, though she never came there, was believed to hold the power of life and death in the town by reason of the fascination she exercised over its noblemen. This was Agnes Bernauer, whose reputation is that of a Borgia. She was a kind of pretender to power, and once a woman was driven out of the city for having enrolled a large number of young citizens in her interest. She was accused of having secured the poisoning of the first-born son of her rival, Duke Wilhelm's wife. Her lover was a Duke Albrecht. Great relief was felt when the news came that "the Bernauerin" was drowned in the Danube. The Duke Albrecht was very angry at this crime, but afterward was consoled, and married a Brunswick princess. In 1680 a girl appeared at Munich, eighteen years of age, known as "Sister Clara Hortulana, surnamed of the Tears of Christ." This nun was in that year seized with convulsions, and saw apparitions which Father Kirchhuber thought important enough to write a book about. Devils appeared to torment her; the Virgin Mary, with angels, appeared to comfort her. Her one hope and prayer was that she might in some way shed her blood as a martyr. As there was no one in Munich to persecute her, the devils seem to have done their best, and came very near gratifying her wish in the matter of martyrdom, one of them having given her a blow on the forehead while she was at prayer, the mark of which she bore until death. Her guardian angel next tried, and pitched her from the choir against a pew, making a wound from which poured blood, and afterward water. Nine years later, when she was at prayer in the chapel, a swarm of souls from purgatory surrounded her, crying, "Hortulana, thou hast a great battle before thee; fight, vanquish, and save us!" They disappeared, and in their places came a troop of devils, who conducted her to hell, and showed a place there assigned her. She exclaimed, "You cruel devils, go away from me! My Jesus has done enough for my sins, and I hope for infinite mercy from him." Then the devils began "to blaze" dreadfully, but left her. During this conflict, which lasted three hours, a soul from purgatory rang the cathedral bell. The priests rushed to see what it was about; they saw no one, but the rail around the bell was burning, and two foot-prints were burned into the floor. Hortulana, in obedience to her confessor, demanded of the invisible world who had rung the bell, and after a long negotiation ascertained that it was the soul of Berthold, a former Bishop of Freising, who had gone to purgatory for having ordered four Viennese to be beheaded in the pig-market. This early spirit medium never attained martyrdom to her own satisfaction, though some of us now may regard as an offering up of a gifted girl on the altar of superstition her death in the nunnery at the age of twenty-seven. More real struggles with devils more actual fell to the lot of the beautiful Maria Bauman, a hundred years later. In 1749, when sixteen, she was received as a novice, and named "Magdalena, of the Feet of Christ." When nineteen, her confessor, Father Olympius—who shared the propensities as well as the name of Jupiter—tried to undermine the virtue of this beautiful nun; and, in anger, had her stripped, beaten in the presence of the whole convent, and, after imprisonment in a cell four weeks on bread and water, degraded from her position to that of an under kitchen-maid. Her letters to her family were intercepted, and only brought her more ill usage. She managed to escape, but Father Olympius pursued her into a butcher's shop, and easily dragged her back, with pretense that she was a lunatic. But whispers got abroad, and the Prince-Bishop of Freising interfered: he ordered that the girl should be restored to her position of nun, and well treated. The result was that she was locked up in a dungeon. Here she languished many years. One day a chimney-sweep heard moanings coming up through a pipe at the house-top. He reported this, and a search being instituted, the poor Magdalena was found in the dungeon, lying on a heap of filthy straw, with only a ragged cloth over her. She could not stand on her feet. She was carefully tended, and the nunnery was forced to pay her 200 florins a year up to the time of her death. She recovered, but, in obedience to a vow made in her dungeon, that if delivered she would go on foot to the Dame de Loretto, in Italy, she made the pilgrimage, which ended at the grave.

Coming down to less than a hundred years ago, we find Munich much agitated by the fortunes and tragical end of another beautiful heroine—Fanny Zaloska. She was the daughter of a Pole who had died in war, and whose wife had married a Colonel Picart of Munich. Madame Picart was young and coquettish, the colonel old and jealous; she maltreated her only child Fanny, whereas her husband idolized her. Fanny Zaloska at sixteen was supposed to be the most beautiful human being in the world. A certain Count Duras, of the French embassy, engaged her affections. After some time the girl made two discoveries: first, that Count Duras was engaged in an intrigue with her mother; secondly, that his intentions to herself were dishonorable. Whereupon the girl arose at daybreak and went

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to the Church of Our Lady, where she knelt a long time in stillness. She then ascended to the church tower and threw herself down into the street, where she was found dead. The whole city went wild with excitement at this event. The girl had been the pride of the city; and the treachery of the count being already suspected, the populace were soon raging around the house. But the count and the girl's mother escaped, and were never heard of afterward. The story is engraved in simple words on the spot on the church floor where Fanny knelt before her suicide. Some aged inhabitants of Munich still remember a woman who used to be called "Die Beterin au der Mariensäule," because she used to pass the whole of every day in silent, motionless prayer before the Virgin's image. No rain, or storm, or cold, or entreaties could drag her away: when spoken to she only wept and said, "My child, my child!" King Ludwig I. took an interest in this woman, and her story was found to be that in early life she had been a peasant in the neighborhood, who had a lover, but they were too poor to marry. One night the Virgin appeared to her in a dream, and a neighbor found in the circumstances some hint as to a number in a lottery. The girl purchased this number and drew a thousand florins. But then her lover was drafted for the war, and she had to pay four hundred florins to get him off. The other six hundred were taken by her father's creditors. Some years after she found at the foot of a Virgin, when praying, eighteen hundred gulden. The young people then married, but two or three days after the husband was taken away for another war. In his absence she bore a son. Once again the husband returned, but only to be immediately called to fight against Russia. Going to see him off with her child, poor Adelaide was knocked down by a carriage, and her foot crushed. Worse than all, her child was lost. She never saw her husband or child again, though she heard of her child as having got into a soldier's wagon, and being adopted by an officer going to Russia. The poor woman actually wandered to Russia, whence she came back, heart-broken, to pass her days before the image of the Virgin, who had twice given her gold but could not restore her child. Through the sympathy of the king, her last days were made as comfortable as was possible. She died in 1834 in a hospital.

Perhaps no other church in Germany is so haunted by curious histories and legends as that Church of Our Lady (Frauenkirche), from whose tower Fanny Zaloska threw herself. Tradition speaks of an old pagan temple on the spot; and as, after the introduction of Christianity, pagan gods appeared only in their true form—as devils—it is related that the devil so seriously objected to the building of a Christian church on this old pagan ground that he interfered to prevent it. But he was stupid. He entered the church from the back to destroy it; but by reason of some columns shutting the windows from his view he concluded that the church would be too dark to be useful, and left. His tracks are still shown on the pavement—visible, like most things of the kind, to the eye of faith. One of the most notable things is the old bell, seven feet three inches diameter and 125 pounds weight. It bears the following inscription:

"My name is Susanna. I was cast in the name of Jesus, Luke, Matthew, Mark, and John. The august Duke of Upper and Lower Bavaria, Albert, Count Palatine of the Rhine, was my designer. I was brought here from Regensburg. I drive away evil weather, and ward off Death. Hans Ernst cast me, when you number from God's birth one thousand four hundred and ninety-three. Tetragrammaton."

It is said that in the year 1753 a lamp was found immured in a pillar in the crypt, and still burning. The burning of the lamp was, of course, an illusion. The lamp was about six inches high and three inches broad, of green glass, and contained a liquid like beef tea. A full account of it is contained in a work entitled, "Dissertation sur une lampe antique, trouvée à Munich en l'année 1753. Écrite par le Prince de St. Sévère. A Naples, 1756."

Among the many once famous men whose dust reposes in the Frauenkirche, the chief, perhaps, was St. Benno. His history presents a curious instance of how the Church has compromised with the infirmities of the ignorant, and enabled them to realize ancient miracles by transferring them to local heroes. This holy Benno—a son of Count Boltenberg, born A.D. 1010—it is interesting to know, is mentioned as preaching Christianity to the heathen on the Elbe, who "still worshiped their gods, Czernebohn and Swantewig, with human sacrifices" in the year 1066. Not only is the date of the chronicle interesting, but the names of the gods are suggestive, both being Sclavonian deities. Swantewig seems to suggest the region from which the old myth of the luminous clouds' being Bertha's swans may have come, giving the Germans their word for prognostication (Schwanen); while "Czernebohn" is simply that god of darkness, Tchornibog, who survives in the Russian name for the devil, *Tchort*, and in our word *swart*. As for Benno, who became a bishop, we find him passing through a river dry-shod; turning water into wine for field-hands; causing a wind to carry his chaplain a long distance through the air; finding in a fish some church keys which, for safety, he had years before thrown into the Elbe; silencing some frogs whose croaking inter-

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rupted his prayers, but making them croak again after reflecting on the psalm that bids all things that swim praise the Lord ("The service of these little animals may be more grateful to God than my prayer," quoth Benno); and by his staff calling from the earth a fountain (still called *Heilige Brunnen*) to refresh the crowds which came to hear him preach. Hadrian VI. canonized Bishop Benno in 1523.

A grave-stone of interest has engraved upon it the figure of the patriarch of Munich music-masters, old Conrad Paumann, playing on the organ, while around him are a harp, lute, and flute—on all of which he excelled. Never was musician more venerated than this blind old man, whom Albert IV. knighted and clothed in golden raiment. On his tomb in the Frauenkirche is inscribed, "Anno 1474, on St. Paul's Conversion-eve, died, and is here buried, the Music-master most accomplished in all instruments, Conrad Paumann, Knight, born in Nuremberg—blind. To him may God be propitious!"

Not only to the old organist, but to the old artists in wood-work and altar-work, are there noble tombs built. And thus are generations of children trained into that love and passion for beauty and the creators of it which must for centuries be in the stem which flowers into such a city as Munich.

I need hardly remark that the Frauenkirche is haunted. It is admirably contrived for being haunted. Passing by it at midnight, by which time Munich is fast asleep, the yellow moon peeping over it, all manner of weird shadows seemed lurking in its quaint architecture, and every far voice or noise was caught and answered from its cornices. I could readily perceive that there is good ground for the survival of the story that a veteran absorber of beer was once pursued by a ghost from the Frauenkirche, which pursued him even through his slammed door into his bedroom, and was only driven off by his hurling an image of the Virgin at it. Lest skeptics should pronounce this hero drunk, it was added that the Virgin's image was found next morning clinging to the wall where the shop-man had thrown it, and the key-hole through which the ghost penetrated had on it three crosses, and the initials of the three kings, C. M. B. But Munich has always been a famous place for ghosts. There is near it a meadow which few will pass after dark, and none without much pious self-crossing. For there it is believed that between twelve and one o'clock the ghosts assemble in a shadowy tribunal, and certain unlucky shades are executed by a ghostly headsman.

I have already related the visit of the Wandering Jew to Munich. But another visitor, much more abhorred than he, is said to have once come there. Dr. Martin Luther, when in Augsburg, in 1518, fled therefrom under guidance of the devil, who was disguised in a long cloak. The devil brought him to a diabolical kitchen in the Sendlingergasse, where Luther ate a sausage, and went away without paying for it. The house, unfortunately, does not exist now, or no doubt it would be Dr. Von Döllinger's residence. It stood until recently, and its walls were covered with charcoal sketches of Luther running off with a sausage in his hand, and accompanied by the devil.

But a city which regarded Luther as the intimate companion of the devil was quite ready to welcome the adventurer Bragardino—a Venetian adventurer—as a god, when he came there in 1590 claiming power to transmute any metal into gold. Having persuaded Duke William V. that he had this power, this Cagliostro lived in splendid style at Munich, with thirty-six servants to attend him, for just one year, at the end of which, it being discovered that he had received much gold and made none, he was beheaded in the market-place. As an impostor? By no means; for two black dogs, which had followed him during life, vanished at his death, thus proving him a demon. But in a sadly real sense this fellow left an infernal atmosphere behind him. The people, having once got the notion of preternatural arts into their heads, were prepared for all kinds of superstitions; and these were fed by the devices of impostors, who hoped to get as much gold as Bragardino. Thus began the witchcraft era, which left a melancholy page in the chronicles of Munich, as in so many other places. Four women—Anna and Brigitta Anbacher, Regina Lutzen, and Regina Pollinger—confessed under tortures. Lutzen said the devil had lived with her, as a middle-aged man, under the name of "Umstbraus," having one human and one horse's foot, and that together they ate a dead child. The Anbachers had a similar experience, Anna saying the devil bore the name of Kleple, and had a deathly cold hand; and Brigitta, that her demon was in the form of an apprentice, and named Fibes. Pollinger's devil was named Regenörl. These women were all hanged, and their bodies burned. (The burning of witches was rather because of the belief in the purifying effects of fire than for torture.) Ten years later a man named Gämperl, his wife, two sons, and two friends actually confessed (under tortures) that they had, in alliance with devils, put to death 400 children and over 100 men, robbed churches, and, for a climax to the horrors, sold the sacrament to the Jews. Gämperl said that once when he bit a holy wafer it became blood in his mouth, and he became paralytic. These poor wretches evidently knew that all was up with them, and that it was best to end tortures by satisfactory confessions. They were executed

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with every ingenuity of cruelty. The last confession of witchcraft in Munich was in 1701. This was the case of Maria Theresa Kaiser, who, when seventeen years of age, confessed on the rack that she had joined the dance of naked witches on St. Thomas's Night, written her name in blood in a large book, and surrendered herself utterly to the devil. Under his instigation she had endeavored to poison some citizen. She was beheaded, and her body burned. But so strong was this superstition, even up to the middle of last century, that Maria Sänger, a nun, who at nineteen years of age was seized with nervous illness, and talked incoherently, was prosecuted and beheaded. This was in 1749, and was in pursuance of a fresh code of laws against witchcraft made three years before. These laws are similar to those that existed elsewhere, but begin, curiously, with the words, "Whoso prayeth to the devil," etc. The burning of the nun, however, put an end to the matter. A learned native of the Tyrol who resided in Munich, Ferdinand Sterzinger, delivered an address before the Munich Academy on the subject of witches, declaring that the supposed possessions were lunacies or impostures, and the belief in their genuineness impious; and though he raised a terrific storm, amidst which he nearly perished, he at last carried the people with him; insomuch that when (1779) one Gassner, a healing medium from Würtemberg, came to Munich professing to cast out spirits and cure diseases, though for a time his rooms were crowded with invalids, the people one day drove him out of the city. The old days linger now only in the name given to a redoubt of the city, "Witchgarden," and in the superstition that it is one of the devil's jokes to come there occasionally about midnight, and, imitating the rightful command to leave the watch, cry "Abgelöst!" But woe to the soldier who is deceived. He will be found next day in the trench with his gun, and perhaps his head, broken. Perhaps the military officers have not been careful to dispel this soldiers' superstition.

In these days, when every item of folk-lore is so much treasured, the antiquarian has reason to deplore that the world has waked up to its value too late to save many of the most important tokens left from the past. A dealer in curiosities in Munich showed me a copy of an image which for centuries had been on the top of a Gothic tower in the old Court of Ludwig der Strenge (1255). This image was that of an ape with a child in its arms. The legend was that a pet ape belonging to a duke had seized his master's infant, to rescue it from a pig which had entered the room when the child was alone, and passing through a window, climbed the tower, where it stood holding the infant above a dizzy height. There was great terror; but the ape brought the babe down again safely; and the duke commemorated the deed by having the figure carved there where it stood so long. It is remarkable to find here this version of the Persian story which has traveled to be the nursery-tale of the dog Gellert in Wales, resembling closely the Irish legend of the Earl of Kildare, called Appach, because saved by an ape from fire. Much more lamentable is the entire disappearance within this century of an old image, called "The Three Gods," from a toll-house near one of the city gates. It was a very ancient stone figure with three faces, respectively black, red, and white. Under the faces were the dates 1105, 1109, 1017. Careful antiquarians surmise that a pagan temple once stood on the spot. There are innumerable old signs and carvings about Munich, and the people always have their own stories to tell about them, which are generally quite different from the explanations of the antiquarians. The threatening fist on the top of a little tower by the city wall marks where a traitor perished who attempted to open the gates to a robber knight. A vane on a house in Residenzstrasse, representing a daw with a ring in its mouth, records how a servant-maid was about to be executed for stealing a precious ring, which was found in the daw's nest just in time to save her. A hole in the wall of the Franciscan church marks where the devil ran off with a blaspheming gambler. An inn called "Hundskugel" is so named because a black preternatural dog came there dancing around a bullet. One tower, called "The Beautiful," is associated with the ride of the Wild Huntsman past it on a stormy night in 1805; and the spot where another stood is one where the "Iron Virgin" clasped the doomed in her arms, to pierce them with spikes, and hurl them to the bottom of a deep well. Sometimes the superstition lingers in a name only. This is the case with a street corner called Spiegelbrunneneck. There used to be a fountain guarded by a basilisk, on which none could look without falling dead. Some one hit upon the plan of holding a mirror over the fountain, and the surprised snake looking into it saw himself, and perished. There is a house where a priest once had frequently to exorcise a witch, who reappears in the form of a black calf. This spirit had to be very cunningly—like the genie of Arabia—conjured into a bottle, which was then sealed up, with the sign of the cross on the wax, and buried by night in some moss. There is a point in a certain swamp where no one will ever go by night, since the witch has been so often buried there, but still has power to draw wayfarers into the bog. Then there is an Iser pixy, a frolicsome elf who delights in besetting wanderers along the pretty path it haunts, and piping—now far, now near, now in bush, or

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bank, or river—so harmlessly that he is called the Tutelary Piper (Tutlipfeiferl).

The legend of the Spiegelbrunnen appears in another version in connection with one of those old festivals for which Munich is famous. This is the Coopers' Dance. The origin of this festivity is popularly stated to be that once a plague visited Munich which was caused by a poisonous winged serpent which dwelt in a fountain in the Weinstrasse. They succeeded in killing this monster; but so great was the dread that no one was willing to go into the streets, where the infectious breath of the serpent was supposed to be still strong. To encourage the inhabitants, and make more cheerful generally, the coopers went, with a band of music, dancing and frolicking through the streets. Really the custom is only one dating from an ancient guild fête. But it is quite curious, even though now sinking somewhat in importance. The apprentices surround themselves with hoops, dress themselves in all manner of colors, put on masks, and execute a variety of dances in front of the houses. One of them, of which our drawing will give some idea, is quite graceful, and generally brings the performers a considerable number of kreutzers. The wreaths are of fresh flowers, the ropes of beech twigs and leaves. The youngsters like, on these occasions, to masquerade in the costumes of the royalty and nobility, and occasionally suggest by mimicries particular personages of eminence. There used to be connected with this fête (which occurs, every seven years, on Shrove-Tuesday) the old mask of Gretel in the Tub. A fantastically dressed fellow went about with an effigy of an old woman in a half cask on his back, and bore in his hand a long sausage, with which he struck as many as he could. A motley procession followed him, singing to an accompaniment of drums and flutes:

"Gretel in the butt,
How many eggs dost thou give?
For a batze eight,
For a kreutzer two.
Can you give me no more
Than two for a kreutzer?
Then keep thy tub
And all thy eggs."

The cooper boys will tell you that the origin of this song (which is sung still, though the effigy has not appeared for many years) is that after the plague the first person who ventured into the streets was an old woman named Gretel, who had a tub full of eggs, which she was disposed to sell at an exorbitant rate. It is rather droll to find the ancient legend of "Hans and Grethel"—the gluttonous and sly cook of the Meistergesang, Hans Sachs, and the Pentamerone—converted into such a story as this.

The most important scene of the carnival, however, is the Butchers' Leap. It is the ceremony by which the butchers receive apprentices into their guild. The butchers first assemble in St. Peter's Church, near the market-place, and attend high mass; then they march in procession through the town, followed by the apprentices, who are dressed in scarlet, their hats covered with flowers, an apron, and a butcher-knife in belt completing their costume. The apprentices are mounted on horses. After these walk the servants of the butchers, finely adorned with ribbons. At the tail end is a fantastic old man, bearing the Willkomm—a silver cup which has been in use since 1670, and has engraved on it a butcher with his axe. The march terminates at an inn in the Marienplatz, where the boys who represent the Plungers of the day are dressed in the most comical costumes. These are made of the shaggiest sheep-skins, from neck to heels, and to each is attached a long calf's tail. Then they all repair to the fountain in the market-place. The old foreman with the cup now fills it with wine, and, vicariously for the rest, drinks to the health of the king, the city, and the butchers. This ancient brother, who stands where in ancient times a pagan priest stood (drinking the libation which formerly was poured out to the gods of slaughter), holds a dialogue with each apprentice in turn.

"From what country and place do you come?"

APPRENTICE. "Here I am known; here I learn the butcher trade sincerely and honestly; and I will become an honest butcher, comrade."

OLD FOREMAN. "Yes, yes! Here you learn sincerely and honestly the butcher business, and will become an honest comrade; but you must be baptized, for you like to gorge meat, sausage, and roast. Tell me your name and family, and I will dip you in God's name."

APPRENTICE. "My name and family are N. N., in all honor. None can object to my baptism."

OLD FOREMAN. "No, no! None can refuse you baptism; but your name and family must be changed:

"Du sollst hinfür heissen Johann Georg Gut,
Der viel verdient und wenig verthut."

(Thou shalt be named John George Good, who does much and spends little.)

During this dialogue the old foreman repeatedly, with affected anger, strikes the boy whom he is examining. Then suddenly, at a sign from him, the boys leap, all together, into the large stone basin surrounding the fountain. Here they plunge about, to the delight of the vast crowd. They have provided themselves with small cans, and their object is to douse as many of the by-standers as possible. The butchers aid them in this by throwing nuts, fruit, and

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other little temptations near the fountain; the adventurer brave enough to try and get them generally receives a ducking. The fun and laughter are uproarious, the boys in their cool bath, with their shaggy coats, being very comical. At the end they are dressed in linen gowns trimmed with blue ribbons. Then they all repair to a feast: indeed, their feasting only terminates with the carnival. When this custom originated is not known. It is probable that it was originally a kind of punishment for gluttonous butcher-boys who purloined their masters' meat. This is suggested by an old usage in Germany of ducking bakers who sold bad bread or used short weight. They were put into a baker's basket, swung from two poles, and repeatedly let down into the water. To duck butchers in the skins of their own animals may have seemed equally within the fitness of things. A baker was served as above in Munich in 1810. The custom is mentioned by both Plautus and Cicero.

Most of the old customs of Munich which had a relation to church traditions have been within this century suppressed by the authorities. One meets with elderly persons who remember when the boys used to parade through the streets in honor of the Boy-Bishop, after the legend of Gregory IV.'s fondness for children, which has led to so many myths. The school-boys do not now, I believe, even get a holiday on that anniversary. Hans and Gretel danced their dances before the public-houses for the last time on the last Easter of the last century. St. Nicholas makes his appearance still, but only in families, where it is, however, illegal. The saint appears in full episcopal dress, accompanied by a fantastically dressed servant, who is called Klaubauf, sometimes Knecht Ruprecht. This servant has a large pannier on his back. The bishop, who is generally the nurse or other inmate of the house, of course knows all about the children and their conduct, and is thus enabled, by what seems to them supernatural knowledge, to dive into all their little secrets, and hold up before them all their misdoings. They are thus brought to a judgment-bar before which they tremble with an alarm that it is to be feared their elders do not yet appreciate. If they have been naughty, they are threatened with being carried off in Klaubauf's basket, until they beg off piteously, with promises of improvement. These terrors are hardly compensated by the nuts and toys given by Klaubauf to the good children. In other parts of Germany the dismal bishop has disappeared, and Klaubauf alone remains, bearing, however, the name of St. Nicholas, abridged into Santaklaus, and (thanks to his good nature) not Old Nick. According to the accounts I heard of the old bishop's performances (I did not witness them), I thought he might well adopt Burns's suggestion to "Auld Nickie-ben"—

"O wad ye tak a thought an' men'."

On Ascension-day there is still to be seen the sacred form reposing amidst roses in the morning, and toward vespers the same form floating up toward the cathedral dome, while the choir bursts forth with triumphal music, and the troops of children "courtesy" to the ascending one. But for some time now there has not been seen that old dummy Satan, with horns and horse-foot and fiery eyes, who used to be hurled down as the Christ ascended, to be seized by the boys and burned in the Witchgarden. They who have delved into the rhymes of Hans Sachs, who once lived at Munich, need not be told that the devil was in those days an important figure. And a story which he relates concerning the Munich devil, in particular, may serve to show the beginning of the influences under which that grotesquerie has fallen into desuetude. There was a certain wag (Leonhard Lautenschlauer) about the court, who once stole the form representing Christ out of the church before the ceremonies of the day were completed, and carried it to his hotel and set it at the table; whereat there was great scandal, the people being disappointed for a time in seeing the ascension. The duke reprimanded the culprit severely, saying that such jokes were allowable only in the case of the devil. The next year Leonhard managed to get hold of the Frauenkirche puppet of the devil, and set it up at midnight in the market-place, where it next morning at first excited the fears, and afterward the laughter, of the populace. The duke's saying, "Such jokes can be permitted to the devil," became a proverb, and a fatal one to his satanic majesty, at Munich, who from being impressive became a joke. Nay, it was the disposition of the Munich people to make fun of the effigy of Satan in the Oberammergau Passion Play which led to the omission of that character.

One of the oddest of the survivals of old customs is that of the people taking their horses to St. Stephen's Church—that saint being the patron of horseflesh—to be blessed on the day sacred to him. The old belief is that the horses so taken will for one year be kept healthy thereby. The St. John's fire is forbidden in Munich, but is frequent in the Bavarian Alps, where the boys still leap over the flames (reminding antiquarians of human sacrifices); and wreaths are made through which the peasants look to preserve them from sore eyes during the year. There are still many who celebrate the Rauchnächte, or twelve nights between Christmas and the festival of the Three Kings. On these nights they feel themselves near to the world of spirits, and go through many heathenish practices to divine the future (Lörseln).

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Girls get on the floor and try to throw their left shoes at the door, on which they have turned their backs. The one whose shoe falls nearest the door will be the first to have a slipper thrown after her at marriage. The maiden, as she gets into her bed, repeats the ancient rune:

"Bedstead, I enter thee.
St. Thomas, I pray thee
Let me this night see
The cherished of my heart."

By the dim light of two wax tapers which she leaves burning, and the stronger light of fancy, she believes she will—and perhaps does—obtain a vision of the youth she loves best. The Three Kings' Day is still regarded as one of especial sanctity. The priests do not refuse to consecrate on its eve the mixture of salt, water, chalk, and incense with which the initials of the three kings are written on the floors (generally by the priests), thus: "†C †M †B." Then incense is burned in the house, or oftener it is fumigated with burning juniper and other mystical plants. The object is to prevent the house being troubled by witches or ghosts. This custom does not prevail so much now in the city as in the suburbs.

One of the most interesting institutions of the olden time in Munich is the ancient brewery, established by royal authority in the sixteenth century, and which for a long time was the chief source of the prince's income. The scholars of Bavaria have shown their national drink to be of classical origin. They find Pliny mentioning the Egyptians as its inventors, and identify it as the "barley wine" mentioned by Æschylus, Sophocles, Archilochus, and Diodorus Siculus. A royal brewery existed in the time of Ludwig der Strenge, but cold fermentation was invented in the fifteenth century, and it is that which has developed the present delicious Bairische Bier. In the sixteenth century there was a great rage for a new kind of beer, which was perfectly white, but is not now made. The old official brewery was established to brew this white beer, but now brews only what is called Bock (formerly Einbock, from Einbeck, in Brunswick, where it was first known). The Bock season opens on the 1st of May. For some time before, the cellars are fast shut, and the only being there is the Bock-demon, who watches over and sees that the beverage progresses favorably. Two days before the opening to the public occurs the official tasting and testing. Of old has been this Bierschau. Three Bierbekieser, in ancient times, dressed in stag-leather, and sat on a bench to drink the beer out of two pots. If at the end of an hour's drinking they couldn't stand up, then the beer was good; if they could, it was a failure. Nowadays a company assemble who are presumed to test the beer without being fuddled. Hundreds waylay them as they emerge from the inquisition, to ask how the beer is this year. Then comes the May-day drinking. The room and casks are adorned with fir boughs, music is provided, and for a day the people are allowed to help themselves. Thereafter the brewery is nearly always crowded with men—only men—the beer being believed to be, as it probably is, the very best in the world. I think I never saw a more curious place. You enter rooms on the ground-floor, each opening into the other—dingy, ugly, the tables and benches of the coarsest description, the ceiling low, the walls covered with the strangest scrawls. In the corner are several immense beer-casks. The room is full of drinkers. In the gloom you might fancy you have got into the lowest of beer-shops. But you will see there the duke or minister of state drinking his beer beside the humblest working-man. It is the most democratic place in Germany. In the swarm several eminent personages were pointed out to me chatting away with their fellow-citizens; and an artist, whose name I did not learn, was near by, making with charcoal a capital caricature of Bismarck on the walls. Bismarck—with the invariable three upright hairs bristling on his bald head—was, indeed, the favorite fresco of the apartments. Louis Napoleon was swinging from a gallows, to the great delight of the group nearest him. The Döllingerist sympathies of the habitués were shown by a capital likeness of Pius IX. leading with a string a corpulent pig, in whose features one could trace certain lines faintly suggestive of the Archbishop of Munich. Elsewhere a bevy of very fat monks were seen going to Rome. The present king was drawn with some exaggeration of feature. A Prussian soldier was represented asleep on guard with a beer-pot beside him, and the motto beneath, "Orate et vigilante." Some of the inscriptions were in Greek. A favorite kind of caricature was the representation of the various actors in the Passion Play, each with a huge mug of beer, which oddly contrasted with the sacred costume and name. One of these—a very *décolletée* Virgin Mary, drawn with great ability—being enough to foreshadow the passing away of the Oberammergau drama. The plastered walls were absolutely covered with such things as these, and there were evidences that they must have been similarly covered for a century past. Before I pass from the Hofbrauhaus I should say that during no general visits to Munich have I ever seen even a tipsy person there.

Near this place I paused to look at a rather fine house, which bore on it an inscription to the effect that the artist Peter Candid had died in it in 1628, and that the celebrated Capellmeister, Orlando di Lasso, had dwelt there (born 1532); and I was told that Mu-

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nich still sang old Orlando's song of the ass which could not be made to pay for his wine because he did not sit down to it, and so it was the "draught of honor."

"Im Land zu Würtemberg so gut
Im Herbst man Trauben schneiden thut
Den Wein thut man auspressen.
Da war ein Esel, hoch von Muth,
Der soff sich voll von Wein so gut,
Und hielt sich gar vermessen," etc.

Other houses of the neighborhood—those where the artist and author Aloysius (d. 1790) and Mozart (in 1780, while composing "Idomeneo") lived—were sufficiently elegant to show that literature and art were always well-to-do in Munich in earlier times. But the subvention of the arts, which has been so long the custom of the Bavarian court, has not been without its ill effects. Munich has been a sort of Lorelei to young artists. Many who have gone there have been overshadowed by the great reputations to an extent which has somewhat atrophized their powers, while at the same time they have been kept poor by the oversupply of their own work and the immense fertility of their famous masters. Fortunately for them, Munich is a cheap place to live in; yet it is painful to see in the common exhibitions of such a city so many of the works known as "pot-boilers." These brassy pictures of sensational subjects filling the shops and annual collections would not be mournful but for the traces of real power that they give. One can only be consoled by the reflection that each half-dozen of such pictures may buy for some artist the leisure for producing a real work of art.

THE WINES OF SYRIA.

IT is not my intention to enter at length into the discussion of this subject, but simply to state some of the results of my observation and experience while a resident in the East.

The wine made in Syria and Palestine is the fermented juice of the grape. The juices of other fruits and plants are but rarely used for this purpose. The wine produced from the pomegranate, referred to in Solomon's Song, viii. 2, is not manufactured in sufficient amount to be taken into the account. The date wine (vinum palmeum) mentioned by Xenophon and Pliny, and which was so highly esteemed by the ancients, is not now made, at least to any extent, for the reason that the palm-tree, once so common in Syria, is now comparatively rare in that part of the world. Even in Jericho, once famed as the "City of Palm-trees," there is now but a single tree of that species remaining.* The process of making wine from the grape I have been an eye-witness of on Mount Lebanon. Several bushels of the ripe clusters are thrown into a large vat, and are then trampled upon by men in their bare feet; the juice thus expressed being drawn off through an aperture into a lower vat, or into vessels prepared for the purpose.

The treading is often accompanied with shouting and singing and other demonstrations of joy, the by-standers frequently sharing in the hilarity of the occasion. Sometimes the grapes are trod in baskets, the juice running through into large shallow vessels placed underneath, from which it is poured into earthen jars. Where the wine is to be transported, it is put in goat-skin bottles; but this is not usually done until after the process of fermentation is completed. In that warm climate fermentation commences immediately, or within a few hours, and proceeds with more or less rapidity, depending upon the temperature of the apartment in which the liquid is kept. In some cases the grapes, stems and all, are first partially dried by being exposed to the sun five or six days, and then, immediately after being pressed, the juice, together with the sediment, is poured into jars as before, and is stirred every day for a month or more, while the fermentation is in progress; after which it is strained off into close vessels or bottles and sealed up for future use. The wine thus produced is of the astringent quality, and will keep good for a considerable length of time. It has been found to be as good at the end of six or seven years as when a few months old, and without any thing having been added to preserve it. And, indeed, within a certain limit, the wine is improved by age, particularly when left standing upon the lees, which act as a purifying agent in absorbing whatever impurities may remain.

Sweet wine is commonly made by boiling the juice before fermentation for a short time, the impurities and gross particles being skimmed off as they rise to the surface. The whole quantity is reduced by this process only about one-twentieth. Different varieties of the grape yield different kinds of wine, and these kinds are still further multiplied by combining or varying the processes, desiccation, boiling, stirring, etc., already described.

The expression *new wine* is used among the

* This magnificent tree is found in all its perfection on the oases of the great African desert, where the palm wine is still made by the natives, not from the dates, but from the tree itself. The mode of procedure is thus described by Sir Gardner Wilkinson in his work on "Modern Egypt and Thebes:" "In the summer, when the sap is up, they cut off all the palm branches, except three or four in the middle; and then, having made incisions in every part of the heart, at the foot of those branches they stretch a skin all round, to conduct the juice into a jar placed there to receive it. Some palms fill a jar in one night holding about six pints. It is sweetened with honey, and drunk as soon as made; and its taste and effect are very much like new wine, with the flavor of cider."

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Orientals in three senses. *First*, that which is fresh from the wine-press, and referred to in such passages as Job, xxxii. 19, and also Matthew, ix. 17—"Neither do men put new wine into old bottles"—where the allusion is to wine just made, and before the process of fermentation has fairly commenced. *Second*, wine a few weeks old is called *new*, to distinguish it from that which is several months old, or older. *Third*, the wine made from the juice that first flows from the wine-press is also called *new*, from a word, *selafet* (سلافة), signifying literally *preceding*, and is so named because this wine precedes the other in time of making. This is one of the strongest and most intoxicating kinds of wine, and is the same as that which is referred to in Hosea, iv. 11—"Wine and new wine take away the heart"—and in Acts, ii. 13. The incidents referred to in this latter passage occurred on the day of Pentecost, eight or nine months after the vintage season, which precludes the idea of any allusion to new wine in the first sense of the term, as above given. But in the third sense the meaning is clear. "Others mocking said, these men [apostles] are full of *new wine*," which was equivalent to saying that they were much intoxicated.

The Syrian wines are for the most part light, and, as far as my knowledge extends, are all *pure*—that is to say, they are neither drugged nor adulterated. Neither brandy nor any other spirituous liquor, though the former is distilled to considerable extent from grapes, raisins, and the refuse of wine-jars, is used by the people to strengthen or preserve their wines, for the reason, they allege, that they can not afford it—brandy being much more expensive than wine, and the latter will keep a sufficient length of time without it. But these various kinds of wine, however much they may differ as regards color, strength, and astringency, are all fermented, and more or less inebriating.

Many of the inhabitants, particularly the Druses, a semi-Mohammedan sect, boil down the fresh juice of the grape into a sirup called "dibs," which they use as a substitute for molasses, a species of clay being employed to clarify it and remove the acidulous taste. This is the only form in which grape juice is preserved in an unfermented state.

In the Arabic, which is the language spoken throughout the Holy Land, as also in Egypt and Arabia, the generic name for wine is *hamr* (خمر corresponding to the Hebrew חמר), which signifies *fermentation*, the verb and past participle derived from the same root, signifying "to ferment" and "fermented." Whether it is owing wholly to this circumstance or not I am not prepared to say; but certain it is that the ecclesiastics of the nominally Christian sects in Syria and Palestine insist that the wine used for sacramental purposes must be not only pure but fermented. The Jews also seem to hold the same view in regard to the wine used at the feast of the Passover. The late Dr. Eli Smith relates that on one occasion, when traveling through Palestine, he arrived at Hebron at the time of the celebration of the Passover and feast of unleavened bread. Calling on the rabbi and other principal Jews of the city, he was invited to partake with them of wine and unleavened bread. In the course of the conversation he inquired why it was that the Jews made use of fermented wine at this feast, when they so carefully abstained from leavened (*i. e.*, fermented) bread; to which the rabbi replied, "The vinous fermentation having been entirely completed, and the acetous fermentation not having commenced, it does not come under the prohibition of the law." This is certainly an ingenious explanation. But it is doubted by some whether fermented wine was drank at the Passover previous to the dispersion, or whether wine was used at all at this festival before the time of the Babylonish captivity. (See Dr. William Smith's "Bible Dictionary," article "Wine," closing paragraph.)

Wine is not an article of export among the Syrians, nor is the amount made as large as would be supposed when we take into consideration the extent of land devoted to the cultivation of the vine. On the lower and middle ridges of Mount Lebanon, particularly in the vicinity of the larger villages, the vineyards extend for miles, the vines being trailed on terraces which have been constructed along the slopes of the mountain at great labor and expense in generations past, and kept in repair by the successive owners and occupants of the soil.

During vintage, which continues six or eight weeks, the grape forms a large part of the daily food of the population; a large proportion of the grape crop is also made into raisins, both for home consumption and the supply of the city markets; and still another large proportion of the annual grape yield is made into the "dibs," or sirup, already referred to, and which constitutes an article of diet throughout the year. Water, sweetened with this sirup and the juice of the fruit of the carob-tree, is sometimes used as a drink in the summer months.

Although Syria is a wine-producing country, there is comparatively but little open intemperance among the native population. There are those among the Greeks, Catholics, and other sects who indulge in their private potations; and there are those, too, in the larger towns and cities who have their midnight carousals; but it is considered so disreputable that they conceal themselves from public notice. A native Syrian drunk-

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en in the streets is a spectacle I never witnessed. A missionary who spent several years in that country writes on this subject as follows: "I have known men that were said to be killing themselves with drink; but a staggering drunken man, exposed to view in the street, I never saw in Syria. In all my residence in the country I remember witnessing but two cases of evident intoxication: one was that of an English consular agent; the other that of a native, who, however, was under the power of no habit of that kind." Another returned missionary, who was thoroughly acquainted with the manners and customs of the people, says: "While I never in thirteen years saw a native staggering by day, yet I well knew that there was not a little of dissipation in the land. Revels by night were common. Nearly all the clergy and monks (Greek, Maronite, and Jacobite) in the larger towns had the repute of being wine-bibbers. Perhaps the Arabs are not so much addicted to strong drink as the Nestorians, yet I am confident that among Arabs able to afford it there is not a little indulgence."

I judge from recent reports that intemperance is on the increase in Syria, especially in the cities and larger towns, and that among the peasants in some of the rural districts wine-drinking during the vintage season is carried to excess.

The Mohammedans, however, who constitute the predominant sect, are, as a general thing, rigid adherents to the principle of total abstinence, their religion prohibiting them from using wine and other intoxicating drinks. Says Mohammed: "Wine has its use, but its injury is greater than its utility;" and in another passage he enjoins upon his followers to abstain from wine, stigmatizing it as "the infamous work of the devil;" and then adds, "Satan desires to stir up enmity and hatred among you by means of wine, in order to hinder you from prayer and thoughts of God." (See Koran, chap. ii. verse 216, and chap. v. verses 92, 93, *et al.*) In another part of this passage Mohammed condemns three evils—"raffling, the worship of idols, and the casting of lots"—but places wine at the head of the list.

I was once present in Damascus at the time of the *hadj*, where twenty-five or thirty thousand Mohammedans were collected together from the cities of Homs, Hamah, Aleppo, Mosul, and other parts of Asia Minor, preparatory to joining the great caravan that was about to set out on the annual pilgrimage to Mecca. They were encamped in the environs of the city, near the southern gate, called Bab Allah, Gate of God. It was a motley concourse of men, women, and children of all ages and conditions in life; but what surprised me was the degree of order and sobriety that prevailed throughout: there were no brawls and no disturbances, and no drunkenness nor dissipation. Their sole purpose and desire were to accomplish an object dear to every faithful Moslem—to visit once in their lifetime the tomb of the great Arabian "Prophet." The steadfastness and devotion with which this people cherish and observe the doctrines of Islam are certainly worthy of imitation by those who profess attachment to the principles of a higher religion and a purer faith.

[On some points in the foregoing statements, particularly as respects the different processes of wine-making, I have consulted an article published several years ago in the "Bibliotheca Sacra" (vol. iii. p. 388 *et seq.*), from the pen of the late Rev. Eli Smith, D.D., to whom I have already referred, and who was for many years an honored missionary and translator of the Bible in Beyrout.]

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

CHAPTER XI.

"We burn no grimy coal or coke,
With sulphur smell or smoke bituminous,
But hickory and chestnut-oak
Consume to comfort and illumine us."

LONG as a tree should stand on the five hundred acres of hill land owned by the old-fashioned farmer of Stone House, he had sworn nothing but wood should burn on the broad hearth of its great square sitting-parlor. Before that hearth, on an evening that closed one of the closing days of the year 1866, he and his family were seated comfortably and cheerfully. The fine, low singing of the foamy butt of the back-log was the only voice heard in the apartment. It was nearly bed-time. The newspaper had been read and the needle-work laid by, and each one of the half circle was looking at the fire and only thinking, as it is easy to do in the presence of a fire of wood, a fountain of water, or the dashing of sea waves on the beach.

Mr. Damarin was thinking of the work he had planned for the morning; his wife was thinking of her Willy; Polly was thinking, if all their thoughts *must* be told, that Robert Hagan in his "store clothes" was the handsomest young man—except her just-named brother—she had ever seen; Bella was wondering why her brothers had not come for her, and whether, after all, General Damarin would not return first: for Bella Johnston was still there, and her brothers had not yet come. "Somebody's hailing," exclaimed Mr. Damarin, rising up and going

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to the window fronting toward the river. The hail was the usual call for the ferryman, a long, musical whoop; but to the practiced ear of the listener this one expressed unusual urgency.

"You won't send any body out such a night as this," remonstrated his wife, "and the river running ice!"

"I won't send any body—no," he replied; "but there's somebody over there who wants badly to get across, and if one of the men chooses to go and earn the ferriage for his own pocket, I'm willing he should take the skiff; I wouldn't, of course, trust the boat," alluding to the small scow or flat used for ferrying horses and cattle. He went out with this purpose, and the result was that Robert Hagan volunteered to go. He encountered little floating ice, which was mostly near the shore, and by keeping the skiff heading up stream, crossed squarely over. But soon as he came within speaking distance of the other side, a voice called out of the darkness:

"Go back and bring your flat. We've three horses to cross. Go quick; the quicker you go, the better we'll pay."

"Pay or no pay, I can't fetch the flat to-night. He told me I mustn't."

"No matter what he told you. I tell you to go back and fetch it, and you shall have two dollars."

"I sha'n't do it, I tell you. Come along, if you want to leave your horses behind till daylight. If you don't, I'll go back again," was the firm reply.

There was some further useless expostulation, in which two of the three horsemen, who could be dimly discerned on the shore, took part, followed by a low conference among themselves, which Robert, however, cut short by crying, "If you ain't going, I am."

"Stop!" exclaimed one of the horsemen, as he dismounted. Then, walking to the skiff, he stepped in, took his seat, saying, "Pull away." He said nothing more until the other side was nearly reached, when he broke silence with the abrupt question:

"Mr. Damarin has a large family, hasn't he?"

"Oh yes, there's a good many of us."

"A large family of children living with him, I mean?"

"No, he hasn't—only Polly."

"Only Polly? I thought he had two daughters," rejoined the stranger, rather carelessly, and after a pause.

"The other one isn't his daughter," replied Robert, briefly as he could frame his sentence.

"Are Mr. and Mrs. Damarin well?—in good health?"

"Yes."

"And the two young ladies, Miss Polly and—Miss Bella, I think you said, are they both of them well also?"

"I didn't say her name was Bella."

"Oh, didn't you?" said the questioner, affably. "May I ask what is her name?"

"Her name's Bella, but I didn't tell you so."

"But she's well, you say?"

"Yes."

The landing was now reached. The stranger, stepping on shore, handed a bit of fractional money to the ferryman, and merely remarking, "This is the way out to the road, I think," was soon lost to sight. Robert pulled the skiff well up out of water, and returned toward the house by the orchard path. But as he went through the gate into the garden he observed to himself: "That flat ought to be beached in the morning too. The river's falling so fast she'll beach herself before then, if Boldman didn't spar her off good. Look here!" (still to himself, in continuation), "why didn't I see to her while I was about it?" And suddenly stopping, he turned and ran down to the shore. The flat was not there! Yes, it was, but not six paces out, and being slowly pushed away by a figure standing in the stern, which, if darkness did not deceive him, Robert recognized as that of the very man he had just ferried over. To board the flat seemed impossible at the moment; but while the youth halted at the water's edge and shouted, there came drifting down between where he stood and the receding boat a large cake of ice, which so far bridged the space that, with a short run and flying leap, he was aboard—yes, and lying flat on his face too; but whether from tripping on a cross-timber, or from a blow, he could never afterward remember. A strong grasp, inclusive of all his collars from overcoat to shirt, held him down, and a voice, in which he recognized the very tones of his late passenger, while at the same time he heard the click of a revolver horribly close to his ear, said, "Be quiet, my man, and don't make a fool of yourself."

"Oh yes, I will," was his rather nervous reply.

"Don't be frightened," continued the stranger. "I intended to row the boat myself, but I dare say you can do it a good deal better; so you take the oars, while I hold the revolver. We'll keep to our first offer, you see. You shall have your two dollars. We will get put across. There'll be nobody to blame, nor any body hurt. Otherwise you'll die to-night," he concluded, with the impressive coolness of a veteran.

Robert was brave enough, but it seemed so reasonable he should obey revolver law, in the absence of any other, he submitted, and pulled manfully at his oars as any galley prisoner of old. Notwithstanding which, however, the impatience of the stranger was evident. "Pull hard as you can," he would exclaim, "till we get to the other side. You'll have help coming back, and there'll be no hurry then."

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They had got half-way over when a faint gleam of light shot across the waves. A loud oath burst from the impatient stranger. "A fire!" he exclaimed; "the infernal old fool!" adding, a minute later, and addressing Robert, "You see that fire? pull straight for it!" Robert, looking, saw a small heap of brush burning near the foot of the precipitous bluff of the river's bank, whose irregular face it revealed in bright lights and black shadows. It was a little above (that is, up the river from) the ferry landing. As the boat, in making a direct crossing, must be kept with its bow inclined up stream, it was easy for the oarsman, by looking over his left shoulder as he worked, to keep the point of destination in view. Approaching nearer to where the fire was burning, two persons could be seen beside it; one of them standing, and apparently warming his feet, while leaning on the neck of his horse; the other crouched closely down to the blaze, as if he would get into it. Behind this one two other horses stood, as if held by him. As a brighter blaze than usual shot up, the stranger started to his feet, then sat down again, crying, "Pull! pull! pull! I tell you!" Robert, looking at the same instant, had seen, as the other had, the forms of several men moving on the edge of the bluff. The next moment voices were heard on the bank, one of them much louder than the others. Then shots were fired, some from the party on the bank, now in darkness, and two or three from the upright figure on the shore, who fired from behind the breastwork the body of his horse afforded. Meanwhile the one who had crouched over the blaze sprang upon one of the animals he was holding, and went galloping down the shore. Then came quite a volley from the bank, and the horse that had served for a breastwork broke away as if wounded, while his master sprang into the shelter of the bluff. "Pull away! pull faster! pull right in, or I'll shoot!" cried the stranger, as Robert slackened his oars, but a few rods from shore.

"I don't know about pulling in," remarked Robert, though at the same time obeying the command; "it sounds like there was more pistols there than here." He took care to make his landing some hundred paces above the scene of the contest. The other leaped to land, pistol in hand, and at once took to the shelter of the bluff, but at a place where it was a good deal darker, because remoter from the fire, than where the other shore cambatant was. As he did so, he called loudly to his comrade, "Get this way as far as you can, Ned." From this the fight was kept up with coolness and caution on both sides, the bluff serving as shelter to both, very much as when two contending forces fire at each other from opposite sides of the same earth-work, though the advantage of position was greatly with the party on the bank, who were sheltered by it from the light. Those on the shore, as if aware of this, kept moving cautiously up river at every opportunity, but gradually drawing near each other.

Robert, as soon as he was relieved from duress, pulled off into the current, his first impulse being to get out of pistol range; but the next minute curiosity prevailed, and he only used the oars to hold a position far enough off to make sure of not being boarded, and from there watched the fight. Soon after the reinforcement arrived, as has been just mentioned, and during a lull in the apparently ineffectual firing, a loud but calm voice from the bank said,

"Major Johnston, I really think you'd better give yourself up, and go back with us. The doctor told me yesterday he thought the wounded gentleman would get well. I tell you the truth, upon my honor."

The only reply to this was another shot, but the effect was to add another recruit to the weaker party.

"Johnston!—Major!—Ned! That's Edward," exclaimed Robert to himself. "Why, they're Bella's brothers!" And from that minute his only thought was how to assist them. The fight had drifted half a pistol range further toward where he was, and further away from the fire, which still, however, shed a dangerous though fitful light. By one of its flashes, Edward Johnston, who had emptied his revolvers, could be seen attempting to climb up the face of the bank—a most difficult feat—as if to close in with his enemies. Evidently the case was critical with the brothers, and he who would aid them must move quickly. Robert did so; rapidly as possible he reversed his strokes, and rowed down stream till he got past the fire. Then, running in and landing his boat, he lifted from the water a cake of ice large as he could carry, and with it approached the fire. As he did so the sounds of two shots in quick succession from the top of the bank caused him to look that way. He saw Edward reel backward toward the edge, with both arms flung upward, while from one hand there dropped a flashing blade, and then fall heavily over the bluff to the feet of his brother below. The next instant the broad mass of ice was flung upon the fire, extinguishing it completely. And then all was as still as it was dark.

Noiselessly as he could, Robert drew near to where Edward had fallen, and found Charles holding his brother in his arms, whose last breath came from him in a long, faint groan, which was replied to by one of bitterness and agony from the living. "A friend! Captain, I'm your friend," whispered Robert. "Come to the boat quick!" and grasping Charles by the arm, he led—almost dragged—him down to the boat, pushed him in, followed quickly himself, snatched the oars, and pulled out of pistol reach before

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those on the bank could grope their way down to the water. Unheeding the few shots they fired at random, Charles Johnston remained for some minutes in convulsive emotion; but presently, rising to his feet, he commanded Robert to hold the boat where she was, as he had something to say. Then, in a perfectly calm and distinct voice, he called across the water,

"Sheriff Brown! it is you, I believe, who shot my brother?"

A voice as calm, and almost bland in its tone, replied: "I am very sorry, Captain Johnston, for this unpleasant occurrence; but you and every other gentleman must know an officer is bound to make his arrests without fear or favor of any gentleman; and if gentlemen will resist, I can not be responsible for the consequences."

"I think I must hold you responsible, however," rejoined Johnston. "With your own life, sheriff, you shall answer for this, so help me God! I was about to quit your State for good; but now I shall return to it, and never leave it while you live there. Wherever you go, I shall be on your track. You have killed my only brother, and I'll have your life, or—"

"—Or else I must take yours: excuse the interruption," said the sheriff, still calm and bland. "Very well, captain; and since you are so frank, allow me to give you notice, in return, that if you and I should ever have the pleasure of meeting again, you must expect me to defend myself *Kaintuck* fashion, the same as any other gentleman would, without fear or favor, you know."

Johnston made no reply, but turning to Robert, who, as requested, was rowing just sufficiently to stem the current, said, in a low voice, "If you would still further befriend me, let your boat drop quietly down stream, keeping her a little closer to the shore." Then, seeing Robert readily comply, he said, "You have saved my life, and at the risk of your own. Do you know me?"

"All I know is you're the brother of Bella, and I reckon I'd risk my life a good many times for her or any of her kin."

"You would! Why would you?"

"Because I love her!" he exclaimed, the hard crust of long self-retention breaking with an explosion at last under pressure of the peculiar circumstances. "I just do. I never let on about it to her or any body; but I love her right straight along, and always shall."

"And who are you?" abruptly demanded Johnston.

"My name is Robert Hagan, and I work for Mr. Damarin."

"Hush! or you'll be heard. Keep still, and work a little more inshore, if you please."

By a gentle dip of an oar from time to time the flat was kept within dim sight of the water's edge, or if sometimes receding from all view of it, the low grating against the land of the drifting ice—the only sound to be heard—enabled them to guess their distance. And so, drifting with the ice, which now ran closer and in larger floats than at first it had, they moved noiselessly along till quite beyond hearing distance of the place of the late conflict. Then Johnston began to whistle at intervals a few notes of a tune. After several repetitions the whistle was answered by another, but with a different tune.

"There he is; row in, if you can."

With difficulty Robert pushed in and made a landing. On the shore a figure was seen approaching them cautiously, and leading two horses. "Hector," said Johnston.

"Mass Charles, dat you? an' you's got Mass Ned too?" came in a shuddering voice from an old man with face dark as the night itself.

"No, you cowardly old scoundrel!" cried Johnston, furiously: "they've shot him by the light of that infernal fire you kindled." Then, in a milder voice, he added, "Your master Edward's dead, Hector."

The old negro fell into an agony of grief; but Johnston checked any prolonged expression of it with—

"Stop your howling, or you'll bring them here to shoot me too. Keep quiet and listen, for the time for talking is short. You will find your master Edward not very far from where you built your cursed fire—"

"Oh, my God, mossa, it was so cold! I was freezin' to def."

"Hold your tongue, you shivering old coward! You must take charge of him, as you did of your old master, and not leave him until he's decently buried. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, mossa, I *yeddy*."*

"I shall leave the sorrel horse with you. Sell him for what you can get, to pay the expense of the funeral—do you understand me? Listen sharp; there's not much time."

"Oh yes, mossa, I understands."

"And after it's all over, and not before—mind, not before—cross the ferry to a stone house on the other side—a stone house, remember—where Mr. Damarin lives. Mr. Damarin, do you mind the name?"

"Damarin—Damarin—yes, mossa, me got him."

"You'll find Miss Bella there."

"Miss Bella?—de darlin' ob de Lord! What, little Miss Bella?—de Lord be praised!"

"Listen! You'll find her there. Tell her of Master Ned's death." Here he drew Hector to one side, and added, in a tone too low for Robert, who remained by the boat, to hear: "Be careful what else you tell her; but say to her this: that she will hear from me again before long, I hope; but whatever

* Hear.

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"ROBERT STRUCK A LIGHT, AND REMOVED THE COVERING FROM THE FACE."

happens, she must remember who she is; and, Hector—come a little further this way—we can't tell what may happen, you know; but if—don't let her marry any one beneath her. If you see any danger of it, say what you please from me. Do you understand? If you don't, say so."

"Mossa, I understands perfectly. Nebber fear. Hector 'll nebber permit nodden o' de kind."

"And you must remain with Miss Bella long as you live. Promise me, Hector, that you will."

"Yes, yes, Mass Charley, I promises; but *hoonah*,* *way day's*† hoonah gwine? Oh, Mass Charley, less all go back to de ole place right 'way."

"Hector, none of us may ever see the old place any more, nor may you and I ever see one another again," returned Johnston, sadly. "Give me your hand, old man, and forgive me as if you were parting from me forever. You have always been faithful to us, Hector. When father was killed, we left him in your hands; now Edward is killed, another of our dead remains with you, and the only one of the living worth caring for I leave in your care. You may soon find yourself her only protector. As for me, no one can know what my fate will be; but if a single hope is left me in my desperation, it is that my eyes, too, may be closed by this same faithful hand. Where's my horse?"

Taking the bridle that was handed him, Johnston returned to where he left Robert standing, shook hands with and thanked him anew, and with much feeling. Then turning again toward the old negro, he went and embraced him as he might have embraced a father or a brother; after which he leaped into the saddle, and rode into darkness.

It required all the strength of the two that remained to row the flat against the ice-burdened current back to the ferry landing, which they were not able to reach until late in the night. On the way the old man, garrulous in his grief, unfolded to his com-

* You. † Which way is.

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panion a large portion of the family history, relating, among other things, the circumstances of his old master's death; how himself and Charles had carried the dying man into a house at the road-side, where he soon breathed his last in their arms, while Edward had gone in pursuit of the bush-whacker who fired the shot, and whom, when caught, he had put to death with his own hand; and how, a moment after, the avenger, in his turn, had fallen, seriously wounded, by the bullet of a concealed marksman. "But he killed de ablishun Yankee, dough; and dat was some satisfaction," added the impenitent old rebel.

When they found the body, it was not at the landing, but in a house near by, into which the sheriff's posse had conveyed it. Robert followed Hector into the apartment where it lay, and with an agitated hand struck a light, and removed the covering from the face—and his heart was at rest; for it was the face of the very man whom he had shot more than three years before, and whom, during all that time, he believed he had killed.

The ice drifted heavy and fast, as Robert Hagan pulled at the two clumsy oars, through the long mid-hour of that night of conflict and death, and the current ran turbulent and strong; but the oars felt like mere sculls in his grasp, and he made the large boat quiver as a skiff beneath his feet; for a mark very much like that of Cain was effaced from his front, and his spirit was as light as the snow-flakes that were beginning to fall, changing the black night into a white one, and making his course plain and easy to find and to follow.

CHAPTER XII.

"'Labor is worship,' is a pleasant saying,
But those who say so never do their praying
With pick or shovel, hammer, tongs, or anvil,
If they can help it."

THOSE only who know how exaggerated is the family pride of an old family servant, especially of a black one and a slave, can imagine the feelings of Hector—who, at Charles Johnston's command, and obedient to his own sense of duty, had found means to domesticate himself at Stone House, in order to play sage Mentor to Miss Bella, and keep her from doing aught beneath the dignity of the Johnstons—when he discovered she had already entered on a course of low conduct. She did not keep bad company, nor lie, nor cheat, nor steal; but she worked! Yes, Bella labored with those beautiful hands of hers; debased those ten taper fingers—which no lady should ever use save in playing on the piano, or scratching her enemies' cheeks—to the base utilities of domestic life. She swept rooms, made up beds, dusted furniture, made butter and cheese, cooked food and served it, washed clothes and ironed them; and, having continued in her ways of evil for more than twelve months, she had become so hardened in them that not all the mortified Hector could say, not all his commands, entreaties, and tears, were of the least avail to reclaim her from them.

Mrs. Damarin and Polly worked also, but Bella was foremost in efficiency, as she had been foremost in conceiving the enterprise of performing all the ministrations of the temple of home without the help of hireling hands. And thus it fell out: About the time when Bella's growing intelligence began to recognize her relation of dependence to the Damarins, and her pride, enlightened by that intelligence, to rise from the sphere in which idleness appeared as worthiness into that in which to eat the bread of idleness seemed unworthy and shameful, and about the time also when the uncertainties of her situation so preyed on her mind as to prevent profitable study or reading, there occurred in the household one of those *émeutes* that are so common in America.

At the period in question the government of the family was administered by two women, who, like the Roman consuls of old, ruled with a dual sway and remorseless rigor. One of them was of Connaught, and one of Congo. Always tyrannical and overbearing, they had of late years become doubly so, the one in consequence of military operations in the South, and the other in consequence of military operations, on a smaller scale, in the North. Though often quarreling with one another, as Roman consuls used to do, they perfectly agreed in keeping the yoke on the necks of their unhappy subjects.

Like other tyrants, these pretended that those they governed were unfit to govern themselves, and took good care they never should learn to be fit. To this end, they performed their administrative duties in such rude, coarse, and slovenly ways that gentler natures shrunk from attempting them, resisted the introduction of inventions designed to supplant clumsy brute force with skillful handling and intelligent management, and by various means surrounded their occupations, especially those of the kitchen, with an atmosphere of mystery and disgust.

It has been cited in proof of the poverty of the Spanish intellect during a certain long period of time, that the kings of Spain were obliged to procure all their ministers of state from Italy. But what deficiency in the American character has obliged our people to set up over their departments of domestic economy, neatness, and order ministers so wasteful, untidy, and disorderly as the two who ruled in the kitchen of Stone House? If the fault is with our women, then severely are they punished for it. If the suffering

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that comes from tyranny could be measured with a measure, or weighed in scales, it might be found that American women have endured more of grievance at the hands of these their oppressors by tenfold than they endured who wrung Magna Charta from King John, or they who cut off King Charles's head; and more by a hundredfold than is recorded in the Declaration of Independence as a *casus belli* in 1776—yes, by a thousandfold!

The tyranny in question darkens the household and hearth, brings disquiet to the pillow of the most hardy, and causes the tears of the weak to flow without stint. It leaves us helpless in sickness and trouble, and shows us a skeleton's head at every feast. Wealth can purchase no exemption, for wealth only multiplies the oppressors, and the uncertainties, apprehensions, alarms, destructions, devastations, insults, and calamities of every sort that attend this social curse. As the social is wider than the civil state, so is the scope of this tyranny wider than the scope of that other kind which heroes are born to resist. But the victims of Queens Bridget and Dinah are neither heroes nor heroines. It is impossible they should be. They do not resist. They succumb, suffer, fly to boarding-houses or mad-houses—go into hysterics—abandon house and home, and become wanderers and vagabonds—go a-lecturing, elope, or die!

"Turn them both away, Mrs. Damarin! I would be tormented with them no longer, if I were you; and you shall not be, if I can help it. Send them out of your house this minute, and Polly and I will do the work ourselves—won't we, Polly?" These were the courageous words of Bella, as she suddenly appeared in the kitchen, and sprang between Mrs. Damarin and two furious women, who were railing and gesticulating at her in a way that seemed to menace actual bodily harm. No goddess of freedom, nor Britannia, nor Minerva, with all her armor on, could have made a more effective interposition than did the girl of sixteen as thus she confronted the two tyrants in their very court. Her eye, with the power of a strong man's arm, forced both of them backward to a respectful distance, and her voice silenced them both.

"Pray go back, my dears," said Mrs. Damarin; "there's nothing the matter, only Bridget and Dinah don't understand me. I was explaining that too much soda in the water rotted the clothes, and they thought I found fault with their washing—that's all. There, you and Polly go to your school, and I'll soon arrange this."

"But why let them treat you in this manner?" returned Bella, keeping her position: "these women are getting worse and worse every day, and I really believe they'll harass you to death unless something is done. And we are going to do it—Polly and I. We two, if you will only show us how, and have patience until we become a little used to it, can do all the work of this house—can't we, Polly? We can and will!"

"Oh! can ye and will ye?" growled the daughter of Wolf Tone, in the tone of a wolf. "Be gorra, ye wouldn't do it long wid them lazy fingers o' your'n. Ah! ye beggar! I'm as good as you be, ony day."

"Yes, yes!" cried she of the dark and darkening brow, "I'd jess like to see her do it. An' it's what sech trash is got to come to, and this one mout as well begin one time as another. For my part, I gives her up my place right now, and I's goin' to the city first boat comes down. Bridget, you may do as you please, but I tell you this child's goin' whar she kin git twenty-five dollars a month, and proper respect besides."

So they both went, and emancipation was accomplished. And from thenceforward the drudgery of that large household was performed by the two girls, with the direction and help of Mrs. Damarin. And thus was the path of her duty opened to the steps of Bella, and thus did they enter upon it.

At first the new arrangement was considered by the heads of the family as but a temporary one, to serve only until a couple of fresh torments could be engaged. But the volunteers were inspired with a sentiment, and they worked with a will; and though unpracticed fingers got blistered, and tender muscles became sore, and pains in the back were severe, they insisted on persevering, and insisted on triumphing. And at length, a change having been effected in the household which very much lightened the work, the new state of things was accepted as a permanent one.

The change in question consisted in the removal of all the farm workmen to separate quarters, in a new building which Mr. Damarin caused to be put up for that purpose, and where a German woman, the wife of one of them, kept house for the whole very nicely. But Robert Hagan was retained in the old house as a member of the family, for he had become quite a pet with them all.

The household labor was further alleviated by introducing the latest-contrived clothes boiler, washer, and wringer, sweeper, duster, apple-parer, sausage-meat cutter, steamer, broiler, and various other doers, some of which the deposed tyrants had refused to use, while others were too complex or fragile to be trusted in their clumsy, careless hands; though all were found to work well when they were well worked. Foot-scrapers and mats were doubled at all the approaches, and every bit of floor not covered with carpet received three coats of wood-colored paint. Hoops and long skirts proving to be hinderances, the former were discarded during working hours, and the latter cut short.

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Both the girls were corn-fed and of good development, with feet and ankles that needed no screen, and hips that needed no exaggeration.

And when all the ameliorations had been introduced, and the workers got used to their task, it was found to be by no means a hard one. Six hours in the day proved sufficient to do all, and the leisure time was enjoyed as only faithful workers can enjoy leisure. Bella declared she had never been so happy in her life before, and Polly—who at her friend's suggestion had flung by hoops and cut off skirts, and would have cut off her head too if the other had requested it—agreed with her. They read, too, fully as much as before, and with far better zest and profit; for regular occupation steadied their nerves, and settled their minds into somewhat of the lymphatic condition a good student loves to be in. And here should be named the books they read, for those books were forming the young readers. They were a portion of the library of the late Peyton Simms, Esq., which Mr. Damarin had chanced to bid off at an auction sale in Cincinnati, and this is the catalogue: The *Spectator*, the *Rambler*, Pope's "Iliad," "Robinson Crusoe," "Gil Blas," "Don Quixote," "Sir Charles Grandison," "Evelina," "Tom Jones," Scott's novels and poems, Paley's "Moral Philosophy," several volumes of the *European* and *Gentleman's Magazines*, Burns's works (expurgated), Cobbett's "Reformation," Fox's "Martyrs," Shakspeare, Butler's "Analogy," an odd volume of Swift, Bell's "British Theatre," "The Pilgrim's Progress," Baxter's "Saint's Rest," "Father Clement," "Plutarch's Lives," the "Travels of Anacharsis the Younger," and Cook's "Voyages." To this intellectual store Robert Hagan too was allowed free access, and read greedily. The effect on the mind of the youth was rather wonderful. At first, as all young readers will do, he surrendered himself completely into the hands of his author, and, questioning neither facts nor inferences, drifted with him. Afterward, as he discovered how inconsistent and contradictory printed matter could be, he became sorely puzzled in attempting to reconcile the different authorities one with another and each with all, or judge between them. But finally, though only after years of mental confusion, he learned the great art of thinking for himself, and became his own disciple and his own man.

Until the old negro came to live at Stone House all the heavy domestic work, the hewing of wood and drawing of water, commonly called "chores," had been done by Robert; but Hector insisting on his superior right to wait upon his young missis, unhappy Robert found himself supplanted in the position by one much better acquainted than he was with its duties. Duties!—is there no better word for the delightful occupation of going at Bella's bidding and coming at her call, of chopping wood and building fires for her, of pumping water, digging potatoes, shaking carpets, and stretching clothes-lines beneath her eye, by her directions, and for her commendation? O love's young dream! your golden clouds and rosy mists can form and change as quickly, your tinted lights can dance and play as easily, your ineffable music can as entrancingly sound for him who does "chores" for his idol as for him who sings nonsense to her by soft moonlight, or talks it in the brilliancy of bougies or gas! There is equal *rapport* in both cases, and the chores are far the less tiresome to the intellect.

Robert found his banishment hard to bear. The opportunities of proximity to Bella of which Hector's coming deprived him would have been far less sweet to enjoy, and far less bitter to regret, were it not that she in her superiority had behaved toward him freely and naturally, so that it was given him to know her just as she was, without obscuration from coquetry or perverseness. He saw her as lover or husband might never see her—in the perfection of her innocence and truth. Poor lover! poor husband! you are both of you to be pitied, nor can either of you ever know why. To a lover, a mistress; to a husband, a wife; to Robert Hagan, doer of chores for Bella Johnston, a divinity.

As the spring approached, Robert occupied much of his leisure time in breaking his colt, for it was now more than three years old, and should be earning its own corn. As the breaking of horses on farms is usually done, it is no very severe discipline; but Hector, who, it seems, was an accomplished jockey, and had noticed the points of the young animal, inspired Robert to do the thing thoroughly; and by his instructions and assistance it was followed by such training to develop trotting qualities as the appliances at hand permitted.

One day, as they were scraping the heated and excited animal, after a trial, Hector said to the other (coining a prefix to carry into effect the latest constitutional amendment, and, in short, reconcile his sense of what was due to his own dignity as a citizen, and which forbade him to say "mass," with his sense of politeness, which forbade him to say simply "Robert"), "Misser Robert, I tells you wot it is: dis horse ain't no common breed. Don't you let nobody fool hoonah out o' him, not till you an' I knows more 'bout um. Dis look a' dat flank! dis look a' dem wedders! dis look a' dat eye and dat nostril and dat hair! You doesn't see none o' dem tings on no cold-blooded stock. I wish I knowed wot breed he was. Way did you git um?"

Robert was overjoyed at praise like this from a source like this. But the ancestry

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of the colt was not a pleasant subject; so, in order to turn the conversation, he asked what price Hector thought the animal could be sold for if he proved to be very swift indeed.

"Now don't hoonah ax no shish difficult questions. Mebby he'll go in tree minutes, and mebby in two-forty. When I knows zackly wot he kin do, den I kin put a price on um. But we mus' git a sulky an' de right fixens for trainin' 'fore any body kin tell much 'bout um. Wot's yer gwine to call um?"

It required a discussion a fortnight long to answer the simple question. At length "Major" was selected as a good, sonorous name, easily pronounced by Hector, and, as he said, "good to holler."

At the nearest wagon-maker's shop two old buggy wheels were found, with which a rude but tolerably light sulky was made; and Hector having cobbled from bits of old harness a "Dutch collar," the colt was put on a regular course of training. The track was the avenue, which was just a mile in length; and at the end nearest the house the family and farm people used to assemble after supper to witness the performance of Major and the enthusiasm of his trainer. And very enjoyable it was to see them come to the end of the stretch, the horse showing the vermilion of his dilating nostrils and the whites of his splendid eyes, and doing his very uttermost; while the driver, also with open nostrils and flashing eyes, perched triumphantly behind, pouring forth pleasant words of encouragement, such as these—"Go, go, you son-ob-a-gun! Go, go, for true! Pull foot, sinner, de debil's close behine! Wake snakes, de sun's a-risin'!"

By midsummer the Major was able to go his mile in three minutes, or a little less, and was still improving. The training developed his beauty as well as speed. Though but little more than fifteen hands in stature, his arching neck bore his head so high he seemed taller than he was. His face and forehead expressed gentleness and intelligence almost beyond what is permitted a horse's physiognomy to express. Had they done any more, they would have been human. Mane and tail, long, full, and silken, were grandly carried. His color was chestnut-sorrel, unvaried in hair or hoof with the least spot of white, save one right in the middle of the forehead. Many came to see him, and some offered prices that were so much beyond what was usual in that neighborhood, Hector with difficulty prevented Robert from selling. Mr. Damarin, observing the effects of the negro's jockeyship, wished to put some of his own colts under his training; but Hector shook his head and said, "It's no use, Sir; dey isn't got de blood in um."



CHAPTER XIII.

"Now what does all this nonsense mean
Of 'birth' and 'blood' and 'breeding?'
Is it of divers clays we're made,
Or is it in the kneading?
Or comes it of the partial stars?
Or comes it of our feeding?"

ONE Sunday afternoon, when Robert and Hector were alone together, seated on the steps of the piazza at the back of the house, Robert said, "I wish, Hector, you would tell me what you mean by blood. All blood is red, for any thing I can see, and all horses have enough of it. What has it to do with fast trotting, I would like to know?"

"Dis yerry!"* exclaimed the negro. "Hoonah kin read de Bible, an' dunno wot blood mean! Den I mus' splain to hoonah. Ebry body knows, I spec, dat it's de blood wot makes de bones an' muscle an' sinners an' hoofs an' hair ob a hoss an' ebry oder critter. Berry well: if we saws off Major's shin bone an' looks at de grain ob it, it 'll be dis as smove an' fine an' strong as ibory—as a fine-toof comb. Berry well: now saw off ole John's great big log o' wood ob a shin, an' it 'll be dis like any oder common bone—full o' little holes, an' sorf an' rough. An' it's de same way wid ebry ting from inside to out—from de marrer to de hair. Now does any body s'pose dat if Major's sire an' dam was common stock, dey could hab a chile like him? No, Sir; dey wouldn't hab de blood to make um—no mo' dan dat twine string in my shoe kin be strong like sewin' silk, no mo' dan a field nigger kin be like Hector, no mo' dan a crackert kin be a gentleman, or de buckra‡ people 'bout yere kin be like Miss Bella—an' dat we knows berry well's unpossible." The last words were spoken with lowered voice, as if to avoid hurting the neighborhood's feelings.

"According to what you say, there must have been two Adams and two Eves," said the listener, more touched by the illustra-

* Listen. † A country bumpkin. ‡ White.

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tions of the lecturer on pedigree than interested in his main argument. "The Bible don't say so. According to it, God made of one flesh Miss Bella's family and all us folks about here."

"An' is de Bible a hoss book, den? Wot's it got to do wid trottin' stock? Tell me dat. I wasn't talkin' religion; I was talkin' hoss. De Bible don't talk hoss; 'e talk religion. Now wot's de use o' talkin' shish nonsense, Misser Robert? I tell you wot de good book do say, dough. 'E say no man kin git wool off a hog's back, no mo' kin he make a silk puss out ob a sow's ear."

"I don't care," said the other disputant. "You can't make me believe there's any such difference in people as you would make out. One man—one white man, anyhow—is as good as another."

"Oh, my goodness!" abruptly exclaimed Hector, looking toward the gate that opened from the avenue into the back-yard. "Well, if I eber did in all my born day! I tought I see poor white trash befo', an' I seen a heap o' soccostee crackers comin' to beg rough rice an' steal chickens, but I neber see shish ting as dis!"

Looking in the direction Hector's eyes went, Robert saw, outside the gate, flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone in shape of Bill Hagan, his father, and Betsey, his mother, each mounted on a horse such as could have been borrowed nowhere else than in Smoky Creek, each attired very much as when last described, except that the woman had on her head a calico sun-bonnet, and both of them wearing a solemn and still expression of countenance, and sitting on their quiet steeds with dignity and ease. Neither of them said a word.

"Does you know who dem is?" inquired Hector, while Robert rose from where he was sitting and approached the dreadful couple with a sinking heart. No glance of recognition came from either parent as their improved and almost transformed offspring drew near, until he spoke, and then the weak smile that passed across their features stirred them as a lazy zephyr might ripple the surface of the Dead Sea.

"Won't you get off," asked Robert, faintly, "and walk in?"

No reply was made, but Bill turned and looked toward a third person, who had kept in the background, and, having dismounted, was tying his horse to the fence a little way off. This person now approached. He was a city-dressed man, well trimmed, and of smooth aspect. About forty years old he seemed, but was of that peculiar modification of the sanguine temperament which confers almost perpetual youth and inexperience. His large, protruding gray eyes indicated a voluble tongue, and the complacent turn up of the corners of his mouth showed the habitual and confirmed optimist.

"This is—Mr. Robert Hagan, I suppose?" he said, coming up and taking Robert's hand, though with hesitation.

"Yes, Sir."

"I'm happy to know you, Robert," he said, still holding the hand, and squeezing it. "Well, Robert, the old folks thought they ought not to act in a little matter which I proposed to them without first consulting you. So we all came right along. In fact, I preferred they should do so, and myself proposed it."

"Now he's lying!" remarked Bill, quietly.

"Well, well," continued the other, not the least offended, "I think so now, at any rate, since I see what a fine young man Robert is; and I feel confident he and I will not disagree about the business."

"Shall we go in, old woman?" inquired Hagan.

"Yes, I s'pose so," snapped she: "I don't see no good staying out here. I'm awful tired, and starved 'most to death too."

Her son helped her from the horse, so far as she would permit, while her husband also alighted, without shifting the rifle from his right shoulder, and marched before the others toward the house, which he would have entered by the principal door; but Robert ran before him, and turned the procession into a detached wash-shed, in his shame shamefully lying to the effect that it was the office; that all business must be transacted in it; that the house was locked, and all the family gone to church. Hastily providing his parents with seats at opposite corners of the fire-place, he raked the ashes forward, so as to cover the entire hearth, and then disappeared, promising to bring his visitors something to eat. He was not out of the door before Betsey had lighted a pipe, which she withdrew from its sheath in her bosom, and begun to smoke.

"Got any tobacco?" demanded Bill of the city man, who was lighting a cigar, to smoke in self-defense against the fumes the woman was pouring forth.

"I believe I have one plug left," said the other, unrolling one from a paper he drew from his pocket, and smiling as he offered it.

Hagan took the plug, slowly drew out his jackknife, opened it, cut off a piece large enough for a quid, returned the piece in question to the giver, cut off another quid, put that into his own mouth, and then thrust the remaining portion of the plug into his pocket, where it fell into company with five other plugs of the same length, each of which had, since morning, been acquired in the very same way.

While eating of the cold ham and bread-and-butter brought in by Robert from the locked-up house, which they did enormously, the couple refrained from all conversation, and an attempt by the other visitor to open the business that brought them there was

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checked by Hagan's growling, "Stop, now, till I get done."

The disturbed mind of Robert improved the silence by striving, agonizing, and floundering in attempts to recover its equilibrium. The two living apparitions there present were as awful to confront as if they had been ghosts of the dead. In fact, the chief objection to them was that they were real, and not subject to fits of vanishing, as shadowy ghosts are. So appalled was he that it is no derogation from his goodness of heart to state that the idea of parricide and matricide came whizzing through his head, and a hundred well-detailed and circumstantial false stories, by which his relation to the authors of his being might be denied and concealed, followed after; for thought is swift in a distressful case, somewhat as it is said to be in the act of drowning; and if ever the devil is busy, it is when poor relations pop suddenly upon an ambitious young snob. Before the time for talking had come, however, his plan of action—his theory of the case, as lawyers would say—was settled on. It was to tell the truth, and behave with the duty of a son, if he could not show the affection of one.

"Now, Bob," said Hagan, brushing the crumbs from his beard with a single motion of his hand, and replacing in his cheek the quid so requisite to his mental processes, "I want to know if what folks tell me is true. They say you've got learning. Is that a fact?"

"I have some learning," answered Robert. "I can read and write. I have ciphered almost through the arithmetic, and studied a little geography, and—"

"What's the use of talking in that fashion? Why, you waste words like a woman—or like him," looking toward the city gentlemen, who was dying for a chance to waste a volume of them. "Have you got learning, I say?"

"Yes, I have."

"Very well; why didn't you say so before? If you've got learning, I want to ask you just one question. This gentleman has been barking around Flaming Rock for a week or more, like a fice dog round a snake-hole, trying to get me into a trade of some kind that I don't very well understand; only he's to have a deed of the Rock and all my land, and I'm to have—well, pretty much nothing at all. Now the question I want you to answer is, how had I better get shut of him? Shall I shoot him, or shall I trade with him?"

"All but the shoot!" derisively broke in Betsey. "The fact of the matter, Bob, 's jest here. This dod-durned scamp is going to cheat us out of house and home. He's after the place; he's after it with papers, he jest is; he's got 'em in his pocket. And your good-for-nothing pap's bound to let him have it, too, unless you stop him. You've got larning, you say, and I know you kin stop him if you want to. Yes, yes" (to Hagan), "I heerd him talking whisky to you yesterday, and it ain't for nothing you tucked the patent* into your hat before quittin' home. But I'll follow you up, both of you, clear to the jumping-off place; and I'll never sign nary scrap of a deed—not for no dozen caliker gowns. You've sold off one thing after another to get whisky, till nothing's left but the bare ground, and now you want to sell that."

"Stop there! You've got through your story!" exclaimed, in a firm manner, her husband, who was unwilling to hear the peroration. "Now, Bob, I want you to hear what the stranger's got to say. Listen sharp."

The stranger, verifying Betsey's accusation, opened his story by taking from his pocket-book a paper, partly printed and partly written, and reading it under Robert's eye. It was a lease or grant to Puffing Gassaway and his assigns, for a term of ninety-nine years, of the exclusive right to mine, etc., in Flaming Rock, to obtain the shale, schist, or slate of which said rock was formed, for the purpose of distilling the same for the production of oil and other valuable substances—on condition, however, to render and deliver to the lessor one-tenth "*of the crude product*," to be received by him, and removed without unreasonable delay.

"The benefit to your father," said Mr. Gassaway, "of the working of his shale property, under the arrangement proposed, will be perfectly enormous. When we consider the richness of the material, yielding, as it does, upward of thirty gallons of oil to the ton, the cheapness with which it can be mined—lying open to the air, as it does, and costing to distill but six and one-fourth cents per gallon of oil—the immense quantity of it, every one of the forty acres comprising the tract containing enough in every foot of depth to produce a thousand barrels of oil, and in the whole three hundred feet of depth three hundred thousand barrels, or, say, for the forty acres, twelve millions of barrels, worth, per barrel, for lubricating purposes, twenty dollars at the very least, or two hundred and forty millions of dollars in all, of which one-tenth would be your share—you see what a big thing it is!"

And for half an hour longer the eloquent vaporizer and lubricator ran on, conjuring up visions of wealth that affected all three of his listeners in spite of themselves, and to the serious detriment of their faculties of judgment.

Then Hagan, with deliberation and dignity, cross-examined the witness upon each of the facts he had assumed for the premises of the argument, and did not finish until

* Of a conveyance of land from the government.

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Robert with his slate and pencil had verified each one of the magnificent estimates.

"Now let me understand," he proceeded, "what I am to get. Read that part of the paper, Bob; read it all by yourself, without any body's showing you how." Robert read till his father stopped him at the words "*crude product*," saying, "What do you write in Dutch for? What's the meaning of them words? It's all plain enough English till you come to what I'm to receive, and then it's '*crude product*.'"

"It means whisky; I know it does," cried Mrs. Hagan.

Mr. Gassaway declared the words were good English, perfectly harmless, and indispensably requisite in all mining grants, and signified that Mr. Hagan should receive one-tenth part of all the oil to be distilled, but should receive it in its crude state, and without its being refined. Robert, who had run for his dictionary, decided the words to be good English, and, his mind straggling off on the collateral issue that had been raised, he fell in with Mr. Gassaway's construction, that they meant oil.

To his surprise his unlearned father differed from them, and declared it meant shale; and that all the rent he would receive under the instrument would be one-tenth of a heap of shale, of which he already owned the whole. In this predicament old Hector was brought in. Hector, after listening with folded arms and fixed eyes while the paper was read to him twice, and having heard Robert's explanation from the dictionary, agreed perfectly with "de old gentleman."

"I believe I will shoot you!" cried Hagan, in a voice of thunder, and reaching out for his gun. "You want to get my property into your hands, and pay me with a few shovelfuls of my own dirt. Clear out of this!" he shouted, starting up, "for I'm getting dangerous."

"Bully for you!" exclaimed Betsey. "Do shoot him, that's a dear good man, and we'll pitch his carcass into the river; it's mighty handy jest here."

But the fury of Mr. Hagan was only simulated, and he allowed himself to be pacified. Gassaway declared he meant no insult nor deception, and showed the objectionable words to be in print, the same as in all the other printed blanks with which his pocket-book was filled. "If you'll only listen to me, Mr. Hagan," he said, "I've another proposition to make that will meet all objections, I'm sure."

But the other would hear no new proposal from that quarter. "It's my turn now," he said. "Bob, how much money did he figure out he would have after he'd tried the fat out of the whole farm, and sold it?"

"Two hundred and forty millions of dollars," was the quotient.

"What would one dollar out of every thousand of that be?"

"Two hundred and forty thousand," Bob replied, without needing to cipher.

"Now quarter that, and how much do you get?"

"Sixty thousand dollars."

"Very well: now I'll tell you what I'll do: you fetch to my house a barrel of whisky and ten pound of tobacco, and I'll sign a writing, which my son shall write with his own hand, that will give you the privilege of buying the property any time within six months from now if you'll pay me, cash down, sixty thousand dollars. That's all you can do with me, and I don't want to hear another word from you, except it's yes or no."

Gassaway reflected for a few minutes, or pretended to do so, then answered "Yes."

The paper was written by Robert, after his father's dictation, and read as follows:

"*June* 1, 1867.

"In consequence of whisky and tobacco to my satisfaction, I promise to make a deed to Puffing Gassaway, or any other man he'll say, of Flaming Rock and all the rest of my farm in Smoky Creek, containing forty acres, be the same more or less. But he must pay me for it, and that within six months from to-day, sixty thousand dollars, or it's no trade. The title shall be good.

"P.S.—My wife must have a new calico dress for putting her mark."

After the paper had been drafted, corrected, and rewritten it was signed by Hagan with his mark, sealed with a pen-and-ink seal, and witnessed by Robert. The speculator's fingers itched after it, for it was just what he wanted; but though he offered to pay down a money equivalent for the family stores, whose delivery at the domicile was made a condition precedent, he could obtain no modification of the covenant. And when the three visitors departed, it and the patent of the land kept fellowship in the crown of the covenantor's hat.

The unlearned may sneer at the tenor of the simply expressed document; but any good lawyer will tell them it has all the requisites, and contains all the parts of valid and sufficient covenant for the conveyance of real property.

Before Hagan went away he took his son aside and propounded to him, in consideration of his "learning," one more question—namely, whether, in view of the enormous sum stipulated for in it, the nature and rather sulphurous reputation of the property to which it related, and the mysterious conduct of the stranger in whose favor it was made, the document just signed might not amount in law to a league with the devil, subjecting the soul of the covenantor to foreclosure and perdition? "For," remarked the prudent inquirer, "I don't want any such infernal after-clap as that, you know." Robert quieted his apprehensions by deciding the legal

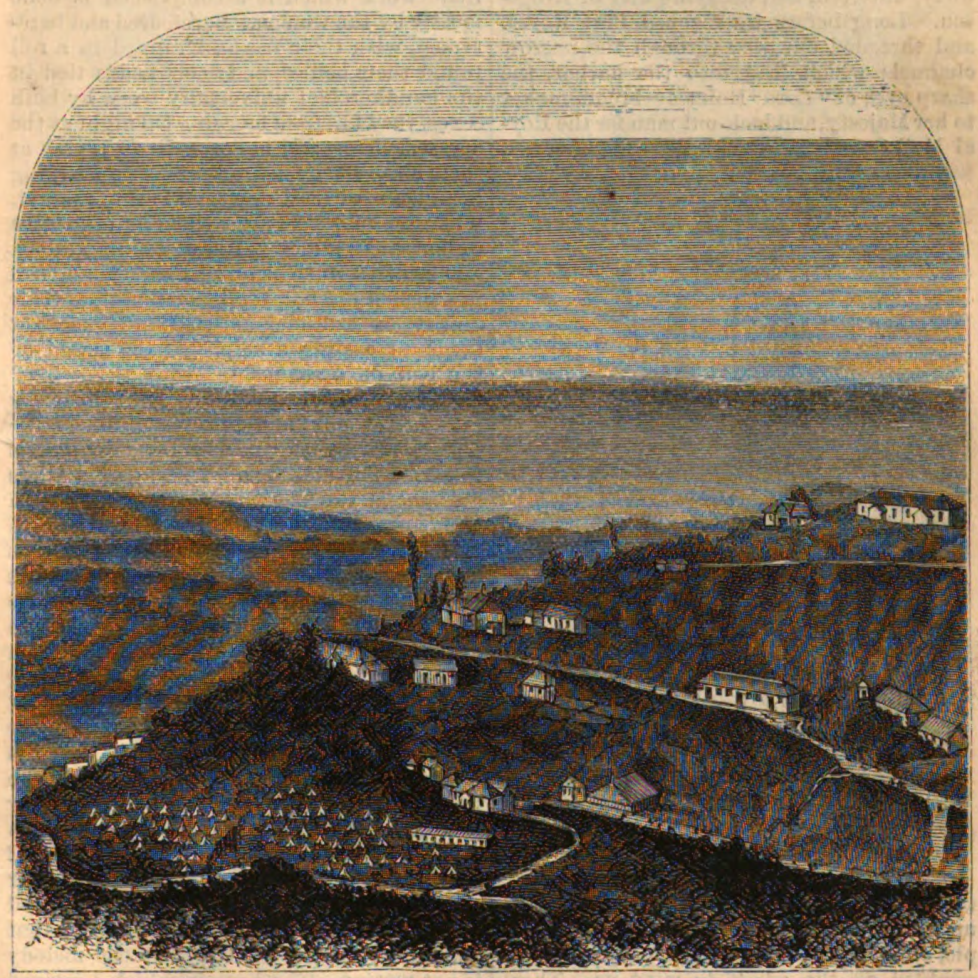
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point, as gravely as it was put, in the negative.

"Very well, then. Now, one thing more. Supposing the fool should come back before the six months is out, and pay down the cash, what shall I do with it? Would you take care of it for me and keep it safe?"

The son promised he would, and the father mounted his horse and followed after his companions. As he rode slowly down the avenue, erect as a prince, carrying his weapon gracefully, wearing his pendent rags with independent air, Robert, looking after him, had a shade more of filial respect on his countenance than when he greeted his arrival a few hours before. There is something in high values, even speculative and contingent values, that invests the possessor with a degree of respectability, as a sharer, to a certain measure, in the sum total of earthly power, might, majesty, and dominion, be the same more or less.

NEGRO LIFE IN JAMAICA.



NEWCASTLE, GENERAL VIEW, LOOKING TOWARD PORT ROYAL.

IT is a very pleasant fiction, carefully nursed by the Jamaica people, that the name of their island is derived from the Indian word Xaymaca, signifying, in the language of the aboriginal inhabitants, "a land abounding in springs." Columbus called the island St. Jago; and John Atkins, who visited it in 1722, in his Majesty's ship the *Weymouth*, says this name was changed by King James II., the new designation being a compound of his own name and Ca, an island. Springs are sufficiently abundant, however, to justify the designation of the island as the "Isle of Springs;" and some of them, among which is the natural spring at Port Maria, where Columbus first endeavored to effect a landing, are of great beauty. The transparent rivulet falling into the pool at the base

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of the rocks, whence the water is lifted to their heads by dusky creoles and carried to their humble dwellings, is a picture of beauty and content one seldom meets with in other parts, especially of the West Indies.

The approach to Jamaica from the north or east presents a scene of unrivaled splendor and beauty. I had seen all the other West India islands before I visited this gem of the seas, and impressed as I was with their picturesqueness and fertility, I was still unprepared for the view of mountain, valley, and plain which the morning sun revealed to me from the decks of the *Neva*. The illusion was not dispelled until I went ashore in the dirty, unpaved, and decaying city of Kingston. Long before we reached Port Royal, and threaded our way through the narrow channels which lead into the harbor, the sharp eyes of "Lord" Holmes—broom-maker to her Majesty, and look-out man for the Royal Mail Steamship Company—had descried



"LORD" HOLMES.

the incoming packet, and before we had tied up to the dock a motley crowd of white people, colored people, and black people had assembled on the wharf to meet us. These had been gathered mostly through the good offices of Lord Holmes, who ran through the town telling every body of our approach as soon as the *Neva's* masts came into sight. While the ship was slowly coming round to her wharf I listened to this singular negro's history, and it was a story of simple credulity, that both interested and amused me. The captain of a man-of-war ship told Holmes one day that the Queen had heard with great pleasure of his services in Kingston, and was anxious that he should come to England to see her. He believed the story, and sent her a message in return, with a broom of his own manufacture. The joke was kept up by the officers of the Royal Mail Company, one of whom brought a letter announcing that it was her Majesty's pleasure that he should be called Lord Holmes. Now nothing annoys his lordship so much as a failure to recognize his title, or any disrespect to the august personage by whom it was so graciously conferred.

Idleness is the one great curse of Jamaica, which has at once destroyed the prosperity of the island and degraded the people. The little work which is accomplished is done mostly by the women. Barefooted and bare-armed, with their frocks wrapped in a roll round their bodies, and their heads tied in the handkerchief universally worn by both sexes, they toil from morning till night at the severest labor, and never seem to repine at their lot. They may often be seen carrying head loads of fruit or vegetables to market, while the men ride after them on otherwise unburdened mules. I saw a dozen black and brown women mending the carriage road in a part of the Bog Walk; and, besides their ability as road-makers, they are excellent hands at coaling a ship. At the sound of the bell on a steamship company's wharf they emerge from their dwellings in every part of the city, and in a few minutes the dock is alive with "coal-whippers" anxious to earn a few shillings. These coal-carriers are among the most industrious people in Kingston, and they work with a steadiness and alacrity that are surprising to one who has heard nothing but stories of negro idleness from the white people. They carry twelve head-loads of coal on board a steamer for one penny, equal to about two cents in American money, and are able to earn from a shilling to a shilling and threepence a day. At night their wages are doubled. Much of the labor of coaling the transatlantic ships is done at night, and it is then the carriers are in their highest spirits. An unceasing flow of song—the words, as nearly as I could catch them, sounding something like, "O Lord! remember Moses!"—is kept up till long after midnight, and so much work is accomplished by the inspiration of the rude music that one feels bound to confess that the melody is not wasted. The *Neva*, in which I arrived at Kingston, is a large screw-steamer, and the work of coaling her is no slight task. The "coal-whippers" began to fill up her hold at noon, and by six o'clock the next morning, not counting a three hours' spell for "breakfast," 820 tons, of 2240 pounds, had been put on board. In addition to the wages regularly earned by the carriers, Captain Cooper, the agent of the company, generally gives each of them a small gratuity, and this, even more than the payment of the money

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PORT ANTONIO.

earned by them, insures their attendance upon the arrival of the next packet.

Even men like old Koratoe Marchant, an itinerant dealer in rags in Kingston, but more properly a vendor of the leaves of the mountain aloe, or koratoe, used in scouring pots—an occupation from which his name is derived—are a useful class in Jamaica, and by their industry, unimportant though it seems, add something to the promise of the future. He is now an old man, eighty years of age, and for nearly half of his long span of existence he has been a koratoe merchant. Old Koratoe is an excellent type of the trafficking negroes, who may be seen along the Bog Walk, or going up and down the narrow roads of the mountain declivities. Not only among the black and colored people of Jamaica, but also among the freed coolies in Havana, and, indeed, wherever a race is poor and labor is unremunerative, there is a strong tendency to engage in trade in a small way. In the mountains on the road to Newcastle is a sylvan market-place called Middletown Market, where much of this small merchandising is done; and nearly every village in the island has its crowded market-place. Fruits and vegetables are the articles generally sold in these places. As the negroes are anxious to obtain the highest prices for their products, they generally seek the best markets; and they often carry a basket of yams all the way from Port Antonio, on the north side, to Kingston, a distance of seventy miles, to obtain an additional shilling on the price of the whole.



KORATOE MARCHANT.

Port Antonio is rapidly becoming a very important village. In a few years it is not impossible that the present order of things may be reversed; and before long Kingston

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negroes may carry head-loads of fruit or vegetables to Port Antonio, instead of Port Antonio negroes carrying them to Kingston. It is a good sea-port, contiguous to the most fertile parts of the island, and easy of access to ships coming by way of the Crooked Island passage. Already much of the fruit sent to New York and Boston is shipped from this port. How reform is to be accomplished it is difficult at present to foresee. The men of color who are possessed of fine abilities are, as a rule, ashamed of their extraction, and identify themselves as far as possible with the whites. The whites are thoroughly selfish, and will do nothing for the blacks; while the blacks are too often men like General Dery, who pass their time



GENERAL DERY.

in idleness, or drink, or strut about in the cast-off clothing of some English officer, looking more like huge fantastic monkeys than like human beings. Their ideas of political duty were well conveyed in a remark made by Dery, who said he could not see why he should not be a Haytian admiral, if he only had a white man for secretary. But before many years, with the efforts now making, there must be improvement, and in some way the black and colored people must come into possession of the land which their former masters abandoned. It is a tradition too often preferred, and too often renewed by circumstances, that the country belongs to them as their inheritance, for them ever to cease insisting upon it. It was this feeling which animated the Maroons, or slaves belonging to the early Spanish settlers, in all their contests with the English. It was the same sentiment which gave rise to the outbreak of 1865. Among all classes of yellow, brown, and black humanity in Jamaica the same idea is always uppermost in their thoughts, and sometimes in their words and actions. If this aspiration should be peaceably realized, and the abandoned estates become the property of men able and willing to cultivate them, the single streets of villages like Port Antonio, Savana-la-Mar, and other sea-ports in different parts of the island, would become busy scenes of bartering, instead of presenting an appearance of towns without inhabitants, and showing smooth and splendid harbors without shipping.

The negroes in Jamaica, as well as in Cuba and other West India islands, retain many African traditions, especially of race and religion. They are descended mostly from Madingoes, Congoes, and Coromantees, though many other tribes in Senegambia and Upper and Lower Guinea contributed to the slave population of tropical America. In Havana, on the famous *El dia de reyes*, I saw a stalwart negro carrying a Congo banner, and I would not have been astonished at a similar demonstration in Kingston. Such observances as those of the King's Day in Cuba and the Jon Kanoe in Jamaica savor very much of heathenish sport, both consisting of rude dances by fantastically dressed negroes to the rude music of the gumbo and the kettle-drum. The Jon Kanoe parties are always surrounded by a circle of admiring spectators, and the sport appears to give great satisfaction to every body. In what it had its origin no one can tell with certainty, but it is plain that its application to the celebration of Emancipation-day is only an adaptation from the African: indeed, it takes its name from a celebrated chief of Axim, on the coast of Guinea, and was celebrated at Christmas, on the Jamaica estates, long before emancipation.

A little book, the "History and Geography of Jamaica," describes the people of color in the colony in the following remarkable terms: "They are descendants from an intermixture of whites, blacks, and Indians —a mulatto is the child of a black woman by a white man, a sambo is the child of a black woman by a mulatto man, a quadroon is the child of a mulatto woman by a white man, and a mestee the child of a quadroon woman by a white man. Every native of Jamaica is called a creole, and is a creole white, a creole of color, or a creole black."

This refreshing description is the key to a marvelous social distinction in that island. Every body talks to a stranger, and expects him to talk, about these things—a most dangerous temptation for any one to yield to, as he never knows whether he is conversing

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NEGRO FUNERAL IN JAMAICA.

with a white man or a man of color—there is no mistaking the pure black. This anomalous condition of race springs from a "social institution" more noxious even than slavery itself. By adopting a system of concubinage the Jamaica merchants and planters showed themselves more wicked than in the severities they exercised toward their slaves. According to the parish register of St. Thomas-in-the-East, a slave woman named Priscilla — this is one out of many even more flagrant outrages — was sentenced to have both her ears cut off close to her head, and to receive thirty-nine lashes on the first Monday in every month for a year, for the crime of running away; but this was not a worse lot than being compelled to become a mother without being made a wife, and to live and die knowing that her children's children, and their children after them, must be contemned more than the offspring of the legalized barragana in Spain. It is not true, as Mr. Richard Hill, an able gentleman of color, asserts, that concubinage, being without discredit, obtained respect and was recognized without scandal; neither is it true, as he argues in one of his lectures on Jamaica, that the prevalence of the system sprung from the fact that credibility was denied to negroes and mulattoes in a court of justice. It is true, however, as he asserts in another place, that the island, from one end to the other, is strewn with wives without husbands and children without paternity. The marriage institution was disregarded in Jamaica, because society was more willing to wink at concubinage than a *mesalliance*, and, in consequence, the morals of all classes have been undermined, and the people fearfully degraded. Four-fifths of the population are illegitimate.

I think I have never seen any where a more degraded people than this mixed race in Jamaica. If we may believe the author of "Tom Cringle's Log," and other concurrent testimony from the party opposed to emancipation, the blacks were no better, in a moral point of view, under their task-masters than they are now, after more than thirty years of liberty approaching to license. Indeed, so far as I could learn, there are fewer heathen practices among them now than formerly. Funerals are often celebrated as of old, though with far less ribaldry than before, especially on the large estates. The singing and dancing are not so ostentatiously performed; and now funerals take place in the daytime oftener than at night. Freedom has at least divested heathenism of many of its most disgusting forms, and that, too, in the ceremonies which are apt to live longer than any others—the services for the dead. Good old Michael Scott could scarcely again find the circle of men and women he saw one night performing the burial service for poor Quacco, and singing that mournful dirge over his body, which tells the whole story of heathenism and barbarism, and of hatred of the whites:

"I say, broder, you can't go yet."
[Chorus of female voices.]
"When de morning-star rise, den we put you in a hole."
[Chorus.]
"Den you go in a Africa, you see fetich dere."
[Chorus.]
"Buccra can't come dere, say, dam rascal, why you no work."
[Chorus.]

One of these African airs was sung by the

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burial party while going from house to house of the negro village, the coffin being borne on the heads of two stalwart negroes, for the purpose of giving the dead an opportunity to "take leave." I had not the good fortune to see a negro funeral while I remained in Jamaica; and so, to compensate as far as possible, I attended one Sunday a Baptist chapel in Kingston, generally called among the whites the "Obeah Church."

The practice of obeah among the blacks is one of the last remains of heathenism with them, as astrology and fortune-telling are the evidences of lingering barbarism with us. Obeah is a kind of witchcraft, and is practiced by "obeah men" by putting horse-hair, fowls' feet, fishes' bones, coney-skins, and other stuff into a pot, and burying the pot in the grounds or near the house of the person against whom the necromancy is to be employed. This Baptist church, perhaps the most noted place where obeah has been practiced of all the spots in Jamaica, is almost outside of the city. It is an old, ugly, brick structure, without a tree any where near it, the grave-yard behind it and the grounds about it being surrounded by a broken and straggling cactus fence. The floors are of brick, but very uneven and much worn, and the pews, or seats, are of plain boards, and mostly without backs. A gallery runs round the entire building, except at one end, where an ugly octagonal pulpit is placed. The pulpit is reached by a rickety stairway, at the foot of which was found the obeah pot. Pastor Killick has been sick many years, and consequently an "exhorter" stood at the desk below the pulpit to read the hymns and lead in the prayers. He was a man of glistening and ebony blackness; but that he is a man of sense and courage, in spite of his skin, was apparent from the fact that he did not shrink from talking to me of the obeah pot, though a shudder ran through many of the devout worshipers when I broached the subject. The negroes do not like to talk of obeah, and most of them sincerely believe in obeah men, and have a strong fear of obeah arts; but Father Killick's substitute not only assured his friends there was no danger in talking to me on the subject, but even introduced me to the man—the same who had looked upon me with an approving and a rejoicing eye when I put my sixpence into the hat—by whom the obeah pot was found, guided to it, I was assured on all hands, by the Spirit of Revival. Much of the floor was torn up in searching for the pot; its existence having been indicated by the same Spirit of Revival, which led on the workmen to the spot where it was concealed. Why the pot was placed there, was a point upon which I failed to get an opinion, these simple people absolutely refusing to grapple with so awful a subject. I fear there was no peace in that church for many weeks after I quitted the island, because of my temerity in talking in the very sanctuary on the forbidden topic of obeah.

On the morning following my visit to the obeah chapel I went with the Rev. Mr. Serres to the penitentiary to hear the choral service he has instituted among the prisoners. This choir I found indeed wonderful, the singing being in many respects as good as the best sacred music one hears in any of the Roman Catholic churches of New York; but I was even more astonished at the contrast between the scene I had witnessed in the old obeah church and that presented to me in this prison chapel. In the church the worshipers were all old men and women. Here they were all young. Not a man or woman that I saw in the prison was over forty years of age, while in the church I scarcely saw one under sixty. The contrast between the old generation of negroes, with all their heathen traditions clinging tenaciously in their memories, and these younger people, their children, seemed to prove that even the disgusting worship of the idolaters is a better foundation for the missionary than the neglect which waits till the prison door has closed behind the poor wretch for the Christian teacher to begin the work of Christian instruction.

Among the negro worshipers in one of these modest chapels one may see all the so-called "characters" of negro life in Jamaica. The "young lady," forgetful of her mother, the house-cleaner, who worships among the old people at the obeah church, selects a building of finer proportions for her devotions, but the family cook clings to the rude old chapel. In the dress of mother and daughter there is the same relative difference as in the appearance of their respective houses of worship, but even the house-cleaner appears well dressed on Sundays as well as her lady daughter. But the family cook—what shall I say of her? At church or at home, she always seems the same. The kitchen is her sphere, though she is not content only to live there, but determined to rule as in her own realm. She comes to her kitchen labors at day-dawn, carrying an empty basket or tin pan on her head, which she takes away full at night. No insult to her can be greater than to look into her pan, or, as she calls it, to "search her basket." The cook is always a woman of much philosophy of the proverbial order, which she delivers as sayings of great wisdom. But in Jamaica every body seems an admirer and imitator of the immortal Tupper, only they are more original. Old Moses Ramos used to say, "A pound of fretment won't pay an ounce of debtment." And Aaron de Cordova, a very large merchant in Kingston in his day, is credited with the remark that, "In Jamaica, a candid man is a fool; an honest

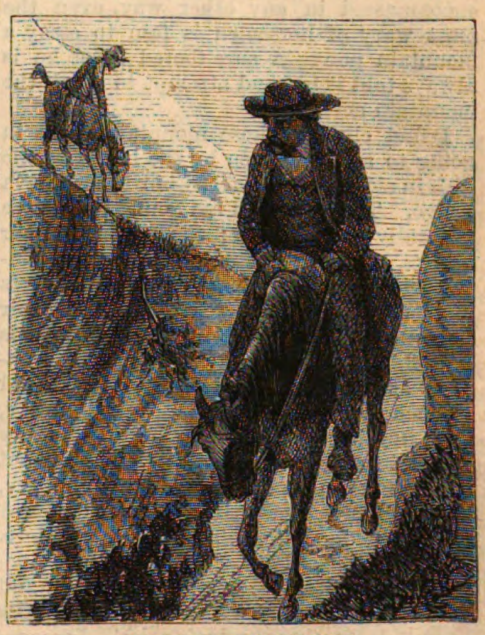
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A KINGSTON FAMILY COOK.

man is laughed at." The proverbs of the cook are often as fresh and pointed as these, but not so easily comprehended, as they are generally delivered in the worse than pigeon English peculiar to her race. She expresses her opinion on recklessness by saying, "Don't care, keep big house;" and in cases of too great volubility she remarks, "Man talk too much, him pay him fadder debt." Sunday religion and week-day sin she summarizes into "Sarbice ober, church door lock;" and the crime of avarice is disposed of in the enigmatical saying, "Greedy choke puppy." Every occurrence furnishes the occasion for some quaint saying, and though the dinner may be forgotten, the proverb is always ready. Speaking of dinner reminds me that in no other country is the hungry guest so completely at the mercy of the cook, and in ways too numerous to mention. I can never forget my Yankee friend Captain Whitten's impatiently walking up and down the dining-room of Blundell Hall, and energetically demanding his breakfast; and I have even heard the philosophical Dr. Arthur, of the cooly ship, arguing with Miss Grant and her maid-of-all-work, the indefinably garrulous Victoria, that a half-past-six dinner does not mean dinner at eight o'clock.

Miss Grant, the keeper of the lodging-house known as Blundell Hall, was immortalized by Anthony Trollope in his "West Indies and the Spanish Main," and she dislikes the distinguished novelist accordingly, though her dislike may spring from the fact that he failed to celebrate her mountain place—Belleview—as the most beautiful spot on the island. I am inclined to take issue with Mr. Trollope on the same subject; but I must award the distinction to Flamstead, one of the most charming country retreats I ever saw. The house is a large, airy structure, belonging to the Rev. Mr. Fyfe. It is situated on the very top of the Guava Ridge, in a climate as delightful as that of Southern Pennsylvania in September, and from it there is a view unrivaled by any similar scene in the world. Mr. Church, the artist, made it his home while making studies for his great picture of Jamaica, and a home full of inspiration he certainly found it. The bay and harbor of Kingston, with a glimpse of Port Royal in the distance, and of the broad expanse of the Caribbean Sea beyond, open to the enraptured gaze of the spectator. To the left he sees mountain after mountain piled one upon another, and to the right he gets sight of other scenes not less charming—Newcastle dimly revealing itself from the mountain heights, the military camp at Stony Hill resting like a gypsy encampment against the spur of one of these innumerable ledges, and the country home of Sir John Peter Grant, the Governor of the island. The approach to Flamstead is very difficult, and from Gordontown, or The Gardens, as it is generally called, from which point the road to Newcastle also branches off, the journey must be made on horseback. The road winds around the spurs or ledges of the mountains, and at many places it is scarcely two feet wide—at no point of more than sufficient width for ponies to pass each other. Going up seems a commonplace performance enough, but on the descent new beauties and new dangers are revealed at every step. While the pony places one foot on the edge of the precipice, and raises the other to put it, apparently, over the side of the ledge, the rider must perforce look down often half a mile into the glade beneath him, where he hears the sullen roar of



DESCENDING THE MOUNTAIN.

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AT THE BAZAR.

some tumbling torrent, or catches a glimpse of cultivated fields and the rude thatched houses of the creole peasantry. The turns in these winding paths are so very abrupt, and the rocks in the mountain-side jut out so closely upon the roadway, that even the stoutest heart is not entirely free from fear. But as the picturesque heights of Newcastle and the beauties of Flamstead can not be encompassed in any other way, even the most wary of horsemen is fain to essay a mountain pony—a sure-footed beast he is always told it is—and attempt to climb the mountain acclivities.

I first climbed these mountain roads in going to a bazar given by the ladies of the hills in aid of St. Michael's Church, on Guava Ridge. These ladies, I am bound to say, are generally very pretty; the roses in their cheeks, born of the free mountain air, contrasting almost painfully with the colorless faces of the lowland beauties. And their knowledge of the world and of society is something marvelous in its way. The bazar was given at the court-house, an old wooden building in a landlocked valley, with nothing but a succession of hills any where in sight. Inside the closely packed room was the usual display of fanciful finery, but in other respects the sight was different from any thing of the kind I ever saw. Here, in appearance at least, there were no distinctions from difference of race, and black and brown beauties vied with the beautiful Miss Fyfe in increasing the day's sales. I was repeatedly solicited to make some trifling purchase by a lady of color, who looked up in my face as coyly and bewitchingly as a New York belle at a charity fair. In the end, however, the crush of black, brown, and white became too great for me, and I went without, where I sat down on the hill-side, just above the road, in the company of half a dozen colored boys, who amused themselves and me in various ways, but who seemed to take a special delight in smoking the stumps of my partially consumed cigars. Sir Henry Johnson, the only "great man" at the bazar, walked up and down the road smoking a short brier-wood pipe; but he soon tired of the scene and left, while I followed his example before the day was nearly spent. On that journey I was particularly impressed with the politeness of the negroes I chanced to meet on the way, and with the uniform good humor and good behavior of these people at the bazar. I question whether a like assemblage of white people in Jamaica or out of it would have been so uniformly decorous and so scrupulously polite.

The hills among which these people dwell were those which I first saw on coming in sight of Jamaica. Willie Fyfe was by my side, and, pointing away among the mountains, he said, "There is Flamstead." I looked, and saw it and other spots almost as beautiful, speculating on the delightful retreats which were every where to be seen almost at the doors of the population of Kingston. Were that city a great commercial centre, like New York or like Havana, even as it once promised to become, its merchants and business men could find sites for country-seats unequaled by any others in the world. When that happy day shall come no one can tell, but certainly not until the creoles of Jamaica put away the habits of idleness which keep them down, and learn that only industry and thrift make a people contented and prosperous. That day may be in



MY CIGAR STUMPS.

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the near, but it is more probably in the far, future; but when it comes, whether sooner or later, the scenes of violence and blood through which the island has passed will have a meaning that its history has not now. Then the barracks in the parade at Kingston will be broken down, and the monument at Spanish Town which celebrates Lord Rodney's victory over the French may be taken to mean the triumph of the Jamaica people over themselves and their idleness, debauchery, and degradation.

A CASE OF VITRIFICATION.

"OH! isn't it nice?" exclaimed little Mrs. Pullet, with a beatific expression which made her almost handsome.

"Yes, it is nice," answered Mr. Pullet, knowing well that his wife's mind was running back to their own courting days, and feeling obliged to put on a little more enthusiasm than he felt. "And isn't she lucky?"

"I think *he's* lucky—very lucky indeed," said the lady, slightly roused. "Jennie Robbins is a splendid girl, and any feller who catches her is in luck. I think you might have thought of that too. But you never do think any thing of *my* relations."

"Oh, come now, Pussy," remonstrated Mr. Pullet, all for peace, as he always was. "You know I do think ever so much of your relations, and treat 'em well too. (And have 'em enough at my house, and my own little enough," he added to himself, being too wise to say it aloud.) "And as for Jennie in particular, if she was my own niece, instead of yours, I couldn't like her better nor feel prouder of her. Of course she's a tip-top article, and the man that gets her can brag of his bargain. I know all that. But what I say is that this Fred Corwin is a particular good match, and you don't find such lying around loose every day. He's got money, and he's got posish, and he's got a good practice as a lawyer, and he's a jam-up feller in his manners, and I'll bet you he'll chalk a big mark for himself in life. The girl that catches him makes a grab; that's what I say, whether it's Jennie or any other: she makes a big grab. Why, come now, you think as high of him as I do."

"Well, I never said I didn't," conceded Mrs. Pullet, resuming her air of beatitude, as if she were happily in love herself, which she was by sympathy. "I do think high of him, and I'm glad he's got Jennie."

"I hope it's a sure thing," added Mr. Pullet, who, like most men, lacked that cheerful faith which women draw from their enthusiasm.

"Sure? Why ain't it sure?" retorted the lady. "Hain't he asked her, and hain't she said yes? You're always trying to make me look at the dark side of things."

"Well, a man can't be in business twenty-five years without learning to feel skittish about 'most every thing."

"Pshaw! Gro-ce-ries!" scoffed Mrs. Pullet. "Always fetching every thing down to groceries!"

"Well, yes, groceries!" somewhat wrathfully insisted Mr. P. "If I didn't fetch every thing down to groceries, or up to groceries, or alongside of groceries, I'd like to know where we'd be now? Hain't we lived by 'em? What's the use of saying GRO-CE-RIES in that way? Anyhow, I've seen you devour a few, not to mention drinking some," concluded Pullet, with a smile, for he was a jocose man, and a good-natured one.

The remonstrance and the jest were alike wasted on Mrs. Pullet. She was in a state of exalted reverie over that greatest of all facts to the mind of the ordinary woman, a fortunate and praiseworthy love-affair. Instead of answering her husband's wayward observations, she remarked, "I suppose he has written to her father."

"Yes; and there the trouble comes in, I'm afraid," suggested Pullet. "You must admit that John Robbins, if he *is* your brother, is just a bit queerish."

"John Robbins never lacked for sense," responded Mrs. P. "A man don't pile up fifty thousand dollars, and get to be Senator of Connecticut, if he is any too queer."

"Oh, I know all *that*," hastily admitted Pullet, who rather hated to have his wife's dignitary of a brother flung at his undistinguished head. "Well, I won't say any more about it. All I hope is, there won't be trouble."

Mr. Joseph Pullet, it may be well to state, was a New Boston grocer. He was in the respectable retail line, dealing with some of the best families in the aristocratic little city, and keeping such qualities of merchandise as that he could always look a customer straight in the face and say, "That, Sir, is a good article." Not to be indiscreetly particular concerning his age, we will simply say that it was some years since he had trained in the "Grays," and that the nights of his running with fire-engines were nights of "auld lang syne." His mustache had a cruder black than that of nature, and along in the evening you could detect a little silver in the stubble of his beard, and on the top of his head there was a circle shinier than hair. Although a conscientious writer would not describe him as fat, the unwrinkled fit of his raiment disclosed a well-fed plumpness in every part of his person; and with regard to his pantaloons, he was in the habit of instructing his tailor to "cut 'em middling easy round the waist." Easy, too, were his boots: "The stooping over and pulling, you know," said Joseph, "it fetches the blood to my head and makes me dizzy." In character he was thoroughly respectable, delightfully fine-tempered, cheerful, and social. Every

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one of his intimates allowed that he was "just as good a feller as there was in State Street."

Mrs. Pullet was also nice, in her small way, although one might have liked her a little less waspish, and a good deal more contented with her lot in life. Of all the peas in her shoes, as she wandered through this mortal pilgrimage, the most irritating one was a hopeless desire for what her husband called "a high old posish in society." Born a Bethelite, she wanted to know the more aristocratic Pontificalians; and she had unappeasable hankerings after a communion with "the college set." It wounded her that her husband was a grocer, and consorted by preference with people of like industries, dealing with college professors and "the Avenue folks" only across his counter. Her main comfort under these sorrows lay in the reflection that her brother, John Robbins, of Hartford, had been State Senator, and that her niece, Jennie, was "a girl who could go any where."

These two excellent people had come to Guilford Point, a little bathing resort on the shore of Connecticut, to get their "summer salt," as the husband called it. Not that Mrs. Pullet liked bathing. On the contrary, she prided herself on never going into "the nasty cold water;" but she did love "flying around and seeing folks." With a view to seeing folks to better advantage, she had begged her niece, Jennie, into joining the Guilford expedition, calculating on the girl's prettiness and style to secure fine acquaintance. Joe Pullet, always good-natured and generous, and, moreover, very fond of the young lady, had cheerfully insisted on "footing the extra." The result had been of a nature to fill Mrs. P.'s ambitious and not unaffectionate heart with delight. Nice people had been attracted abundantly to Jennie, and had for her sake flattered her relatives; and the nicest of all these chance acquaintance was the very Fred Corwin of whom we have heard as a lover. It would take the voice of a cherub to duly sing the joy of Mrs. Pullet on learning that her niece had actually caught the most splendid young man at the hotel—a fellow who had good looks, property, and cleverness to recommend him, and who, best of all, moved in "high circles."

"Only three weeks!" extatically observed Mrs. P., by way of continuing the dialogue.

"It's been a mighty quick stroke of business," answered her husband. "I don't see how they could fetch it around so sudden."

"Pshaw! many people get engaged that way. 'Tain't every body who's as slow as you were."

Mr. Pullet almost grinned. Perhaps, in the irritation of being snapped up, he half wished that he had been slower. But on second thoughts he softened a little, smoothed with a stubbed hand his wife's still black and curling hair, and said, "Well, if I was slow, I was sure. I hope Corwin will turn out as constant."

"I wish I knew whether he has written to her father," observed Mrs. P., unable to repress a slight sigh of anxiety.

"S'posing I ask him?" suggested Pullet.

"No!" almost screamed the lady. "Go right at him that way! Just as though you was asking the price of groceries! That's all a man knows."

"Well, man to man, we understand it," returned Joseph, sulkily confident that he knew his own sex, however ignorant he might be of the other.

"I'll get it out of *her*," said Mrs. Pullet. "*She* knows by this time, and I'll make her tell me."

"Better go to bed," grumbled Pullet; but his wife was already out of the room.

"Gracious! don't these women go crazy over courting!" muttered the sleepy man. "They're just as wild about it as cats on a roof. Here we are up every night till past twelve, because somebody else is in love. Courting! I wish there was an asylum for it, where it wouldn't disturb outsiders."

Meanwhile Mrs. Pullet had rushed to her niece's chamber, and found the girl bending over pen and paper.

"What! you here?" she exclaimed. "Why, I thought sure you was out in the moonlight."

"I have nobody to be out in the moonlight with," smiled Jennie Robbins.

"What! What do you mean?" gasped Mrs. Pullet.

"He is gone."

"Gone! Gone where?" almost screamed the alarmed aunt. Then, seeing a smile on the young lady's lips, she added, "But you expect him back, don't you?"

"I do, rather," laughed Jennie, greatly amused at the doubt.

"Oh, he has gone to Hartford to see your father!" cried Mrs. Pullet, her face now full of the joy of prosperous match-making.

"Yes," blushed Jennie.

"I'm so glad!" cried Mrs. P. Then a little pout of suspicion swelled her lips, and she added, with the resentment of the neglected, "But why didn't you tell me? Why didn't he come and bid us good-by?"

"Oh, but he went in such a hurry; he just rushed off in time to catch the train. You see, he wrote to papa three days ago."

"He did? And you never told us? Oh, Jennie, you don't seem to think any thing of *me!* And I" (almost whimpering) "think so much of *you!*"

"Dear aunt, I didn't want it talked about until I knew something positive."

"What! didn't he—haven't you—wasn't there an answer?" stuttered the eager aunt.

"No. We thought that surely there would

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be one by this evening's mail. It seems so strange!"

"No answer!" repeated Mrs. Pullet, indignantly. "I declare, John is too odd for any thing! He is downright—queer."

"Oh, don't say that," begged Jennie, her face turning anxious. Evidently this unresponsive father was a perplexity, and his behavior, when he did speak, not always a well-spring of pleasure.

"To get such a letter from Mr. Corwin, and not answer it immediately!" pursued Mrs. P., spunkily. "If I ever see him— Well, well, never mind. Are you writing to him?"

"To Mr. Corwin," confessed Jennie, with another blush. "He might have to stay over a day in Hartford, you know, and he made me promise to have a letter for him there. He is just so foolish," she added, with a charming air of gratitude for the folly.

"Oh, isn't he just perfect!" responded Mrs. Pullet, with a moisture of sympathy in her little black eyes—so touching is the sight of loving to a woman.

"Now don't tell a soul," begged Jennie.

"No," promised Mrs. P., and went straightway and told her husband, keeping up the telling till long past midnight.

We must pause in our narration of events to say that Jennie Robbins was charming. Not only did many people like her at first sight, but those who had known her longest liked her best. It was not merely because she had a good figure, a pretty profile, a peachy richness of color, and clear hazel eyes that she was able to fascinate. There was about her something more and better; there was something of the heart in her expression, in her manner, in her life; there was in her whole fashion of being both an appearance and an actuality of affection. She gave forth cordiality so freely that she won it easily in return. Her greatest charm—and a very great charm it surely was—lay in this obvious power of confiding and loving.

There was one exception to the rule, that those who had been longest acquainted with Jennie were her warmest admirers. It was only three weeks since Mr. Frederic Corwin, coming up from New York to take a bathing and fishing vacation on the Connecticut coast, had stumbled at Guilford upon Joseph Pullet, the purveyor of wines and cigars for his college entertainments, and had by him been introduced to Miss Robbins. Although Fred had had no previous bent toward matrimony, and although he did at first shrink a little from the idea of espousing Pullet's niece, he could not help falling in love with Jennie. In less than a month he had been brought to hate single blessedness, and to want to be a husband.

It is a mighty change for a bachelor; it is like taking a chariot of fire from one planet to another; it is not only a great joy, but a great surprise. In general, it may be said of young men that they do not (as some young women are reported to do) contemplate marriage as an end in life. The fancy comes upon them unexpectedly; one day they are as free in thought and purpose as a bird in the wind; the next, to their vast amazement, their feet are fast in a betrothal. It is not the sex which draws the bachelor through the engagement-ring; it is the unexpected, astonishing, bewildering individual. He does not purpose to marry until he finds himself marrying.

We must accompany Corwin in his nocturnal journey to Hartford. Notwithstanding the alarming novelty of his situation, and notwithstanding his perplexity at not hearing from the papa of his Dulcinea, he was as contented as a bee in a tulip. The intoxicating perfume, the delicious, stimulating, and inviting sweetness of Jennie's womanly cordiality and power of loving, gave him a sense of being entranced with something finer than visions. He was with her all the time, although he was humming away from her. He saw her blushing face, her confiding eyes, her peculiar—oh, how peculiar!—smile, as plainly as if she were in the place of the sleepy old gentleman who faced him and nodded at him. He meant to carve out fame and fortune no longer for his own unworthy sake, but altogether for hers. Only twenty-six; he would be rich before he was forty, and surround the evening of her days (which he supposed would come about that time) with the luxury which she, of course, deserved to enjoy immediately.

Arrived in Hartford, he found Senator Robbins's house, and was well pleased with the looks of it. It was a brick building of fair dimensions, situated in what seemed to him the patrician quarter of the city, with a conservatory in the rear, flower beds in front, and a gardener at work. Corwin approved: he did not want wealth with his goddess, but he was grateful for respectability.

"Is Mr. Robbins at home?" he inquired of the gardener.

"No, Sir. He's gone out of town, Sir. Gone down to the say-shore to bring his daughter."

"Bring his daughter!" echoed Corwin, with a sense of dismay that we can imagine. "When did he go?"

"This morning, Sir. Return to-morrow, he said."

So Corwin left Hartford with a terrible flea in his ear, and hurried back to Guilford to intercept this ogre of a father.

At the Guilford station he could not get into or on the Point omnibus, for the reason that every seat inside was occupied by two ladies and a child, and every seat outside by a gentleman who had come from some distant city to see his wife. So, greatly terrified lest his lady-love should be already in

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transit for Hartford by balloon, or sloop, or some insupposable extra train, he set out in violent haste and corresponding perspiration to make his two miles on foot. He had got within sight of the hotel, and was staring at all its windows, as if he expected to see the adorable Jennie flying out of one or more of them, when he met a middle-aged gentleman who somehow had the air of a very old one.

This lonely promenader was, as we have been credibly informed, under fifty; his short, wiry, yellow hair and close-trimmed, stubbly red beard were only moderately grizzled; his pinkish-white face had a freshness and smoothness which made one think of youth; but his expression and carriage were in the style of the Wandering Jew. There never was, in ancient times or modern, such another cast-down gentleman, or one who walked with such anxious circumspection. You would have thought that he was marching on eggs, and that if he broke one his life would pay the forfeit. He trod as if the earth's crust were thin in those parts, and an incautious step might cause him to slump through. It really seemed as if he were afraid of stumbling over the caterpillars that lay in his path, or of running against the mullens and daisies that grew beside it. The sore-toed gait of a turkey-buzzard is the only locomotion in nature that could be compared to his manner of traveling.

At first Corwin did not scrutinize, and hardly saw, this pusillanimous wayfarer. In fact, he swung by him in such a slam-banging hurry that he hit him slightly on the shin with his walking-stick. The blow was a mere trifle, which would hardly have upset a Guilford mosquito of the average size and muscle. Imagine, therefore, Corwin's astonishment when the venerable pilgrim set up such a yell, as if he had had a hundred legs, and all of them had been broken at once.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the youngster. "I really beg your pardon, Sir. Is it possible that I hurt you seriously?"

But the sufferer made no reply. He was pulling up his pantaloons to look at his leg. His face was pale, his hands shook like a lamb's tail, and he was evidently in an awful fright. Such a quantity of wrappings and swathings as he took off from his limb in that August day! First there was a sheet of India rubber, then a bandage of thick red flannel, then a plaster of cotton-batting. A shank which had a moment before looked fearfully dropsical, turned out to be no bigger than a bean-pole. During all this process of unfolding the patient articulated not a syllable, and only uttered a plaintive moaning.

"I really beg your pardon, Sir," said Corwin, for the third or fourth time.

"Do you see any crack there?" asked the old gentleman, running his finger carefully along his shin.

"Crack? no, Sir," responded the lawyer, squatting down and staring at the skeleton of a leg. "Was it a fracture?"

"Fracture! Bless my body! is there a fracture?" almost wept the stranger.

"I don't see any," declared Corwin.

"Don't you? Dear me! I hope there is none," murmured the old gentleman. "Dear me! it was a narrow escape. But perhaps it's inside. If it's inside, my leg is gone."

"It may be nothing but rheumatism," suggested the young man, enormously puzzled. "Does it pain you much?"

"Pain me? Not to speak of. But I wouldn't mind that. It isn't the pain, Sir; it's the possibility of losing my limb. How would you like, Sir, to see one of your legs drop off?"

"Why, what's the matter with it?" demanded Corwin, in great perplexity, and thinking that perhaps it might be leprosy, or the Oriental plague, or some other equally dreadful curiosity in the way of a disease.

"It's a case of vitrification," replied the old gentleman. He looked up at his questioner from under his hat-brim in a peculiar, shy, anxious, troubled way, as if he did not much expect to be believed, and yet could not help telling his complaint and demanding pity for it. "It's a case of vitrification, Sir," he repeated; "my lower limbs have turned into glass."

For a moment Corwin could not tell what to say. He knew that the old fellow's legs could not be glass; he saw as plainly as possible that they were no more glass than they were green cheese; they were exactly like other people's legs, only rather leaner than the average. Of course a brief reflection convinced him that here was a case of either practical joking or of hypochondria. But he was not prepared at once to give an opinion about it.

"I have to be exceedingly, oh, exceedingly cautious, of course," continued the stranger, meanwhile restoring his wrappings to their place. "The slightest shock might produce irretrievable damage. Any man's reason will tell him that if a glass leg is once broken it can never be mended."

"Cement might do it," suggested Corwin, still uncertain whether all this was not a joke.

"Ah, Sir, I wouldn't like to trust it!" sighed the old gentleman, who had by this time tied on his India rubber, and was straightening himself up little by little, being evidently troubled with weakness in the loins. "I have experimented a great deal with those cements on cracked tumblers. You can't put any confidence in them. A blow is too much for some, and hot water does the business for others. I couldn't bathe my feet for the rest of my life. And then the looks of the

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thing! How would you like, Sir, to have your shins and calves marked up with black and white and yellow creases?"

"It makes my blood run cold to think of it," grinned Corwin.

"Ah, young man, this is no laughing matter!" groaned the vitrified. "I suppose, however, that you don't believe in my affliction. Scarcely any body will believe. I have to bear my burden without much help from sympathy."

His tone and manner were so sincere and pathetic that the young man was slightly touched.

"Excuse me for jesting," he said. "But really the case is such an unusual one! Well, Sir, can I be of any service to you?"

"If you are going on to the hotel, and will give me your arm, I shall be obliged to you. I am still a little shaky; not with the effects of the blow—no; I don't think you did me any harm—but the fright, Sir, the fright! Dear me! it is so dreadful to be in such constant danger of going to bits and shivers! Just think of it, Sir—lying about like a smashed demijohn, or a window-pane with a brick through it! Whack! clinkity clink! there you are, all in pieces! Ah, nobody who hasn't suffered under it can imagine the horrors and terrors of vitrification!"

"I should suppose not, Sir," bowed Corwin, with the sympathy and patience of a true gentleman.

"Excuse me for leaning on you," implored the invalid; "I want to favor my poor limbs all I can."

"Certainly," answered Corwin, courteously, meanwhile thinking, "What an old fool he is!"

Arm in arm, and beguiling the way with symptoms, they slowly made their way to the hotel. There a new surprise awaited Corwin: his Jennie rustled out upon them, exclaiming, "Papa!"

Her papa! Merciful Heavens! A vitrified father-in-law! Corwin felt for a moment as if his own legs were glass, and were going to smash under him.

Meanwhile the young lady turned several colors, looked as if she were about to run away, and ended by gasping, "What is the matter?"

"Matter enough," said Senator Robbins, in a tone very unlike that which we attribute to Roman senators. "This gentleman came very near breaking my—I mean, I came very near having a serious accident. I always get into trouble when I go out alone."

It must be understood that the old gentleman had been lately taken with glass legs, and that his daughter had only heard of them that very morning, not, indeed, very greatly to her surprise, for he was a hypochondriac of long standing, and had been a tea-pot before now. She had hoped, of course, that a change of scene would divert him from his whimwham, and that he would somehow be preserved from exposing it to any one outside of the family. She now gave her lover a piteous glance, which begged him to go away.

"I will bid you good-afternoon, Sir," said Corwin, comprehending all her embarrassment, and anxious to relieve her of it.

"Good-day, Sir," replied Mr. Robbins, taking hold of his daughter's plump arm, not by any means a glass one. "I am obliged to you, Sir."

Jennie gave her young man another look of intense meaning; it thanked him, it pleaded with him, it asked him to have patience; in one breath it said, "Go away," and "Come back."

Of course he went. But what a state of mind he was in! Never was a lover more dumfounded since Adam discovered (if he did discover it) that Eve was his own missing rib.

"*Her* papa!" he said to himself. "Glass legs! What a father-in-law! Is he really a hypochondriac? Or is it a joke? What if vitrification should run in the family! Gracious! I mustn't talk in that way. Dear Jennie! How beautiful she looked! How troubled she was! Poor, dear, lovely little girl! I must stand by her. Of course I shall. All the crystallizations in the world sha'n't separate us. Ten thousand pairs of glass legs couldn't trip up my affections. But what a mess for an engaged man! A glass-legged father-in-law to pick up every now and then, and cement together! Shall I have to tie on his bandages for him, and fit his gum shoes to his shins? But no. We must cure him. Jennie and I can do it. We must talk it out of him. Hypochondria is curable. Somehow or other we'll clear his noddle of that nonsense."

Hastening to his room, he washed, brushed, and dressed himself with the care peculiar to lovers, meanwhile bursting out occasionally in such exclamations as, "Glass legs! Lower limbs vitrified! Case of vitrification! Case of regular tomfoolery! By Heavens, what a situation!"

He had finished his toilet, and was wondering whether he might claim his usual seat at table beside Jennie, when he received a note from her.

"I shall take tea with my father in his private parlor," it read. "Do come and see him at half past seven, for he goes to bed early. I will introduce you; but oh, I don't know that I can stay. I will see."

"Dear Jennie!" he said, kissing the paper. "I do hope old Crockery Toes isn't worrying her. Confound his vitrification!"

Then another view of matters rose before him, and he continued, "But what a scene it will be! How shall I address the crystallized ancient? Shall I stand on my head

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before him, and say, 'Will your Honorable Vitrification deign to grant me your daughter in marriage?' Whereupon he will give me a glass foot to kiss—a regular junk-bottle of a foot—with ounce vials for toes. Or how will it be?"

At half past seven punctually he went to the Robbinses' parlor. Jennie rose to receive him with that quailing undulation of figure, rich flushing of cheeks, sparkling of eyes, and flutter of raiment which usually lend grace to a young lady in such introductions. Jennie's pet parrot also rose, spread out his wings in the manner of skirts, set his head on one side, cocked his eyes at Corwin, cackled, "Pretty, pretty," and then commenced such a bussing and kissing as if he held the loveliest of all female parrots to his bosom. It was evident that he recognized the young man, and remembered his doing something. Much as Jennie loved the feathered tell-tale, she was tempted to fly at him and wring his neck. But she made a superhuman effort, and presented the king her lover to the king her father.

"Papa, this is Mr. Corwin," she said, and sat down with a feeling that she had drawn her last breath.

Papa, without troubling his brittle legs to get up, invited Mr. Corwin to be seated. Meanwhile the yellow and green parrot (looking like the orthodox, old-fashioned plaster of Paris one, common in cheap toy-shops and country taverns) went on bussing and kissing in a style which seemed to vow and declare that he never could have enough of it. The young gentleman, having his misdeeds thus put to him, turned so red in the cheeks that he seemed to heat the room and cast a glow over the faded yellow carpet. The young lady could not stand it; she uttered a guilty, hysterical simper, which Polly mocked with a demoniacal scream of laughter; then she rose galvanically, muttered something about "seeing Aunt Pullet," and whisked out of the room.

A conversation between the two men ensued. Corwin was surprised to find that when the subject of vitrification was not up, Mr. Robbins could be very sensible. He talked as well about business as any other country manufacturer, and as well about politics as any other Connecticut Senator. Well, this is not so bad, thought the lover, and took courage to ask if he might have Jennie.

"Yes, Sir—that is to say, No, Sir. I mean I understand you, Sir," stammered the father, assuming at once an aspect of excessive gloom. "In fact, I came down to attend to this very matter. I don't know what to say, Sir. I respect you; you are a man of good family, your prospects are good, and your character. I suppose my daughter could not do better. I feel obliged to say, Sir, that your offer is an honor. But, Sir—I put it to you—as a miserable invalid, let me put it to you—what is to become of *me*? Who is to take care of me? Jennie is my whole family. I have no one else to nurse me and see to my comfort and keep me alive."

"But couldn't we arrange that somehow?" eagerly queried Corwin.

"No, we couldn't arrange it—we couldn't arrange it," insisted the vitrified. "You would want her with you, and you would have to have her. I should be left to take care of myself. And, with my lower limbs, and the thing creeping upward all the while, how could I?"

"But is your case really such a bad one?" asked the young man, knowing that it was no case at all, and wanting to say so.

"*Bad* one!" groaned Mr. Robbins. "Don't you believe me, Sir? Don't you believe that I have glass legs?"

Corwin would not argue the matter; he was afraid of getting into a quarrel. He could only mutter something about taking medical advice.

"I have tried the doctors," broke out the patient, with something like temper. "They are a set of quacks and ignoramuses. They don't know any thing about vitrification. They can't distinguish the symptoms."

"Are you sure of the symptoms yourself?" hazarded Corwin. "Might you not be mistaken?"

"Mistaken! Dear, dear, dear!" exclaimed Mr. Robbins. "How can I be mistaken, when my poor shanks are as cold as icicles and as hard as brickbats? Don't I know what is the matter with 'em? Can't I tell by my feelings? Of course I can. And what a situation! Oh, it is dreadful—dreadful! Why, Sir, I never pull on my shoes without fearing my toes will break off inside of them. And you want to rob me of my daughter! No, Sir, I can't bear it—I can't permit it, Sir; this engagement must be given up—at least for the present. There is time enough for it. I sha'n't last long. The vitrification must reach my vitals soon. And then, when I have ended my sufferings, you can have Jennie, if you still wish it. But no engagement now. If there is an engagement, there will be a marriage, and I shall be left alone. Mr. Corwin, you must positively take this as my final decision; you must indeed, Sir."

And there, in spite of much further arguing, the lover had to leave matters.

On quitting the father he met the daughter in the hall.

"Oh, Frederic?" she whispered, putting a question in an exclamation.

"He won't consent," answered Frederic.

"Oh, what is the matter?" gasped Jennie, well knowing what it must be. "Is it his—hypochondria?"

"Yes," said Corwin.

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"Oh, Frederic! you won't leave me?" pleaded the girl.

"No; never."

"You won't hate me and despise me?"

He was almost melted into crying by her humility, and he could not help doing again what the parrot had told of.

"And so you will be true to me?" she said, trembling with a mixture of grief and joy.

Corwin wanted to elope with her, and came very near proposing it.

His next talk about his love-affair was with Joseph Pullet, next morning.

"I say; got something to say to you," mumbled Joe, drawing him aside. "My wife has told me all about the old gentleman, and his folderol-diddle in his legs. I say, don't you be discouraged, and don't get mad with the old nincom. We'll fetch him around yet."

"I don't mean to be discouraged," declared Corwin. "All I ask is that Jennie won't."

"That's right—you're a trump," exclaimed Pullet, ready to give him a basket of Champagne. "And don't you be afraid for Jennie. She's as true as she is good and pretty. And now about the old man: how can we fix it? Confound him!" burst out the grocer, in sudden exasperation. "He ought to be shut up in the asylum, him and his glass lower limbs together. Was there ever such nonsense as a man believing his legs was like junk-bottles? I wonder if he thinks they are cut glass or blown, or regular jim-crack crimson Bohemian? By Jove, I'd advise you to run away with Jennie, only I know she wouldn't let you. She's a square, honest girl, and very fond of her father, if he is an ass, off and on. So there's no use in talking elopement. The best thing you can do is to be considerate with the old man, and try to win his good-will and confidence. This turn won't last forever, and when it lightens up some day you can step in and say, Now for the wedding. Anyhow, don't contradict his whimwhams; it only makes him worse. Best thing is to look serious over his glass legs, and try to get up some cure for 'em. Go in for rubbings, and easy walks, and restoring the circulation; it sounds reasonable, you know, and it'll do his general health good; might even sweat his nonsense out of him."

"But there isn't time," said Corwin. "He is going back to Hartford to-morrow."

"No, he won't," promised Pullet. "My wife and I will keep him here. We'll make him believe it isn't safe for him to travel."

"It is too bad," muttered the young man.

"Only way to treat him," responded the grocer, with as little compunction as if it were a case of curing a ham. "Just put it to yourself this way, that he's more or less crazy, and we're his doctors."

So the next time Corwin met Mr. Robbins he talked vitrification to him.

"How is your malady, Sir?" he asked, as if glass legs were things well known in medicine.

"Very bad this morning," sighed the afflicted. "I did intend to go back to Hartford to-day, but I really dare not undertake the journey. It is stealing upward," he added, feeling of his knees. "And when it reaches my abdomen, I shall, of course, cease to digest, and that will be the end of me."

"Did you ever try rubbings?"

"I have given them up; I am afraid of breaking the enamel."

"Gentle exercise?" suggested Corwin.

Poor Mr. Robbins merely groaned, as much as to say, No use; and poor Corwin was so puzzled and dispirited and disgusted that he gave up prescribing.

After a while he tried it again; alluded to the possibility of rendering glass malleable; mentioned the famous vase of malleable glass which was presented to the Emperor Nero—at least he said it was Nero, though he couldn't remember positively.

"I never heard of the case," replied Mr. Robbins, his face lighting up a little.

"Oh, it is historic," declared Corwin. "It is either in Tacitus or Suetonius. Now that process would be just the thing for you. If your legs could be rendered malleable, they at least would not break."

"Of course," admitted the Senator. "I could get about without danger of being knocked to bits. But what is the process?"

"I suppose it might be necessary to heat them red-hot," said Corwin, who thought that perhaps he might warm up the old gentleman into a belief that he was cured.

But the suggestion was altogether too heroic, and Robbins looked at the suggester as if he were Beelzebub, come to torment him before the time.

"I wouldn't dare risk it," he replied. "Besides, they might double up."

So Corwin glided back to the notion of gentle exercise, and talked about it as if it would raise the dead. In fact, he succeeded in getting the victim of vitrification to take a walk with him, and quite won his respect by the care with which he helped him over clam-shells and kept him from "colliding" with mullens. It was a labor of love, and Jennie rewarded him for it, as the parrot found out, if one might believe him.

A week wore away. In some respects a very pleasant week to Corwin; it was also a very tantalizing and provoking one.

"How I do hate to carry on this system of deception with your father!" he said to Jennie.

"Oh dear! I suppose so," she sighed. "I am so used to humoring him that I don't mind it. But it must be dreadful to *you*."

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"Never mind," he replied, touched by her distress. "If it does any good, I will go on with it."

"You are gaining his confidence," she pleaded. "He really likes to walk with you, and sometimes he comes home quite cheered."

"Does he? Well, I will work away at it. Some day I hope he will cheer me."

Jennie overpaid him for this allusion to their marriage by blushing sumptuously.

"Suppose I take him over to Faulkner's Island?" suggested Corwin.

"Oh, he loves the water; at least he did formerly. He used to be a great boatman and swimmer. If he would go, I would go too, of course, and we would lunch on the island, and it would be lovely. I should feel for a little while as if we were on some one of the *Isole Felici*, beyond the reach of trouble. Oh, Frederic, wouldn't it be charming to go outside of the world, quite away from every body else, and see only each other? It would be perfect heaven."

There was no resisting such ideas as these when put forth by the rosy lips of one's own Jennie, and Corwin ventured to propose the voyage to the Honorable Vitrified.

"Go a-sailing!" exclaimed Mr. Robbins; "with my complaint! What if the boat should upset?"

"Can't you swim, Sir?"

"Swim! I could once—swim like a duck—but not now. Why, this weight, you know," pointing to his vitrifications, "would carry me down like a rock. Bless my body! you might as well ask a man to swim who had a bag of shot in each leg of his trowsers."

"Well, Mr. Robbins, we don't propose to swim, any of us," put in Joseph Pullet. "What we propose to do is to sail. Come along. Do you good. Motion excellent for your circulation. Just the thing to keep your trouble from spreading upward."

Mr. Pullet emphasized these declarations by winking slyly at Corwin, and presently seized a chance to whisper to him, "Good for his noddle. Give a new turn to his ideas. Get him into the way of believing that he can knock around without fracturing."

It was hard work to beguile Mr. Robbins into trusting his glass upon the mighty waters; but after much argument on the part of his male friends, and much coaxing from Jennie, he agreed to the adventure. A sailboat called the *Sassacus*, built on the broad-beamed and flat-floored pattern, which is known along the Connecticut shore as the "punkin-seed model," and manned by a certain red-headed Bill Bassett and his red-headed Bill of a son, was hired for the occasion. Mrs. Pullet, who, as her husband said, was a land-turtle, and couldn't abide the sea, refused to go. The party which embarked consisted of Pullet, Mr. Robbins, Mr. Robbins's daughter, and Mr. Robbins's daughter's lover.

"Steady now," implored the vitrified, as he was lifted aboard the "punkin-seed." "Don't get me too much on one side; it would put the boat out of trim. I'm very heavy."

"Not so mighty hefty," returned Pullet, who had him in his arms. "I'll bet you a dozen you don't weigh a hundred and thirty."

Mr. Robbins glanced with horror at his legs, and ejaculated, "*Hollow!*"

"I've often feared it," he presently murmured to Corwin. "I haven't dared to weigh myself, lest I should discover it. And now here it is; here is the awful fact. Pullet says my lower limbs are as hollow and thin as Cologne bottles."

"No, Senator, I didn't say that," grinned Pullet.

"It amounted to that," persisted the Senator. "If they don't weigh, they must be hollow."

"Then it don't matter where you sit," inferred Pullet. "A man made of Cologne bottles couldn't capsize this boat; and if it should capsize, he couldn't sink. He would make a sure thing of floating."

"Yes, head downward," grumbled Vitrification. "I should drown all the same. I couldn't breathe through my heels."

"Oh, papa, do stop!" begged Jennie, crimson with mortification.

"My dear, you don't realize," groaned papa. "You don't properly consider. I can't help being anxious. But nobody believes me, nobody sympathizes with me," he added, with a complaining petulance which was at least as pitiful as it was ludicrous.

"Yes, we do sympathize with you," declared the girl, catching one of his arms in both her hands, and pressing it eagerly.

But it was like trying to console an alarmed cat. The idea that his legs were solid, and consequently dangerously heavy in matters of navigation, soon came uppermost in the poor man's diseased fancy. He pulled away from his daughter, in a sudden fright, saying, "Child, you'll have us over. We mustn't sit all together in this way. We shall capsize to a certainty, if somebody doesn't balance me."

"Never you mind, Senator," put in the ready Pullet. "The boat was ballasted on purpose for you."

"Ah! was it?" answered the hypochondriac, with a sigh of relief. "Why didn't you tell me so at first?"

"Didn't think of it," explained Pullet, throwing one of his telling winks at Corwin.

The sail to Faulkner's Island proved a delightful one. The day was sunny, the at-

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mosphere balmy, the wind considerate, and the waves comfortable. The bird-like grace and speed with which the *Sassacus* skimmed the gleaming waters exhilarated the voyagers, and made life seem like one long holiday. Even poor Mr. Robbins felt the charm of swift movement, prosperous adventure, and smiling nature. He gazed about him with an air of enjoyment, chippered cheerfully, and once or twice uttered little whoops of exultation; in fact, he temporarily forgot his vitrified condition. His glow of spirits brought out his innate good temper and paternal affection. He smiled like a flesh-and-blood father upon Jennie when Corwin seated himself beside her, and protected her from fictitious spray by passing around her shoulders an unnecessary shawl. He even went so far as to whisper to Pullet, "I don't know but I shall bring myself over to that marriage."

"You are limbering out a good deal, ain't you, Senator?" returned the sly grocer. "There's a gentle stimulus in this sailing motion that sets your blood to working healthily, and gains on the crystallization."

"If only we don't overset," observed Robbins, his mind starting back from strong encouragement, as the hypochondriacal mind will. "I couldn't swim a stroke, Joe."

"Oh, you'll come to it," asserted Joe. "You'll swim yet, and cut pigeon-wings, and dance at the wedding. You ain't half so bad off now as you think you are. There isn't vitrified matter enough in your legs to make a sherry-glass."

"Do you really think so?" cheerily asked Robbins. "They do feel more supple."

Arrived at Faulkner's Island, the hypochondriac got out of the boat unaided, and climbed the steep bank with very respectable alacrity. Jennie followed, leaning delightedly on Corwin's arm, and prattling like a canary.

"Oh, I do hope he is coming out of it," she said. "I shall be so perfectly happy if he does."

"And I shall be still happier," answered the young man. "Then we will fix the day for the wedding."

"How you do come back to *that!*" she laughed, blushing. "Is it all you think of?"

"It is."

"Is it—really—truly?" she insisted, her eyes turning serious and tender.

"Yes—really—truly."

"Oh, how good you are! How nice it is to live! Isn't it?"

He glanced around—nobody saw them, not even the parrot—and he took advantage of the great opportunity. A kiss in the open air, defying all the inspection of nature, is such a splendid license! It seem to affirm, "In the face of the whole earth, and of the sun and the unseen stars, this woman is mine."

The gladness of the time went on increasing. On the high, green plateau of the island, under a summer brightness tempered by sea-breezes, and with flashing, dimpling waters all around, the party held festival. A chicken-pie opened its mines of treasure, and two successive bottles of Pullet's best Champagne popped and simmered. Mr. Robbins had one of those revulsions of gayety which occasionally come over the hypochondriac. He ate and drank, and talked and laughed, as if he were a full-blooded human being, instead of a vitrification. He toasted Corwin and smiled on Jennie in a way which was equivalent to giving them his blessing. The girl believed that he was cured, and beheld her future all in bridal white.

Alas that the old gentleman should have got tired, or should have eaten too much for his powers of digestion! Something of this sort happened to him; some one of the clouds which attend hypochondria descended upon his soul: all at once the light fled from his countenance, and anxiety filled it with puckers. Before the boat left the island he was one of the most low-spirited crystallizations breathing. He became as selfish as Satan, glared at Corwin as an enemy of his peace, and would not hear a word about the marriage.

"No, Sir," he said to Pullet; "I am a doomed man. I sha'n't survive three months. I can't let my daughter go away from me, or become trammeled in any manner. I need her whole care. I can't have an engagement—I won't have it."

As Joe Pullet turned away from this irrational old changeling he said to himself, "I wish the boat would upset; hanged if I don't!"

Reckless speech! The Destinies who haunt the seas, and baffle the Flying Dutchman in his eternal search for land, doing a great deal of damage to mortals while their hands are in, must have heard it. The response to Pullet's prayer was a squall, which pounced down like lightning upon Long Island Sound, and labored furiously to turn it bottom upward. The white horses came up as suddenly as if they had been waiting, ready saddled and bridled, in the cavernous stables of ocean. The hats of the male voyagers scaled away to leeward like so many wild-geese, and Jennie's bonnet was soaked and lashed into the similitude of a dishcloth. There was no drowned mariner on the floor of the sea any wetter than the half dozen people aboard the *Sassacus*. All that red-headed Mr. Bassett and his red-headed boy could do was to keep the little craft dead before the wind, driving like a thistle-down toward the nearest point of the Guilford coast, without minding whether it was a ledge or a swamp.

In this state of things imagine Mr. Robbins! Only imagine the feelings of a mass

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of vitrification three miles or more from land, in a "punkin-seed" boat, with the wind blowing a gale!

"I shall be drowned!" he repeatedly screamed, so scared that he never thought of his daughter, much less of the others.

Things looked like it, as far as things could be seen from the *Sassacus*, with sheets of spray driving across the eyes of the voyagers, and a stampede of white horses rearing and plunging under their wet noses. The skiff careened, pitched, and labored; it settled into bubbling whirls as if it had given up the struggle; it was kicked out again, and went stumbling over broken ledges of water; it wallowed in despair, and leaped in frenzy. At last the shore appeared plainly, less than an eighth of a mile distant, but threatening with a long line of foam.

"I shall be drowned!" wailed the vitrified, as he stared at the inhospitable prospect.

"You'll have to swim for it," shouted Joe Pullet, who was still a bit vindictive, notwithstanding his own alarm.

"I can't swim!" returned Mr. Robbins, in a yell of mingled indignation and terror.

"You must," roared Pullet, as the "punkin-seed" gave a sickening lurch and went over.

They were all in the water. Corwin, who, of course, had hold of Jennie at the moment of capsizing, succeeded, after a violent struggle, in lifting her on to the bottom of the *Sassacus*. Pullet and Mr. Bassett and Mr. Bassett's boy took care of themselves by gripping hold here and there. The hypochondriac, believing that his legs would not work, went at first some feet under water; but finding it very wet and uncomfortably close down there, he gave his vitrification the go-by, and struck out for upper air; and once on the surface, he swam in the sanest, healthiest, and most flesh-and-blood manner imaginable. Before the others of the party could fairly get their wits together and look about for him he was far on his way to shore, going up and down the breakers like a cork, or through them like a Newfoundland dog. When the boat beached he helped his comrades to land, trotted on nimbly with them to the hotel, changed his wet clothes for dry ones without assistance, ate a hearty supper, played high-low-jack in the evening, and before he went to bed gave his consent to Jennie's engagement.

It was the last of John Robbins's vitrification. The shock of danger and the victory of enforced effort had cured him. He never again was troubled with any thing in the way of glass legs, although he once afterward suffered martyrdom as a tea-pot.

But tea-pot or no tea-pot, he was present at Jennie's wedding, and drank the health of the young couple in a brimming glass of cold water.

THE ROMAN CAPITOL.

THE Capitoline Hill at Rome is one of those intellectual shrines to which the world must ever turn with interest. Gray and wasted by time, it still overlooks the desolate Forum. The magnificent temple that once crowned its southern peak, where Cato worshiped or Scipio dreamed, whose majestic colonnade outlived the republic and perished with the empire, has passed away so perfectly that even the memory of its site is lost; and of the splendid throng of public buildings that covered its declivities only a few modern imitations preserve the names. The Tarpeian Rock can be but faintly traced. A noisome cavern represents the prisons of Ancus. But the shorn and diminished hill is crowned with a ceaseless splendor of historical recollections. It was the central source of that imperfect but valuable conception of freedom in which Rome has instructed mankind. The eloquence of the Forum or the Campus Martius resounded along its rocky cliffs. Beneath its hoary brow the questions of popular equality, universal suffrage, and the rights of citizens were discussed from the days of Brutus to the philippics of Cicero. Its lessons of liberty have been preserved by a throng of poets, historians, philosophers; and republicans, in all later ages, as they struggled against the vices of feudalism and barbarism, have ever turned for example and instruction to the Sacred Hill.

Many a triumphal procession, led by its conqueror, and crowned by the spoils and captives of the enemies of freedom, has climbed, amidst the shouts and fond congratulations of the Romans, the steep ascent of the Capitol; yet the most recent is still the most remarkable. A few months ago the Roman scholars of the free schools, led by their teachers, climbed the famous hill to celebrate the first anniversary of their establishment. It was a triumph, above those of Camillus or of Cæsar, of Roman progress over papal intolerance, of advancing knowledge over pagan superstition, of the teaching of Paul over the fables of Rome.

How strange and almost incredible was the spectacle will readily appear to every one who considers that but little over a year ago the papal tyranny ruled in extraordinary severity, that armies of monks or Jesuits alone presided over the Capitol, that a garrison of foreigners and brigands hushed the murmurs of the outraged people, or that from the Council of the Vatican, in the last assembly of the usurping Church, its fiercest anathemas were hurled against modern education. To destroy the free school had been the aim of the popes and the Jesuits from Paul IV. to Pius IX. To check the growth of secular knowledge the Inquisition had labored, the casuist argued, the popish

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kings waged deadly wars, the papal missionaries in New York or Cincinnati demanded the overthrow of the chief bulwark of freedom; and now, by a remarkable revulsion, on the hill of Romulus, and looking down upon the faded streets where Virginia passed on her way to school, or Cornelia trained her children, the patriots of Rome celebrated the anniversary of a new era, when the Eternal City was at least free to teach itself. Seats were arranged before the modern Senate-house; a great throng of Romans gathered; the children chanted songs of freedom; orations were delivered; banners waved; patriotic shouts arose; and the triumph of the common-school system was celebrated with a general rejoicing that will be re-echoed in every school-house from the Rhine to the Pacific.

Legend, tradition, and historical associations unite to make the Capitoline Hill the appropriate site for the stirring spectacle. It is dear to the memories of scholars and freemen. It was the smallest and the most famous of the seven hills of Rome. Bare, rocky, precipitous, it towered over the desolate scene when Romulus led his little colony to found his village on the Palatine—when the Forum was a marsh covered with brambles, or the she-wolf wandered upon the strands of the Tiber. The asylum opened between its rugged peaks to welcome the outcast and the stranger. From its citadel the fair Tarpeia looked down with avaricious eyes upon the golden armlets of the Sabine chiefs; opened the fatal door; was crushed beneath the shields of the treacherous foes. She was the only Roman woman that ever betrayed her country; and her name still clings to the tall cliff of the Capitol, from whence its malefactors and traitors were flung down on the rocks below.

Slowly the Latin village grew into a flourishing town, the town into a great capital; and in the reign of the elder Tarquin the marshy Forum was drained by the wonderful Cloaca. Its shops were filled with the rich wares of Etruria, and the government of Rome sank into a luxurious despotism. Under its Etruscan master the city was adorned with lavish outlay. On the Capitoline Hill the broad foundations of the Roman temple were slowly laid, and throngs of laborers—captives, perhaps, and slaves—under the guidance of famous architects from Etruria, were preparing the site of the great edifice. The lower portion of the hill was leveled, and an extensive outline drawn, to be perfected by the labors of successive generations. The Tarquinian temple, dedicated to Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, probably stood upon the southern peak of the Capitoline Hill, now known as Monte Caprino. It was the most splendid of all the Italian shrines. The temples at Pæstum and the remains of Etruria can scarcely compare with it in size. It was nearly twice as large as the Temple of Pallas at Athens, and it remained ever after the most imposing of the sacred buildings at Rome.

Its situation was singularly fine. It stood upon a hill 150 feet in height, and its front, turned toward the south, overlooked the Forum, and presided over the busy scenes of Roman life. The front was composed of a colonnade 192 feet in length, and formed of a triple row of columns. The depth of the whole building was 200 feet. It was divided into three cellæ, or shrines, the middle and largest dedicated to Jupiter, the right to Minerva, and the left to Juno. In front of the temple a wide space was left, called the Area Capitolina, where meetings of the Comitia were sometimes held. The sides of the Capitoline Hill were built up with stone-work, to support the temple, and were protected in all accessible places by walls. In the centre of the temple a huge statue of Jupiter was placed in a sitting posture, the right hand holding a thunder-bolt, the left a sceptre. It was of clay, the product of the skillful workmanship of Etruria. The other deities were probably represented in a similar manner; and thus, under Tarquin, images and image-worship replaced the iconoclastic ritual of Numa.

The Capitoline temple was built slowly and with great care. Like St. Peter's, it employed the labors of many generations. Planned by the first Tarquin, it was continued by Servius Tullius, was nearly finished by the last Tarquin, and was dedicated by the chief of the republic at the very birth of Roman freedom. Nearly three-quarters of a century were consumed in preparing its foundations or completing its colonnade; nor does the period seem long for so important a work. The temple of Tarquin remained ever afterward the national shrine of the Romans. Here the bravest of the Roman chiefs came to pay their adorations at the close of each triumphal procession, and here for a thousand years the Romans continued to worship the king of the gods. The original building, indeed, was burned in the time of Sylla; but it was soon rebuilt with new splendor, the former plan being preserved. It was twice again destroyed, and twice rebuilt; but after having completed a duration of more than a thousand years, it mysteriously disappeared. Even its site has scarcely been ascertained; and while the Parthenon is still nearly perfect, and the Doric temples at Pæstum almost unharmed by time, the Capitoline temple, so familiar to the scholar, so renowned through all the history of Rome, has been wholly swept from existence.

Crowned with its stately shrine, protected by walls of stone, the Capitoline Hill was now to witness one of those stirring events that have most affected the destiny of men. Empires have fallen and been forgotten;

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Persian and Assyrian wasted whole nations in useless wars; but a single brief struggle in the Roman Forum has fixed the attention of posterity. From its despotism Rome suddenly rose to freedom. The form of an injured woman was borne through the busy streets of the city, until it rested beneath the shadow of the Capitol. The Romans swore over Lucretia's bleeding corpse to live forever free. A republic sprang up whose example was to awaken the emulation of all succeeding ages, whose various history is filled with singular instruction, whose vigorous thoughts and generous deeds are still the favorite study of freemen.

In the year 510 B.C., by a striking coincidence, Rome and Athens declared themselves free, and drove out their tyrants. The quick and active intellect of the Greeks soon perfected their liberal institutions, which were to sink as rapidly into decay. The Romans slowly advanced toward popular equality, and maintained, for many centuries, their imperfect ideal of a commonwealth. Roman history is filled with the clamorous contests of the people against an oligarchy of birth or wealth, with the slow labors of the reformer, and the gradual advance of freedom. Scarcely had the tyrants been expelled when the Roman commons demanded universal suffrage, a bankrupt law, the abolition of imprisonment for debt, the fall of the priestly power, the completion of a perfect democracy; and the Capitoline Hill looked down upon a series of popular assemblies where were discussed by acute debaters the highest problems of political science. The tribune defined the rights of man; the oligarch replied with contemptuous zeal; the grave patriot strove to moderate the strife of parties. The annual elections were decided by the vote in the Campus Martius, and were recorded in the priestly books in the vaults of the Capitol.

Then, while Pericles and Phidias were covering Athens with the rarest creations of immortal art (452 B.C.), the Roman commons seemed to win a lasting triumph, but, soon deceived and fallen, were enslaved by the men they had placed in office. The Ten, elected by the people, held Rome in a terrible bondage. Appius and his colleagues plundered the treasury; silenced all opposition by terror or by bribes, by threats of assassination and by stolen gold; strode through the streets of the fallen city, shameless and remorseless—no inexact representatives of that band of plunderers who so lately ruled in our own. The civic life of antiquity, indeed, is never wanting in parallels to the modern. Once more in the Forum, below the Capitoline Hill, a picture rises before us whose striking lineaments poets and historians, sculptors and painters, have renewed in vigorous coloring, but whose simple grandeur needs no lavish painting. Virginius stands over his child. The people look on in silent sympathy. The tyrant Appius scorns their murmurs or their prayers. The father kisses his daughter; his knife pierces her heart; and in the death of Virginia Rome is again set free. Appius Claudius, the chief of demagogues, dies in a noisome prison; the republic is saved. The Capitoline Hill next becomes the last stronghold of Roman freedom when the Gauls swarm through the blazing streets, and, except its garrison, the people have fled to a new home. Around the beleaguered citadel a vast throng of huge barbarians, sated with plunder, encamp upon the wasted site of the city of Romulus, awaiting the slow effect of famine. On the top of the rocky height senators and nobles, women and children, watch vainly through painful months for the aid that never comes. On a dark and dismal night, says the legend, the Gauls climbed in single file up the steep acclivity, until the head of a huge savage rose above the beetling rock. The weary defenders slept; the Capitol was lost, had not the sacred geese clamored in the Temple of Juno, and changed the fate of nations. Manlius awoke, seized spear and shield, and saw in the gloom the form of his enemy rising above the verge of the Capitol. He dashed him down the precipice. The garrison sprang to arms, and Manlius was the savior of his country.

The legend pursues the fate of Manlius. The Gauls fled before the arms of Camillus, and the people began to rebuild Rome. But Camillus was a bitter oligarch, and Marcus Manlius became the champion of popular progress. With what boldness and self-devotion, what lavish generosity, unbounded benevolence, the reformer gave himself to his cause even Livy has not failed to indicate. Manlius wasted his fortune in charitable deeds, or periled his life in defending the poor. At length the oligarchs resolved upon his ruin. He was charged with a traitorous design of enslaving his country. On a memorable day, when all Rome had gathered in the Campus Martius, the reformer was tried before a venal assembly, and might have fallen an easy victim. But the Capitol rose proudly above the throng, and even the corrupt oligarchs and usurers could not endure to condemn the hero on the scene of his generous exploit. The trial was adjourned to a distant spot in a sheltered grove. There Manlius was convicted of treason by his ungrateful countrymen. He was dragged to the pinnacle of the Capitoline Hill, and thrown headlong from the Tarpeian Rock.

Such were the legends that were told around the evening meal of the Roman household as the father gathered his family in the simple atrium, or Cornelia bent over her children; but whether history or fable, the early tales of Rome never fail to bring with them an ever-living truth, and are al-

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ways on the side of virtue and of progress. The pride of Camillus is checked by omens of approaching misfortune; Virginia dies a spotless victim at the altar of freedom; the wicked Appius is left to perish among felons; the tribunes teach human equality; the Valerii and the Catos, Fabricius and Regulus, proclaim the superiority of a conscientious life. Nor is it impossible to trace among the harsh, severe, imperious Romans a secret worship of ideal virtue.

With the swift growth of the Roman power the legends of the Capitoline Hill indicate a people slowly sinking into moral weakness. Slavery, superstition, ambition, gold, have touched the sources of Roman civilization. Even Scipio ascends the Sacred Hill with no untarnished fame. Soon beneath its shadow the Gracchi perish, and genius, virtue, devotion, intelligence, fail to save the corrupted state. The murders of Marius, the proscription of Sylla, next fill with horrors the Forum and the Capitol. Cæsar rules over the fallen republic, and then, amidst the awe of the hapless city, lies bleeding on his pyre at the foot of the immovable rock. Horrors redouble, the Triumvirs renew the massacres of Marius, the head of Cicero looks over the chosen scene of his liberal eloquence, and the republic dies with the last accents of his tongue.

The Capitol had now become the central shrine of an empire whose varied members embraced the most distant and different races, the most diverse of creeds. Britons and Nubians, Druids and Sabæans, paid tribute to the central city. The wealth of the world passed through the treasury on the Capitol. The Temple of Jupiter had grown splendid with gold and gems. The plain ritual of Numa was exchanged for a lavish pomp of sacrifice, incense, processions, and songs, that are copied, and perhaps surpassed, in the dramatic spectacles of St. Peter's, and faintly imitated in the English cathedral. A Nero or a Caligula became the supreme pontiff of an obedient world, and the temporal and spiritual despotism of Rome fell like a general blight upon mankind. From the opening of the Christian era the Capitoline Hill, covered with rich architecture, adorned with the spoil of ages, was the symbol of national decay. From its sacred top were never again to flow lessons and examples of advancing freedom. A corrupt and fallen race trod the Sacred Way, and swept beneath the Arch of Titus. Yet not far from the Forum of Cicero might have been heard the voice of Paul teaching temperance and self-restraint, or the glad cries of the martyrs as they suffered in the Colosseum.

In that dark period when the savages of the forests devastated the Eternal City the Capitoline Hill is lost to history. Under barbarous popes and cruel barons it became probably a fortress and a citadel. Its throng of splendid buildings melts away in the impenetrable gloom. The Temple of Jupiter was perhaps converted into a Christian church, or was removed, stone by stone, to found palaces and cathedrals. The crowd of lesser shrines has proved equally perishable. No trace is left of any of the stately buildings that in the fifth century were still fresh and varied, the monuments of a laborious past; and when in the thirteenth the Capitol comes out into the light of modern scrutiny, it seems almost as desolate as when it looked down upon the marshy Forum of Romulus. It was soon covered with new buildings. Popes and nobles conspired to desecrate its sacred top. A church, a modern senate-house, a museum, villas, and gardens cover and deface the scene where freedom rose and died. On the Acropolis only the fair and shattered graces of the Parthenon and a few broken columns disturb the majesty of a solitude that seems consecrated to the memory of a fallen republic. From the Capitol the faint traces of ancient splendor are lost in modern decorations. Yet it is still the Capitol!

The Sacred Way passed below the Capitoline Hill. A clivus or ascent of a hundred steps led from the Forum up the acclivity of the Asylum; from thence, amidst a cluster of porticoes and columns, the path divided on either hand to the temple or the arx. Some graceful arches still indicate the direction of the Via Sacra, and the depression between the peaks of the Capitol marks the termination of the clivus. Along the Sacred Way wandered, with hesitating step, the jocund Horace and the timid Virgil, Livy or Dionysius. The great Julius lay bleeding in the midst of the magnificence he had created. From the acclivities of the Capitol the company of conspirators seem to summon Rome once more to freedom; from its temple the courageous Senate defied the revenge of Hannibal and the impetuous valor of Pyrrhus; Curius and Fabricius sacrificed in its shrine; and for a thousand years a shadowy throng of consuls, dictators, warriors, statesmen, of famous women and patriotic men, of degraded emperors and unbelieving priests, pass up the solemn pathway, shine for a moment in the light of history, and glide rapidly away into its deepest shadows. Yet the heroes and rulers of Rome are the possession of mankind, and the splendors of feudal courts and the barbarous annals of chivalry have produced no characters so eminent, no intellects so commanding, as those whose memories still hover around the Sacred Way.

Of the spectacles of the Capitol, its triumphs were wholly its own. No other hill or citadel, no city nor country, has ventured to dedicate a single scene to the haughty passions of warfare and the exultation of

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victory. But as if Roman pride was never to know its retribution, from Romulus to Aurelian a succession of conquerors, clad in the purple robe, climbed slowly up the Capitol; and the spoils of the world, the captive kings, queens, satraps, and chieftains of many lands, Caractacus and Zenobia, were dragged before the triumphal car, and filled Rome with transient satisfaction. The triumph grew from a simple rite to a gorgeous pageant. Tradition relates that the founder, Romulus, first ascended the rough sides of the Capitol, bearing on his shoulders the spoils of Akron. Tarquin passed through the streets of his Etruscan city, borne in a splendid chariot, and clothed in the purple robe of royalty. Drawn by milk-white steeds, with painted cheeks and haughty countenance, the conqueror Camillus next gave to the national festival a new magnificence. Great bowls of wine and ample entertainments were set out before every house for the victorious soldiers; and as the Roman conquests spread from land to land, the triumph became a varied spectacle, filled with the wonders of distant countries, and consuming many days in the display of its instructive trophies.

In the middle period of the career of the republic, while some traits of its earlier austerity still lingered, and while its eminent statesmen yet strove to blend virtue with refinement, moderation with glory, self-denial with patriotic ambition, the triumph of a generous noble was celebrated with a rare magnificence, that has been preserved with minuteness in the annals of Rome. Æmilius Paulus was the son-in-law of Scipio, and the most renowned of the Roman nobility. His form was dignified and graceful; he was eloquent, accomplished, learned; he had held the highest offices of the state, and had conquered on many a battle-field. Yet of all the spoil that he had brought into the public treasury, Æmilius had taken nothing. He was still comparatively poor; he valued integrity above money, power, or fame. He taught his children philosophy and self-restraint. He had married his daughter to one of the least wealthy but most honest of the Roman nobility, and in one small house, maintained by the product of a single farm, her family of sixteen lived in virtuous content. It was said that the daughter of Æmilius was more proud of her husband's integrity than if he had possessed the wealth of Asiaticus.

At sixty the happy Æmilius was summoned by his country to undertake the conquest of Macedonia. Ever fortunate, he set out to dethrone King Perseus, and reduce the kingdom of Alexander to the Roman yoke. Fortune still aided the happy noble. A fair wind bore him to Greece. He passed swiftly on to Delphi. He met the Macedonian in his stronghold, and was soon the master of his kingdom and his treasures. All Greece lay at his feet, yet, in the moment of his success, Æmilius felt his joy subdued by the dread of some retributive misfortune. Man, he said to his children and relatives, is but the sport of chance; in the midst of prosperity let him check his exultation.

To ascend the Capitoline Hill in triumph was the highest aim of every Roman chieftain; and however moderate in his desires, Paulus was covetous of that final seal of greatness, which should be inscribed on his tomb, and bear his name onward to the glory of his race. Never more magnificent spectacle passed up the Sacred Way. Upon the rare and boundless treasures of King Perseus the conqueror had refused even to look; one cup of silver alone he had given to his daughter—the first piece of plate she had ever possessed. But Rome had never witnessed such a profusion of gold and valuables as Æmilius now poured into its lap. Of all her robbers he was the most fortunate. The triumph occupied three days. Along the streets through which it was to pass scaffolds were erected, on which were crowded the chief citizens, clothed in white. A boundless throng filled every high position, and welcomed the victorious army. The shop-keepers in the Forum and the rustics from the Campagna saw with wonder the stately procession. A band of lictors opened a passage through the eager crowd. The temples smoked with incense; the city rang with shouts of joy. On the first day two hundred and fifty chariots, filled with colossal statues, rare paintings, and works of art, slowly passed before the wondering throng; on the second, wagons laden with huge piles of burnished arms, with naked swords and clashing pikes, clanked heavily along the Sacred Way; then heaps of silver coin in lofty vessels, and a long array of silver cups and vases, carved with rare skill by the hapless artists of the East.

But on the third day a deeper interest filled the eager throng. A burst of trumpets broke upon the ear. One hundred and twenty oxen with gilded horns, and hung with ribbons and garlands for the sacrificial rite, first met the eye; then came great piles of gold, of golden goblets, and an enormous golden vase towering above the throng—a votive offering fashioned for Æmilius by the most famous artist of Greece; and next the chariot of Perseus, bearing his armor and his diadem. A sadder spectacle followed. The three children of the captive king, too young to know their sorrows, stretched out their little hands, imploring pity, until even the sternest Romans wept until they had disappeared. Perseus came next, with all his courtiers, clad in black, and bent with sorrow to the earth; and next the joyful conqueror, followed by his army, wreathed with garlands, and riding in a magnificent chari-

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ot that displayed his purple robe and noble figure to all his rejoicing countrymen.

Yet the stroke of fortune which he had ever dreaded had already fallen upon Æmilius. One of his sons died five days before the triumph, a second three days after; and the stately Roman, with unfeigned resignation, declared that he who led the triumph was as striking an instance of the common weakness of humanity as he who was drawn in chains; that the sons of Perseus, who was vanquished, were alive; but those of Æmilius, who had conquered, were no more.

From Æmilius to Aurelian the stately processions pursued their august way, at various intervals, until the Capitoline Hill fades from sight. At length the chant of priests and friars alone resounded upon the ruined shrine. Their softer notes disturbed the meditations of the great historian as he mused upon the fallen glories of Rome, and chose his immortal theme. Yet the last spectacle on the venerable hill is more suggestive of hope for mankind than the barbarous triumphs of early freedom or the most vigorous contests of the Forum. As the centre of a system of national education, Rome may once more rule Italy and the Latin race. From the sacred soil where Paul preached and Cicero died a holier font of knowledge may well open; and armies of teachers, we may trust, will annually ascend from age to age the solemn hill, to celebrate the swift conquests of their art, and to relate the victories of the free school over papal ignorance and a barbarous creed.

To our own country the Capitol has a close relation; nor does any nation owe so much to its teaching, or profit so largely from its historic scenes.

In that dim and clouded period when our fathers planned a new government they turned for instruction to history. They passed with indifference the boasted constitution of England; they were weary of that feudal barbarism and mental weakness that bound a whole nation in blind devotion to savage kings or brutal lords; they felt that the English institutions rested on popular ignorance and servile fear. Nor could they see any thing in French history but a succession of tyrannical governments, the rule of the worst elements of society, and the slow destruction of the moral vigor of the people. Germany still slumbered in disunion and decay. They snatched some thoughts from the experience of Holland. But far down the paths of history, across the fatal chasm of the feudal and the papal period, beyond the wild inroads of Goth and savage, far over the pageant of imperial Rome, they caught the last accents of Cicero, and studied the brilliant pages of Livy. The image of a republic rose before them; they revived the conception of human equality, and resolved to cast aside the despotisms of church or state.

It is curious to notice how often the memory of the gray and discrowned hill, then slumbering under the deepest gloom of papal tyranny, must have forced itself upon their attention. They founded a new Capitol on the banks of the Potomac. A transatlantic Senate renewed the name and some of the traits of that of Cicero. Roman simplicity resumed the place of feudal follies. The veto of the tribune was attributed to the chief ruler; the meeting of the tribes was, perhaps, imitated in the popular assemblies. Scarcely is it necessary to complete the parallel. Yet as State after State springs up on the wide prairie, beside the shining rivers of the West, in solitudes more wild and desolate than that which opened around the seven hills of Romulus, new Senates assemble, new tribunes discuss in popular assemblies the wants and the duties of freemen, churches and school-houses cluster around another Capitol, and the ideas of Rome are perfected in the transatlantic wilderness. Nor have our countrymen proved ungrateful. Rome gave to America the conception of a true republic; America gives to Rome the common school.

GOTTFRIED'S SUCCESS.

A QUAINT old house, standing back from the street, in a little German village. On the door-step Hans Vreder is mending a fiddle and smoking a pipe. An old man, Hans, lame from a fall in his boyhood, very thin as to his figure, and as to his hair also. A funny little blue silk cap, broidered with beads and tinsel, is perched on his head. Mina had made it and placed it there, so there it must remain. Hans was a maker and mender of violins. All his life he had been at this work. He knew no other interest except his love for Mina, which was as natural to him as making a violin. He wanted nothing more than that his Mina should be happy and his instruments good.

As he sat and smoked his pipe that warm summer afternoon, he could hear his little girl singing gayly through the half-closed shutters of the room above. She would always be "little" to the old father, though, in truth, Mina was sixteen to-day, and was wearing the gold ear-rings he had given her to celebrate the fact. She was sewing in the cool room over the shop, and singing with the sweetest voice in the world. Such a bright, pretty girl she was, with her rosy face and yellow hair—such a kind heart was shining in her blue eyes—no wonder her father loved her as he did.

Theodore Bildeman, the Bürgermeister's son, loved her too, and sang love-songs under her window on moonlight nights. He might sing them forever, and it would make no difference to Mina, except that sometimes they woke her up. Poor Theodore, she only

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laughed at his endless "Du, du liegst mir im Herzen."

Walking slowly down the street toward the house where Mina sang came a youth, tall and slight, with a thin, dark face. Under his arm he carried a violin case, and over his shoulder a stick with a bundle on its end. As he drew near Vreder's house he raised his head and looked about, seeking whence came that clear, sweet voice. He could not see the girl, but old Hans at the door attracted his notice. With a quick step he entered the little court-yard, and stood before the violin-maker.

"Sir," he said, "I have no money, and I have broken my violin. Will you mend it for me?"

He stood straight before the old man, ready to turn away without more words should the answer deny him. Hans looked at him over his spectacles with a smile twinkling in his eyes.

"Let me see thy violin, youngster."

Quickly the bundle and case were on the grass, and with eager hands the boy undid the straps that secured his instrument.

"See."

The old fellow took it in his hands. In an instant a change came over his face. He seemed suddenly to wake up. He touched the fiddle gently, almost tenderly.

"Where didst thou get this, my boy? Dost thou know what thou hast here?"

"Yes; it was my father's."

"A wonderfully fine Guarnerius, or I'm mistaken. Mein Kind, such are not easily obtained. Tell me truly whence it came."

"It was my father's," cried the youth, springing up. "Will you mend it for me? If not, I must go."

"I'll mend it. Canst thou play? Here, take this and try thy skill while I fix thy fiddle." And he handed the traveler an instrument.

Presently the fine, rich strains rose up into the air. At first Hans worked away with his chisel and file, but ere long his fingers ceased to move; he pushed his spectacles up to the blue silk cap, and only listened.

Erect and graceful stood the youth, pressing the violin against his shoulder. As he played, his hard, dark face grew gentle. His great black eyes were filled with a burning flame, and they seemed to look far away, to see something weird and unearthly. The light in them flashed now with a burning spark, now seemed to pale and die, as though the tears of some great sorrow had fallen.

How strangely his thin lips parted for a moment and showed his teeth! One lock of his dark hair fell over the forehead, which alone of all his face was fair. If Hans had been a sentimental old man, he would have trembled, and thought of Medusa and her snake-locks. There was great beauty and great passion too for so young a face—all the beauty of strong, bright youth; all the passion of the musician's fiery soul.

Presently Hans gave a little nod of welcome, and held out his hand to Mina. She had stolen softly down the steps at the sound of the wonderful music, and as the strange boy looked up he saw her standing beside her old father. All her face was full of a tender, wondering look that the music had called forth. She seemed so fair and pure. He dropped his arm and looked at her—only a moment, but his heart was lost. The poor, homeless fiddler fell in love with Hans Vreder's bright little daughter.

"Why dost thou stop, my son? Thou canst play well. Who taught thee?"

"My father at first; then nobody."

"Sit here and rest a while, and Mina shall bring thee some broth: thou canst eat as well as play, I'll be bound."

"I am hungry."

In a moment the girl appeared, carrying a bowl of soup.

"How art thou called?" asked Hans.

"Gottfried."

Master Vreder smoked in silence for a little while. Suddenly he exclaimed,

"Wilt thou like to stay here with me, to help in the shop and learn to make violins?"

"Stay here!" he cried; "oh, master, how good you are! I have wandered so long, to have a home at last will be happiness. I will help you with all my strength."

So the strange, gypsy-looking violinist staid with the old man until the house and little garden were his home, and life away from Mina seemed to him impossible. He was not quite happy unless he could see her, or hear her singing somewhere about the house with that pure voice, so full of bright and beautiful thoughts.

As for Mina, what had she done without him? Who had walked with her beside the brook, and helped her to gather forget-me-nots? Who had dug her garden and watered her flowers? And how had she lived without the music of his violin? And every day he was becoming more necessary to her. There was never any word of love said between them. Their lives were so quiet and uneventful that nothing happened to call forth the deep feeling in their hearts, until once, as they sat side by side in the twilight, while the old father smoked his pipe under the linden-tree, Hans suddenly said, "My boy, thy talent must not be wasted in this little village. Go out into the world and make a great name for thyself."

"And leave Mina?"

That was all he said, but Mina's heart gave a throb, and in the darkness their hands met and closed fast together. A nightingale began to sing, and the little daughter knew her heart, and that she loved the strange, dark artist who had wandered to their door.

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"HE DROPPED HIS ARM AND LOOKED AT HER—ONLY A MOMENT, BUT HIS HEART WAS LOST."

"Mina has nothing to do with it. Thou must become famous. I have written to my friend Burghaus at Berlin, and thou shalt go and play there at Count Gustave's concerts. I thought thou wouldst follow me in my business, but thou art a player, not a maker, of violins. Thou wilt be a famous artist. Thou shalt leave this little place, and win a great name."

Mina heard all this with open eyes of wonder; then two little tears rolled down her cheeks, and she sprang up and ran into the house.

"Hey! what's the matter with Mina?" cried the father.

"I'll go and ask her." Gottfried hastened to find her.

She was standing by the open window in her father's work-room. The old man's table stood at one side, covered with little saws and chisels of various shapes. Above were some shelves filled with queer-looking bottles of varnish and oils for polishing. The floor of the room was bare, and scattered here and there were blocks and chips of wood. Violins and violas hung on the walls. They were quiet enough now, but certainly they sang to each other when nobody was near. Mina used to listen at night, and fancy she could hear them. The latticed window stood open to the air, and through it the moon was pouring a stream of light over the floor and on the head of the maiden.

She was standing quite straight and still, not sobbing even, but tears were slowly rolling down her cheeks.

Gottfried came beside her.

"Herzliebchen, what is it?" he asked, very softly.

"Oh, Gottfried, I think it was the night-

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ingale that made me cry." Then there came a little sob, and Gottfried had his arm about her, and her head was on his breast.

"I have loved thee all this time, since the first moment I saw thee. Mina, dost thou remember? I was tired and sad because my fiddle was broken, when I heard a voice singing. I could not tell whence it came, for the great linden hid thy window; then I saw thy father, and my violin was mended, so that my way seemed clear again; and when I looked up thou wert standing in the door-way, so fair and gentle, and I loved thee."

"And I, Gottfried, I never knew till now, and yet it seems to me that I have loved thee all my life. It is very strange, but I never thought it till to-night. Thou canst not go away, Gottfried."

"We must speak to father Vreder. Wilt thou come?"

Hand in hand they stood before the old father, and told him their romance. But he laughed and shook his head, and said,

"Wait till he is famous; then, when he comes back with a ribbon from the king, then we will see, my children."

"But, my father, I shall love him no better when he is famous."

No; Gottfried must go away for a year at least, and come back famous; then the father would give his consent. So the new lovers were parted, with only this little promise to bind them, for Gottfried had said,

"My Mina, how can I be sure that thou wilt not marry Theodore Bildeman while I am away from thee?"

She looked up with her blue eyes and answered him,

"Gottfried, I will never marry till thou art come home."

Then he kissed her lips, and after that, though they were not betrothed, though father Vreder had not even given his consent, Mina felt that she belonged to Gottfried, that nothing could separate them.

More than a year passed, and Gottfried was beginning to be famous. His name was often heard as that of a great artist. Mina treasured all these praises, and read them over and again, till she almost knew them by heart.

Hans, talking with Laurenz Bröck of an evening, nodded his head, and often told how the boy had come to him, and how he had always known that there was genius in him, and the good counsel and help he had given Gottfried.

Mina would sit under the linden, half dreaming, half listening to her father, then steal into the work-room where they had parted, and her face would dimple and grow tender as she thought of her lover in Berlin, and wondered when he would come to her again. So she would stand till Theodore Bildeman, perhaps, in passing down the street, looked up with too longing eyes, and little Mina ran away from his glance, her dream broken by his ugly, stupid face.

Theodore was still faithful, though of late his serenades had not troubled her so often as before Gottfried came.

Her lover wrote to her sometimes, and with one letter there had come a ring of blue turquoises, set like a wreath of forget-me-nots. He told her of his success at Berlin; how the king had sent for him, and made him play at the palace; how he had made a beautiful young countess cry with his music, and that in the morning she had sent him a bow with a diamond in its end; and, finally, that he was going to play for her the next day at her château without the city gate. "I am growing famous, and rich too, Mina, and in another year I shall come to claim thee from father Vreder. Thou wilt wait for me, mein Kind?"

Wait for him? Forever!

In the château outside the city gate Gottfried was daily becoming a more welcome guest. The poor violinist, with the refinement of his art, was worthy to enter any salon, was as a prince among the noble people whom he met. Certainly the countess thought so. Never had she been more gracious than to this stranger. He seemed at once to be taken under her protection. She was young, beautiful, and a widow.

Gottfried was happy to betake himself to his little room, and there to write all about his triumphs to his beloved Mina.

"The countess is, without doubt, very beautiful," he wrote; "though, to my mind, she is too tall and dark. Her taste in music is fine and cultivated. Her manners are charming, and the fifty florins that I found neatly hidden in my violin case, on my return from playing at her house, are charming also. I am to go again to the opera, in her box, to-morrow evening, and to be presented there to the Duke of Saxe Schwollern Hochsberg, the amateur of music."

Such letters, with descriptions of the world he was making more bright, made Mina very glad. She quite loved the countess, because she so well appreciated her Gottfried's genius. And fifty florins was surely a great sum to gain by one evening's playing. Gottfried would soon be rich! Happy Mina, singing softly as she thought of her sweetheart, did she never notice how father Vreder and Laurenz Bröck held their heads close together as they talked, and how cautiously they looked at her? The Herr Bürgermeister Bildeman came often to see her father, and spoke earnestly with him, standing at the gate, where she could not hear what they were saying. Theodore was singing serenades again, and startled her from a dream of Gottfried with his rough bass voice, groaning forth,

"Du meine Seele, du mein Herz."

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"Oh," said Mina, "why does he sing?"

Laurenz Bröck had not been seen for several days. Father Vreder was quite lost without him, and sat on the door-step and tried to smoke, forgetting that his pipe was not lighted.

"Where is Herr Bröck, my father?" asked Mina.

"He has gone away, Kindlein, to Berlin."

"To Berlin! Why did he not tell me? I would have sent a greeting by him. He will see Gottfried?"

"Perhaps," said Vreder.

"Did Gottfried know that he was coming, father?"

"I think not, Mina." Then he took to his cold pipe again, and said no more.

His daughter wondered why she had not been told that Herr Bröck was going, and thought how glad Gottfried would be to see him and hear news of her.

Laurenz Bröck had gone to Berlin, and had obtained a seat at the opera-house, whence he could gaze into the countess's box, and from this point he had watched its inmates. He saw the door open to admit several people, and the countess leaning on the arm of a very elegant gentleman.

"The violinist Gottfried," said a communicative neighbor: "they say he is to marry her."

"So!" said Bröck.

The opera was "Robert." The princess on the stage was singing uncommonly flat. The countess leaned languidly back among the crimson draperies, and played with her white bouquet, while over its petals her eyes fixed themselves on Gottfried's face.

"Robert! Robert! ich liebe dich," sang the princess.

Gottfried lifted his glance, and met the gaze of the countess. Such a wild, longing look was in those beautiful eyes. The words of the song seemed empty. The actress seemed a doll. For a moment intense sorrow filled his heart. She had been so good to him; she was so beautiful and noble. "I will tell her of my little Mina," he thought. "That must help her back to her peaceful life. It is the music that has roused this spirit." He drew near his friend and leaned over her. The color flashed into her face.

"Gnädige Gräfin," he said, "this music moves you, and it touches me too, this passionate music of love; for it brings to my heart the thought of a fair little maiden whom I am going soon to see. In a few days I shall leave Berlin, though she does not expect me now." He went on very quietly, yet he knew that her face was burning, that her eyes were as though she had become blind. "I have spoken to no one in Berlin of my happiness; but far away my Mina is waiting for me until I am rich enough to claim her from the old father. You have been so true a friend to me, you have helped me so, that to you I feel I must tell of my treasure. She is very young and fair, and she loves me truly."

The countess bowed. She was very pale now, even her lips. Two tears fell upon the crimson cushion; then suddenly she stretched out her hand, and clasped it for an instant round his wrist. She bent over her flowers. The opera went on.

The next day Gottfried called at the château to bid the lady farewell. He was not admitted. On his table at night he found a little packet with this note:

"When, dear friend, you see once more that sweet maiden who has plighted you her troth, give her this token from one who knew you and esteemed your genius, and who prays that Heaven may bless your two true hearts. JESSONDA."

Herr Bröck from his seat had watched the by-play in the countess's box; and though he had heard no words, he had carefully marked the earnestness of the young man, the countess's rapt attention.

What did it mean? He had heard many rumors of Gottfried's marriage with the Countess Jessonda. What he had seen was enough to confirm them. He would not go to see Gottfried; he would hasten home to his friend Vreder with the information he had already obtained.

"And Hans shall decide. It will be best for Mina to marry Theodore Bildeman at once. He loves her truly, and she should reward him. This will suit the Bürgermeister well."

Bröck came next day, and father Vreder and he talked and smoked themselves into an excited state of mind. Then there was another meeting with Herr Bildeman.

"Mein Kind," said Vreder, with solemn air, "hast thou heard from Gottfried of late? Has he mentioned the Countess Jessonda?"

"Yes, my father; Gottfried often speaks of his beautiful friend."

"Mina, thou shouldst think no more of Gottfried. Little one, he is not true to thee. All Berlin is full of the tidings of his approaching marriage with this noble lady."

"Is that what Herr Bröck had to tell thee?"

Mina was standing by her father's chair. Her hands, that had been playing with the tassel of his cap, fell idly by her sides.

"Mein Kind, the good Herr Bröck saw them at the opera speaking together as only those who are betrothed should speak; and he believes that the report is true that Gottfried will marry the countess."

"The Herr Bröck is not good, my father. He has not told the truth."

She walked quickly away from his side and stood by the window, looking out at the sky and the little white clouds sailing about.

"Mina, thou art wrong to speak so of thy old friend. Bürgermeister Bildeman heard of this first. He too thinks it."

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"I do not believe the Herr Bildeman."

"In whom wilt thou believe, then, thou crazy child? Thou shalt have nothing more to do with this Gottfried. Dost thou hear me? Thou shalt believe me."

The old man had risen from his chair, still grasping it with one hand, while with the other he held defiantly aloft the fluttering blue silk cap, which he had in his wrath plucked off by the tassel. His little round eyes peered angrily through his spectacles, and the color had mounted to his shining bald crown.

"Mina, answer me."

She came up to him then, and laid her hands upon his breast. Her eyes were very bright, though her lips trembled.

"Father, thou knowest that I love Gottfried. I must believe him. He is not false to me—I know it. Only have patience, and thou too shalt know that he is true to his little Mina."

Then she left him, standing with his arms upraised. But she was gone. So he put his cap on again, sat down, and lighted his pipe.

Did Mina mean to disobey him? He must talk it over again with Bröck. Bröck was a bachelor, and could decide more calmly than if he had children of his own.

Mina had just left her father, and was hurrying to the quiet of her own room, that she might there think of her lover, and whisper softly how much she trusted him. But the house door opened, and the head of the Bürgermeister was thrust in. He gazed about through his great blue spectacles, and on seeing Mina standing in the passage-way, he stepped quickly in and took off his hat.

"Ach, Fräulein," he said, "I am most glad that I have the good fortune to find you alone and unoccupied. I am come to give you a few words of friendly sympathy and advice. I am aware that the foolish attachment which you have entertained for the false fiddler Gottfried is now at an end, and I would congratulate you on so fortunate an escape. Let me inform you, liebes Fräulein, that my son Theodore, an excellent young man, and possessed of great talent, has long loved you most truly. He is rich, and also a musician, and can offer you a handsome house and a brave income. I would advise you, my child, to think favorably of his suit. Your father has already given his consent."

The Bürgermeister made her a low bow, and came forward as if to take her hand; but suddenly she gave a little cry, and covering her face, fled away, and left him smiling superciliously at the bare walls.

"Very good," he muttered, as he departed. "Theodore shall take hope from this. Just so did the Frau Bildeman, as a girl, when I first offered her the honor of my hand; though, indeed, it was not till she became the widow Crabs that she accepted me. My opinion is that women are all alike; they are always a little coy and foolish, and need to be managed."

Poor Mina was crying alone up stairs. Had they all conspired to make her marry Theodore, whom she hated? "Gottfried," she sobbed, "I will not break my promise. I will never marry till thou art come home."

Had the Bürgermeister told the truth? Had her father consented to give her to that stupid son Theodore, to let her heart be broken?

His sad-eyed, gentle daughter made old Hans quite melancholy. He did not guess that she was still determined to believe in her absent lover. He thought that she was ready to submit to his will, and felt very tenderly toward her in consequence.

Nothing was said for several days about the false Gottfried or the true Theodore. Then Hans, thinking the right time had come, and still acting upon the excellent advice of his friends, said, in a commanding manner,

"Thou wilt this evening receive a visit from the son of the Bürgermeister. It is my wish that thou treat him in a manner befitting the honor he does thee, and that thou remember that I hope to see thee well settled before I die. Thy father commands thee to accept his offer." Then he very hurriedly left the room, as if he feared Mina would answer him.

"Ah," she sighed, "thou dear Christ help me!"

She was sitting under the linden-tree in the court-yard, waiting sadly for the promised visit of her suitor. She had resolved to ask his mercy. "I believe he has a kind heart; he will not force me to marry him against my will," she thought. Some tears had fallen. She had not heard from Gottfried for more than a week. Could it be that he was ceasing to love her—that he meant to forsake her? Then she was frightened to have imagined such a thing, even for a moment. The beloved Gottfried, she would trust him forever!

The Bürgermeister's son was coming quickly down the street. Suddenly he paused in his walk, looked sharply at a figure advancing from the opposite direction, turned on his heel, and hastened home even more rapidly than he had left it. His father met him at the door.

"Well, my son? She consents gladly?"

"Thou wouldst have made a fool of me, thou and the old man. Gottfried has come home."

Mina's eyes were turned away from the street; she did not see the tall, supple figure. Under his arm he carried a violin case, over his shoulder the stick and bundle—just as he had come four years ago. But the face of the homeless boy had been full of a sort of hopeless longing, of disappointment; now,

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the face of the man was lighted with the beautiful aspirations of his art, with the firmness of his success, and with the blessed thought of his dear Mina waiting for him under the brown gables of the violin-maker's house.

The gate-latch clicked; Mina drew another sigh—Theodore had come: oh, to be true and firm! She clasped her hands. Gottfried's quick eye caught the shimmer of the dying sunlight on her yellow hair. He stood beside her for an instant; he saw the undried tears upon her cheek, and the little hands pressed tight together. Very softly, very tenderly he spoke, just as he had done before:

"Herzliebchen, what is it?"

She shivered like a leaf when the wind blows, then, with a little moan, "Oh, Gottfried! oh, my all-dearest!" she sank upon his breast.

He had often pictured to himself this home-coming: how Mina, smiling and glad, would hasten to meet him, and shyly give him her cheek to kiss, or, perhaps, would throw her soft arms about his neck, and speak his name. Here was Mina resting in his arms as if it were she who had come home from the weary journey. All her bright gladness was gone. She had said no word of welcome; she was overcome with grief. And yet he was content: never had she seemed to love him so well.

He sat down under the old linden, and held her, caressing and murmuring softly to her, till her weeping was stilled.

Sitting thus the evening closed around them, and father Vreder came out upon the door-step to look for his daughter. He shaded his eyes carefully from the candle he was holding. He saw Mina beside her lover. Surely that is not Theodore. "Himmel's Ruh, it is Gottfried!" With a bound he is beside them, and seizing Gottfried about the neck, kisses him heartily on both cheeks. "Ah, my children, I have been wrong and foolish. God be thanked that thou art come home in time. I must talk this over with Bröck. He has not behaved well. Tell Gottfried how we have treated thee, my little angel; how we would have thee believe him false, and all because the Bürgermeister wanted thee to marry his son Theodore. Bröck is greatly to blame. Gott sei dank!"

The little father was wild with joy, and seemed to have forgotten his own share in the conspiracy. It had all been the fault of Bröck and the Bürgermeister, who now appeared at the gate.

"Ha, ma'm'selle, your tardy lover has returned at last; and now you will believe all that he tells you," cried Bildeman.

"And about the countess, did you arrange that little matter to advantage before you left Berlin?" sneered Bröck, who saw his power fast ebbing away.

"The Countess Jessonda has been a very good friend to me, Herr Bröck, and that she still is," answered Gottfried. "Liebchen, she sends thee a jewel to wear on thy wedding-day."

"Good-night, Herr Bürgermeister; good-night, friend Bröck," says the little father, almost jumping up and down with pleasure. "I shall hope to see you soon again, when you will dance at the betrothal-feast of my children, Gottfried and Mina!"

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER IV.

ADRIAN URMAND had been three days gone from Granpere before Michel Voss found a fitting opportunity for talking to his niece. It was not a matter, as he thought, in which there was need for any great hurry, but there was need for much consideration. Once again he spoke on the subject to his wife. "If she's thinking about George, she has kept it very much to herself," he remarked.

"Girls do keep it to themselves," said Madame Voss.

"I'm not so sure of that. They generally show it somehow. Marie never looks lovelorn. I don't believe a bit of it; and as for him, all the time he has been away he has never so much as sent a word of a message to one of us."

"He sent his love to you, when I saw him, quite dutifully," said Madame Voss.

"Why don't he come and see us, if he cares for us? It isn't of him that Marie is thinking."

"It isn't of any body else, then," said Madame Voss. "I never see her speak a word to any of the young men, nor one of them ever speaking a word to her." Pondering over all this, Michel Voss resolved that he would have it all out with his niece on the following Sunday.

On the Sunday he engaged Marie to start with him after dinner to the place on the hill-side where they were cutting wood. It was a beautiful autumn afternoon, in that pleasantest of all months in the year, when the sun is not too hot, and the air is fresh and balmy, and one is still able to linger abroad, loitering either in or out of the

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shade, when the midges cease to bite, and the sun no longer scorches and glares; but the sweet vestiges of summer remain, and every thing without-doors is pleasant and friendly, and there is the gentle, unrecognized regret for the departing year, the unconscious feeling that its glory is going from us, to add the inner charm of a soft melancholy to the outer luxury of the atmosphere. I doubt whether Michel Voss had ever realized the fact that September is the kindliest of all the months, but he felt it, and enjoyed the leisure of his Sunday afternoon when he could get his niece to take a stretch with him on the mountain-side. On these occasions Madame Voss was left at home with M. le Curé, who liked to linger over his little cup of coffee. Madame Voss, indeed, seldom cared to walk very far from the door of her own house; and on Sundays to go to the church and back again was certainly sufficient exercise.

Michel Voss said no word about Adrian Urmand as they were ascending the hill. He was too wise for that. He could not have given effect to his experience with sufficient eloquence had he attempted the task while the burden of the rising ground was upon his lungs and chest. They turned into a saw-mill as they went up, and counted the scantlings of timber that had been cut, and Michel looked at the cradle to see that it worked well, and to the wheels to see that they were in good order, and observed that the channel for the water required repairs, and said a word as to the injury that had come to him because George had left him. "Perhaps he may come back soon," said Marie. To this he made no answer, but continued his path up the mountain-side. "There will be plenty of feed for the cows this autumn," said Marie Bromar. "That is a great comfort."

"Plenty," said Michel; "plenty." But Marie knew from the tone of his voice that he was not thinking about the grass, and so she held her peace. But the want or plenty of the pasture was generally a subject of the greatest interest to the people of Granpere at that special time of the year, and one on which Michel Voss was ever ready to speak. Marie therefore knew that there was something on her uncle's mind. Nevertheless he inspected the timber that was cut, and made some remarks about the work of the men. They were not so careful in barking the logs as they used to be, and upon the whole he thought that the wood itself was of a worse quality. What is there that we do not find to be deteriorating around us when we consider the things in detail, though we are willing enough to admit a general improvement? "Yes," said he, in answer to some remarks from Marie, "we must take it, no doubt, as God gives it to us, but we need not spoil it in the handling. Sit down, my dear; I want to speak to you for a few minutes." Then they sat down together on a large prostrate pine, which was being prepared to be sent down to the saw-mill. "My dear," said he, "I want to speak to you about Adrian Urmand." She blushed and trembled as she placed herself beside him, but he hardly noticed it. He was not quite at his ease himself, and was a little afraid of the task he had undertaken. "Adrian tells me that he asked you to take him as your lover, and that you refused."

"Yes, Uncle Michel."

"But why, my dear? How are you to do better? Perhaps I or your aunt should have spoken to you first, and told you that we thought well of the match."

"It wasn't that, uncle. I knew you thought well of it; or, at least, I believed that you did."

"And what is your objection, Marie?"

"I don't object to M. Urmand, uncle—at least, not particularly."

"But he says you do object. You would not accept him when he offered himself."

"No; I did not accept him."

"But you will, my dear—if he comes again?"

"No, uncle."

"And why not? Is he not a good young man?"

"Oh yes—that is, I dare say."

"And he has a good business. I do not know what more you could expect."

"I expect nothing, uncle—except not to go away from you."

"Ah—but you must go away from me. I should be very wrong, and so would your aunt, to let you remain here till you lose your good looks, and become an old woman on our hands. You are a pretty girl, Marie, and fit to be any man's wife, and you ought to take a husband. I am quite in earnest now, my dear; and I speak altogether for your own welfare."

"I know you are in earnest, and I know that you speak for my welfare."

"Well; well; what then? Of course it is only reasonable that you should be married some day. Here is a young man in a better way of business than any man, old or young, that comes into Granpere. He has a house in Basle, and money to put in it whatever you want. And for the matter of that, Marie, my niece shall not go away from me empty-handed."

She drew herself closer to him, and took hold of his arm and pressed it, and looked up into his face. "I brought nothing with me," she said, "and I want to take nothing away."

"Is that it?" he said, speaking rapidly. "Let me tell you, then, my girl, that you shall have nothing but your earnings—your fair earnings. Don't you take trouble about that. Urmand and I will settle that be-

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"DON'T YOU KNOW THAT A YOUNG WOMAN LIKE YOU OUGHT TO BE MARRIED SOME DAY?"

tween us, and I will go bail there shall be no unpleasant words. As I said before, my girl sha'n't leave my house empty-handed; but, Lord bless you, he would only be too happy to take you in your petticoat—just as you are. I never saw a fellow more in love with a girl. Come, Marie, you need not mind saying the word to me, though you could not bring yourself to say it to him."

"I can't say that word, uncle, either to you or to him."

"And why the devil not?" said Michel Voss, who was beginning to be tired of being eloquent.

"I would rather stay at home with you and my aunt."

"Oh, bother!"

"Some girls stay at home always. All girls do not get married. I don't want to be taken to Basle."

"This is all nonsense," said Michel, getting up. "If you're a good girl, you will do as you are told."

"It would not be good to be married to a man if I do not love him."

"But why shouldn't you love him? He's just the man that all the girls always love. Why don't you love him?" As Michel Voss asked this last question, there was a tone of anger in his voice. He had allowed his niece considerable liberty, and now she was unreasonable. Marie, who, in spite of her devotion to her uncle, was beginning to think that she was ill used by this tone, made no reply. "I hope you haven't been falling in love with any one else?" continued Michel.

"No," said Marie, in a low whisper.

"I do hope you're not still thinking of George, who has left us without casting a thought upon you. I do hope that you are not such a fool as that." Marie sat perfectly silent, not moving; but there was a frown on her brow, and a look of sorrow mixed with anger on her face. But Michel Voss did not see her face. He looked straight before him as he spoke, and was flinging chips of wood to a distance in his energy. "If it's that, Marie, I tell you you had better get quit of it at once. It can come to no good. Here is an excellent husband for you. Be a good girl, and say that you will accept him."

"I should not be a good girl to accept a man whom I do not love."

"Is it any thought about George that makes you say so, child?" Michel paused a moment for an answer. "Tell me," he continued; with almost angry energy, "is it be-

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cause of George that you refuse yourself this young man?"

Marie paused again for a moment, and then she replied, "No, it is not."

"It is not?"

"No, uncle."

"Then why will you not marry Adrian Urmand?"

"Because I do not care for him. Why won't you let me remain with you, uncle?"

She was very close to him now, and leaning against him; and her throat was half choked with sobs, and her eyes were full of tears. Michel Voss was a soft-hearted man, and inclined to be very soft of heart where Marie Bromar was concerned. On the other hand, he was thoroughly convinced that it would be for his niece's benefit that she should marry this young trader; and he thought also that it was his duty as her uncle and guardian to be round with her, and make her understand that, as her friends wished it, and as the young trader himself wished it, it was her duty to do as she was desired. Another uncle and guardian in his place would hardly have consulted the girl at all. Between his desire to have his own way and reduce her to obedience, and the temptation to put his arm round her waist and kiss away her tears, he was uneasy and vacillating. She gently put her hand within his arm, and pressed it very close.

"Won't you let me remain with you, uncle? I love you and Aunt Josey" (Madame Voss was named Josephine, and was generally called Aunt Josey) "and the children. I could not go away from the children. And I like the house. I am sure I am of use in the house."

"Of course you are of use in the house. It is not that."

"Why, then, should you want to send me away?"

"What nonsense you talk, Marie! Don't you know that a young woman like you ought to be married some day—that is, if she can get a fitting man to take her? What would the neighbors say of me if we kept you at home to drudge for us, instead of settling you out in the world properly? You forget, Marie, that I have a duty to perform, and you should not make it so difficult."

"But if I don't want to be settled?" said Marie. "Who cares for the neighbors? If you and I understand each other, is not that enough?"

"I care for the neighbors," said Michel Voss, with energy.

"And must I marry a man I don't care a bit for because of the neighbors, Uncle Michel?" asked Marie, with something approaching to indignation in her voice.

Michel Voss perceived that it was of no use for him to carry on the argument. He entertained a half-formed idea that he did not quite understand the objections so strongly urged by his niece; that there was something on her mind that she would not tell him, and that there might be cruelty in urging the matter upon her; but, in opposition to this, there was his assured conviction that it was his duty to provide well and comfortably for his niece, and that it was her duty to obey him in acceding to such provision as he might make. And then this marriage was undoubtedly a good marriage—a match that would make all the world declare how well Michel Voss had done for the girl whom he had taken under his protection. It was a marriage that he could not bear to see go out of the family. It was not probable that the young linen merchant, who was so well to do in the world, and who, no doubt, might have his choice in larger places than Granpere—it was not probable, Michel thought, that he would put up with many refusals. The girl would lose her chance, unless he, by his firmness, could drive this folly out of her. And yet how could he be firm, when he was tempted to throw his great arms about her, and swear that she should eat of his bread and drink of his cup and be unto him as a daughter till the last day of their joint existence? When she crept so close to him and pressed his arm, he was almost overcome by the sweetness of her love and by the tenderness of his own heart.

"It seems to me that you don't understand," he said at last. "I didn't think that such a girl as you would be so silly."

To this she made no reply, and then they began to walk down the hill together.

They had walked half-way home, he stepping a little in advance—because he was still angry with her, or angry rather with himself in that he could not bring himself to scold her properly—and she following close behind his shoulder, when he stopped suddenly and asked her a question which came from the direction his thoughts were taking at the moment. "You are sure," he said, "that you are not doing this because you expect George to come back to you?"

"Quite sure," she said, bearing forward a moment, and answering him in a whisper when she spoke.

"By my word, then, I can't understand it. I can't indeed. Has Urmand done any thing to offend you?"

"Nothing, uncle."

"Nor said any thing?"

"Not a word, uncle. I am not offended. Of course I am much obliged to him. Only I don't love him."

"By my faith I don't understand it. I don't indeed. It is sheer nonsense, and you must get over it. I shouldn't be doing my duty if I didn't tell you that you must get over it. He will be here again in another ten days, and you must have thought bet-

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ter of it by that time. You must indeed, Marie."

Then they walked down the hill in silence together, each thinking intently on the purpose of the other, but each altogether misunderstanding the other. Michel Voss was assured that she had twice declared that she was altogether indifferent to his son George. What he might have said or done had she declared her affection for her absent lover, he did not himself know. He had not questioned himself on that point. Though his wife had told him that Marie was ever thinking of George, he had not believed that it was so. He had no reason for disliking a marriage between his son and his wife's niece. When he had first thought that they were going to be lovers, under his nose, without his permission—going to commence a new kind of life between themselves without so much as a word spoken to him or by him—he had found himself compelled to interfere, compelled as a father and an uncle. That kind of thing could never be allowed to take place in a well-ordered house without the expressed sanction of the head of the household. He had interfered—rather roughly; and his son had taken him at his word. He was sore now at his son's coldness to him, and was disposed to believe that his son cared not at all for any one at Granpere. His niece was almost as dear to him as his son, and much more dutiful. Therefore he would do the best he could for his niece. Marie's declaration that George was nothing to her—that she did not think of him—was in accordance with his own ideas. His wife had been wrong. His wife was usually wrong when any headwork was required. There could be no good reason why Marie Bromar should not marry Adrian Urmand.

But Marie, as she knew very well, had never declared that George Voss was nothing to her, he was forgotten, or that her heart was free. He had gone from her and had forgotten her. She was quite sure of that. And should she ever hear that he was married to some one else—as it was probable that she would hear some day—then she would be free again. Then she might take this man or that, if her friends wished it, and if she could bring herself to endure the proposed marriage. But at present her troth was plighted to George Voss; and where her troth was given, there was her heart also. She could understand that such a circumstance, affecting one of so little importance as herself, should be nothing to a man like her uncle; but it was every thing to her. George had forgotten her, and she had wept sorely over his want of constancy. But though telling herself that this certainly was so, she had declared to herself that she would never be untrue till his want of truth had been put beyond the reach of doubt. Who does not know how hope remains, when reason has declared that there is no longer ground for hoping?

Such had been the state of her mind hitherto; but what would be the good of entertaining hope, even if there were ground for hoping, when, as was so evident, her uncle would never permit George and her to be man and wife? And did she not owe every thing to her uncle? And was it not the duty of a girl to obey her guardian? Would not all the world be against her if she refused this man? Her mind was tormented by a thousand doubts, when her uncle said another word to her, just as they were entering the village:

"You will try and think better of it, will you not, my dear?" She was silent. "Come, Marie, you can say that you will try. Will you not try?"

"Yes, uncle, I will try."

Michel Voss went home in a good humor, for he felt that he had triumphed; and poor Marie returned broken-hearted, for she was aware that she had half yielded. She knew that her uncle was triumphant.

CHAPTER V.

When Edmond Greisse was back at Granpere he well remembered his message, but he had some doubt as to the expediency of delivering it. He had to reflect, in the first place, whether he was quite sure that matters were arranged between Marie and Adrian Urmand. The story had been told to him as being certainly true by Peter, the waiter. And he had discussed the matter with other young men, his associates in the place, among all of whom it was believed that Urmand was certainly about to carry away the young woman with whom they were all more or less in love. But when, on his return to Granpere, he had asked a few more questions, and had found that even Peter was now in doubt on a point as to which he had before been so sure, he began to think that there would be some difficulty in giving his message. He was not without some little fear of Marie, and hesitated to tell her that he had spread the report about her marriage. So he contented himself with simply announcing to her that George Voss intended to visit his old home.

"Does my uncle know?" Marie asked.

"No; you are to tell him," said Greisse.

"I am to tell him! Why should I tell him? You can tell him."

"But George said that I was to let you know, and that you would tell your uncle." This was quite unintelligible to Marie; but it was clear to her that she could make no such announcement after the conversation which she had had with her uncle. It was quite out of the question that she should be the first to announce George's return, when

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she had been twice warned on that Sunday afternoon not to think of him. "You had better let my uncle know yourself," she said, as she walked away. But young Greisse, knowing that he was already in trouble, and feeling that he might very probably make it worse, held his peace. When, therefore, one morning George Voss showed himself at the door of the inn, neither his father nor Madame Voss expected him.

But his father was kind to him, and his step-mother hovered round him with demonstrations of love and gratitude, as though much were due to him for coming back at all. "But you expected me?" said George.

"No indeed," said his father. "We did not expect you now any more than on any other day since you left us."

"I sent word by Edmond Greisse," said George. Edmond was interrogated, and declared that he had forgotten to give the message. George was too clever to pursue the matter any further, and when he first met Marie Bromar there was not a word said between them beyond what might have been said between any young persons so related after an absence of twelve months. George Voss was very careful to make no demonstration of affection for a girl who had forgotten him, and who was now, as he believed, betrothed to another man; and Marie was determined that certainly no sign of the old love should first be shown by her. He had come back, perhaps just in time. He had returned just at the moment in which something must be decided. She had felt how much there was in the little word which she had spoken to her uncle. When a girl says that she will try to reconcile herself to a man's overtures, she has almost yielded. The word had escaped her without any such meaning on her part—had been spoken because she had feared to continue to contradict her uncle in the full completeness of a positive refusal. She had regretted it as soon as it had been spoken, but she could not recall it. She had seen in her uncle's eye, and had heard in the tone of his voice, for how much that word had been taken; but it had gone forth from her mouth, and she could not now rob it of its meaning. Adrian Urmand was to be back at Granpere in a few days—in ten days Michel Voss had said; and there were those ten days for her in which to resolve what she would do. Now, as though sent from heaven, George had returned in this very interval of time. Might it not be that he would help her out of her difficulty? If he would only tell her to remain single for his sake, she would certainly turn her back upon her Swiss lover, let her uncle say what he might. She would make no engagement with George unless with her uncle's sanction; but a word, a look of love, would fortify her against that other marriage.

George, she thought, had come back a man more to be worshiped than ever, as far as appearance went. What woman could doubt for a moment between two such men? Adrian Urmand was no doubt a pretty man, with black hair, of which he was very careful, with white hands, with bright, small, dark eyes which were very close together, with a thin, regular nose, a small mouth, and a black mustache which he was always pointing with his fingers. It was impossible to deny that he was good-looking after a fashion; but Marie despised him in her heart. She was almost bigger than he was, certainly stronger, and had no aptitude for the city niceness and *point-device* fastidiousness of such a lover. George Voss had come back, not taller than when he had left them, but broader in the shoulders, and more of a man. And then he had in his eye, and in his beaked nose, and his large mouth, and well-developed chin, that look of command which was the peculiar character of his father's face, and which women, who judge of men by their feelings rather than their thoughts, always love to see. Marie, if she would consent to marry Adrian Urmand, might probably have her own way in the house in every thing; whereas it was certain enough that George Voss, wherever he might be, would desire to have his way. But yet there needed not a moment, in Marie's estimation, to choose between the two. George Voss was a real man; whereas Adrian Urmand, tried by such a comparison, was, in her estimation, simply a rich trader in want of a wife.

In a day or two the fatted calf was killed, and all went happily between George and his father. They walked together up into the mountains, and looked after the wood-cutting, and discussed the prospects of the inn at Colmar. Michel was disposed to think that George had better remain at Colmar, and accept Madame Faragon's offer. "If you think that the house is worth any thing, I will give you a few thousand francs to set it in order; and then you had better agree to allow her so much a year for her life." He probably felt himself to be nearly as young a man as his son; and then remember, too, that he had other sons coming up who would be able to carry on the house at Granpere when he should be past his work. Michel was a loving, generous-hearted man, and all feeling of anger with his son was over before they had been together two days. "You can't do better, George," he said. "You need not always stay away from us for twelve months; and I might take a turn over the mountain, and get a lesson as to how you do things at Colmar. If ten thousand francs will help you, you shall have them. Will that make things go straight with you?" George Voss thought the sum named would make things go very straight; but, as the reader knows, he had another matter near to his heart. He

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thanked his father; but not in the joyous, thoroughly contented tone that Michel had expected. "Is there any thing wrong about it?" Michel said, in that sharp tone which he used when something had suddenly displeased him.

"There is nothing wrong, nothing wrong at all," said George, slowly. "The money is much more than I could have expected. Indeed, I did not expect any."

"What is it, then?"

"I was thinking of something else. Tell me, father, is it true that Marie is going to be married to Adrian Urmand?"

"What makes you ask?"

"I heard a report of it," said George. "Is it true?"

The father reflected a moment what answer he should give. It did not seem to him that George spoke of such a marriage as though the rumor of it had made him unhappy. The question had been asked almost with indifference. And then the young man's manner to Marie and Marie's manner to him during the last two days had made him certain that he had been right in supposing that they had both forgotten the little tenderness of a year ago. And Michel had thoroughly made up his mind that it would be well that Marie should marry Adrian. He believed that he had already vanquished Marie's scruples. She had promised "to try to think better of it" before George's return; and therefore was he not justified in regarding the matter as almost settled? "I think that they will be married," said he to his son.

"Then there is something in it?"

"Oh yes; there is a great deal in it. Urmand is very eager for it, and has asked me and her aunt, and we have consented."

"But has he asked her?"

"Yes; he has done that too," said Michel.

"And what answer did he get?"

"Well, I don't know that it would be fair to tell that. Marie is not a girl likely to jump into a man's arms at the first word. But I think there is no doubt that they will be betrothed before Sunday week. He is to be here again on Wednesday."

"She likes him, then?"

"Oh yes; of course she likes him." Michel Voss had not intended to say a word that was false. He was anxious to do the best in his power for both his son and his niece. He thoroughly understood that it was his duty as a father and a guardian to start them well in the world, to do all that he could for their prosperity, to feed their wants with his money, as a pelican feeds her young with blood from her bosom. Had he known the hearts of each of them, could he have understood Marie's constancy, or the obstinate silent strength of his son's disposition, he would have let Adrian Urmand, with his business and his house at Basle, have sought a wife in any other quarter when he listed, and would have joined together the hands of these two whom he loved, with a paternal blessing. But he did not understand. He thought that he saw every thing when he saw nothing; and now he was deceiving his son; for it was untrue that Marie had any such "liking" for Adrian Urmand as that of which George had spoken.

"It is as good as settled, then?" said George, not showing by any tone of his voice the anxiety with which the question was asked.

"I think it is as good as settled," Michel answered. Before they got back to the inn George had thanked his father for his liberal offer, had declared that he would accede to Madame Faragon's proposition, and had made his father understand that he must return to Colmar on the next Monday—two days before that on which Urmand was expected at Granpere.

The Monday came, and hitherto there had been no word of explanation between George and Marie. Every one in the house knew that he was about to return to Colmar, and every one in the house knew that he had been entirely reconciled to his father. Madame Voss had asked some question about him and Marie, and had been assured by her husband that there was nothing in that suspicion. "I told you from the beginning," said he, "that there was nothing of that sort. I only wish that George would think of marrying some one, now that he is to have a large house of his own over his head."

George had determined a dozen times that he would, and a dozen times that he would not, speak to Marie about her coming marriage, changing his mind as often as it was formed. Of what use was it to speak to her? he would say to himself. Then again he would resolve that he would scorch her false heart by one withering word before he went. Chance at last arranged it for him. Before he started he found himself alone with her for a moment, and it was almost impossible that he should not say something. Then he did speak. "They tell me you are going to be married, Marie. I hope you will be happy and prosperous."

"Who tells you so?"

"It is true, at any rate, I suppose?"

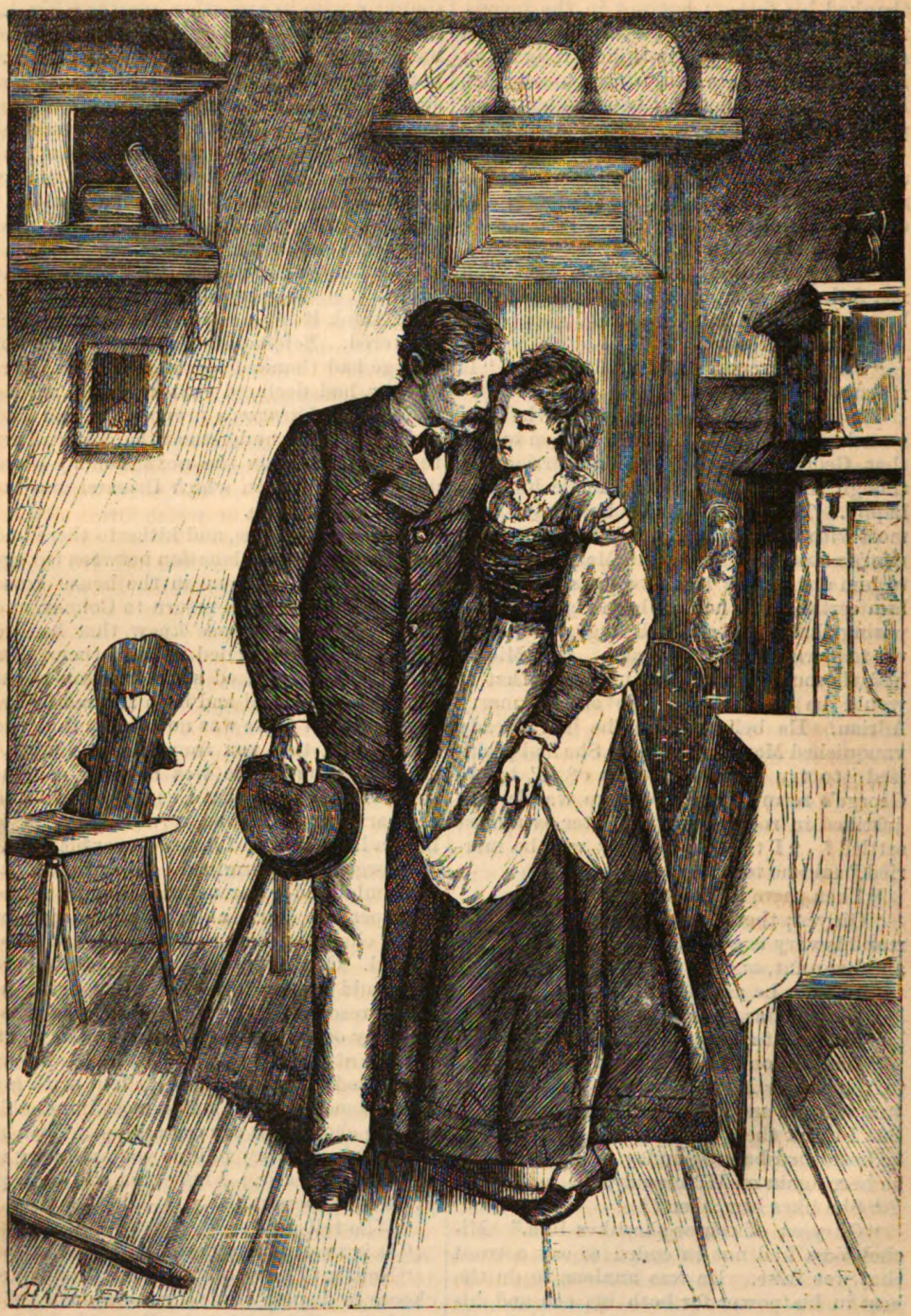
"Not that I know of. If my uncle and aunt choose to dispose of me, I can not help it."

"It is well for girls to be disposed of sometimes. It saves them a world of trouble."

"I don't know what you mean by that, George—whether it is intended to be ill-natured."

"No indeed. Why should I be ill-natured to you? I heartily wish you to be well and happy. I dare say M. Urmand will make you a good husband. Good-by, Marie. I shall be off in a few minutes. Will you not say farewell to me?"

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"THEN HE PUT HIS ARM ROUND HER AND KISSED HER."

"Farewell, George."

"We used to be friends, Marie."

"Yes; we used to be friends."

"And I have never forgotten the old days. I will not promise to come to your marriage, because it would not make either of us happy, but I shall wish you well. God bless you, Marie!" Then he put his arm round her and kissed her, as he might have done to a sister—as it was natural that he should do to Marie Bromar, regarding her as a cousin. She did not speak a word more, and then he was gone!

She had been quite unable to tell him the truth. The manner in which he had first addressed her made it impossible for her to tell him that she was not engaged to marry Adrian Urmand, that she was determined

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if possible to avoid the marriage, and that she had no love for Adrian Urmand. Had she done so, she would in so doing have asked him to come back to her. That she should do this was impossible. And yet as he left her some suspicion of the truth, some half-formed idea of the real state of the man's mind in reference to her, flashed across her own. She seemed to feel that she was specially unfortunate, but she felt at the same time that there was no means within her reach of setting things right. And she was as convinced as ever she had been that her uncle would never give his consent to a marriage between her and George Voss. As for George himself, he left her with an assured conviction that she was the promised bride of Adrian Urmand.

A JAPANESE STATESMAN AT HOME.



HIROSAWA.

THE great hotel of Yeddo, notwithstanding its magnitude, its imposing exterior, the conveniences in which it abounds, and its picturesque position upon the magnificent bay near the mouth of the river Sumida, has never been a popular resort. From its opening until the present time it has enjoyed as colossal a reputation for bad management as the famous Grand Hotel of Paris, and, as residents in the East are infinitely more exigent than the mass of visitors to the French capital, it does not prosper by the evils of its administration. Nevertheless, since it is one of the only two houses open in Yeddo for the accommodation of strangers, it succeeds in sheltering, upon an average, about half a score of partially satisfied visitors, whose chief occupation while inhabiting it is to swell the cry of animadversion which forever resounds against those who are responsible for its alleged shortcomings. For my own part, I never discovered any thing especially disagreeable about the establisment, nor have I, during my sojourn here, known any of the more serious charges of its misconduct to be established; but it appears that at the time of its inauguration, a year and a half ago, it really was very badly maintained, and the luxury of fault-finding, which is cherished beyond all other sacred joys by Europeans and Americans in Japan, and which was then, perhaps, quite justly indulged in, gradually became, like opium-smoking to a Chinese, a natural necessity. And so the Yeddo hotel remains, and I presume will ever remain, the burden of more bitter lamentations than any other single object within the city's limits.

So long as it stands, however, it will continue to be tenanted by the few tourists whom curiosity or deeper motives bring to the metropolis. The visits of the majority of these are casual and brief, and are seldom satisfactory either to themselves or to those with whom they come in contact. The conviction that Yeddo can be "seen," or "done," in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours is, of course, inextricably fixed in the minds of nine-tenths of those who enter it. The other tenth heroically devote, possibly, three days, and sometimes four, to the work. They arrive at night-fall from Yokohama, wearied with their ride of twenty miles, and at once proceed to satisfy their hunger at the excellent French restaurant over the way; for it is considered the correct and stylish thing to lodge at one house and wander away to the other for food. Oblivious to the marvelous moonlight beauties of the bay, which offers one of the loveliest views imaginable, and which is alone worth the toil of a day's journeying, they strengthen their acquaintance with the institutions of Japan by passing their first evening at the billiard-tables. The next day they whirl through the busy market region of Asakusa, which is like a perpetual fair, and which, carefully studied, would indeed afford much valuable information concerning the character and usages of the people; glance hurriedly at the ruins of the temples of Uyeno, without a thought of the stirring political memories they suggest; dash through the inclosures

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of the Castle, and return to their starting-point, elated with the consciousness of how much they have done, and blissfully ignorant of how little they have seen. For their second day, the brilliant temples of Shiba usually suffice, with the addition, if they are fortunate enough to catch a foreign consul in a moment of weakness, and to secure his co-operation, of a stroll in the imperial garden of Hamagoten. All this accomplished, they bound back to Yokohama, not without a sense of relief, but prepared to dilate majestically to future listeners at home upon the extent and intensity of their Yeddo experiences, and likely enough to die in the belief that they really have established an acquaintance with the capital of the Land of the Rising Sun.

The case of the more fastidious and conscientious travelers who devote seventy-two and even ninety-six instead of forty-eight hours to the labor of exploration is hard indeed. Having accompanied their hastier associates in the headlong expeditions already named, nothing, so far as they can easily learn, remains to be done. There is nobody now to tell them what they desire to see, and it would be folly to expect that they themselves can know. I say there is nobody *now*, because, until a few months ago, there was always one resource of which they never failed to avail themselves, with a perseverance and a pertinacity which only desperate sufferers from incurable *ennui* could display. The consul of the United States, with the strange recklessness to peril which distinguishes, I suppose, the natives of that part of New York in which he was reared, or possibly miscalculating his powers of moral endurance, pitched his official tent when he first came to Yeddo upon the most attractive and the most accessible balcony of the hotel—a spot at once so central and so exposed as to render seclusion almost impossible. To him, then, inevitably gravitated all those restless seekers for employment who, having, as they fancied, exhausted Yeddo in a two days' inspection, sought from the lips of authority fit instruction as to the disposal of their remaining time. I need not say that it was always impossible to make them understand that the true interest of Yeddo rests in the people who inhabit it, their every-day life, the vast industries and avocations it comprises, its social and its political characteristics; and that to rightly estimate it visits not of days but of months are needed. In fact, I do not imagine that Mr. Shepard ever made any serious efforts at this sort of explanation. It never was laid down among his official duties that he must supply deficiencies of common-sense on the part of those who might apply to him, and the Regulations nowhere enjoin that a consul shall furnish his vagrant countrymen with brains. Hospitality, however, was always at their command, and so the great majority of Americans—not to speak of delegates from other nations—who ran up to take in Yeddo at a couple of swoops completed their investigations of its marvels and mysteries by lounging profusely from morning till night in the consular apartments, oscillating in the official hammocks, and consuming the diplomatic cigars. In my early visits to Yeddo, whenever I approached that section of the hotel in which reposed the power and dignity of the Stars and Stripes, I knew by the massive wreaths of smoke that so gracefully curled that the consul was in the full exercise of his extra-official functions. This lasted for six months, at the end of which it was manifest that one of two alternatives lay in the inevitable future—madness or flight. To a consul who is not only a consul, but an ex-colonel as well, the idea of flight might certainly be repugnant; but, on the other hand, madness would have materially interfered with the proper discharge of his duty to his government; so, making quick choice of evils, he fled one night to the retirement of the American Legation, in the distant quarter of Asabu, and from that time until his subsequent removal to Yokohama the ravages of omnivorous strangers had no terrors for him.

Among the objects which, during his last weeks at the hotel, succeeded in capturing the drowsy attention of his guests was a bright and active Japanese lad, about seventeen years old, who, though then incapable of speaking English, and therefore not on terms of perfect and familiar ease, was evidently at home in the consulate, and could by no excess of dullness have been mistaken for any thing but a friend of the household. I am inclined to think that if he had worn the national dress, he would have generally escaped notice altogether, since by most foreign travelers all persons and objects are observed with an interest which exhibits itself in exact proportion to their remoteness from the normal Japanese condition. This youth, instead of retaining the loose and graceful garments of a Japanese gentleman, always appeared in neat American attire, and consequently became the subject of immediate curiosity. It is the most extraordinary thing in the world that people should come seven or eight thousand miles only to be especially attracted by what resembles themselves; but so it is, and so, probably, it ever will be.* The young Japanese, there-

* It is every where the same. Who has not seen the eager American, on his first Continental tour, arriving, for example, at Paris, and crying out to be conducted —whither? Not to the places where he may find the best examples of the people whose land he is visiting, but to some hotel where his own countrymen prevail, where the American language is spoken, and where American "cocktails" are fabricated. As if he could not have had at least enough of all these things without ever taking leave of New York city!

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fore, became an unfailing topic, and was brought forward every day with such prompt and unvarying regularity that the idea was at one period entertained of causing his history to be lithographed for distribution to all new-comers. There was not, after all, much to be told about him. Not long after arriving at his post, Mr. Shepard had received an intimation that an officer of very exalted position in the Mikado's government desired to place his son in the household of some trustworthy American resident, and had been asked, not in vain, to accept the charge. The object was simply to enable the lad to acquire some knowledge of such foreign customs as it might be desirable for him to understand before setting out upon a purposed tour in America and Europe, and to afford him some slight assistance in the English studies which he was endeavoring to pursue by himself. Having but a very slight acquaintance with our language, and being almost constantly occupied with his books and papers, he was seldom subject to protracted curiosity, and after serving as the basis for the invariable series of questions, was usually suffered to drop out of conversation and the minds of visitors.

When Mr. Shepard executed his hegira to Asabu, to save himself from his too oppressive friends, the finger of destiny happened to beckon me in the same direction. Or, in less resounding phrase, we became fellow-inmates of the establishment kindly devoted by the Japanese to the service of the government of the United States.* Young Master Hirosawa—Kenzo Hirosawa is his full name, or rather Hirosawa Kenzo, the family name taking precedence in Japan—accompanied his social guide, philosopher, and friend. And it was not very long before we came to recognize him as a genuine spirit of life and good cheer in the household. His brightness, his intelligence, and his unfailing good humor always had a very pleasant and wholesome influence upon every person who was thrown in contact with him. I should hardly know where else to look for the same qualities of vivacity and gentleness, of exuberance and docility, which are almost invariably united in the youth of this country. For these happy attributes Kenzo was neither more nor less distinguished than others of his class; but constant companionship naturally led us to value them especially in him. How much we were attached to him we did not ourselves know until, a few months later, the calamity which darkened his young life touched us so deeply that we felt he had gained no common hold upon our regard.†

That merry autumn and winter at Asabu was crowded with lively incidents, in all of which our light-hearted associate had his share, and the recollection of which tempts me to stray still further than I have already done from the purpose of this brief narrative. But I resist. From this moment Kenzo shall stand in the background, and his father, the Japanese statesman, whom I first saw at the Legation, and whom I afterward came to know at his own house, shall advance to the front.

We had not long been settled in our secluded temple of Zemfuku, when the consul, one of whose characteristics is a raging and uncontrollable spirit of hospitality, began to look about him for appropriate victims. Having in due course captured and surfeited all the desirable foreigners within his grasp, he sighed, Alexanderwise, for new appetites to conquer. Why might he not, he proceeded to reason, surround himself from time to time with native guests? A Japanese always enjoys a dinner, and a good host always enjoys the enjoyment of his companions. Conversation might be restricted, but the mouth has other functions than those of vocal utterance, and he was at least certain that those with whom he could talk but little could console themselves by eating the more. The simple question then remaining was—who should inaugurate the new system? Who, indeed, better than our young friend's father? It would possess some novelty for him, it would gratify Kenzo, and it would afford us the satisfaction of finding our legs under the same board as those of a very lofty dignitary of the Mikado's government. So Kenzo was dispatched, one morning, the bearer of a formal invitation, and returned to announce, with high glee, that his father would not fail to report himself on the appointed day, and that he would bring with him one of the interpreters of his office, to enable us to flavor the material banquet, to some extent, with relishes of reason and sips of soul. This having been so satisfactorily arranged, the consul's unquenchable fire of hospitality began to blaze afresh. He invented a set of reproaches, which he unsparingly applied to himself, for having neglected to invite some friend or acquaintance of Hirosawa Sama, to keep him in countenance, as it were, and to make him feel completely and in every way at his ease. Luckily it was not too late. A swift yaconin was sent forthwith to learn if Sawa Sama, the head of the Japanese Foreign-office, would honor us with his presence, and so forth, and so forth. Oh yes, Mr. Sawa would be delighted to assist us in the execution of our prandial project. He also would bring an accomplished linguist of his staff to interpret to him the character and construction of the several dishes, lest, like the famous Boston advocate, he should dilate

* Under the erroneous impression that the United States government would recognize the obligation of paying rent for them, which it has steadily refused to do.

† His father was assassinated on the 27th of February.

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with the wrong emotion. The party was then made up; and I, at least, awaited the occasion with a vast deal of eagerness, for up to that time I had never been brought into close relations with any Japanese of high estate, and no better opportunity of appeasing my innocent curiosity could possibly have offered itself.

Several hours of unusual labor on the part of all the servants attached to the establishment succeeded in imparting to the principal rooms of the mansion an aspect which, though it could hardly be called brilliant or imposing, was certainly a shade less lugubrious than that which they were accustomed to wear. For reasons which it is not necessary here to expound, the United States Legation in Yeddo stands in a chronic condition of neglect, and no temporary occupant, as the consul was, would be justified in burdening himself with the cost of rendering the whole of it habitable. It was our custom, therefore, to make use of only a limited portion. But on this occasion we felt stimulated to the effort of opening and putting to rights one or two extra apartments. The sliding-doors were thrown aside, the dust of two embassadorial *régimes* was extirpated, a few palsied chairs and tables were invigorated by strings or nails, and the cobweb which had for years cast a sinister shadow over President Pierce's countenance was brushed away. I think this portrait of the former Chief Magistrate is a relic of Mr. Townsend Harris's administration, and it may interest that gentleman to learn that it has survived all the vicissitudes of his successors' terms, and is at this day the sole permanent decoration of the edifice. A couple of large braziers (called by the Japanese Hibachi, or fire-bowls) served the double purpose of augmenting the show of furniture and diffusing a mild warmth. As we terminated our preparations by scattering around a profusion of illustrated literature, chiefly consisting of *Harper's Weeklies*, a rattling of distant screens and a quick shuffling of feet along our matted corridors announced the arrival of one of the guests. It was Sawa, miraculously ahead of time, punctuality, as a rule, existing only in imagination among the Japanese. He came in the most radiant paraphernalia of his rank; and as he holds an extremely high personal station in addition to his official position, there is hardly any limit to the splendors with which he may adorn himself if it pleases him. He belongs to the class of Kuge, of whom there are less than two hundred altogether in Japan, and who stand next in degree to the members of the Mikado's own family. Though they are all comparatively poor men, the wealthiest and most powerful of the Daimios are compelled to acknowledge their superior state, and, upon occasion, to perform certain acts of homage before them. I can not say whether the extreme vividness of his costume on this occasion was exceptional or not, but unless he had wrapped himself in a rainbow he could not well have presented a more variegated appearance. His head was surmounted by the purple cap peculiar to state dress, and his feet were protected by the lacquered shoes which none of lower rank than the Kuge can wear. Between these two extremities he was an opalescent mass of white, green, and pink silk. Perhaps the most singular effect of color about him was produced by the principal aperture of his countenance. Until a recent period it was the custom for the Kuge, in common with all other noblemen attached especially to the Mikado's court, to blacken their teeth, but the practice having lately been abandoned, the interiors of their mouths now exhibit a rich chocolate hue, which will not disappear until time shall have gradually effaced the stains. In other respects he was simply a stalwart, hearty, and merry-faced gentleman of fifty—which is rather an advanced age for active life in Japan.

Not long after Sawa's arrival, and while we were all interchanging compliments through Mr. Ishibashi, the chief of the numerous and clever corps of interpreters in the government service, a folding-door was suddenly pushed aside, and, without announcement of any kind, there strode in among us, with alert and graceful step, the stateliest and most commanding Japanese figure that I had ever seen. Nearly six feet tall, he seemed almost a giant beside those of his countrymen who surrounded him, and the freedom of his movement and gestures was in striking contrast with the somewhat rigid formality which Japanese gentlemen are apt to adopt at first interviews. Kenzo's face lighted up with boyish pride at the impression produced upon us, and, indeed, I was afterward led to suspect, sometimes, that quite as much of the admiration in which he held his father was bestowed upon his physical frame as upon his intellectual force. And it was not his massive stature alone that was calculated to attract attention. Another face so fine has not fallen within my observation here. His portrait has perhaps been published in America, but I do not suppose an engraving from a photograph can give any just idea of his true expression. I know that the likenesses taken here by Uchida, the Japanese artist, are wholly wanting in the animation of feature, and especially the lustre of the eyes, which particularly distinguished him. In lively humor and gay spirits he was a worthy rival of Sawa, and the capital terms upon which we all immediately found ourselves was as strong evidence of their determination to be pleased as of our desire to entertain them. Whatever possibilities of rare attire Hirosawa's office might confer upon him, he certainly

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did not avail himself of them. His dress was simple and quiet, though evidently of the finest fabrics.

Hirosawa's career is not without interest to those who are curious in the study of Japanese politics; and its tragic termination, not long after the slight incidents here related, shows the dangers that, in the present disorganization of affairs, are apt to attend a rapid elevation to rank and power. Until his appointment to the post in the imperial government which he held at the time of his death, he had always been in the immediate service of the Daimio of Chosiu, one of the powerful southern nobles who combined four years ago to destroy the ascendency of the hereditary Tycoons, and who succeeded in establishing, in the Mikado's name, an administration of their own selection. His talents and energy made him conspicuous while he was quite young, and although not originally of very high rank, he speedily rose to the position of principal adviser and first executive officer of his lord. Having won unbounded confidence by his ability and his devotion in this capacity, he was chosen to represent the interests of his master in the newly formed cabinet of 1868. All the Daimios who were active in bringing about the revolution sent their ablest retainers to maintain their influence at the seat of government, if not to participate in the government itself; but it appears to have been commonly admitted that none of them was so well served as Hirosawa's fortunate chief. The zealous retainer received at the age of about thirty-eight the rank and title of Sangi, which, I believe, is the highest that any Japanese not nobly born can hope to attain, and was appointed a member of the Dai-jo-kwan, or highest board of government. All this we knew by well-authenticated report, but that his prestige was so high and his influence so vast as to render his existence a perpetual peril, we did not at that time imagine.

The dinner, I am happy to say, was a success. I confess that I had viewed some of the preparations with apprehension, and the array of varying courses decreed by the head of our family had struck me as being dangerously long and ponderous. Excess in such matters is scarcely less to be feared than insufficiency. Does not one of the most eminent of English critics admit that he could never have finished reading the "Faëry Queen" if it had come down to him completed? And what play-goer, however enthusiastic, would tolerate even "Hamlet" in ten acts? As far as banquets are concerned, I have seen more than one the exordium of which promised brilliantly, but which, through inordinate multiplication of superfluous dishes, never reached a suitable peroration. It was well, however, that a maturer experience than mine had the regulation of this matter. When I remonstrated, the consul, quoting a phrase which was famous in Washington ten years ago, simply said, "The sequel will demonstrate!" And so it did. It demonstrated the accuracy of his foresight, and, at the same time, the immense digestive superiority of the Japanese over that of any foreign nation whose alimentary processes have fallen under my observation. The pageant was as far as you can imagine from insubstantial, but it melted and dissolved and faded as if it had been nothing better than the baseless fabric of a Barmecide's feast. It is true that the merit of the meal fully justified its quick consumption. The Japanese cooks are preternaturally skillful, and ours, who had made himself Master of Culinary Arts under the training of a Frenchman, was conceded to stand at the crowning point of his craft. But, for all that, when it was over, my eyes were fixed upon their not abnormally distended bodies with an amazement similar to that experienced by the children of the "Deserted Village" in contemplating their teacher's head:

"And still I gazed, and still the wonder grew," etc.

To this day it is a mystery to me how they contrived, while eating so much and so rapidly, to talk as volubly as they did. The conversation rattled incessantly. The poor interpreters had the hardest part of the work to do, and I confess to a suspicion that, on one or two occasions, when some particularly palatable plate was served, the eminent Sawa willfully and maliciously threw out an extremely difficult remark to be translated, and thus prevented the luckless linguists from enjoying their full share. Did I formally introduce the interpreters? They were, first, with the Kuge, Mr. Ishibashi, altogether the most fluent English-speaking native now in the employment of the government; and second, with the Sangi, Mr. Tenaki, attached to the Treasury Department. I give each of them the title of "Mr.," because, like most of their countrymen, they take very kindly to that prefix, applying it not only to themselves, but rather indiscriminately to every body of whom they have occasion to speak. At this very dinner Tenaki had ever so much to say about the machinations and misfortunes of one whom he persisted in calling "Mr. Napoleon." But notwithstanding here and there a trivial error of this sort, both these gentlemen certainly managed their part of the general colloquy with extraordinary ease and exactitude. The amount of information upon current American and European topics which they contrived to extract and reissue for their chiefs was hardly less remarkable than the quantity of food disposed of. On the other hand, they declared themselves entirely ready to give us any intelligence we might desire about their own country; and although it is considered the correct thing by most for-

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eigners here to doubt the word of a Japanese on all points, and especially upon subjects relating to the internal affairs of the nation, I have no doubt they were sincere enough. For my own part, I have found very little reluctance among these people to speak about themselves. Their want of knowledge is commonly mistaken for diplomatic reticence, and their professions of ignorance are set down as straightforward falsehoods. It is, however, a fact that few Japanese are familiar with the history, or even the geography, of any part of their islands excepting that to which they individually belong. The political conditions of the country have always been unfavorable to the acquisition, or rather the diffusion, of any such information, and, indeed, their system of education has virtually forbidden it. One illustration of a willingness to discuss what might indeed be considered as among their state secrets occurred quite aptly. Sawa related, and apparently, from the mirth he inspired, with a good deal of humor, how on that same morning Hirosawa had come down from the Dai-jo-kwan to the Foreign-office, had confronted and opposed the entire body of foreign ministers, himself included, upon a question of external policy, and, after a prolonged discussion, had carried his measures, single-handed, and brought them all around to his way of thinking. And nothing could have been more delightful than to witness, during the narration, the contrast between the deprecatory ejaculations of the flattered Sangi, and the belying twinkle of satisfaction in his eye.

There were, indeed, many other amusing things to observe besides the avidities of intellectual and physical appetite which the guests displayed. Not the least of these was the watchful solicitude with which Hirosawa regulated his movements by our own. Sawa had long been familiar with foreign tables. He was at one period governor of Nangasaki, and there became quite dextrous in the employment of knives, forks, and spoons. But our other friend could not yet manipulate them with sufficient expertness to enable him to feel wholly satisfied with himself. He was even shy of his napkin, and would not unfold it until he had seen the host remove his own from its place upon the table. And he busied himself solely with bread a considerable time before he ventured upon any experiments with cutlery. After he had assured himself by intelligent scrutiny, however, he soon caught up with his better-instructed companion, but was still on the alert to detect new points, and furtively scanned us all before committing himself to any serious operation, such as helping himself to mustard or dissecting a chicken wing. Kenzo was not displeased at being able to distance his father in this one particular, and exhibited his prowess by an amplitude of action and a redundancy of gesture which were altogether out of his usual course. So we had abundance of entertainment on our side, in return for that we were able to bestow, and right sorrowful were both of us when the repast came to its termination. At an hour which would elsewhere be considered early—about eight o'clock—our new friends declared their determination to withdraw, and a few minutes later they had passed through their kneeling retinue at the door, and were winding their way through our avenues, lantern-lighted, like a line of twinkling ignes-fatui, the most conspicuous object being Sawa's gigantic umbrella, some six feet high, with a plethoric paper chochin perched upon its tip like a huge glow-worm, and throwing a ruddy ray over the whole of the retiring procession.

But, after all, these reminiscences are only prefatory to the slight story I proposed to give at starting, and I am not at all sure that I have justified my title in thus keeping back the little I have to tell about a Japanese statesman at home. My conduct is as reprehensible, no doubt, as that of the great Italian composer who produced an opera which consisted entirely of overture; only, in this case, the offense is guiltless of premeditation. The truth is, that it needs more resolution than I possess to resist the temptation to loiter and stray from the direct path in these regions of Oriental recollection. But there shall be no more diversions.

A month later we received a request from Hirosawa Sangi to accept the same courtesy in his house that he had enjoyed in ours. I think that was about the way in which it was put. In delivering this invitation, Master Kenzo let fall a hint that his father proposed to have a dinner prepared for us according to our own methods; but Shepard, who manages to fit his humor very neatly into the crevices of the Japanese mind, crushed out that project by sending back a message that if we found a foreign repast awaiting us at Hirosawa's house, Hirosawa should certainly have a pure Japanese feast the next time he should come to us. Logic like that was unanswerable, so we received prompt assurance that we should encounter nothing but genuine and unembellished Yeddo "chow."

Accordingly, on a bright and comfortable December afternoon — December does not mean winter here, in the New York sense of that frigid word—we started in procession from the Legation, our little Japanese friend and I occupying norimono, which were until very recently the only popular conveyance in Yeddo, and the consul perched more loftily on horseback. In advance and at our rear stretched the body-guards, which the government considers itself bound to provide on all occasions, not only for foreign officials, but also for visitors of every de-

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gree. To those who relish a certain sort of pomp and circumstance, their constant attendance is no doubt a gratification. To all others, among whom I beg to include myself, they are rather embarrassing and oppressive incumbrances, although, on the whole, as amiable and obliging a class of young officers as could any where be found. I, for one, have never been able to overcome my sense of the absurdity of being forever "under protection" in a community against which no protection is needed; and I am always worried by a conviction that beneath the smiling countenances of the citizens there may be hidden a sneer at the pusillanimous strangers who, so far as they can know, never undertake to venture abroad unless surrounded by an armed police force, and whose apparent excessive precautions must seem singularly ludicrous among a population where aggressive behavior and unprovoked violence are almost unknown.* But the government has its reasons, no doubt, or thinks it has; and, after all, the companionship of yaconins is not really a very heavy burden of discomfort. On the afternoon in question they were, for a marvel, actually of some service—pointing out a new and recently opened road through the castle grounds, which none of us had ever traversed before.

In due time we reached our destination—a neat and substantial mansion, of the class occupied usually by all high government officials, and by Daimios of secondary rank. There is little exterior display in any of the Yeddo residences; even the yasikis of the wealthiest nobles, those whose annual rice revenues are equivalent to millions of dollars, being distinguished only by their vast extent, and by a somewhat massive, though not especially imposing, wooden gate-way. Hirosawa's house was situated on the most elevated ground which the city contains, upon the hill known as Kudan, just outside the inner moat and wall of the Mikado's castle, and facing a broad common, part of which is used as the public race-course. It is a fair type, in exterior, of the dwelling-places of gentlemen of advanced, though not of the highest, station. A simple but curiously constructed wall, of tiles cemented by clay, some twelve feet high, serves the same purpose of concealment as the ungainly piles of brick which screen so many well-known London houses from public view. The portal, when opened, is amply spacious, and forms a sort of frame for an interior picture, which is by no means unattractive. A well-paved and scrupulously clean court-yard is surrounded on every side by low-roofed edifices, in all of which the sweeping curves of Eastern architecture are prominent, and which are profusely adorned with skillfully executed, though often grotesque, carvings and other ornamentation. At its further end is a large open vestibule, the steps and floor of which are polished like mirrors, and from the dim corners of which we see numberless passages leading to various parts of the extensive establishment. From one of these, as we approach, our host emerges, wafting eloquent gesticulations of welcome, and beaming with smiles, in a manner calculated to weaken faith in the value of all verbal greetings. A throng of retainers linger, remote and shadowy, in the receding corridors, but by his side stands a brisk little gentleman, whom we presently discover to be an old acquaintance named Yegawa, another of the inexhaustible corps of interpreters controlled by the government. Through him conversational relations are forthwith established—his brisk, electric manner suggesting magnetic communication in more than one way. Duly removing our shoes—for the floors of every Japanese house, let alone that of a Sangi, might stand for emblems of perfect purity—we thread a series of matted halls, emerging, after a while, into a comfortable sort of reception-room, through the open outer doors of which one of the most charming little garden scenes imaginable is visible. Here it becomes our duty to exchange the salutations of the day. Seating ourselves with more or less ease and grace upon the floor, we converse, not rapidly or brilliantly, perhaps, but with most determined and persistent courtesy. The forms being new to me, I discreetly leave the burden of this preliminary flourishing to Shepard, and watch with amazement and delight the complimentary game of "give and take" which ensues. The Oriental principle, in introductory courtesies of this sort, appears to be akin to one with which professors of that wily Western transpacific sport, "poker," may perhaps be more familiar than other representatives of a younger civilization: the principle of "seeing" your friendly antagonist, and "going one better." The illustration is not refined, but it is very apt. Let us look for an instant at a fragment of this crescendo dialogue, with its Ossa of suavity piling upon Pelion of politeness, and with, from beginning to end, a vista, like that of Pope's traveler, of "Alps on Alps" of swelling and ascending compliment. It must be short, for such things, however skillfully maintained, can not last for more than a limited period, and if unduly prolonged, would perish from their own inflation, like a gorgeous soap-bubble, the thinness of the material having no power to resist the unnatural distension beyond a certain strain.

We give the dialogue as it occurred, prefacing it with the *Dramatis Personæ*.

* The varied and thorough experience of nearly a year has been sufficient to convince me, at least, that none of the great cities of America or Europe can present a record so free from disorder and so clear of crime as that of the capital of Japan.

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THE CONSUL AND THE SANGI.

BRIEF COMEDY OF MANNERS.

THE CONSUL.....C. O. S.
THE SANGI.....H. H.
THE INTERPRETER.....Y.
SILENT OBSERVERS.....H. K. and E. H. H.

The Consul.—We hope that Hirosawa Hioské has enjoyed excellent health since we last saw him.

The Sangi.—We have always hoped that Mr. Shepard's health has been perfect, and are now filled with joy to find that it is so.

The Consul.—We have never ceased to remember Mr. Hirosawa's visit with feelings of satisfaction and delight.

The Sangi.—We are flattered that you have taken the trouble to come so far to return our visit; but we can not expect that you will enjoy yourselves here as we enjoyed ourselves with you.

The Consul.—We hope that Mr. Hirosawa will not wait again for formal invitations, but that in future he will come to lunch or dine at Zemfuku-ji at any time that it may suit him, according to his own convenience.

The Sangi.—If Mr. Shepard and his friend should ever find themselves in the neighborhood of Hirosawa's house, they must also drop in without ceremony, or he shall feel justly aggrieved.

The Consul (playing the full force of his hand).—In fact, nothing could please us better, if such a thing were possible, than to see Mr. Hirosawa sitting beside us, with his excellent son, every day and evening.

The Sangi (overreaching his friendly opponent with a confident "call").—Truly, if my house were suited to the comfort of foreigners, I would insist that both of you make your home henceforward here, with my family. [*Pause, with affecting business of bowing and hand-shaking.*]

The Consul.—Nothing could be more charming than the situation of Mr. Hirosawa's house, or prettier than his garden.

The Sangi.—The grounds of Zemfuku-ji are singularly beautiful, and far superior to those of any residence occupied by Japanese.

The Consul.—Mr. Hirosawa has certainly shown extraordinary skill in decorating every part of his establishment. Outside and inside it is a series of pictures.

The Sangi.—Since we visited your abode we have endeavored to improve our own by availing ourselves of the recollections of the perfect taste and refinement we saw there, and arranging our apartments accordingly. [*A second pause. The Consul throwing up his hand, as it were, in utter dispair of "raising" the last remark.*]

The Consul.—Mr. Hirosawa will be glad to know that his son is improving in his English studies every day.

The Sangi.—That is solely in consequence of your kind attention in directing them.

The Consul.—Certainly not. He is remarkably quick and intelligent, and learns with truly surprising rapidity.

The Sangi.—All of which he gains directly from the quickness, the intelligence, and the rapidity of acquirement which distinguish his scholarly American friends. [*Prolonged pause, and indications of exhaustion on one side. Renewed bowing and hand-shaking, after which ex. om. into the garden.*]

The garden, or series of gardens, was not large, but was arranged with the usual ingenuity of the Japanese, and, most of the trees being evergreens, presented an extremely attractive appearance, although it was midwinter. The various artificial ponds were all hidden by thick coverings of straw, placed there, we were told, to protect the fish from the cold; though upon what fanciful theory we were not given to understand. At the end of the inclosure we were introduced to a miniature pagoda, two stories in height, the upper chamber of which was a favorite resort of the statesman. From its windows not only the best part of Yeddo was visible—the ground being, as I have said, the highest in the city—but the peak of Fusi-yama, now a glittering, blinding prism of snow, stood in distinct view. This spectacle, indeed, is especially cherished by all who live within a radius of a hundred miles of the beautiful mountain. Especially in Yeddo it is the creed that "no gentleman's house should be without it;" and I really believe it is rather on this account than for any sanitary reasons that dwelling-places upon the hills of the capital, however small their dimensions, are more eagerly coveted than the most spacious yasikis of the low-lands.

While we gazed and admired, a somewhat anachronistic species of refreshment was brought to us, consisting of jellies so rich and sweet as to be calculated, one would suppose, to impair our appetite for the more important repast that was to follow; and tea of a rare and superlatively fragrant quality, carefully prepared, we were told, not with boiling, or even hot, but only lukewarm water, it being believed by many that the flavors of the very finest teas can only thus be preserved. Master Kenzo considerately informed us that we need not feel ourselves bound to eat much of the unctuous dish, if we preferred waiting a little longer for dinner—a permission which his father ratified with a smile, and of which we accordingly availed ourselves. We began to observe, about this time, that most of the immediate provisions for our entertainment were in some sort under Kenzo's direction, the head of the family looking down from a height of great good nature upon the youngster's various artifices and expedients. I think that one of the most remarkable characteristics of the Japanese is the tender indulgence lavished by them upon their children, and the reciprocal respect and devotion which they receive. There seems to be no system of discipline or training, as we understand it, or profess to understand it, among them. Among all classes, high and low alike, the treatment of the young is almost extravagantly affectionate and considerate. I do not remember ever to have seen a child punished with violence in this country. And yet I should not know where to look elsewhere for equal good temper and docility. It has seemed to me that the early admission of children to intimate and confidential association with their parents, and the frank interchange of ideas and feelings in which they are encouraged, give an ease and an early development which act with equal good for all. Certainly there is a great deal of natural dignity and manliness about the young lads, without any departure, at least so far as a stranger can observe,

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from the modesty and simplicity which, in their family relations, become them so well.

Not very long after the tea and jelly episode, there came to us from a part of the mansion which we had not yet visited an attendant, of second or third rank, who, with prodigality of smiles and profusion of obeisances, delivered what even our unaccustomed ears knew to be the summons to the chief ceremony of the day. We gently sighed in unison—that little hypocritical sigh, familiar wherever civilization has reached the point of "dining out," and which, I suppose, in New York, London, Yeddo, perhaps the Feejee Islands, alike, is meant to hide the happiness that springs within us under an affectation of regret that the delights of conversation are thus rudely interrupted by the abrupt appeal to our grosser natures. In that sigh I discovered a new link in the chain of social sympathy that binds the East and the West together. But we turned without delay, and were promptly marshaled to our ultimate destination—as neat and dainty a refectory as any pair of deftly decorated Parisian folding-doors could disclose, although it shone out upon us through nothing more imposing than a couple of half-opened sliding-screens. Evening was drawing near, and the interior was illuminated with hanging lanterns, and also with a single lamp of foreign device, to which an entire alcove was especially devoted. The light at first was purposely dim, but we could see that the walls were hung with a number of the delicate and ingenious paintings upon silk which form so important a part of the embellishment of every distinguished Japanese household, and which here, as elsewhere, variously represented flowers, fruits, or animals of the country, with occasionally a mythohistorical sketch, in which the heroic and the grotesque were indistinguishably blended. Exquisite frescoes and bass-reliefs, some sketched, some wrought in elaborate lacquer-ware and gilded bronze, adorned the little doors which conceal the innumerable cupboards and pigeon-holes which abound, and from the prevalence of which in all Japanese houses it might fairly be imagined that secretiveness was the ruling passion of the race. Odd corners, again, were filled with quaint images and statues of great age and rarity, and the floricultural fancies of the host were shown by the pleasure with which he called attention to a few curious exotics, most of them brought, he told us, from China. To all of these we paid due attention, but it is useless to conceal that our minds were chiefly fixed upon the neat table, surrounded by five inviting chairs, which stood in the centre of the room, and which, though bearing for the moment nothing more suggestive than a snowy cloth, we glanced at with some impatience, knowing it to be the stage upon which a new and unknown species of epigastric drama was presently to be enacted for our entertainment. In this matter of the table and chairs, it must be said, Hirosawa had evaded his promise to us. Such effeminacies are unknown in genuine Japanese repasts, but we were assured that the recognition of foreign forms would go no further, and that the Oriental integrity of our food should be absolutely above suspicion. So we offered no protest, and disposed ourselves as requested, the host expressing a courteous regret that his wife and other members of his family were visiting their native province, and therefore could not join us. Probably he meant what he said, although I believe that very few Japanese men of rank are yet quite sufficiently *en rapport* with foreigners to bring the gentler part of their households into close and free communication with them.

Dusky forms are seen kneeling upon the mats of all the surrounding apartments, but they do not gaze upon us curiously, nor do they, indeed, appear vividly conscious of our presence. They are, we discover, simply men in waiting. Five of them rise, thread their way noiselessly among their fellows, and speedily return, bearing each a small tray, containing our first course. The little dishes are all precisely alike, and are arranged identically. We mutually bow and simper, split our chopsticks apart,* and set to work—our Japanese friends with ease and vigor, we somewhat hesitatingly, and not without misgivings as to our ability to turn the unaccustomed utensils to proper account. In fact, it rapidly becomes apparent that the sense of our hands of little employment is so excessively dainty that unless we invoke instruction we shall be able to make no way at all. Frankness being absolutely necessary, we make a great virtue of it, and declare, with perhaps needless vehemence, that it really is useless, and that, after all, we can not do it, and that we must throw ourselves upon the consideration of our host, because we shall certainly starve unless we are told how to proceed. Candor begets candor, and our beaming entertainer, just as if he were announcing a hitherto unsuspected fact, and as if we had not marked and enjoyed it all, at the time, observes that he found himself in the same awkward position when he dined with us. And here Master Yegawa, the interpreter, develops himself in the quality of a humorist. As one of us is really struggling quite hopelessly with his slender sticks, which seem to have an independent activity of their own, darting themselves any where but in the direction aimed at by their holder,

* Courtesy and cleanliness alike demand, in Japan, that chopsticks be brought to a guest united at one end, like matches. This proves that they can never have been previously used.

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and frustrating almost every effort to project them mouthward, Yegawa proffers counsel. "Imitate me," he says, and begins picking and pecking bits of food of all sizes, with an accuracy of movement almost mechanical. As if any body could imitate him, off-hand! The result of the first endeavor to do so is a consul strewn with Japanese edibles. "No, no," says Yegawa, with steel-trap smartness, "I said, 'Imitate me;' but you never saw me do that; you are wrong. Excuse me, but you are wholly wrong, and always will be wrong unless you do as I do." Which, of course, excites a proper amount of innocent mirth, for we are in the mood to be merry, and easily excited to laughter. But presently, although we can not twirl our sticks with any thing like the amazing rapidity of our tutors, we contrive to serve ourselves after a certain complex method of our own, and are enabled to ascertain the quality of what is set before us. First, we explore the contents of a lacquered bowl, which contains a delicate soup, spiced with sea-weed and aromatic herbs. It is weak, but otherwise commendable. Other dishes are constructed with curious fancy and singular ingenuity, to represent miniature gardens, with mounds and ponds, or fortresses with turrets and moats — the effects of landscape and architecture being produced by skillful arrangement of thin slices of fish or vegetables, and variously colored rice. Each plate is a little picture. I observed that although preserved fruits, boiled chestnuts, bamboo shoots, and other partly ornamental and partly appetizing condiments are scattered about, the substance of this course is rice and raw fish. Raw fish! I distinctly recall a series of thrilling emotions during the first battle scene at which it was ever my fortune to assist, and I know it is on record in the annals of Franconia that I, personally, once crossed the tree that spans the Flume. I once went up in a balloon, though not very far, and I have on two or three occasions found myself accidentally face to face, in theatres and in thoroughfares, with the Prince of Erie. These all were memorable sensations; but now, confronting and confronted by raw fish, as an article of diet, I learn the full depth, breadth, and vastness of the meaning of the word courage, and gain a new interpretation of a phrase which I have often lightly used, but never until now completely grasped and understood—true physical and moral heroism. Shall it be done? Can it be done? It must be done! 'Tis done! And is it utterly revolting and untenable? Hardly so. Do I like it, then? Truly, not too well. But I willingly admit it might be worse, especially as it is deftly mitigated by pungent soy. I do not know its name, but it is like salmon in aspect, and in taste like nothing in my particular prior experience. It is soft and gelatinous, and, after all, the flavor of the thick sauce with which it is enriched is perhaps prevalent above every thing else. The struggle once well over, we feel that we have encountered boldly and conquered bravely. No future possibilities have any terror for us. Nor is there any further occasion for such uncomfortable emotion. This preliminary course having been partly, and only partly, disposed of—Japanese hospitality supplying at least three times as much of every article as is intended to be eaten—five other servitors shoot from their spheres, and, after briskly clearing the table, produce another assortment of finely wrought lacquer-ware and porcelain dishes, containing this time a thick broth, not unlike a Massachusetts chowder, compounded of fish, prawns, small slices of chickens, and sundry vegetables, with subordinate plates of spices, confectionery, and innumerable piquant stimulants to appetite which I could hardly distinguish at the time, and which I certainly can not now remember in detail. Successive courses, each introduced apparently by five fresh attendants—the extraordinary number of which led us almost to think that Hirosawa must have borrowed his Lord of Chosiu's retinue for the occasion — made us acquainted with still other varieties of soups, and with endless changes of composite *pot-pourris* which it is very fortunately unnecessary to enumerate, because it is impossible. It may be recorded, however, that no less than thirteen times the spaces before us were cleared away and refilled, each change being distinguished by some new form of sparkling fluid — beer, Champagne, soda-water, I can't say what not. The partiality of the Japanese for all liquors of a bubbling and effervescent character is remarkable. The foam of ale to them is ecstasy, and the froth of Champagne is rapture. It is not the quality of the draught, but the fizz, that fits their fancy. I have actually and positively known a party of Japanese yaconins to take with them upon a long country excursion a quantity of Sedlitz, which they mixed with sugar and water, and drank as a luxurious beverage. Thirteen times, as I have observed, we were called upon to practically honor our entertainer's bounty; and then, just when a dark despair and dread began to hover over us, we were relieved by a courtly apology for the meagreness of the repast, accompanied by a regretful apprehension that we had not enjoyed sufficient cheer. And here began another act of that fine impromptu comedy, examples of which I have given above, the theme this time being the respective merits of American and Japanese dinners, which was only interrupted by the entrance of five new tray-bearers—I'll swear they were entirely new, and had not before appeared—with pots of charmingly fresh and fragrant tea, and little cases containing native to-

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bacco and the tiny pipes of the country. It was all over, and, metaphorically, we breathed more freely, although, in simple fact, it was difficult for us to breathe at all.

Conversation of a somewhat languid nature ensued, photographic albums were inspected and discussed—imagine a collection of family and national photograph albums in the mansion of a Yeddo official, and all the pictures (views of rare scenery, portraits of eminent officers of state and lofty nobles, and the like) produced by native artists!—the curiosities of the various apartments were once more inspected, until at last the time arrived for us to take up our longish journey homeward. The parting salutations were strictly American, as far as we, the inhabitants of Zemfuku-ji, were concerned, but very Oriental as between our host and his interpreter. First putting on their swords with great formality, they swiftly dropped upon their knees, and bent their foreheads to the ground repeatedly; and while they thus bade one another farewell within-doors, the innumerable attendants of the household and our guards performed the same ceremony in the court-yard. Every requirement of etiquette having been finally satisfied, we pushed forth into the darkness and began our homeward march. The bearers of my norimono must have found their labors more severe on the return than on the outward trip, but that gave me little concern at the moment. For an instant or two I took a drowsy satisfaction in reflecting that the motion of my conveyance was favorable to digestion, and then sank into a profound sleep, which lasted until I was duly shot out at the door of our own temple in Asabu.

This which I have narrated happened in December, 1870. At the close of the following February it was my duty again to visit the house on Kudan, but this time with a sadly different purpose. For several weeks the capital had been agitated with portentous rumors; and in spite of the mystery with which the prominent political leaders veiled their proceedings, it was evident that the public peace was menaced in some formidable manner. Large bodies of troops poured into the city from the southern provinces; and the augmentation of the guards at all the government offices, at the residences of high dignitaries, and at the numerous gates of the Mikado's castle, showed that unusual watchfulness and precaution were deemed essential. But no serious event occurred until the morning of the 27th, when the community was startled by the intelligence that Hirosawa had been murdered, while sleeping, just before dawn. A band of some thirty swordsmen had broken into his dwelling, had hewn him literally into pieces, and had escaped before a general alarm could be given. The purpose of the assassination, even if it has been discovered by the government, has never been revealed even to the members of his family. Many speculations were rife at the period, but none could thoroughly or satisfactorily explain the possible causes of animosity against a man whom every body admitted to have been one of the most popular of Japanese statesmen, who was not known to have a personal enemy in the world, and whose official career, although active and energetic, had never been aggressive or arrogant. Whatever may have been the ulterior intentions of the conspirators, it is certain that the shock produced by this violent deed was so great as to check any further prosecution of their designs. The entire official population of Yeddo resolved itself for the time into a species of detective force, and the unanimous zeal displayed in endeavoring to trace the perpetrators of the murder apparently drove every thought from their minds except that of concealment. At any rate, no general execution of the suspected plot was then attempted.

Our little friend Kenzo had returned only a few days before, full of glee and excitement, from his first visit to China. The blow was too heavy for his young spirit. I found him almost speechless with grief, yet compelled to control his emotions, since all the formalities of the grave occasion must be conducted by him, the heir, and now the head of the family. The obsequies of an officer so high in station as Hirosawa had been required to be conducted with minute and exhaustive ceremony, no detail of which could be regulated without his co-operation. It was a sorrowful sight—our light-hearted companion stricken to despair by the overwhelming calamity, and oppressed with cares so far beyond his years and strength. But the severest part of his trial was soon to end. The funeral was fixed for the 1st of March, and from that time, although he would be obliged to remain closely at home for forty days, to receive, as chief mourner, visits of condolence, no active duties would be imposed upon him.

The burial ceremonies themselves were as dignified, as solemn, and as truly touching as any I have ever witnessed. No forms of respect and honor which Japanese customs allow were here omitted. Hundreds of civilians, many of them among the highest in the land, all clothed from head to foot in white, followed the body to the cemetery, and a military escort was supplied by a regiment of Chosiu soldiers. The spot selected for the interment was upon the hill of Atanga, where only the remains of persons of eminent distinction are deposited. The rites of sepulture were fulfilled in a little temple at the base of the hill, after which the coffin was carried to the summit of a thickly wooded knoll, where the grave had been prepared.

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Here the entire assemblage passed before it, each individual prostrating himself for a moment, and reverently laying upon it a sprig of some consecrated tree. The nearest relations and friends knelt in a circle, and thus remained in silence until nightfall, when the tomb was closed, and all slowly withdrew, leaving every thing behind but the memory of Hirosawa Hioské.

STAR AND CANDLE.

"WELL, good-by, old lady," said Mr. Gervayse Helwyse, the minister's son, as he entered the chamber of his invalid old mother, ready dressed for departure. "I shall be back in three days, barring the occurrence of something *very* extraordinary. Now take good care of your dear old self, mind;" and he looked down upon her with an expression of tenderness upon his handsome features which, to put it mildly, was not habitual to them.

"I shall be happy in thinking of your happiness, dear," replied the old lady, who was as sweet-looking and lovable a specimen of her class as one is apt to meet with in a lifetime. Certainly Gervayse must have thought so; for he was weak enough—though he had barely time to catch the train as it was—to throw down carpet-bag and cane, catch his mother round the waist, and give her three sound kisses; after which he hurriedly picked up his belongings and left the room, feeling quite ashamed of himself.

"My own noble boy!" said the old lady to herself, after he had departed. "'In three days, if nothing extraordinary happens,' he said. Ah! well, it may be only a fancy of mine, after all. I dare say I shall even live to see him married. And, meanwhile, I'm sure I'd rather have him with her than with an old woman like me—though he *does* love me too," she added, with a touch of pride in her old voice, like a note of music from a broken harp. "But, after all," she resumed, "perhaps it will be better for me to write just a few lines—to her—telling her what his old mother thinks he is, and is going to be; and then, when I am gone, she can read it to him, and perhaps—who knows?—it may help him in the good fight a little." So she got out her paper and ink, and sat down to write—dear, foolish old soul! These elderly people get such absurd ideas into their heads about dying, and all that sort of thing.

Meanwhile the noble boy in question was making the best of his way to the railway station. He was a fine-looking fellow, with a springy step, an audacious manner, and a quiet eye. He wore a full beard, thick and curly, and was dressed with perfect taste and elegance; somehow you always felt shabby on meeting Gervayse Helwyse, no matter how stunningly you were gotten up. But then revenge was easy: you had only to observe sarcastically to the next man you met that you wondered where the deuce Gervayse Helwyse got his money from. At this your friend would return a knowing wink, you would both laugh, and pass on with soothed feelings.

And indeed it was considerably easier to say unpleasant things about Mr. Helwyse than the reverse. Ministers' sons are not proverbially models of conduct; and it is to be feared that Gervayse was not an exception to this rule. At the risk of outraging propriety, it must be stated that he was openly suspected of being a gambler, and was generally believed to indulge in unreasonable hours and undesirable associates. Moreover (ill-natured people said in consequence), he had ensnared half the female hearts in town, and, to cap the climax, had recently become engaged to the richest heiress in the State—a girl who ought to have known better, too, as Miss Gibbs remarked, with asperity; and certainly she had good reason to know what she was talking about.

In spite of all this clog of odium, Mr. Helwyse arrived safely and in time at the dépôt, his dark cheeks glowing with the healthy exercise: it was a clear, cold day in November—just the weather for a walk. But his expression was rather more serious than usual as he took his seat in the cars.

"Bother this Mary Seton!" he muttered, under his drooping mustache. "Why can't she live somewhere in the neighborhood, instead of obliging me to rush off twenty miles just to get a look at her? Hang it! I felt a regular qualm at leaving the old lady today. Supposing she were to step out some time while I was away? By George!" said Mr. Helwyse, biting his mustache, and looking out of the window very hard. "It won't do, though, to run the risk of losing fifty thousand a year," resumed he, after a while; "and I dare say the old lady will keep along for some time yet. I'll marry this girl in a month or so, and then I'll have every thing comfortable for her." With this excellent resolution, he leaned back in his seat, folded his arms, and remained outwardly oblivious of all things during the remainder of the journey.

Inasmuch, however, as there is really very little good to be advanced respecting Mr. Gervayse Helwyse, it may be as well to notice here his grand redeeming trait. Indeed, being privileged, we have already obtained a glimpse of it; but it was quite ignored by his friends in general. It consisted in an unusual and, in respect of his other characteristics, disproportionate amount of reverence and love for his parents. To be sure, no parents could have been more deserving of such honor. With his mother we are already acquainted; his father had been dead ten years and more, but ever remained an object of awful respect and affection to Ger-

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vayse. And he would have shot instantly, and with the greatest pleasure, any individual who should have ventured in the slightest degree to malign the name or memory of either or both of his "old people." With this statement, sad to say, the record of his virtues must be brought to a close for the present.

In the distant recess of a magnificent parlor, upon a purple velvet gold-legged stool, sat Mary Seton, the heiress; and, reclining at his ease upon the sumptuous ottoman at her side, lay Gervayse Helwyse, the adventurer, looking perfectly at home, and satisfied with himself and every thing about him.

"Gervayse," said Mary, breaking a silence of some moments, during which she had been stroking his hand thoughtfully, "do you really love me?"

Mr. Helwyse elevated his handsome eyebrows, glanced complacently at the toe of his elegant boot, and replied,

"Of course!"

"Because," she continued, "if I thought it was what I have, and not *me*, that you cared for, I would hate you even more than I love you now; and I would spend my life to bring you to disgrace."

Mr. Helwyse seemed amused. "The poor little fool," thought he; "it would be too cruel to undeceive her. And there won't be much left of her romantic notions—well, say ten years from now." He appeared to reflect with satisfaction upon this prophecy until the young lady spoke again—half to herself and half to him, as is the custom of persons in her condition.

"I wonder how I ever came to love you! Not because you're good—I don't believe you are: and you never talk to me as other men do. But you have strength, power. You can be, or do, whatever you please. You're the only man I ever could be afraid of; and so I *must* love you—or hate you—all my life, whether you turn out saint or devil!"

She raised her gray eyes to his face; and he, perceiving that there were tears in them, swallowed a yawn, patted her flushed cheek, and stroked back the auburn hair from her low, wide forehead.

"You're complimentary, I must say," he remarked, jocosely. "So you think I'm a devil, do you?"

"I think, as I said, that you can be any thing you choose," replied she. "Don't you ever want to be like your father?"

Gervayse Helwyse actually started. Then he turned a little pale, and frowned slightly. "You must not speak to me about him," he said, in a rather deeper tone than usual; and not waiting for a reply, he rose and walked to the deep bay-window, and stood with his forehead against the glass looking out into the twilight.

Before him lay the wide lawn bordered by stately trees; beyond, the river, gleaming beneath the shadows of the uncertain light, and far away the indistinct appearance of the great city. But he was looking farther still—full ten years off. He saw a grand, serene face, a stately form and bearing, listened to a deep, melodious voice, and felt the glance of clear, penetrating eyes reading his heart. And who is that rosy-cheeked, curly-headed youth, with frank and open yet delicate and sensitive face, gazing up at his father with tender, tearful eyes, as he tells him, for the hundredth time, the sweet, mysterious story which transformed the world? Mr. Helwyse gave a short, dry laugh. "Well, well," muttered he, "I was all square then, and the old lady believes I am still; and—dash the rest, I say!" As he turned away from the window darkness had settled over the landscape; only between the jagged edges of two clouds the brightest star in the heavens flashed and flickered unsteadily: ten to one it would be a stormy night.

"How now, my little woman!" exclaimed he, with unusual animation, as he resumed his place by Mary Seton, who had remained where he left her, with her head bowed upon her knees. "What are you so down in the mouth about? You begin to think I'm a great, cross, horrid man—now, don't you?"

Mary raised her head and looked steadily at Gervayse, who returned the glance with serene composure. "Queer girl!" said he to himself—"more bad than good in her, I fancy. But I don't believe there's a mean streak in her," he reflected, approvingly.

"I've been thinking, Gervayse," said Mary, "how very slight the transition is, for me, from perfect happiness to utter misery; and somehow I have a feeling as if something were about to happen soon to decide it, one way or another. Have you no such feeling too?"

Gervayse smiled commiseratingly. "You are a little goose," he said, decidedly. "What has put such nonsense into your head? Has that great, greasy Selim Fawley been talking religion to you again?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Mary, putting her hands to her eyes and shuddering, "don't speak that man's name to me! I can't tell you what a horror I have of him; and yet he fascinates me too, as a snake does a bird. Sometimes I feel as if he had a dreadful power over me that I couldn't resist; but oh, I loathe him so!"

"Well, well, my dear," said Gervayse, soothingly, as he raised her hand to his lips, "just don't think of him, that's all. Only remember how much you love me, and"—here he hesitated, but only for an instant, adding, with all the sweetness of his well-modulated voice—"how much I love you!"

Then Mary Seton put her beautiful white

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arms around his neck, and drew him down to her. "You *do* love me, don't you, darling?" said she, with all the tenderness of love in her tones. "Kiss me, dear—no, not my hand! Kiss me on my lips."

She had a very sweet mouth, but it is just possible that at that moment Mr. Helwyse would a little rather not have kissed it. He did not hesitate to do so, however. Perhaps, all things considered, he never did any thing worse in his life. But how little either knew what years of sorrow, suffering, and struggle must elapse before their lips should meet again!

In the momentary pause which ensued a sharp ring was heard at the door-bell, and a few moments later Mary was summoned from the room. In about five minutes she returned, very pale, and trembling. In the darkness Gervayse could not see her expression. He stopped the tune he was whistling, and spoke to her, but she did not answer, and remained standing near the door.

He arose, struck a match, and lit one of the tall waxen candles that stood on the mantel-piece.

"Hallo!" exclaimed he, the moment his eyes rested on her. "What's the matter?"

"Gervayse!" said she, speaking with difficulty, and, as it were, mechanically, "your mother—is dead."

He put out his hand and grasped the mantel-piece. For a minute or two he stood motionless as a statue, his eyes fixed upon the floor. At last he said, but in so low a voice that Mary did not hear him,

"Thank God! She can never know now!"

"Dear Gervayse," said Mary, "here is a letter. She wrote it just before—it has a message for you; perhaps it would comfort you. Will you read it?" She advanced toward him timidly and offered it.

He took it silently, braced himself, and read it. It was not long. The first part contained advice to Mary and a fond mother's praise of himself. The conclusion was in these words:

"He has a generous soul, and will be the worthy son of his father: he is as richly endowed, and even better qualified to make those endowments known and honored. I send him my love and blessing.

"AGNES HELWYSE."

As Gervayse read this his expression so changed and darkened that Mary, watching him, could scarcely repress a scream.

"It's false!" he said, in a low, fierce tone, crumpling the letter in his hand, and sinking into a chair. "False—to him—and through me!" The utterance of these words seemed to give him acute physical pain. And we can readily appreciate the position in which he found himself placed.

To hear his father slandered, and the truth and honor of his mother impugned, would naturally arouse his keenest resentment. Yet in his hands he held the evidence which compelled him to accuse his mother herself of that very slander and falsehood. That it was innocently done made little difference in his mind; it was a false slander, and his mother had gone to her account with the utterance of it upon her otherwise spotless soul.

And then came the bitterest part of all. He himself was both the active and passive agent in all that had occurred. He had been pure once, and had fallen voluntarily to what he now was, and it was solely because of and through this fact that the wrong which had been done was rendered possible: a wrong which could neither be repaired nor avenged. It was too late.

Mary, meanwhile, was sobbing on the floor. Gervayse, his mind being wearied, perhaps, by intensity of feeling, looked down and noticed her. "What are you crying about, Mary?" asked he. "It can't be helped!"

"Oh, Gervayse," she said, tearfully, "can not *I* be any comfort—any help to you?"

He looked at her, and smiled strangely. "You?" said he. "Why, you're one great cause of the trouble! But no matter. It's too late now."

"*I* a trouble!" exclaimed Mary Seton, forgetting her tears in her astonishment. "*I*? I love you—is *that* a trouble? What is it you mean?"

But Gervayse Helwyse did not answer, nor even hear her. He was wholly absorbed with an idea which had just taken possession of him. Was it too late indeed?

It was true that he alone was accountable for the stain that rested on his parents' memory; but was it not also, and therefore, true that he alone was able to remove it? And to do this only one way lay open to him: to fulfill his mother's prediction concerning himself.

As he thought, his cheeks flushed, and his heart beat faster. He could not sit still, but started up and walked to the window. Mary would have stopped him, but he motioned her away, and once more looked out upon the night.

Darkness every where, over earth and sky. No—not quite! for there, rising from behind a heavy cloud, appeared the brilliant star, more brilliant now than ever, and seeming to cast its ray of light right down into a struggling human soul. A few moments Gervayse stood looking up at it; then he drew a long breath and turned around. He had measured the cost, and made the choice; it was with Mary that the work must begin.

There she stood, in the centre of the room, the light of the candle falling on face and figure: her eyes fixed full upon him, with an angry sort of expression which was new to them—the look of a slighted woman. He thought, too, that her marvelous beauty had never appeared to such advantage. But

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there was no time to lose. If he let this hour go by, no other would ever strike for him.

"Mary!" said he; and she started involuntarily as he spoke, the voice was so unlike his old devil-may-care tones. "I have something to say to you," he went on, looking her straight in the eyes, "which had better be said at once. I don't love you, and I never did. All for which I ever came near you was your money, and the only reason I intended to marry you was that I might have the use of it."

Had his voice been less quiet and sadly calm, Mary Seton would have inclined to disbelieve the evidence of eyes and ears. But as it was, before Gervayse had ceased to speak, she had realized the full force of what he was saying, and was preparing to reply as she deemed became her. She clinched her small white hands, and smiled, though the effort left her deadly pale.

"Mr. Helwyse," she began, striving to modulate her trembling voice, "I must own you have surprised me. I should scarcely have imagined that even such an accomplished hypocrite, villain, and thief as you are could have imposed upon me for so long a time. I congratulate you on your success; but you must remember what a poor, weak, silly creature I am!" Gervayse moved to pass by her to the door, but she sprang forward and caught him by the arm; all the passion and fury that were in her heart leaped through her eyes, and her voice flung off all restraint.

"Gervayse Helwyse," she cried, "I hate you! No words can tell, no heart can think, how much! You have ruined my life, but if the soul can die, then I pray God He may annihilate yours utterly, though mine be dragged down to destruction with it! With that prayer we part; now—go!" And with the majesty that is born of passion she waved him from the room.

Forth he went; but who can fathom the mystery of a human heart? In the moment after the words were spoken which had transformed a loving woman to a devil, and while she was hurling at him the wild denunciations of her hatred and despair—in that moment he awoke, as it were, from a dream. The same act which had freed his immortal soul from bondage lifted also the veil which had hidden his heart from his eyes, and he knew he loved her. But the knowledge came too late.

Forth he went into the night. As he issued forth, an ungainly figure came slinking up from the gloom of the avenue. As it passed into the light he recognized the sensual, insinuating face and lowering smile of Selim Fawley. Instinctively Gervayse stepped forward to warn him off, but checked himself in the act. What right had he to defend her now? And Selim Fawley, with a cringing bow, glided past him up the steps, and slunk into the house.

Forth went Gervayse Helwyse into the darkened world. Behind him the light of a candle glowed with a lurid and dusky gleam through the crimson curtains of a drawing-room. One might almost imagine it to be the eye of a fiend glaring after him with deadly hatred. But he saw it not. He had raised his eyes upward, to where, above him, shining clear and high in the heavens, he beheld the glorious star. All the clouds had vanished, and the threatened storm had passed away.

Squire Fawley, the richest man in town, the owner of the beautiful house on the hill yonder, is to be elected representative tomorrow. The reward of his long career of respectability and prosperity has come at last, and he sits in his parlor preparing a little speech for the occasion. A candle burns beside him, and shines through the red curtains of the window out into the cold November night. Very cold it must be; for, although the room is heated with all the modern appliances, Squire Fawley is just as cold as though he were sitting on his doorstep.

What a fine, large, portly man he is! What a smooth, plump face, and what sleek, oily hair! What a happy and peaceful life he must have had! Surely no troubles, no misfortunes can ever have marred the enjoyment of Squire Fawley's existence. He sits there so motionless and quiet! A bad conscience, now, would have made him nervous; but there is nothing in his past life to give him regret.

Unless, indeed, there were some foundation for those foolish stories about his wife. Yet who ever saw him any thing but most affectionate and attentive to her? How careful he was of her failing health! how soft and sweet his tones when addressing her! What right-minded person could believe that *he* ever could have been cruel or brutal to the beautiful heiress? And then, how lovingly he mourned for her when she died! Even now, if he chances to hear her mentioned, he starts and turns pale. Yet no—not always; for in all this time he has not once moved, given any sign of emotion or intelligence whatever. You can not so much as hear him breathe: he must be absorbed very deeply in the composition of that speech!

Did his wife die, after all? There were some strange rumors about her, ten years ago, when the squire first went into mourning for her. No one could be found who had been to her funeral. The last that was seen of her, alive or dead, was when they started on their wedding-tour. Four months afterward he returned alone, and spoke tearfully of "his dear lost one." And that was all

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that was actually known. But let us not wrong Squire Fawley by idle surmises. Is he not to be raised to-morrow to the highest office his townsmen can bestow?

Still so silent and motionless and cold! Surely there is something the matter with the squire which he had not looked forward to, when he regarded his election as sure. What makes his eyes so fixed and glassy? Why does his jaw hang down in that uncomely fashion? And whence that livid and deadly pallor that has crept over his face? Will the speech he has prepared so carefully be as acceptable in another world as in this? To judge by that glare of mortal horror and agony that is stamped upon his dead features, one would say not.

The candle, shining through the crimson curtains, casts a ruddy glow across the broad flight of stone steps that leads to the entrance door. It has been snowing all day, and the granite steps seem soft and whiter than marble, only that the light from the dead man's room gives the snow the tinge of blood. But what is that dark figure standing there at the bottom of the flight?

A poor, vagabond woman, that's all; not such a one as we should care to speak to or have to do with. Her clothes are scanty and ragged, her face haggard and pale; uncombed hair falls in dark reddish masses upon her shoulders. Would you believe that painters once went crazy over that hair, calling it Titian's auburn, and supplicating for permission to transfer it to their canvas? A likely story! What is there in her to lead one to imagine she ever could have been rich and beautiful, proud and generous, one to be admired, flattered, courted—loved perhaps? Oh no! Let us say she was passionate, revengeful, weak, reckless, headstrong; but nothing in her could ever have appealed to man's higher and better instincts: quite the contrary.

What can be her business here? What connection can exist between this poor creature and the wealthy corpse in the drawing-room? Can she have any interest in this splendid edifice, or its dead respectable owner? Why, if he could step to the window now and see the dark figure standing there, he would tell the servant to set the dog on her. And yet when she last stood there it was quite different; but perhaps she is no worse off now than she was then.

She looks at the red light in the window, and shudders—either from dread or bitter recollections, or perhaps only because the cold, keen wind has begun to blow so remorselessly. She sits down in the snow on the granite steps, and buries her face in her hands; and the wind blows around her and sifts the powdery snow into her lap, and between the tangled masses of her hair, and around her weary feet. She will be frozen if she does not move soon: why should she be out on such a night as this, and, of all other places, here?

A wounded animal will seek its hole to die; an exile believes his bones will rest peacefully only in their native earth: perhaps even a homeless, friendless woman may share the universal instinct, and long to draw her last breath in that spot where grew the only pure and womanly influences that irradiated her girlish life. There she sits, exhausted and benumbed; but her only fear is lest the dead man within should arise and drive her away—her only wish that she may stay there and rest, and live the past again!

"Ten years ago," she mutters—"yes, this very night—I cursed him for those cold, calm words he spoke, said I hated him, and sent him out into the night. And then I knew it was not hate, but love—love greater than any I had known before. The shame and disgrace I strove to bring on him are mine: he neither knows nor cares: yet I loved him—loved him! and, O God! I love him still! Then, in my madness and despair, that other came!" She shudders, and draws her ragged shawl still closer round her shoulders. "Crawling and fawning, he suited my mood well; the deeper the plunge the better: hypocrisy and falsehood fittingly mated with the wild fury of my scorned heart, seeking forgetfulness in degradation. But deep as was the stake, it failed. Will death itself lead to oblivion?"

Hark! that tread upon the snow. A man is drawing up the long white avenue. Bent by age or suffering, his form is yet stately, and his bearing noble. His dark hair, streaked with gray, curls somewhat thinly over his high white forehead; his eyes, though bright, clear, and dauntless, are grave and sweet; his cheeks are thin and sunken; a long, black, grizzled beard falls upon his breast. Thought, pain, and privation have plowed deep furrows in his face, but no traces of sin, selfishness, or indulgence have left their mark on those noble, quiet features: only a mysterious sadness seems to overspread them. What grief, what regret, through all these years of struggle and victory, can have left its impress on that lofty soul?

And who is he? No one here knows his name; but if you seek traces of him, go where ignorance, suffering, vice, crime, misery, and death have been; wherever life is worst, most hopeless, and most loathsome; there will you find his footsteps, there see the light of his presence lingering, and hear him spoken of in low, loving voices, and behold blessings invoked upon his head by lips which, but for him, had known no other language than oaths, lies, and curses. His name matters not. It is written in sinful and suffering hearts. God knows him, if the selectmen do not.

But wherefore comes he here? He is ill

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fitted to withstand so bitter a night as this. The icy wind cuts through his thin cloak and slender, stooping figure. His step is slow and uncertain, for he has walked far; and if the end of his journey be not near at hand, he must soon sink down and perish. What urgent business is it that spurs him forward? Is that mysterious sadness on his brow the outward symbol of a troubled spot in his heart, a yet uncanceled error in his past life, a fault yet unatoned?

His eye, too, rests on the lurid glow of that drawing-room window, and memories of a time long past are recalled to him. He murmurs to himself:

"The very room! There my life began; there its last act must be accomplished. There I first spoke the truth; there learned that truth was true no longer. I could not tell her then; but if God has spared her, she shall know it now. Methinks, with her forgiveness, I could meet my father and mother without a blush. But God's will be done!"

He approaches the steps, and notices the object huddled up upon them. All his hopes of peace and happiness urge him onward; time is worth eternity to him now; yet seeing that the object is a woman, when nearly past he hesitates, pauses, and turns! Among such as she the path of his duty has ever lain, and even in this supreme hour he may not desert it. "Poor thing!" he thinks. "She is as homeless and forlorn as I."

Bending over her, he speaks gently to her, and something in his voice stirs her heart with a memory of long ago. But mind and body are failing fast, and she answers drowsily, "I loved him—I love him still! I cursed him, and said I hated him; but it was false. I love him!"

Can such as he have aught in common with her? Can his grand, elevated spirit stoop to claim sympathy with the wayward passion of this misguided woman? Can that unquenched thirst that has shriveled up her nature, and dragged it in the dust, assert dominion also over so calm and pure a heart as his? Yes; for he is but human too.

He sits down beside her on the granite steps, and throws his cloak around her.

"I also loved once," he says, "many years ago, but did not know it till too late. I have traveled since then in many countries, and done some good, I hope, relieved some suffering, and in so far found peace and happiness. But the memory of that one night, when I turned a woman's love to hate, has staid with me till now. Without her forgiveness I can not rest, and therefore am I here. But I fear it is too late."

The tones of his voice, solemn and melodious, yet with the echo in them of a nervous, ringing force, seem to thrill the woman with mysterious force. She lifts her pale, haggard face, and gazes long and earnestly into his. Gradually the dull, heavy expression fades away; a keen observer might say she had had beauty once. As still she gazes a strange mingling of hope, joy, and fear looks from her eyes. With her thin, cold, nervous hand she grasps his arm.

"You—loved her—once!" She articulates with difficulty; and her breath comes hard. "Do you—love her—now?"

Like one awaiting sentence of death she hangs upon his answer. It comes straight from his heart:

"God knows I do—better than all the world!"

Then the sullen chain of hungry, weary grief that has bound her heart so long breaks with a great gasp. She lifts her hands and face to heaven; all the earthly dross falls from her, and the soul shines forth pure and beautiful—ay, a hundred times more beautiful than in days gone by.

"O God!" she cries, with a rich, tender sweetness vibrating through her voice, "I thank Thee. Thou hast brought him back to me—my own—my darling!"

Ah, he knows her now! and with a low, tremulous cry of love, joy, and thankfulness, he draws her close to his heart, and once again presses his lips to hers.

Colder and icier the wind blows, but they do not heed it. Houseless they are, but their desolate hearts have found a home. They speak few words; but in this world life has no more to offer them. Their prayers are answered.

After a while the candle on the dead man's table, burning low in the socket, flickered and went out, and the room was filled with thick darkness and an evil odor of smoke. But without all was clear. The bloody tinge had vanished from the pure cold snow. High in the deep blue heavens burned a lustrous star, shedding its radiance upon two still, white faces, far down in this dark world. A look of celestial happiness rested on each—the woman's and the man's. Both were alike free from all traces of sin, sorrow, or suffering. But they are not the Mary Seton and Gervayse Helwyse whom we have known. Ah, no! they are not here. Yet let us believe that, hand in hand, the erring woman and the great-souled man have found eternal rest and peace at last.

SONNET—(WITH A LETTER).

By JOHN G. SAXE.

I send this letter, O my sweet! to tell
The old, old story of my heart's deep wealth
Of tenderness; and of my body's health;
And how in all things worldly I am well:
Which thou wilt gladly hear. It holds not much,
Besides, to pleasure thee. It bears no word
Of fond affection which thou hast not heard
Leap from my living lips. Well—I will touch
My mouth unto the leaves, caressingly;
And so wilt thou. Thus, from these lips of mine
My message will go kissingly to thine,
With more than Fancy's load of luxury,
And prove a true love-letter, warm and sweet
As ever yet a loving spouse did greet!

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THE OLD OTTOMAN AND THE YOUNG TURK.

NO one can have traveled much through England or over the continent of Europe without having noticed the frequent apparition of the "Saracen's Head" on sign-boards, and the family likeness they all bore to each other — grim and grisly, truculent and turbaned, and frowning defiance on the infidel.

This is the "turbaned Turk" of our ancestors and of tradition, and these scarecrow effigies represent his exterior about as truthfully as the popular impression has reproduced his true character and disposition. Next to the slandered animal his elders love to ride (the much maligned ass), no other animal has ever been so unjustly judged, so villainously and persistently misrepresented, as the Turk, whose amiability of character is his most salient peculiarity. As before stated, however, the Saracen was not a Turk, though the two have ever been confounded, although both were followers of the Prophet. The Turk rose on the fall of the Saracen, even as the Egyptian has since arisen over the decadence of the Turk.

The Turk was originally the Turcoman, sprung from a tribe of warlike shepherds who pastured their flocks in the valleys and on the slopes of the Bithynian Olympus—a lofty range of mountains, with the quaint town of Broussa nestling in their midst, and looking down from the remote Asian side on Constantinople. Five hundred years since this simple though warlike pastoral tribe dwelt there in amity with the Greek possessors of Constantinople. This was, in his last days, the retreat of the famous Hannibal. Osman, the great chief of these shepherd-warriors, who gave a name to the race afterward, first seems to have consolidated the scattered clans into a people, as he subsequently founded for them an empire. The "sons of Othman," or "the Ottomans," as it was anglicized, have fitting reverence for the founder of their race, and his name and memory are revered throughout the Orient to this day. At that period the effeminate Greek emperors of Byzantium (as Constantinople then was called) nominally governed this portion of Asia Minor, all the fortresses and fortified cities being held in the name of the Eastern emperor, though garrisoned by mercenaries of all nationalities in his pay. Gold, not steel, was the weapon used by the Greek emperors of that day, and the empire crumbled to pieces as much from its own rottenness as from the assaults of the young and vigorous though savage race which assaulted it and finally sat in its seat.

So familiar and friendly were the terms on which Greek and Turcoman sojourned in the same neighborhood, before that collision came which lost the former Constantinople, that the shepherds were wont to deposit their valuables in the Greek fortresses when wandering with their flocks over the mountain pastures. Osman's father and Osman himself were in the habit of intrusting their valuables to the commander of Biledjik, or some other Greek fortress, to keep in safety for them while they, with their people, led their flocks to summer pastures high up amidst the mountains. So unchangeable are habits in this cradle of the human race that the traveler of to-day meets yet on the slopes of Olympus the same Turcoman shepherd, as simple, as primitive, and as barbarous as were his ancestors five centuries ago. They still come swarming up from the shores of the Caspian Sea, as did their progenitors, and progress or civilization never reaches their mountain fastnesses. Those who seek to see the Turk in embryo have only to visit the environs of Broussa to gratify their wish. Save in faith, he has but small affinity for his foster-brother of Stamboul or Smyrna.

The close contact of two such races could have but one result. The one, effete, effeminate, and rich, could not cope with the other, fresh, vigorous, and covetous of the rich spoil spread out defenseless before them. The ties of amity were broken, and the Turcoman soon kept his valuables in the fortresses he had wrested from the weak hands that held them.

With the possession of power came ambition, and the shepherd-chief of Olympus established a kind of rude feudal system among his people, parceling out the conquered provinces to subordinate chiefs on condition of military service.

Broussa was the first centre of the growing empire, and the title of Emir was assumed by the ruler, Osman, who may be regarded as the real founder of Turkish institutions. After commencing their career of conquest they established the order of Janizaries. These were recruited from the children of Christian parents, seized by conscription, and educated as Mussulmans and soldiers—and very efficient soldiers they made.

Unlike the Saracens or Arabs, the Turks, from the beginning, were the most tolerant of human beings. They never practiced that fanaticism which compelled conquered Christians to adopt their creed or perish by the sword, as is popularly stated. On the contrary, they allowed the largest liberty, and treated non-conformity in religion with an indifference worthy of a French *philosophe* or an American citizen.

They made it a test only in the composition of their armies; and as their wars were all semi-religious, this was a necessity. After the capture of Constantinople, Mohammed the Second collected a large number of Greek families from all parts of the Archipelago, and colonized them in Constantinople, and

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overwhelmed with favors the Christian Patriarch Gennadius—a liberality of sentiment and action by no means cordially reciprocated on the other side. Long and intimate intercourse between Turk and Christian at Constantinople destroyed this good feeling on the Turkish side; and those who know "the ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain" practiced by the nominal Christians of Pera and Galata can not wonder much that, though the toleration was continued, it was mixed with much contempt, and often with much contumely. The corruptions and vices of the Byzantine empire had debased the population over which these wild mountain shepherds came to rule, and they learned soon to scorn the people who practiced vices alien to their primitive habits and pastoral experiences. Later still the conquerors were corrupted by the evil influence of their captives, and Greek vices were ingrafted on the military virtues these mountaineers brought with them from their sylvan solitudes. There was more manhood in the Turk than the Greek, but more cunning and more culture in the Greek, and hence the latter insensibly swayed the policy of the former in matters of government.

An impartial writer has truly remarked, "It has been the fashion to consider the despotism of the Turk, as well as his other vices, as the fruit of his creed, and as the direct consequences of the institutions of Mohammed. But, in truth, some of the worst features of the Turkish regimen may be traced to the Greek ones which they superseded, and which, in arrogant pretension and cruelty, and contempt of the rest of the human species—in deceit, in immorality and corruption, in the treatment of their ministers and generals, and even of their women—were not vastly superior to or widely different from the Turk, who redeemed many of these vices of adoption by the military virtues he had brought with him." On the historic page of Gibbon, as on the pictorial page of Walter Scott, most readers have seen how utterly rotten and obscene a thing that Byzantine empire was in the last days of its decadence, and can fancy the strange amalgamation of its elements with those of its primitive and barbarous invaders.

It did not take the new masters of Byzantium long to learn the arrogance as well as the corruptions arising from uncontrolled power. The Grand Turk became a synonym for all that was lavish and insolent and audacious as his possessions and his conquests extended, and Europe held him in awe. It is curious now to read of the insolence with which the Sultan was wont to treat the embassadors of foreign powers, representing the nations by whose gracious permission now his successor only holds his throne on sufferance. In the palmy days of the Sublime Porte Christian embassadors of the great powers, who were then compelled to live in the suburb of Pera (not permitted to dwell in the city), to get an audience, were obliged to present themselves at the gates of Constantinople *before dawn*. The captain of the guard awaited the embassador there, and received him, as his guest, in a kiosk set apart for the purpose. A procession was then formed, made up of the suit of the embassador, in uniform, and a military escort. Arrived at a small pavilion outside the seraglio gate, the embassador was kept waiting there for some time. Here the Grand Vizier met him, and accompanied him on foot to the divan, within the gates, through a file of executioners in waiting, and the Eunuchs of the Guard.

Here the embassador had to leave all his retinue, and proceed alone with the Grand Vizier—the Sultan from a window above looking down on the proceedings. The embassador then dined alone with the Grand Vizier, and presents of robes and caftans were made to him and his suit.

Then the Grand Vizier proceeded alone to the Sultan, and begged that, since the Christian embassador *had been fed and clothed by the bounty of his Highness*, he might be admitted to an audience. After being made to wait a long time, he was permitted to enter the royal apartment, accompanied by not more than twelve of his suit, the Sultan being surrounded by a great number of high officials and courtiers arrayed in cloth of gold of dazzling magnificence. Stout chamberlains then seized the embassador and suit, and lifted them bodily into the presence of the Sultan, ducking down their heads forcibly in sign of reverence. The Sultan seldom deigned to take any notice either of the embassador, or the credentials deposited on a cushion and laid at his feet. This terminated the interview, and he seldom saw the Sultan again, or was not recognized when seen. Moreover, it was no uncommon thing in those days for the Sultan to imprison embassadors whose course was disagreeable to him, and often it was difficult to get them liberated. In striking contrast to this is the description by the Roving Englishman of an audience he took part in when Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the British embassador, bullied the spiritless successor of the Grand Turks some centuries later. He says: "I never saw any thing so touching as this audience. I would have as soon been present at administering the rod to a weakly boy, or the cat-o'-nine-tails to a sickly soldier. I felt a sentiment of sincere pity when I (among some thirty or forty tinseled nobodies) witnessed the vulgar and shameful scolding by which a Christian embassador thought proper to insult the mild and helpless prince who now sits on the tottering throne of the Eastern Cæsars. There was small bowing or reverence there. The court of the Sultan might

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as well have been a bear-garden." Nor was the British embassador the only one who adopted this course toward the Sultan, who shrank from all such interviews as much through fear of insult as from disinclination for business. Verily "the whirligig of time does bring strange revenges."

Now let us look back four centuries, and see what the Old Ottoman was like. In the year of our Lord 1433 the good knight Bertrandon de la Brocquière, by order of his liege lord the Duke of Burgundy, made a long tour through Greece and Turkey, and published a narrative of what he saw. From him we have a curious and instructive picture of the Turk of his day, then only in the transition stage, although already a power dreaded and hated throughout Christendom.

Visiting Adrianople, at that time the seat of the new empire, he had opportunity of seeing frequently the Sultan, "Amourat Bey," as he calls him, known to us as Amurath the Second. He describes him as "a little, short, thick man, with the physiognomy of a Tartar. He has a broad and brown face, high cheek-bones, a round beard, a great and crooked nose, with little eyes; but they say he is kind, good, generous, and willingly gives away lands and money." Any thing more different from the appearance of the modern Turk than this description would be difficult to imagine. The Turk of our day is fair, fat, and florid, large and unwieldy of frame, most frequently red-bearded, and with small features. His eyes, which he has a habit of keeping usually half closed, are large and round. In fact, the type of the race would seem to have been entirely altered by the Georgian and Circassian blood introduced through the harems. Your full-blooded Turk of to-day looks more like an Englishman than any other nationality.

In his personal habits the Grand Turk was very free; for the knight says, "He loves liquor and those who drink hard, and can easily quaff off from ten to twelve goudils of wine, which amount to six or seven quarts." A pious Moor, taking exception to this violation of the law of the Prophet, ventured to expostulate with the Sultan on the scandal, but was imprisoned and banished for his zeal.

In this respect he has found imitators, for Abdul-Medjid is known to have drunk himself to death, brandy being his favorite tipple; but he did not drink openly, as Amurath seems to have done. Of the character of this early Sultan Bertrandon speaks well. "Every now and then he makes great and remarkable examples of justice, which procure him perfect obedience at home and abroad. He likewise knows how to keep his country in an excellent state of defense without oppressing his Turkish subjects with taxes or other modes of extortion." The state he kept up may be judged by the fact of his household consisting of "five thousand persons, as well horse as foot." But this was the bright side of the picture, and the Burgundian, by one casual touch, exposes the darker side, showing the barbarity of the age, and the hostility of the Turk to his Christian neighbor. He says, incidentally: "I had an opportunity of seeing, while at Adrianople, numbers of Christians chained, who were brought hither for sale. They begged for alms in the street: but my heart bleeds when I think of the shocking hardships they suffered." He also mentions, in passing through Macedonia, meeting fifteen men and ten women chained by the neck, inhabitants of Bosnia, whom the Turks were taking to sell at Constantinople, having "picked them up on an excursion they had made thither."

In traveling over the country our knight saw much of the common people, whom he describes as a simple, hardy, and frugal race —living on little, and satisfied with bread badly baked, raw flesh dried in the sun, milk, honey, fruits, and vegetables. "Should they have a horse or camel sick without hope of recovery, they cut its throat and eat it. They are indifferent where they sleep, and lie on the ground. Their dress consists of two or three robes of cotton, thrown one over the other, which fall to their feet. Over these again they wear another of felt, in the manner of a mantle. Their boots come up to their knees, and they have large drawers, some of crimson velvet, others of silk or fustian, or common stuffs."

In these few words of the old chronicler we have a photographic picture of the Turk of 1433, and it is curious to see how accurate the description is, at this day, to the Turk who dwells remote from cities, and who has changed but little in dress, habits, or character from his ancestor of four centuries back. But it is not with him the parallel is to be drawn, but with his more advanced brother, the Young Turk of Constantinople, from whose ranks are recruited the rulers of the provinces, and the administrative officers of the empire—the new growth from the rugged old Turkish trunk.

The grandfather of the Grand Turk described by Bertrandon was Bajazet, whose confinement in an iron cage by his savage conqueror, Tamerlane, is an episode not easily forgotten.

But this rude race, once transplanted to the European shore, and settled down in the luxurious seats of the Greeks, soon learned new lessons and new habits. Their primitive simplicity did not long survive their conquest and occupation of Constantinople and its tributary cities, and they soon learned to imitate the vices as well as the refinements of the debauched people they had conquered. The early annals of the Sultans show this,

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and nothing but the fanaticism and folly of the Greeks prevented their enjoying in perpetuity, in a period of peace, the control they had lost in war. But from that day to this, while the Turk regarded the Greek with a lazy kind of contemptuous pity, as he would a clever woman, the Greek has cherished a deadly hostility to his conqueror, and refused to associate or amalgamate with him further than policy or necessity compelled. Whenever the opportunity presented, frequent and bloody revolts have broken out, accompanied by savage cruelty and unrelenting persecution on both sides; so that the Turk has ever had to encamp in the midst of a hostile community, and still does so, four centuries after his occupation of the territory.

When Mohammed the Second took Constantinople he showed a curious sense of this state of things by refusing to allow the cross in the interior of St. Sophia to be pulled down. "No," he said: "should the Christians ever take back their church, let them not say the Turks destroyed their symbol." So he caused the cross to be walled over, and the crescent placed over it. There it stands concealed to-day, waiting for Christian hands to reconquer and uncover it—a striking evidence of Moslem liberality. The Turk of the early period was a warrior, and little else, and until the end of the sixteenth century probably the best soldier to be found in Europe. The chronicles of those times prove this, and even the vanity of race and religious prejudice will not permit the old chroniclers to deny this fact so mortifying to them.

But the Turk, in his habits, vibrated between the extremes of violent and energetic effort and repose sinking into apathy. He was either dashing on his fiery Arab at full speed to war or *djerrid* play, or enjoying his *keff*—a condition of perfect repose of mind and body nearly approaching sleep—or reveling in the sensual delights of the harem. His time was passed either in one of these states or the other; there was no moderation in his activity or in his rest, and the sustained effort, the steady pull of civilized life, would make existence intolerable to him. Climate, probably, has much to do with the habits of races, and throughout the East the rule of life is much the same, and more repose enjoyed than in the more bracing temperature of Western lands. The difference between the Turk in action and in repose is as startling and as great as that between the lazy lion, stretched at length in his cage, and the forest monarch when roused by wrath or hunger in pursuit of his prey.

The Turk possessed many of the qualities of the lion. A modern poet sings:

> "A Turkish heaven is easy made:
> 'Tis but black eyes and lemonade."

And his idea of terrestrial enjoyment in his palmy days was as limited. Life for him had but two passions, war and sensuality—the saddle and the harem—with the solace of the pipe in later days, though the Wahabees, the Puritans of Islam, declare that intoxicating weed to fall under the ban of the Prophet's prohibition of intoxicating agents, and will not use tobacco. One other thing, too, he loves—power; and the faculty and habit of command seem born with the race whenever opportunity is given for their development.

As an administrator, in his own slovenly fashion, the Old Ottoman showed marvelous ability, and his descendants have inherited the gift. The same causes, however, which have modified and altered the Tartar physiognomy of the Grand Sultan into the Caucasian-European type of our Young Turk have modified him intellectually and morally also. Chief of these causes has been the Georgian or Circassian mother, whose type among the ruling class has become that of the Turkish race. Second only to this has been the influence of Christian civilization, and the intimate intercourse with Europeans. These two causes have evolved the Young Turk from the Old Ottoman, and so to him we shall now direct our attention, leaving his turbaned ancestors to the *keff* of centuries now seldom disturbed by profane pen of infidel writer, to whom the Old Ottoman has become a mere name, a vanishing shadow on the horizon of history.

During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the Turkish army was the best disciplined, the best drilled, and most efficient in the world. Their commissariat was admirably managed, their artillery greatly superior to that of their Christian adversaries. They had better guns, and better served; and they alone had large standing armies, whom they never kept in intrenched camps, but swept onward, as Napoleon did at a later day, and with similar success. Had they not been checked by Sobieski at Vienna, the shrill neigh of the Turcoman charger might have preceded that of the Cossacks by several centuries on the banks of the Seine.

In 1516 the Sultan Solyman entered Hungary with 300,000 men, and thirteen years later invested Vienna with a force of 150,000 men. These were great armies in those days, and such as Christendom could not mass together in any separate state to repel the infidel invader. Their first signal reverses were dealt them at Raab by Montecuculi, and at Vienna by Sobieski, about the middle of the seventeenth century, from which time Turkish power and prestige began to wane, while the Christian steadily improved.

As different as is the sleek, well-tamed yard-dog from the gaunt, grim wolf, his progenitor, is the Young Turk of Stamboul from the Old Ottoman of Byzantium when he marched into that city as its conqueror. The difference is not only external—appli-

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cable to cast of form and feature—but to nature, habits, and character as well. The dissimilarity is almost startling in men sprung from the same stock, professing the same faith, and living much the same kind of life in a country where old types of things seem so unalterable in all the other races peopling it. Independently of costume, you can, at this day, recognize the several types of the separate nationalities which make up the mixed population of an Eastern town, without difficulty, through peculiarities of face and figure transmitted through generations.

The Jew has his nationality stamped on him, as have the Greek and the Syrian and the Armenian, and each and all of these are unchanged and unchangeable. But the Turk has altered amazingly, and continues to change both in his appearance and in his manner of thought and life. He is going through a slow but severe process of civilization, and it is yet problematical whether (like vaccination) it will "take well" or not. For it has been the introduction of a foreign substance into his system—not the spontaneous growth of his own nature—which has changed and is changing him. External pressure alone has forced him up to his present standard of bastard civilization, against which his original nature rebels.

With the Sultan Mahmoud commenced the new era of reform, which his sons, Abdul-Medjid and Abdul-Aziz (reigning Sultan), have persistently carried out. Under this sounding name they have veiled the ugly truth of a fundamental change in administration and in private life, attempting to reduce both to the standard of European civilization.

Against this innovation the great mass of the people have lifted up their voices, and striven by every means, short of open revolt, to render it null and void practically. They have opposed the stubborn *vis inertiæ* of their natures to all the new measures, and still resist them as far as they dare do so. Yet the march of reform moves resistlessly on, nevertheless, and under the new state of things a new nation is slowly being born out of the *débris* of the old. Of these reforms and new measures we have not here the space to speak, but deem the better mode of showing the wide difference between old and new Turk to be through the medium of personal sketches of the representative men of the new school, who were the pioneers and promoters of the "new departure" in Turkish life and politics. For "measures without men" must be as barren, as was once remarked, as "love without women," and the mere publication of edicts, without strong executive ability to enforce them, is but as the idle wind. In this respect the Turks have indeed been most favored and most fortunate. They have been blessed by a succession of able statesmen, who have seconded the good intentions of their masters, and given them practical efficacy in administration. *Facile princeps* among these was Reshid Pasha, and next him his friend and pupil, Aali Pasha, who has recently died. These two men have done as much to mould the new Turkish system as ever did Webster, Calhoun, or Clay to fix the policy of this country, and they both were really remarkable men, both in intellect and character. Reshid Pasha looked less like an Oriental than any Eastern man I have ever seen. He was remarkably handsome in face, with regular features, soft black eyes, and most winning smile. His complexion was not darker than that of many Italians, and dressed as he was in Stambouli or European costume, might readily be mistaken for an Italian. His voice, too, which was very soft and sweet, added to that impression, as well as his thorough knowledge of foreign languages, which he spoke without accent. The red fez alone, which he wore in common with all other Turks, betrayed his nationality. No more prepossessing man, no more subtile statesman, no more accomplished diplomat, could be found in the ranks of the *corps diplomatique* than this representative Turk.

The charm of manner he possessed is a gift with his compatriots; but the high intelligence and the winning eloquence combined with it were peculiarly his own special gifts.

To him more than to any other man is due the progress which the Ottoman empire is making toward civilization. When I saw him at Constantinople in 1854 he was in the very zenith of his age and powers, and his reputation was at its height. Owing to the intimacy existing between himself and our then embassador, Carroll Spence (whose guest I was), I had exceptional advantages of seeing Reshid Pasha familiarly and frequently.

His residence was a palace on the banks of the Bosphorus, not far from Therapia, where he lived in Turkish fashion, harem included. The apartments which were open to his friends were fitted up in European style, including portraits of himself and of the Sultan—a deviation from Mussulman usages; and in many other details proof was given of the absence of all narrow prejudice on the proprietor's part.

He had his harem, as already stated, under the same roof, but in a separate wing of the palace. He was, however, nothing of a sensualist, and conformed to this usage through policy more than inclination.

He conversed fluently and well, and did not hesitate freely to discuss the great plans of reform of which he was the projector, being evidently an enthusiast on this theme. His plans were only too comprehensive for the time, the place, and the people to whom he wished to apply them. His reforms, and

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the great influence he wielded over the Sultan (Abdul-Medjid), made him many bitter enemies, not only among the people, but among the ambitious kinsmen of the Sultan as well; and these opponents several times succeeded in securing his fall from power.

On one of these occasions I had an opportunity of witnessing the stoical fortitude with which he endured the loss of place and power, and when the Turkish characteristics came out most strongly. We had paid him a visit a week before the time of which I speak, and found his wharf encumbered by the number of caïques moored at it, by which visitors had come from Constantinople. On landing and entering the vestibule of the palace, we had found it crowded with visitors, and the embassador's kavasses had to force us a way through the throng to take us into Reshid's reception-room, where another crowd were assembled, all eager to catch a look or a word from the all-powerful favorite. Two weeks later news came to us one morning that the Sultan had dismissed and disgraced Reshid, promoting Mehemet Pasha, his enemy, to the viziership. Mr. Spence immediately declared his intention of paying his respects to the deposed minister as a proof of his regard for him, and I cheerfully accompanied him.

But what a change in the appearance of the place had that short time effected! There was at the wharf, late so crowded, but one caïque moored, that belonging to Reshid himself, and we saw not a solitary human being in the neighborhood. Passing up the flight of steps into the vestibule, we encountered no one. Our steps echoed through the deserted suit of rooms which led to the reception-room, which was also empty. We were obliged to send a kavass in search of a servant to notify the ex-Vizier that we had called to see him. When he did appear he greeted us with his usual courtesy and placidity, as though nothing uncommon had occurred, and from his appearance and manner no one would have judged that he had just suffered so great a reverse. The only indications of the change were to be found in the flight of the swarm of summer friends who had so lately buzzed around him, and in the plainness of his own dress. This was Turkish etiquette. A minister under displeasure of his sovereign is thus supposed figuratively to strew dust and ashes on his head and rend his garments. Reshid had conformed to this usage, and wore his most common clothing, but gave no other outward manifestation of a fall as hard and heavy as that of Wolsey. No traces of care or mortification were visible on the unfurrowed brow or in the steady and serene eye, and he chatted away as pleasantly as when there had been a crowd of courtiers around him. If it were a piece of acting, it certainly was the best performance I ever saw. But I believed at the time that he had a firm belief in his fate, or *kismet*, which kept heart and mind unruffled, and that his Eastern fatalism supplied the place of philosophy or religious resignation, and supplied it thoroughly. Added to this was the prospect of his speedy restoration to his place, such changes being constant. But the general impression evidently was that this fall was final, as evidenced by the utter desertion of the fallen minister by all his previous parasites. They judged wrongly, however, for in a few weeks' time he was reinstated, and the shameless throng again besieged his doors and crowded his anterooms as before, while he smiled again as blandly upon them as though he had forgotten their desertion in his hour of tribulation.

Living in an atmosphere and in an environment such as this, it is not probable a man of his capacity should have formed a high estimate of human nature, or love it overmuch. Yet, in his way, Reshid Pasha was an enthusiast and a philanthropist. With opportunities for amassing, like his colleagues, boundless wealth, he died poor, and lived as simply and unostentatiously as he could, in conformity with the exigencies of his position. He never cared for the accumulation of wealth, nor seemed much to value position. His whole mind and heart seemed to be enlisted in his projects for the reformation of the administration, and the building up of a strong Turkish empire.

He was the prop and stay of his irresolute and ignorant master against the insolent pretensions and arrogant demands of the foreign embassadors, and was the only Turkish minister who dared grapple with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the British "Sultan" at that court. I have called him a representative Turk, and so, in a certain sense, he was; but he was and would have been an exceptional man in any country, for he was a great man—

> "One of the few, the immortal names
> That were not born to die."

With him perished—in the prime of life and full maturity of his powers—the greatest hope of Turkey's taking her seat among the civilized nations of the earth.

As Elijah's mantle fell upon Elisha, so did his descend upon his disciple, Aali Pasha, whose death the telegraph has but recently announced; and he was a pupil worthy of his master in many respects, yet far from being his equal.

In one particular he resembled him—in his contempt for wealth and carelessness for public plunder. He not only left no fortune, but died in debt to a very large amount, though he had greater facilities for enriching himself than even the controllers of the finances of New York. That

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Turkey should furnish two such examples in succession, shows how imperfect her civilization yet remains.

Aali Pasha's personal appearance was not so prepossessing as Reshid's; in fact, he was a very small and insignificant-looking man, almost a dwarf, like Thiers, but, unlike the Frenchman, without the dwarf's peculiarity of the disproportionate head. Nothing in his appearance or conversation revealed the real latent talent of the man. His manner was bad—hesitating and embarrassed—and he had no fluency of speech or facility of expression. Put a pen in his hand, and he soon showed the metal he was made of. He wrote clearly, vigorously, and well, and thoroughly understood the matters with which he had to deal as a diplomatist.

The cards he had to play were even more difficult to deal than those of Reshid; for new complications arose after his death, and quite a different school of reformers from his own was organized by the party of Young Turkey, whose objects were more practical and less speculative than those of Reshid and Aali. Prominent among these was the brother of the Egyptian viceroy, or Khedive, who, being, as usual, the mortal enemy of his kinsman, has made Constantinople his home, after having made Egypt too hot to hold him safely.

Thus Aali has had a fire in front and rear from the old school and the new, both of whom assailed him and thwarted his projects to further their own selfish schemes. Aali was only Europeanized to a certain extent —that is, he wore the Frank dress, and understood two foreign languages, but in his private life and habits he still followed the Turkish usages. He was a sincere and earnest reformer, and did all in his power to correct abuses of administration, and did succeed in carrying out some of the most needful reforms agitated by his great pioneer and predecessor, Reshid. Had he lived longer, he might have accomplished more; and his death at this time is a national calamity, and will be apt to put back the hands on the dial-plate of progress. I knew Aali Pasha very well, and had several interesting conversations with him, although he was not so outspoken as Reshid. He was naturally a reserved and a timid man, yet in emergencies he displayed much moral courage. Of physical courage, nerve, he seemed to have very little. He was a small, slight man, with a sallow complexion, dark eyes and hair, little or no beard, and a general insignificance of appearance, unredeemed by any intellectuality of face or expression. He was a man of talent rather than a man of genius, and, unlike his bolder master, very apt, like Lysander, to counsel that "the lion's skin should be eked out by the fox's." Like Reshid, although repeatedly cast down from place and power by intrigues of enemies, he always got back into his old seat again, and died at last "in harness." It is a tribute to his worth and his value that the European press commented on his death as a public calamity.

The third representative Turk selected to illustrate Young Turkey is not, strictly speaking, a Turk, but an Egyptian. Mustapha Fazyl Pasha is the grandson of Mehemet Ali, and one of the sons of the famous warrior Ibrahim Pasha, by a Circassian mother. By the firman of succession he is heir to the Egyptian throne, now filled by his half-brother, Ismail, the Khedive; but the latter, by large "presents" to the Sultan, has secured the succession for his own son, in contravention of usage and of vested right —that firman of succession having been a solemn treaty stipulation entered into between the Sultan and his rebellious vassal, Mehemet Ali, and guaranteed by the European powers. So that Mustapha Fazyl has, doubtless, his eye on that seat while figuring largely at Constantinople as a leader of the party of Young Turkey, composed of the most active, advanced, and restless intellects around the Sultan's court. He heads the party of "Young Turkey," composed of most of the young, ambitious, and educated Turks, who desire to preserve their own separate nationality, while adopting reforms based on European examples. The Prince Mustapha is a man of middle age, of a corpulent figure, though powerful frame, and with a very imposing presence. His face is round and full, with reddish beard clipped close, and hair of the same color, concealed by the inevitable red fez cap, worn in as well as outside of the house, in Eastern fashion. Mustapha Pasha speaks French like a Frenchman, and his face and figure have been for many years familiar to the habitués of the most select *salons* in Paris, where he was a welcome guest. Much of his time has been passed in Paris, where his rank and intelligence gave him access to statesmen whose views he profited by for his own country. He has held several high posts, and has just been given another portfolio. He combines the external attributes of the Turk with the cultivation and habits of a European. He would never be mistaken for a European, both face and figure being Oriental, but is a true type of the Turk of to-day, who has been modified by the adoption of Western ideas. Should he live, and, in default of obtaining the Egyptian throne, devote his talents and energies to Turkish politics, he must make his mark, and wield great power at Stamboul.

The three portraits of Reshid, Aali, and Mustapha Pashas mark the progressive eras of reform in Turkey, and looking upon them, we can not but hope that the family of nations may yet find their younger sister a valuable accession to their council-board.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

AN Easy Chair which goes every month into thousands of homes, and chats familiarly with a host of personally unknown friends and critics, naturally receives a great many letters both of sympathy and rebuke. If it does not speak of them, nor even acknowledge those that are written with evident care and good feeling, it is not from any insensibility either to the kind words or to the censure, which, indeed, may be often kindest of all. It is plain from many of the comments which are thus privately communicated that there are very many persons who could direct the *Monthly* much more wisely than those whose fortune it is to bear the responsibility; while the loss to the public of not following advice which costs nothing to the recipient is, according to the same communications, quite beyond computation.

Perhaps the true policy would be to summon a council of these counselors, and commit to it the management of the Magazine. If the result were not a very much more interesting and valuable work than that which now presents itself to the public, there are some persons who would be surprised and disappointed. It appears, indeed, from a careful review of many of the suggestions of which we are now speaking, that this hapless periodical is at once too light and too heavy; it offers too many stories, and not enough tales; it is too much devoted to travels, and to essays, and to miscellaneous literature; it is not scientific enough, and its theological papers are too few; it is both without opinions, and its views are suspicious; it is quite right in eschewing politics, and it would be a much livelier affair if it discussed politics; it is a mere picture-book, and it might wisely have more illustrations. Indeed, there is no error, no folly, of which a magazine might be guilty, which is not to be charged against this, if some kind private critics are to be trusted, while the great perverse public insists upon cheering our well-meant if feeble endeavors, and every month demands more copies, with all their imperfections on their heads.

Meanwhile it is undoubtedly the fault of the Easy Chair that it has not yet succeeded in convincing many of its friends that it is not the Editor, but only his Chair. If, therefore, many a communication which is meant for that august potentate, the Editor, is addressed to the Chair, it begs the authors to understand that silence means nothing whatever—certainly not assent; certainly not denial. Be it known, then, that the final authority of this Magazine is the Editor sitting in his chair. It is a simple and an apparently obvious truth, yet it is one which is often difficult of comprehension. Moreover, the Editor is we, and not I. It is the Easy Chair which expressly states it. There are two classes of our fellow-beings, as is well known, who describe themselves in the plural—editors and kings. If the courts of law sometimes do likewise, it is because their authority was derived from the king, the fount of honor and of power. And why do editors and other monarchs magnificently use the plural but because they are really many, although apparently one? *L'état c'est moi*—I am the state, says the king. I am the public, says the editor.

But the more interesting reading among the letters of which we spoke is of those which do not blame and carp and taunt and prick the editorial plurality with those terrible truths which the lynx-eyed correspondents discern—correspondents who are not to be cajoled or deluded, but who can shrewdly discriminate between an apple-tree and a stone wall, and who know precisely what a magazine should be, and are ready to undertake to show it at once. Their communications are good for discipline and reproof, but who would wear horse-hair shirts continuously? It is weak, indeed; but even the penitent would sometimes prefer soft linen. How grateful a kind word is! How soothing the charitable judgment which is as sincere as it is simple! Such came this morning in the unmistakable hand familiar to the editorial eye, and as it is a single voice of a chorus which makes perpetual music to the Easy Chair, and to the Editor sitting in his chair, and to the vast editorial We, it shall be printed here as an acknowledgment of the good feeling that exists in this diocese.

The note is dated during the Christmas holidays:

> "'Unwarned by any sunset light,
> The gray day darkens into night,
> A night made hoary with the swarm
> And whirl-dance of the blinding storm.'
>
> "But we have shut out the darkness and the storm, raised our cheery 'study lamp' to the exact point for comfort, and settled ourselves to the enjoyment of the three new monthlies upon our table.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> "Last, but best-beloved of all, dear Easy Chair, is *Harper's*, valued not less for its pleasant associations than for its ever-entertaining contents.
>
> "*Harper* and I are old friends; being children of the same year, we have grown up together, and I feel that we are near and dear to each other.
>
> "With the exception of three or four years during the war, when expenses were necessarily curtailed, I have, ever since my remembrance, been monthly greeted by the puffed-out faces of 'those little Irish boys on the columns,' and nothing would grieve me more than to have little Pat and Teddy tumble headlong from their tall pedestals, which seems to be their inevitable fate.
>
> "I can hardly make you understand (being so wooden-headed), dear Easy Chair, the tender feeling, half-way between smiles and tears, with which I gaze at those shelves of bound volumes, and think of the little maiden who used to sit entranced for hours over those fascinating pages.
>
> "Again I am crying over the sufferings endured by Lieutenant Strain and his party during those terrible days upon the Isthmus; again laughing at the cunning words or deeds of little children recorded in the Drawer; or hiding my head beneath the blankets, in terror lest a fearful monster might fall upon *my* bed, struggling, breathing, leaving the impress of its head upon the pillow, yet invisible, like the 'What was it?' in *Harper*. Now I hurry from play to my little room, half expecting to find it wholly vanished, or all its familiar objects changed to taunting reminders of their former shapes, as recorded, in September, 1858, of the 'Lost Room.'
>
> "Were those stories true?
>
> "I almost believed so, and, my dearest old Easy Chair, I am not sure that I do not believe it still; I know they haunt me sometimes, even now.
>
> "Ah! what a glorious trip I had with jolly Porte Crayon and his favored friends through the romantic scenery of North Carolina and 'ole Virginny!'
>
> "With what admiring awe did I gaze upon the beauties of wonderful 'Weyer's Cave,' as depicted by Mr. Crayon, and reflected in the astonished visage of 'Little Mice!' And the Uncle Neds and Aunt Dinahs, whom he rendered with such matchless fidelity!
>
> "Have I not, by thy kindly aid, O *Harper*, visited sunny Spain, knelt in Roman cathedrals, hewn my

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way through dense tropical forests, pursued the whale in arctic seas, climbed the Alps and the Pyramids, and floated serenely down the star-lit Nile?

"Through you I first became acquainted with those charming young gentlemen, George and Harry Warrington, with blundering Philip, and generous Clive.

"You taught me to love dear old Colonel Newcome, and carried me to Bleak House as a companion to pretty Ada and darling little 'Dame Durden.'

"You led me to the window where I could see noble Lizzie Hexam gazing with thoughtful eyes at the prophetic pictures in 'the hollow down by the flare' of the furnace, working in the noisy mills to escape from the reckless Eugene, and devoting herself with loving tenderness to ungrateful Charley and precocious little Jennie Wren.

"But can you believe that until two or three years ago I scarcely noted the Easy Chair, reposing so comfortably and serenely back of all the stories and adventures?"

Here follow some most generous words, addressed especially to this ancient piece of editorial furniture, and naturally very much more interesting to it—although undoubtedly true in every particular—than to the cold and cynical reader, who shall not be admitted to these confidences. The appreciative and friendly correspondent ends with a hearty benediction:

"And I wish to thank you, and every one of the editors, proprietors, authors, and artists who, for over twenty years, have made *Harper's Magazine* a blessing to thousands of homes.

"A merry, merry Christmas to you, dear friends: 'God bless you every one!'"

To receive such effusions, as even a cynic may surmise, is not to wear horse-hair shirts, but to be swathed in fine linen. It is to feel that between an impersonal visitor, like this Magazine, and the most retired homes every where, the kindest relations may be established, and an interest arise beyond that of the mere punctually paying subscriber. The ardent friend who is coeval with these pages may reflect that those wishes are not breathed in vain, and that words so generous stir the sap in these wooden veins, as the warm touch of spring even now begins to awaken the life of the oldest tree in the grove.

It is still very difficult to discover where the bad people are buried. The cemeteries are still symbolically white with monuments to the departed. Shylock and Ralph Nickleby are still, upon their tombstones, the most respected of deceased citizens. Here lies Clytemnestra, a model of the wifely virtues, whom an inconsolable spouse deplores. Beneath this marble, in the tranquil hope of a joyful resurrection, repose the remains of Iago, who kept the noiseless tenor of his way. Beyond sleeps Solomon, most faithful of husbands; and under this turf of buttercups and daisies lie Paris and Lovelace, *arcades ambo*, too early lost. 'Tis pathetic to reflect how much worthier is the world under-ground than that which still cumbers its surface; and if we, whose lives are indifferent honest, had only had the good fortune to die a century ago, our memories would by this time have been upon our tombstones a very odor of sanctity to the sense of the age which knows us, perhaps, but too well.

In one of his terrible inscriptions suggested for the monuments of the Georges, Thackeray says, "He left an example for youth and for age to avoid. He never did well by man or by woman." Has there been only one such George in the world? And if more, and in every age, in what cemetery have you found their epitaphs? Catiline was a fascinating and accomplished man. He had many followers, and if his political views and projects were open to differences of opinion, he was certainly well-mannered. Has there been but one Catiline in history? Or is he confined wholly to a public sphere? Cicero described him as "a corrupter of youth," and no one has denied it. Where is Catiline buried? If you sought his grave by that epitaph, although his name were Legion, where would you find it? Is there no corrupter of youth now? Have there been none within the last century? None, if you may trust the epitaphs. How long will you abuse our patience, O Catiline, and be annually buried, like Cato the Censor, with crosses of white camellias laid upon your coffin, and wreaths of immortelles hung upon the weeping effigy of Virtue which guards your sleep?

But if a man were brutal and coarse and cruel in his life, must we needs insist upon it when he is gone? When Mawworm leaves us, must we write upon his grave, he lying below defenseless, "*Hic jacet* a hypocrite?" When old Sathanas departs to a sphere of light and truth, shall we carve upon his monument, "Father of lies?" Is it manly? Shall we have no mercy? Do we really know any man; and shall charity be forgotten? To be human is to be frail; and is not the fact that we must die at all, of which the grave is proof, itself sufficient comment upon our weakness? Here lies Colonel Newcome—tender, generous, noble, child-like heart! Shall we add that he was credulous and ignorant? Dear Uncle Toby is in the next grave. Shall we shout in marble, "*Siste, viator*, contemplate his foibles?" Sacred to the memory of Samuel Pickwick. Is the inscription incomplete if we do not chisel beneath it, "A wind-bag pricked by Death?"

But epitaphs are written more forcibly than upon tombstones. When old Silenus dies, and the white camellias and the lilies of the valley and the rose-buds are strewn upon his bier, and the "universally lamented" is cut upon the monument, the satire is pathetic, but it is slight. But when the bloated old debauchee is cautiously and forgivingly praised in the papers, and every body solemnly pretends not to know what every body knows that every body else does know, it is a sign not of charity, but of public demoralization. Catiline corrupts youth by his example. Then his own offenses bring him to a sudden end, and the newspapers speak of him so deprecatingly, so gingerly, that as a good man being dead yet speaketh, so a bad man being dead yet corrupteth. His evil influence is not suffered to perish with him, but it is cherished and extended and confirmed, and his death, like his life, demoralizes.

Dick Turpin no longer rides in jack-boots upon Hounslow Heath, stopping my Lord Bishop and the Right Honorable the Earl of Garter; and no longer stands at the dock, the hero of St. Giles's; and goes no longer to the gallows in a blaze of glory, with a huge nosegay in his button-hole. Richard Turpin is a very different fellow now in his costume of to-day, but he is the same Dick of the jack-boots and the heath, the vulgar robber who smirks and is called smart. He drives a fine equipage, and lives luxuriously, and keeps a harem, and frequents Wall Street, and beats every body in the game of making

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money, and spends it profusely and splendidly. He dazzles the eyes of the widow's son, and bewilders his mind. The boy sees the money with which Richard surrounds himself by means which honorable men despise. He hears him called good-humoredly a great rascal, and sees that he buys judges, and steals vast properties, and procures laws to protect him, and the boy hears that all men are fallible, and that some men are no worse than other men, and that money is a fine thing, and honor and truth and respect and all the rest of it are very well, but see what power, what pleasure, what luxury Turpin commands! Then the poor boy rushes for the same prizes, and fails, and ends in disgrace, the jail, suicide. And Dick Turpin tosses a hundred dollars to the boy's mother, and a generous press exclaims, "Not a model man, perhaps; but what noble generosity! The friend of the widow and the orphan! When he dies, how many poor homes will be darkened with grief!" Indeed! and does the hundred dollars pay the widow for her boy?

Dick Turpin is airy and gay, but he is a corrupter of youth. It is not difficult to be generous with the money of others. A year ago it was announced that Greed had given forty or fifty thousand dollars to the poor. "There," said the admirers of Turpin, "you may say what you will of Greed. He, too, is not a polished man; he is not a scholar nor a dainty gentleman; but he is one of the people; he is large-hearted and generous. Who else has given fifty thousand dollars to the poor?" Yes, and who else has stolen five millions? The politest gentlemen of the highway were notoriously gallant. The Marquis of Goutytoe they compelled to descend from his carriage, and sent the trudging market-woman home in it. They eased the pockets of the Spanish embassador, and threw a doubloon to the leper hiding behind the hedge. It was a cheap munificence. So was Greed's. It was not *his* fifty thousand dollars, the giving of which caused such a burst of good feeling, and the exclamation, "There, now!" It was only a little of the millions that were not his. He gave it to the poor dwellers in tenement-houses, and it was said that there was no wretched hovel to which he did not send a load of coal or a barrel of flour during the winter months. But he took them first from those wretched dens. Somebody paid the taxes that he stole, and it is the poor who at last pay taxes. Where be the bad people buried? When Turpin dies, we have Greed's opinion of him and his ways gravely paraded in a newspaper. Madame Brinvilliers's opinion of Lucrezia Borgia would be edifying reading!

Shall we have no charity, then? and when a man lies dead and defenseless, shall not warfare cease? Warfare may cease; but should death condone all offenses? The malignant lover who denounced his rival to the Inquisition, and who in the very moment of his rival's death by fire himself fell dead—shall we write over him, *De mortuis?* Shall we Romans, whose sons he corrupted, go dumb and sorrowing behind the corpse of Catiline? When a bad man dies, let us say that he was bad. Although he was very rich and very splendid, shall we remember only that he gave in charity one-quarter of one per cent. upon the amount of his thefts? The Italian brigand chief, when his band had slaughtered the travelers, said, "There are twelve of us, and we will share equally; but the first equal share shall be for the mother of God." When we tell his story, shall we see only that share? The last year has preached a hundred homilies on the text that money may be bought much too dearly, and to screen that truth under the guise of not warring upon the dead is treason to public morality.

THE superior officer said that he wished the Easy Chair to go with him to hear Wachtel, the German tenor, and they went immediately. The house was evidently to be very full, although we arrived early. There was that indefinable confidence and expectation which, if perceptible upon the stage, must be very agreeable to those ghostly regions, and the incessant knocking of the seats as they were put down by the ushers was probably a more musical prelude to the manager's heart than the overture which was about beginning. The house fills rapidly. The gentlemen are in evening dress, the toilets of the ladies are very tasteful, and the Easy Chair observes the rich white opera cloaks that make the audience brilliant. It is evidently not in the Stadt Theatre that we are gathered to hear "Il Trovatore" in German. Now emerges the orchestra from that mysterious limbo under the stage. What is it? Who has ever explored it? There was a little boy who, seeing angle-worms crawling out of the ground, supposed that at a little distance below the surface there were nothing but angle-worms. Are there nothing but musicians under the stage? It seemed so in those departed days when all the jangle and blowing and fascinating confusion of tuning were heard in those sunless retreats—the preliminary night and chaos whence the cosmos of melody was to emerge.

But there is no tuning now—none, at least, audible to the listener. It has gone out with orange peel and the pit. How droll it is to remember that for so long a time it was not respectable to sit in the best place in the theatre! It was a den of backless benches, where the discomfort was bought at half price. Respectability sat remote in the boxes. How solemnly absurd it seems in the days of parquet and orchestra-chairs! Are there any absurdities remaining of which we are equally unsuspicious? What a bold Columbus he was who first broke through the barrier of the balcony of the "first tier," and carried an aisle straight to the stage! But as we sit comfortably far down that aisle, and gaze at the managerial eye surveying the house through that hole in the curtain, we can imagine the bland satisfaction that we can not see.

The curtain lifts and reveals some shabby scenery, and the superior officer greets it with a smile as an old acquaintance. "I am perfectly familiar with it," he says; "it has done duty for every age and every country for many a year. The manager tells me that he does not wish the upholstery to interfere with the impression of art. Art is very dear to managers." The opera is "Il Trovatore," as we said, sung in German, and the first song of the troubadour is a severe test, for it is sung behind the scenes, and the temptation of Manrico, who is making his début, is almost irresistible to force his voice

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and take the audience by storm. This is a mistake; the effect would be both surer and truer if he produced the effect of distance, and suffered his unstrained voice to die away into silence as if in the outer air.

To-night we all know when it is coming, and the first note makes the house still. The first stanza is sung, and there is faint applause, but no emotion. The second ends, and there is surprise and disappointment. Is this a great tenor? Technically, it is a robust voice — masculine, strong, and delivered with force, and even fire; but it is not sympathetic, nor especially sweet, nor in the least tender. It is a voice, as it seems, without sentiment, and when Manrico comes down the stage, and is applauded, it is plain that his task is harder than it was before: it is not only to win applause, but to remove dissatisfaction. In these pages, consecrated to every kind of amenity, and where the criticism which is not fierce is called "mild," there shall be nothing said to harm any just national pride. But shall we, therefore, not ask whether elegance is the distinction of the great German Vaterland? As the various persons of the opera appear, and perform their parts, and display their costume, and lift up their voices in song, the mildest of Easy Chairs is again constrained to ask whether elegance especially distinguishes the Teuton?

Far be it from a charitable Easy Chair to suggest that even Leonora looked as if she might have partaken of Blutwurst and Lager in her bower behind the scenes. For our business is with the tenor. He is not graceful, and he has little dramatic talent; but he has great force, and a kind of dry energy. He makes love in the most perfunctory manner, always facing the audience, with what is called a handsome face and with dark hair and mustache, as if his business were with them and not with Leonora. It is curious that he sings crudely, as if not well taught and trained, but as if having a naturally fine voice, which must suffice. Indeed, there is nothing more observable in his vocalization than the want of delicate shading and gradation, and he does not seem to touch, certainly not to hold, the audience. Yet it is the most robust of voices, and there is an entire want of the feminine, sometimes effeminate, quality which is associated with a tenor voice. It is not sweet or passionate, but it is strong and manly.

Yet at the end of the third or fourth act, where one of the most striking of the tenor songs occurs, Wachtel sang with such heroic spirit, and rose to such a note, that the audience broke into shouts of delight, and he was recalled amidst great enthusiasm. In the prison scene with his gypsy mother there was more tenderness, but still formal, and the exquisite prison song was hurried and ineffective. This was a true test again of essential sentiment in the singer, and it was wanting. That song, with its refrain in the German, "Gedenke mein! gedenke mein!" when properly sung should haunt the night afterward. As the troubadour was ordered to execution and disappeared, and the curtain came down, the superior officer remarked that the great German tenor seemed to have sung without any heart in his part, as if it were a task which he was glad to complete. He had thrown no spell upon the audience. He had not entranced or swayed; indeed, he had not affected them seriously, except when, as the superior officer remarked, "he lit plump on fiddle G."

It was a curious contrast with the other, the Italian tenor, Mario: graceful, elegant, courteous, with that voice of penetrating sweetness exquisitely trained. When the old Academy of Music, that temple of lavish gold and white decoration, was burned, it consumed the scene which Mario had made forever memorable to all who feel the power of music, with his Edgardo in "Lucia di Lammermoor." The whole depth of the great stage was thrown open, and the scene was a cathedral. In the deepest sables Mario advanced and sang the *bel' alma inamorata* with a pathos and sweetness which melted every heart. His voice had that pure tenor tone which is always so delightful, and there were a propriety and symmetry in the performance which belong only to high art of its kind. Yet if this remembrance attended us as we left the theatre in which Wachtel had sung, it did not cause us to forget that we had heard the German but once, and that another hearing might revise the judgment of that evening.

THERE had been no intimation of a new poem by Mr. Longfellow until a notice appeared in the New York *Tribune*, with extracts, and it was then known that the work was completed and would appear immediately. Soon after an admirable paper by Bayard Taylor stated the relation of the new poem, the "Divine Tragedy," to others already published by the author, and disclosed the fact that it was the closing part—in time of publication, but earliest in order—of a trilogy founded upon the character and influence of Christ. As the conception of the work clearly appears, the whole becomes as significant as it is original. The fine instinct of the poet also has determined the order of composition; for the nature of the work implies that certain parts should be written by the younger, and others by the older man. Read, therefore, in their order, and with the key, the "Divine Tragedy" —which is the new work—the "Golden Legend" and the "New England Tragedies," with linking interludes, compose a single poem.

The whole poem, with all its relations and connections, is a work of deep thought and of the truest religious feeling; and it is every where wrought with that peculiar grace, simplicity, essential elegance, and beauty which are characteristic of the author. In a few words let us try to give the reader the scope and character of this new work. At the opening of the last poem of the series, that which is now published, there is a prelude, in which the prophet Habakkuk is borne through the air by an angel. They are over Babylon, where Daniel lies in the lions' den, and as they sweep on, the angel sings:

> "Alas! how full of fear
> Is the fate of prophet and seer!
> For evermore, for evermore
> It shall be as it hath been heretofore:
> The age in which they live
> Will not forgive
> The splendor of the everlasting light
> That makes their foreheads bright,
> Nor the sublime
> Forerunning of their time."

And telling the prophet why he is exalted, the angel, himself prophesying, ends by saying:

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"Awake! unto the vision sublime—
The vision that is for a time—
Though it tarry, wait; it is nigh;
In the end it will speak, and not lie."

Then follows the "Divine Tragedy"—the story of the life of Christ as it appears in the Gospels, and his own words are reproduced with their own familiar rhythm. There is a succession of the scenes of the life, preluded by the voice of John in the wilderness, and then moving forward in a series of vivid, beautiful, and pathetic pictures, to the crucifixion and the reappearance. The simple and tranquil charm of the scenes is remarkable. Christ appears in all as the Divine friend of man, and his ministry is seen to be a mingling of the purest lessons with the noblest deeds. He does not dogmatize, nor show the personal consciousness of a leader. But he is always humane, modest, manly, and self-sacrificing. The persons introduced and the scenes episodically described serve to give greater vividness to the central figure, and, as in the marriage at Cana, there is exquisite tenderness and grace in all the accessories. The "Divine Tragedy" is divided into three passovers, each of which comprises various scenes; and after the deep and reverent impression of the Divine friend has been produced—the friend whose love was as limitless as the heavens, and who sought only to heal the heart-broken and to open the eyes of the physically and spiritually blind—when the mind is full of this exalted and noble impression, the book ends with the Apostles' Creed. Perhaps this will surprise many as discordant. But a moment's reflection will show them that it is historically exact, and indispensable to the purpose of the poem. For it is the later ecclesiastical epitome of the story that has just been told.

Christ having been thus depicted as the Divine friend of man, the next link in the work is the soliloquy of the Abbot Joachim, which will belong between the "Divine Tragedy" and the "Golden Legend." In the soliloquy the abbot muses upon his life and upon his theological theories, finding every where the doctrine of the Trinity, and looking for the world after Christ to complete with Love the cycle which had thus far been formed of Fear and of Wisdom. Then follows the "Golden Legend," which was published twenty years ago. Taken altogether, this is the picture of the civilization of the Middle Ages, with its conception of Christ and his work. It is a picture, and its excellence is to be tested by its fidelity. The Divine friend has become in the theory of the time the chief of a vast and splendid ecclesiasticism, which absolutely sways the life of the civilized world. But it is a broken and faint refraction of the pure ray of the divinely human life, the infinite charity and pity and beneficence of Christ. It is, in a word, the medieval or Roman Catholic misconception of the Master. Then comes the interlude of Martin Luther, sitting in the Wartburg, the sturdy and involuntary iconoclast of the ancient misconception, possibly the author of a new. This is followed in order by the "New England Tragedies," published two or three years since, which, as the pendant of the "Golden Legend," are also pictures—pictures of the hard, narrow, Protestant, Puritanic misconception of the Divine friend of man. The gorgeous medieval ecclesiasticism, and the severe intolerance of Puritan plainness, although in each the light of the original gleams and glimmers, are equally perversions of the truth, and equally keep the healer from the world that he would save. We do not mean that the poet passes any such judgment. Perhaps another reader might not perceive that significance. But it is that to us. The meaning of the picture is that neither the one theology nor the other is adequate and satisfactory.

The whole work will end with a "Finale"—the soliloquy of the Apostle John, of whom Jesus said, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" John still wanders upon the earth. The Master has not come in ecclesiasticism, whether arrayed in the power and pomp of the Middle Ages, or in the sad severity of a later day; and in a poem which Mr. Taylor quotes in his article, but which is not otherwise published, the Apostle looks through all doubts and denials and misconceptions and perversions, through all the sorrow which he has not been allowed to heal, and all the blindness which he has been prevented from curing, for the coming of the sure Deliverer, the Divine friend of man.

"And him evermore I behold,
Walking in Galilee,
Through the corn fields' waving gold,
In hamlet, in wood, and in wold,
By the shores of the beautiful sea.
He toucheth the sightless eyes;
Before him the demons flee;
To the dead he sayeth, 'Arise!'
To the living, 'Follow me!'
And that voice still soundeth on
From the centuries that are gone
To the centuries that shall be.

"From all vain pomps and shows,
From the pride that overflows,
And the false conceits of men;
From all the narrow rules
And subtleties of Schools,
And the craft of tongue and pen;
Bewildered in its search,
Bewildered with the cry:
Lo here! lo there! the Church!
Poor, sad Humanity,
Through all the dust and heat,
Turns back with bleeding feet
By the weary road it came
Unto the simple thought
By the Great Master taught,
And that remaineth still:
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will."

We have given a very inadequate conception, doubtless, of this work of Mr. Longfellow's, which is by far the greatest in American poetry, both in lofty scope and exquisite treatment. It is a curious coincidence that while Tennyson has been for many years rounding into completeness the Arthurian legends, Longfellow has been bringing into symmetrical and significant form the Christian traditions and ideas. If the sailor could but see the distant beauty of the ship in which he sails, we, who are the contemporaries of the poets, might more truly estimate their work.

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Editor's Literary Record.

PHILOSOPHY.

A VALUABLE contribution to the discussion in regard to the alleged conflicting claims of science and religion has recently been presented in the volume entitled *Physiology of the Soul and Instinct, as distinguished from Materialism*, by MARTYN PAINE, M.D., LL.D. (Harper and Brothers). Dr. Paine, whose elaborate professional writings have given him an eminent rank in the medical literature of the age, here makes a bold and vigorous stand against the pretensions of materialism, as he finds it embodied in modern physiological theories, and in the doctrine of the correlation of forces, evolution, natural selection, and other innovations which of late have been so ably and so persistently urged upon the acceptance of scientific thinkers. He brings to the treatment of the various questions at issue the advantage of great experience, wide and long-continued research, various and profound learning, and equal familiarity with physical and metaphysical methods, and singular powers of argument and illustration. His religious faith is of the old-fashioned stamp, in spite of the enticing suggestions of a plausible and often a presumptuous skepticism. He clings to the teachings of the Bible and the traditions of Christianity with a firm and resolute grasp, deeply convinced that they are in accordance with the highest wisdom, and can never be set aside by the fancied discoveries of science. In his view, it is high time that genuine science should enter the lists against the assertions of a skeptical philosophy. In the accomplishment of this purpose Dr. Paine meets the physiologists on their own ground. He does not fall back on any abstract metaphysical arguments, but appeals to the evidence of anatomical research for proof that the nature of man is not limited by the phenomena of matter. The facts of physiology, as he regards them, demonstrate the individuality of the will as a property of the soul, which is not to be confounded with the exercise of the passions. Hence it follows that the soul possesses a distinct and substantive existence, and manifests phenomena which can not be accounted for by physical causes. Dr. Paine follows up the opposing views of Baron Liebig, Büchner, Moleschott, Vogt, and other prominent physiologists, who would resolve the qualities of mind into molecular action, with singular force and persistency. His comments on Professor Tyndall, Mr. Huxley, Dr. Carpenter, Mr. Darwin, and Herbert Spencer will be read with interest even by the advocates of the new philosophy, as the suggestions of a zealous but intelligent and fair-minded opponent. The critical and impartial observer of what promises to be the great scientific controversy of the day will watch with curious attention the assaults of an eminent medical man on the novel doctrines which have been received with so great a degree of favor by a considerable portion of his professional and scientific brethren. His arguments will command respect, even if they fail to produce conviction.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, by Rev. L. TYERMAN (Harper and Brothers), is something more than a biography. It embraces, naturally if not necessarily, a history of one of those great movements by which the progress of the world has been carried on from the beginning. For progress is in no sense a gradual development, but, no less in art and science than in religion, consists of a series of impulses unfortunately, because inappropriately, termed revivals. It is not necessary for us to indorse Mr. Tyerman's strong assertion that "Methodism is the greatest fact in the history of the Church of Christ." We can not place it, as he appears to do, above apostolic Christianity and the Lutheran Reformation. But if it is inferior to those movements, it stands, certainly, next to them—at least in the extent, if not in the strength and permanency, of its influence. The beginning of the eighteenth century was one of great darkness. The anonymous writer in the *North British Review* whom Mr. Tyerman quotes has not overdrawn the picture:

> "There was no freshness in the past, and no promise in the future. The Puritans were buried, and the Methodists were not born. The philosopher of the age was Bolingbroke, the moralist was Addison, the minstrel was Pope, and the preacher was Atterbury. The world had the idle, discontented look of the morning after some mad holiday; and, like rocket-sticks and the singed paper from last night's squibs, the spent jokes of Charles and Rochester lay all about, and people yawned to look at them."

This was the age that gave birth to Methodism. There was no religion except for the higher classes, and little or none that took strong hold on them. The strength of the movement lay in the fact that it provided food for the hunger of the common people. It gathered its converts, at first, almost wholly from the illiterate; it was cast in the teeth of this movement, as in that of one which in many respects it strikingly resembled, that not many wise men, or mighty, or noble, were called to it. Even so liberal and broad-minded a man as Sydney Smith, writing when half a century should have sufficed to cool somewhat the heat of controversy, could find no kindlier epithet to bestow upon the unpolished followers of Wesley than a "nest of consecrated cobblers," and no more honorable designation for the rude though powerful eloquence that had shaken the nation from centre to circumference than the "drunken declamations of Methodism." But we, who look back upon this movement from a more remote period, who perceive its power in its effects, who trace to its proper source (the ignorance of the people) the folly of the half-crazed enthusiasm which sometimes accompanied it, and who are able to hold responsible for these excesses those who had labored in ignorance rather than those who provoked the people to struggle toward a better life—we are able to see that this movement was one of grand significance. We are able to trace it, appearing in different forms in different nations. We see its parallel in the Moravian movement in Germany, and the great revival in New England. We note the fact which contemporaneous writers failed to note, that while Whitefield and Wesley were preaching to the miners and laborers of England, Howel Harris was carrying on a similar work in Wales, Chris-

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tian David in Germany, and Edwards in Massachusetts.

It is not only, however, because Mr. Tyerman traces this parallel, and thus affords a history of the rise of Methodism, that his book possesses peculiar interest and value. It is not less interesting for the inside view which it affords of the gradual growth of Wesley's character and experience. Mr. Tyerman is an unmistakable Methodist; he believes in Methodism, and is not afraid to avow his belief. But he is too sensible a Methodist to write a eulogy of the founder of his Church. He traces, with a kindly and sympathetic pen, the gradual development of John Wesley into the religious leader he finally became. We see him an ascetic in practice, even while protesting in theory against asceticism. We see him rigidly maintaining the practice of extreme ritualism: a weekly communion, the dipping of infants in baptism, the exclusion of Dissenters from the Lord's Supper, the admixture of wine with water at the sacrament, the maintenance of confession, penance, and mortification. We see him, at the same time, living in practical Christian communion with the Moravians, borrowing their tenets, imbibing their spiritual faith, and even getting from them the germ of that most potent feature of later Methodism—the class-meeting. And we trace with interest the process by which the misdirected earnestness of his nature was turned into other channels, and by which this intensest of ritualists was made the founder of that sect which, with perhaps a single exception, maintains the largest liberty in its services.

We have spoken purposely rather of the substance and spirit of this work than of its style. This is clear and plain, without ever being eloquent or even graphic. The writer might have composed a romance. He has given us a history, but one which we are persuaded, by reason of its impartial spirit, its fulness of information, and its philosophic grasp and insight, deserves to be, and will be, the standard biography of the founder of Methodism. The work is comprised in three volumes, of which only the first and second are before us. They bring his life down to the age of sixty-four, A.D. 1767. Each is accompanied by a portrait of Mr. Wesley; the first at the age of forty, and the second at sixty-three years.

It at first sight seems surprising that a French critic should succeed in enlightening us concerning our own literature. Marvel as we may, it is incontestable that TAINE'S *History of English Literature* (Holt and Williams) is without a peer. It is not only first: compared with it there is no second. It is, indeed, possible that Taine had some advantages, because he was a Frenchman, and wrote for Frenchmen. The theme was fresh to him. Yet more, it was fresh to his audience. He was not burdened by the consciousness that he was traveling over a road familiar to those whom he was guiding. He could easily say something new; for, say what he might, it would be new to Frenchmen. There is a wonderful fascination in conducting through the mountain scenery of the East one born and bred on Western prairies. His eyes see a thousand beauties we had never thought of, and his contagious enthusiasm gives a new meaning to pictures which had grown old if not commonplace to us. There is a similar fascination in going over this familiar ground with M. Taine for a guide. The most familiar authors present unexpected characteristics when we see them with a Frenchman's eyes. His own enthusiasm is so simple and naïve, we catch it insensibly. We did not know before in what a world we lived.

But this is not all. M. Taine is by nature a critic. He does not carp and cavil. He does not stop to dally over particular faults, or to pick out isolated beauties. He sees with an intuition which is wonderful the central characteristic of an author's genius. He perceives how out of that one root his weaknesses and his excellences are evolved. Charles Dickens has been so written about, by friend and by foe, from every stand-point and in every possible manner, that one would imagine that not even a Frenchman could find any thing new to say of him. But his genius has never been more admirably epitomized than in this sentence from Taine:

> "In reality the novels of Dickens can all be reduced to one phrase, to wit: Be good, and love; there is genuine joy only in the emotions of the heart; sensibility is the whole man."

Because there is no English novel-writer who succeeds more wonderfully in awaking the sensibilities, Dickens is the most popular of modern novelists. That he makes sensibility the whole man, that he makes little of conscience or principle or religious duty, is his chief defect, felt even by those who do not comprehend it. And yet if this sentence indicates the genius, it also indicates the grand defect of Taine. It is not true that this one phrase embodies all of Dickens. Taine is too fond of antithesis to be always true. He is always brilliant, but not always sound. He sacrifices something of simplicity to his love of brilliance. His contrasts are too great, not for an attractive, but for a true picture. Take this description of Shakspeare, for example:

> "Shakspeare's style is a compound of furious expressions. No man has submitted words to such contortion. Mingled contrasts, raving exaggerations, apostrophes, exclamations, the whole fury of the ode, invasion of ideas, accumulation of images, the horrible and the divine, jumbled into the same line: it seems to my fancy as though he never writes a word without shouting it."

One who is familiar with Shakspeare can readily understand this, and easily appreciate it; but a stranger would get but a sorry idea of the great poet from such a description. And this is the chief fault of this otherwise splendid work. To one who is familiar with English literature Taine is a most fascinating companion. To one who means by some independent study to familiarize himself with English literature he would be an invaluable guide. But one who should trust himself wholly to Taine's analyses would be liable to be misled by the very qualities which render him so entertaining and attractive.

We can not better introduce what we have to say of JOHN FORSTER'S *Life of Charles Dickens* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) than by quoting a sentence from Taine: "Dickens claims to be his own biographer. His translator in French once asked him for a few particulars of his life; Dickens replied that he kept them for himself. .....Meanwhile he closes the door, and leaves outside the too inquisitive folk, who go on knock-

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ing." All the biographies we have so far had have been written by these outsiders. Forster is enabled to open the door and let us in. It is true that Dickens at one time proposed to write an autobiography. He went so far as to prepare a portion of it. Then he changed his mind, and incorporated a part of his experiences in a fictitious form in "David Copperfield." This autobiographical fragment was in Mr. Forster's possession, and is now given by him to the public, so that the first part of this life is really and literally autobiographical. The lover of Dickens will note with curious interest how not merely the substance, but even the minutest details, of some portions of "David Copperfield" are autobiographical, in some passages whole pages of the novel being almost word for word transcriptions of the autobiography previously written; and the coldest critic of the great novelist can hardly read these touching revelations of his bitter childhood without a feeling of deep sympathy for a boy so sensitive, so hardly used, and without a sense that his faults are entitled to be regarded with a leniency which might be denied to a child who had been accorded a different training. The autobiography does not carry us very far; but Mr. Forster appears to have been Mr. Dickens's confidential literary friend. The two appear to have been in constant communication throughout the great author's career. In business arrangements with publishers Mr. Forster acted as a sort of mediator. Critical passages in forthcoming novels were read to him for criticism. Proofs were revised by him for the press. He suggested the pathetic death of Little Nell: "He had not thought of killing her; when about half-way through I asked him to consider whether it did not necessarily belong even to his own conception, after taking so mere a child through such a tragedy of sorrow, to lift her also out of the commonplace of ordinary happy endings, so that the gentle, pure little figure and form should never again change to the fancy. All that I meant he seized at once, and never turned aside from it again." There may be something of egotism in this. That John Forster is proud of his literary fellowship with the great novelist, and inclined to make the most of it, is clear enough. But that there was really very intimate fellowship is also clear, from the correspondence which passed between them; and Dickens's letters, which are scattered all through the book, give to the whole of it an autobiographical character. Not the least valuable part consists of the letters from America—written at the first visit, of course—of the publication of which some American critics complain. Even if they libeled America, they should be given to the public, that we might see what Dickens thought in 1842, and compare therewith what he thought in 1868. But they are no libel. And if they are not very eulogistic, they are not unjust, and do not even lack kindness and good feeling. At all events, they show us not what we wish Mr. Dickens had thought, but what he did think, and so will be welcomed by all Americans who are more desirous to know the truth than to get compliments. Of Dickens himself, as here portrayed, we have no space to speak. We commend our readers to study the portrait for themselves; but that it is a true portrait, and the only true portrait which the public has or is ever likely to get, is, we take it, unquestionable. The present volume carries us only to the close of Dickens's first visit to America in 1842.

Chicago and the Great Conflagration (C. F. Vent) is one of those books which flourish nowhere, we believe, except on American soil. Its title-page sufficiently indicates its character. The first part gives a general history of Chicago. Nothing better illustrates its growth than a comparison of the picture of Chicago in 1833—two log huts on opposite banks of the Chicago River, with a third hut in the distance—with the Chicago of 1871. The pictures are generally very poor, but the descriptive matter is good, and the romance of Chicago's growth and disaster is well told. Notwithstanding we had been surfeited with descriptions of the fire, we read with new interest that afforded by this volume; it gives a survey of the whole which is at once briefer and more comprehensive than any we have seen elsewhere. There is no attempt at fine writing, and the book is marred by some colloquialisms; but it is characterized by a rude sort of vigor which more than compensates for want of elegance; and the writers—for the book is the joint product of two pens—have certainly succeeded, in their descriptive passages, in the rare art of saying much in few words.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

Alford's Greek Testament is incomparably the best commentary of its kind in the English language for readers of sufficiently advanced scholarship. To get the full advantage of it, however, one must be tolerably familiar with the Latin and German, since all quotations are given in the original tongues; and it is indispensable that he should be thoroughly familiar with the Greek, since the commentary is founded on the Greek text. The book is, in a word, purely professional, and possesses only a professional value, and we may therefore pass by the fact that it is at length republished in this country by Lee and Shepard with this brief commendation of its scholarly character. But the other qualities which make it invaluable as an aid to the Greek student of the original equally characterize the adaptation which the author has made of it for non-professional students in his *New Testament for English Readers* (Lee and Shepard). In this form the digest of various readings is, of course, omitted. The Greek, Latin, and German quotations are translated or left out, and the text is given in English, with, in some cases, a new version or paraphrase by Dean Alford. These changes would not suffice to adapt a scholastic commentary to the popular wants. They would not, for example, make Ellicott's critical and microscopic exegesis of any value to the English student. But Dean Alford is scholarly without being scholastic. More than any other of the scholarly commentators he seizes and portrays the spiritual meaning of the sacred text. Above any other commentator except Barnes he is broad, liberal, impartial. It is the characteristic of his work that he endeavors to understand Scripture, not to harmonize it with his own views, or even with other and parallel passages. His determined independence has carried him so far that he declares all attempts to construct a formal harmony of the Gospels impracticable—a

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position which has been proved untenable by the successful harmonies which have been constructed. For the ordinary student his New Testament is, perhaps, inferior to Barnes's; but for one who wishes to pursue his Biblical studies farther, who wishes less of doctrinal and practical observations, and more of simple interpretation, and who has other works to supply him with information on points of geography, biography, and archæology, Alford's "New Testament for English Readers" is not surpassed by any thing of its kind in the language.

The present movement for securing a new version of the Bible gives special value to the history of *Our English Bible and its Ancestors*, by Rev. TREADWELL WALDEN (Porter and Coates). Mr. Walden traces that history down from the early Saxon versions to the present time. He gives a clear and succinct history of the organization of the commission under James I. by which our present version was prepared; he admits its excellence, but points out its defects; and he shows very clearly that the reverence which attempts to forbid a revision now is blind and ignorant, since it pays its homage to what is itself a revision of a revision. The value of his book would have been greatly enhanced if it had included some account of the present movement, of the organization of the commission now at work, of the method of its operation, and of the difficulties with which it is compelled to contend.

In *An Inside View of the Vatican Council* (American Tract Society) Rev. LEONARD W. BACON gives a reliable history of the secret proceedings of that body. If he had given himself larger liberty, he would have made a more interesting and popular book, but perhaps one not so valuable for the purposes of reference. A large proportion of the book consists of the speech of Archbishop Kenrick, published but not delivered. It is a significant and telling testimony against the doctrine of papal infallibility.—The New York *Observer* publishes a *Year-Book and Almanac* which may fairly be included under the title of History. It comprises, in a very convenient form, full statistical information concerning the civil, commercial, religious, educational, and agricultural condition of the United States.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

WHO shall decide when doctors disagree? Not this book critic. We find enough in Dr. GEORGE M. BEARD'S *Eating and Drinking* (G. P. Putnam and Son) to interest and surprise us; but we do not accept it all as authoritative. We believe that he is right in repudiating the pseudo-scientific classification of food according to its chemical constituents. We are not so clear that he has proved that "those who live exclusively or mainly on fish and vegetables are inactive, phlegmatic, and stationary;" while we should be more rejoiced than we are ready to believe that "the tendency among the intellectual and cultivated classes of our time is to eat too little rather than too much."—It is, however, significant of a change in medical theories that the next book on our table which treats of the same subject, JAMES HINTON'S *Health and its Conditions* (G. P. Putnam and Son), gives on the subject of eating very analogous advice. "To gratify the natural inclinations is the first rule in taking food." Like Dr. Beard, he recommends supper immediately before sleep rather than going hungry to bed, and he gives in a foot-note a programme of meals for a dyspeptic which, except that the dessert is omitted from the bill of fare for dinner, would give good satisfaction to most well men.—*Fireside Science*, by Dr. JAMES R. NICHOLS (Hurd and Houghton), is composed of a series of popular scientific essays upon subjects connected with every-day life. A single essay—"The Chemistry of a Pint of Kerosene"—may serve as a sample of the whole. He gives very briefly a statement of the origin of and the elements which compose kerosene, explains very clearly the dangers which attend its use, refutes the popular impression that it is in any proper sense explosive, and shows what is the cause of the explosions which so often occur—the admixture with common air of the gas produced by the combustion of adulterated kerosene. His paper on "The Chemistry of a Cigar" is a very cogent argument against smoking, the stronger because he leaves the reader to draw his own moral.—In *Half-Hours with Modern Scientists* (C. Chatfield and Co.) the compiler has gathered together in a convenient form some of those essays of Messrs. Huxley, Tyndall, and others which, by their daring hypotheses, have compelled so much attention, and called forth so much criticism. One who wishes, however, to acquaint himself with the scientific theories of these advanced thinkers will do better to examine for this purpose the more complete works of these scientists.

From Charles Scribner and Co. we receive several illustrated scientific books. Rev. J. G. WOOD'S *Insects at Home* is a handsome volume of nearly 700 pages, with upward of 700 illustrations. It professes to be "a popular account of insects, their structure, habits, and transformations." Insects do not furnish a very popular subject, and Mr. Wood has not succeeded in investing their life with any romance. In this respect his work falls below that portion of M. Pouchet's "Universe" which treats of the same subject. For the American reader, also, it is a serious defect that the book is solely English.—Charles Scribner and Co.'s *Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure* begins well with two attractive volumes. The first one, on Japan, which is handsomely illustrated, appears to be, to a very considerable extent, condensed from M. Humbert's large work on "Japan and the Japanese." It is defective in not making a clear statement of the present state and future prospects of civilization in Japan; and the omission of any index is unpardonable. The other volume, *Wild Men and Wild Beasts*, by Lieutenant-Colonel GORDON CUMMING, is a fascinating book of hunting adventures in India. There is nothing in any preface to tell us what measure of credence is to be accorded to these marvelous stories of a writer who must not be confounded with the famous Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, whose "Hunter's Life in South Africa" might have served as a model for this work of his namesake's.—The same publishers begin a new series of *Illustrated Library of Wonders* in an enlarged and improved form. We are glad to see the promise that this new series is to be edited by American authors,

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and to find in the name of Professor Schele de Vere, who has prepared the volumes on "Vegetation" and "Water," an indication that they will be placed in good hands. The one thing this library has lacked hitherto has been an American character. If this is given to the succeeding volumes, the value of the series will be greatly enhanced. But there is the same unpardonable omission of any index.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"We speak English, but we talk American," says Mr. Schele de Vere in his work on *Americanisms* (Charles Scribner and Co.). His book is an attempt to give what we may term the genealogy of this American language, by tracing its peculiar elements back to their origin, not only in the Indian, Dutch, French, Spanish, German, negro, and Chinese languages, but also in the various and peculiar phases of American civil and religious life. In so doing he writes simply as a historian, not as a philosopher. He neither adopts these doubtful children, nor does he demand their expatriation. He deals with the language as a fact, and tells us not what the language should be, but what it is. He thus avoids the endless philological disputes — and next to theology, philology is the most prolific source of unprofitable discussions—into which some more ambitious but less useful American writers have been led. To write such a book one must needs be a cosmopolitan. It is not enough that he should have traveled every where, he must have sojourned every where. The writer who trusts for his information upon such subjects to the testimony of others is sure to be deluded; and even if he derives his information from personal but narrow observation, he is liable to mistake idiosyncratic blunders for provincialisms, and to suppose, as our author does, that "gravy in New England is used for any liquid accompanying certain dishes, as the gravy of a pie, a pudding," etc. But the errors of this description in this work are trivial, and do not greatly detract from its value, while they are such as probably the greatest painstaking could not avoid. A dictionary of cant and slang is appended to the volume. It embraces a good many words which we should be sorry to think had any acceptance in American society outside the circles which John Hay and Bret Harte have undertaken to interpret.

Mr. Eggleston has done so well in his first novel, *The Hoosier School-Master* (Orange Judd and Co.), that we want to see him do a great deal better in a second one. There is a certain appearance of incompleteness and hurry in this —the prevailing vice of American literature. It reads as though it were written at a dash, or rather in a series of dashes, for a weekly paper—as, in fact, it was; there are ragged ends and dropped stitches that seriously impair not only its artistic finish, but also its moral power. And we can not but attribute to this hurry the book's greatest defect—its lack of warmth and fullness in the passages that call for pathos and sentiment. The unfinished love scene, for example, between Ralph and Hannah, in the last chapter but one, and even the meeting between Mrs. Thomson and Shocky, after the latter leaves the poor-house, are timidly treated, as by one that either dared not trust himself lest he should fail, or as by one that lacked the quiet and the time to do himself or his theme full justice. There is evidence enough in the book that the writer possesses a novelist's genius to make us exacting. There is a great deal of force in some of the characters. Bud Meares, Squire Hawkins, Dr. Small, Pete Jones, old John Pearson, and even Ralph himself, are all original creations, not imitations. Some of the scenes are admirably conceived and described: the spelling-school, the hard-shell preacher and his sermon, Ralph's flight, and the trial scene. And both characters and life are unmistakably taken not from books, but direct from a personal study of American life in the Hoosier State in the days now happily passing away.

Miss Edna Dean Proctor's *Russian Journey* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) had the good fortune to be issued at a time when America was busy feasting the Russian Grand Duke, and was more than ever interested in knowing about Russian life and manners. It found, therefore, a market of curious readers ready for it. It has merits, however, apart from its fortuitous appropriateness, which entitle it to success. It is small. It is in style sketchy. It treats much of details that feminine eyes alone could be expected to observe —personal characteristics, household economy, and manners. In spirit it is vivacious and graphic, written by one possessed of a true poet's nature, and so unmarred by the book-maker's striving after effects. And its author possesses a genius for pen-and-ink portraiture which gives her outline sketches a character which reminds us of the etchings of Darley or Moritz Retsch.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

THE interval which has elapsed since our last Summary has not been fruitful in incidents, although the average progress in the various branches of theoretical and applied science has been maintained.

The most interesting feature in the department of *Astronomy* has been the successful observation of the solar eclipse of December, as announced by telegraph from India. These accounts are very meagre, and we await the arrival of the mails for more complete information. It is said, however, that every thing went well, and that many problems of importance were solved, among others, that the existence of matter in the space beyond the atmosphere of the sun is decided. Professor Young reports upon an "explosion" in the sun, partially observed by him, as attended by many phenomena of peculiar interest. A paper by Professor Secchi upon the protuberances of the sun, accompanied by many illustrations, has excited much interest,

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and has been reproduced in most of the scientific journals.

The appearance of the Encke and Tuttle comets has furnished the opportunity of spectroscopic observations, of which full details are given in our pages. A paper upon the nature of comets, by M. Faye, contains some important generalizations. Dr. Vogel publishes the result of spectroscopic observations made upon the light of the planets in 1871.

Our knowledge of *Terrestrial Magnetism*, etc., is likely to be extended by the experiments now being made by Mr. Diamilla-Müller and his associates in the Mont Cenis Tunnel, which supplies excellent opportunities for comparative observations. Mr. Müller also urges the selection of the 15th of October, 1872, as a date for making simultaneous magnetic observations throughout the world. Professor Hornstein suggests the dependence of certain phenomena of terrestrial magnetism upon the rotation of the sun.

The theory of ocean currents has been very fully discussed by Messrs. Carpenter and Croll, the latter taking exceptions to the conclusions of the former, as based upon the observations of the Mediterranean current.

In *Meteorology* various magazine articles have been presented to the public, discussing numerous points of general interest; among them the theory and practice of the observations of the United States Signal Service. The question is also discussed as to the right of the new cloud of Professor Poey to the reputation of novelty—observers in England contending that this is a not uncommon form, especially upon the sea-coast, where it is looked upon as prognosticating severe weather.

Mr. Ley publishes the first part of a work upon the winds, in which he details the laws of atmospheric movements in Europe as derived from the recent observations at various meteorological stations.

The usual announcements in *Chemistry*, especially organic, continue to appear in the chemical journals. Those of more general interest have relation to glycol-strychnine; the conversion of sugar-cane into glucose by light, etc.

Under *Mineralogy* and *Geology* we have the report, by Professor Whitney, of the progress of the geological survey of California, detailing the nature of the researches prosecuted, and the publications made since the last statement to the Legislature. Mineralogists have been greatly interested by the transfer to Stockholm of some gigantic meteorites by the Swedish government expedition, one of which weighed no less than twenty tons. Unfortunately, it would appear that, owing to certain obscure causes, these huge masses are crumbling away so rapidly as to have suggested the propriety of immersing them in alcohol for their permanent preservation. Two new minerals, ceruleolactine and variscite, have been introduced to notice.

In *Geography*, as usual, new facts are chronicled, consisting mainly of details of the progress of various expeditions. Uncertainty still continues to exist in regard to the fate of Dr. Livingstone, although it is supposed that he is "still alive, and slowly making his way to the coast." We have nothing further in regard to the discoveries of Payer and Weyprecht in the arctic seas beyond the fact that Mr. Clements R. Markham denies their importance, and does not assent to Petermann's views as to their route being the proper gate-way to the north pole.

Advices from Dr. Bessels, of Captain Hall's expedition, although not so late as those from the expedition generally, are very encouraging as to the prospect of scientific success, his associates having already vindicated the propriety of their appointment.

The great expedition for exploring the deep seas of the Atlantic and Pacific, under the charge of Professor Agassiz, to be prosecuted on board the United States Coast Survey steamer *Hassler*, left Boston early in December, and is now well on its way. Before leaving, an article of much interest was prepared by Professor Agassiz, addressed to Professor Peirce, superintendent of the Coast Survey, detailing the scientific discoveries likely to made on the voyage. A second communication, dated St. Thomas, contains an interesting account of the nesting of a species of fish, *Chironectes pictus*, on the sea-weeds of the Gulf Stream.

Dr. Neumayer, of Vienna, continues his efforts to secure an exploration of the antarctic regions, with a reasonable prospect of success. Intelligence has been received from William H. Dall, as late as the 5th of November, narrating the progress of his researches in Alaska, under the auspices of the Coast Survey. Explorations are announced as in progress by Dr. Stimpson in Florida, and by Mr. J. Matthew Jones in Bermuda. Advices from Lieutenant Wheeler, of the Arizona expedition, speak of the completion of the labors of the party after many trials and dangers.

Grave fears are entertained in regard to the safety of M. Octave Pavé, who, our readers may remember, left San Francisco *en route* for the pole by the way of Siberia; and the services of the governor of Eastern Siberia have been invoked in his behalf.

Reports of the various dredging expeditions of the past summer—namely, that of Professor Smith in Lake Superior, of Mr. Milner in Lake Michigan, of Professor Baird and Professor Verrill in Vineyard Sound, and of Mr. Whiteaves in the Gulf of St. Lawrence—have all been published in the scientific journals.

In *Archæology* we have to report the arrival in this country of a cast of the celebrated Tanis Stone, with equivalent inscriptions carved on two of its sides in hieroglyphic, Greek, and Demotic characters, as in the case of the Rosetta Stone, but in much more perfect preservation, thus constituting an important addition to the means at command of Egyptologists for deciphering the enigmas of the ancient inscriptions. The cast in question was obtained for Monmouth College, Illinois, but was first sent to the Smithsonian Institution in order that copies might be taken of it.

Under the head of *Physiology*, *Hygiene*, etc., we have to record valuable papers on the effect of heat on animals, by Professor Bernard, of Paris, and Dr. Craig, of Washington; the action of aconitine upon the system; the function of chloral in cases of cholera, etc., etc. Cundurango still continues to excite discussion in the popular journals and in medical periodicals, many denouncing it as entirely worthless, while

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others claim for it other valuable properties not originally ascribed to it.

An important paper by Sanderson upon the difference between Bacteria and fungi is capable of valuable practical application. Polli has an article upon the use of sulphites in disease, showing the chemical and physiological action resulting from their application. In a paper by Dr. Lombard upon the climate of mountains he attempts to show the relationship between certain diseases and altitude.

In *Zoology* and *Botany* there has not been much of special note beyond the announcements of valuable works in press, which will be referred to hereafter; among them that of Giebel upon birds, and of Pritzel upon plants. Professor Cope has given us a paper upon the extinct batrachian fauna of Ohio, based mainly upon collections made by Professor J. S. Newberry during his geological survey of the State.

Dr. Schrenck, of St. Petersburg, announces the discovery of some additional remains of the mastodon in Siberia, having more or less of the original animal tissues attached to the bones. Van Beneden describes a new fossil cetacean from Holland, and Professor Marsh a fossil bird from the cretaceous deposits of Kansas, possessing many peculiarities distinguishing it from modern animals of the same kind. Panceri, in a paper on the phosphorescence of marine animals, maintains that this resides in the epithelial secretions, and is not a living tissue, and consequently belongs to the same group of luminous bodies as decaying wood and animal matter. D. Manassein shows the influence of certain physical conditions and agencies upon the size of the blood corpuscles in animals, proving their want of constancy in this respect. We have several papers by Dr. Lander Lindsay upon the mental characteristics of the lower animals. Mr. St. Clair Gray presents a hypothesis in regard to the origin of nerve force, in which he takes the ground that the body is a battery, of which the brain and its envelope form one element, and the closed cavities of the abdomen another, which are connected by an alkaline liquid so as to cause electrical action.

In *Agriculture* we have papers upon the absorbent power of soils; upon enzootic miscarriage among animals, by Zünder; upon regulating the hatching of silk-worm eggs, by M. Duclaux; upon the germination of potatoes in cellars; upon the detection of disease in domestic animals; upon the extraction of ammonia from the atmosphere by humus; upon the discovery of new beds of phosphates in France, Austria, etc. A report by Professor Gamgee to the Agricultural Department upon certain diseases of cattle will be found of value. Mr. Baker has memorialized Congress upon the great importance of the introduction of certain palms for cultivation in Florida, especially such as yield sugar and dried fruits. The Delpino method of rearing silk-worms, namely, by isolating both worms and the perfect insects, is treated of by the French journals with great commendation.

Among the more important announcements in *Technology* are: the use of "Canada oil," a light hydrocarbon, for extracting fats and grease from plants, seeds, bones, and other substances; calorigen, a new mode of heating and ventilation; some new dyes; aseptin; the selenitic mortar of Colonel Scott, etc. A valuable paper upon methods of preserving woods for engineering purposes, as prepared by Captain Cram, has been published by the Engineer Bureau. The success of artificial alazarine as a substitute for madder is maintained by Dr. Grothe; while the use of caustic baryta in sugar refinery is claimed to be a valuable discovery.

Among the miscellaneous announcements is that of the destruction of the greater part of the arctic whaling fleet in the North Pacific, of which full details have been published in the daily and weekly journals.

In *Necrology* are embraced the names of Dr. J. A. Swan, secretary of the Boston Natural History Society; Mr. Knieskern and M. Lecoq, well-known botanists, and Mr. Olrik, the inspector of the Greenland colonies, well known to all Greenland explorers. In the death of Dr. Adolph Strecker, of Würzburg, chemistry loses a devoted votary; and natural history experiences an equal loss in the decease of W. Harper Pease, a well-known American conchologist, residing for many years in the Sandwich Islands.

Among the most important *Government Publications* since our last Summary are the fifth volume of the geological report of Mr. Clarence King, embracing the botany of his expedition; a new surgical circular of the United States Medical Department; the report of the Agricultural Department upon cattle disease, above referred to; and the report of Dr. Hayden upon the geology of Wyoming Territory.

GREAT CONTINENTAL GLACIERS.

We have already referred to Professor Dana's paper, in the *American Journal of Science*, upon the great continental glaciers of North America; and in the November number he continues this highly interesting topic, and proceeds to investigate its source, or the position of the great plateau which constituted the starting-point of the glacier movement. After a full discussion of the direction of the rock scratches, at different points in New England and Canada, he comes to the conclusion that the region of greatest elevation in question, along the water-shed, and that of the icy plateau, must have been situated between Lake Temiscaming and Lake Mistissinny, and that its trend was consequently northeast and southwest, this being nearly that of the water-shed between the lakes—a trend just right for a southeast movement of the ice. The height of this Canadian water-shed must have been at least 4500 feet greater than at the present time.

The present difference from that level is not due, in all probability, to denudation, but rather to a subsequent depression of the level of the surface following the previous elevation. This elevation of the surface of the land of Northern Canada into a great plateau at least as high as the summit of Mount Washington, with the less elevations north and south as a part of the great swell of the surface, and with the simultaneous elevation of other, perhaps higher, plateaus over the more northern and northwestern portions of the continent, and all following the majestic uplifts of the tertiary, would have made a *glacial* period for North America, whatever the position of the ecliptic, or whatever the eccentricity of

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the earth's orbit, though more readily, of course, if other circumstances favored. Having the most elevated land of eastern North America along the region pointed out, the courses of the winds and the distribution of moisture would have been different from the present. Canada being then on the seaward slope of the high land, instead of, as now, on the landward slope, could not have had its comparatively dry climate with only an annual fall of thirty inches of moisture. According to Professor Dana, in the subsidence of this plateau it is probable that the same region was depressed even below its present level, this probably initiating the melting of the glacier, followed by a return movement, with possibly minor oscillations during the same period.

NEW FORM OF SENSITIVE FLAME.

Most of our readers are familiar with the interesting physical fact that certain flames are exceedingly sensitive to sound, and have seen notices of the experiments of Professor Tyndall and Professor Pepper, in London, upon this subject. Quite recently, according to *Nature*, a new form of sensitive flame has been devised by Mr. Barry, of Cork, which is said to be the most easily affected one known, possessing the advantage that the ordinary pressure in a gas-main is quite sufficient to develop it. The method of producing it consists in igniting the ordinary coal gas, not at the burner, but some inches above it, by interposing between the burner and the flame a piece of wire gauze of about thirty-two meshes to the inch. A pin-hole burner is used, so as to produce a conical flame.

The gauze should be held steadily about two inches above the burner, by means of a retort-stand. The flame is a slender cone about four inches high, the upper portion giving a bright yellow light, the base being a non-luminous blue flame. At the least noise this flame roars, sinking down to the surface of the gauze, becoming at the same time almost invisible. It is very active in its responses, and being rather a noisy flame, its sympathy is apparent to the ear as well as to the eye.

To the vowel sounds it does not seem to answer so discriminately as the vowel flame of Professor Tyndall. It is extremely sensitive to *a*, very slightly to *e*, more so to *i*, entirely insensitive to *o*, but slightly sensitive to *u*. It dances in the most perfect manner to a small musical snuff-box, and is highly sensitive to most of the sonorous vibrations which affect the vowel flame, though it possesses some points of difference.

HYGRAFFINITY.

In a very important paper on the "Estimation of Antimony," published in the *Chemical News*, Hugo Tamm calls the attention of chemists to a new phenomenon, which the author describes under the name of "hygraffinity." This phenomenon was discovered in a peculiar compound of antimony—bigallate of antimony—which is totally insoluble in water, and yet possesses a powerful affinity for moisture, which it absorbs rapidly from the air, after being dried at the temperature of 212° F. Most powders and precipitates, dried at that temperature, as is well known, absorb moisture on exposure to the atmosphere, but this is a purely physical phenomenon, due to porosity. On the contrary, in the case of gallate of antimony, chemical affinity is at work, and this precipitate, after exposure to the air for two or three hours, actually absorbs two equivalents of water. In a word, this insoluble substance has as much affinity for moisture as deliquescent salts. But one of the most curious features in connection with this extraordinary phenomenon is that, on being dried at 212° F., bigallate of antimony loses the two equivalents of water which it had absorbed from the air, and that on being left exposed once more to the atmosphere it reabsorbs the same amount of moisture. This interesting experiment may be repeated indefinitely.

TACCHINI ON THE PROTUBERANCES OF THE SUN.

Professor Tacchini, of the observatory of Palermo, has lately published some observations upon the protuberances of the sun, and sums up his conclusions as follows:

1. That the protuberances are divisible into two great categories—*filamentous*, and *simply* vaporous.

2. That in the great refractor of Merz the protuberances are observed with the greatest precision and clearness.

3. That with powerful instruments the separation of the protuberances into the two categories is quite evident, while with small instruments the observer may fall into the error of attributing a common structure, without distinction, to the protuberances in general, which explains the differences in the various observations made with ordinary instruments.

4. That the whole of the border of the sun is a series of flames.

SIMPLE CONSTRUCTION OF CONCAVE AND CONVEX MIRRORS.

The German journals speak with approval of the invention of Nesmith, of Manchester, for the ready preparation of concave and convex mirrors, which usually constitutes an expensive and tedious branch of the glass manufacturer's art. For this purpose a flat plate of glass, about forty inches in diameter and three-sixteenths of an inch thick, is first cemented to an iron mould, hollowed out hemispherically. By means of a tube attached to this mould all the air can be removed from the hollow space beneath the glass. The simple act of sucking away the air by means of the mouth will cause the disk to bend under the pressure of the external air, so as to acquire a concavity in the middle of three-fourths of an inch. If air be blown into the cavity, on the other hand, the plate becomes convex. It is expected that the process can be made so perfect as to render the convexity uniform for two plates, which, when cemented around by their edges, and filled with some strongly refracting liquid, will serve the purpose of a cheap and powerful lens. Indeed, an inventor in Baltimore has realized this expectation, and succeeded in producing lenses of great power and unusual cheapness.

MICROSCOPICAL SECTIONS OF ROCKS.

The *Mechanic's Magazine* for September 30 contains an account of an improved apparatus for

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the preparation of sections of rock for microscopic examination. This branch of investigation within a few years past has become of much importance, and in the hands of Mr. Forbes and others is furnishing valuable results in determining the true character of rocks, and frequently much more satisfactorily than would be possible by the best chemical analysis.

EXPLORATION OF THE "GROTTO OF THE DEAD" IN FRANCE.

The committee appointed to explore the "Grotto of the Dead," near Alois, in France, report that from their latest researches this cavern, so interesting in an ethnological point of view, seems to be a "fault," occupied originally by a vein of lead ore, and that this had been taken out, and the cavity subsequently utilized, first as a dwelling-place, and then as a place of sepulture for the race which has been found therein. Much interest is attached to the further exploration of this deposit.

REMOVING THE ODOR OF CARBOLIC ACID.

The value of carbolic acid for many applications is now well established, but for medical purposes is greatly diminished by the odor, which is extremely offensive to many persons. It may, therefore, be interesting to know of a method which, according to Professor Church, will entirely remove this odor, substituting for it a delicate trace of geranium leaves, which may, perhaps, be improved upon by adding a few drops of that oil. The process, as recently published by Mr. Church, consists in pouring one pound of the best carbolic acid of commerce (the white crystallized) into two gallons of cold distilled water, taking care not to permit the *whole* of the acid to enter into solution. With a good sample, if, after shaking repeatedly at intervals, between two and three ounces of the acid remains at the bottom of the vessel used, this will be a sufficient residue to hold and contain all the impurities; with bad samples, less water must be used, and more acid. The watery solution is to be siphoned off, and filtered, if necessary, through fine filter-paper till perfectly clear. It is then placed in a tall cylinder, and pure powdered common salt added, with constant agitation, till it no longer dissolves. On standing for a time, the greater part of the carbolic acid will be found floating as a yellow oily layer on the top of the saline liquor, and merely requires to be removed to be ready for use. As it contains five per cent. or more of water, it does not generally crystallize, but it may be made to do so by distilling it from a little lime. The portion collected, up to about 365° F., has, at ordinary temperatures, scarcely any odor save a faint one resembling that of geranium leaves. The addition of about four drops per fluid ounce of the French oil of geranium will still further mask the slight odor of the acid, and has an additional advantage of liquefying the pure crystallized product. The pure acid may be dissolved in 230 parts of water, and used as a gargle, or in 25 parts of water for painting the throat, or in 50 parts for the carbolic spray.

CHARACTERS OF PURE GLYCERINE.

According to Köller, among the characteristics of pure glycerine, as compared with an impure article, are the following. Pure glycerine has a neutral reaction, and on evaporation in a porcelain dish leaves only a very slight carbonaceous crust, while the impure has a much greater percentage of coaly matter. The pure article does not become brown when treated, drop by drop, with concentrated sulphuric acid, even after several hours; the impure becomes brown even when but slightly adulterated. Pure glycerine, treated with pure nitric acid and a solution of nitrate of silver, does not become cloudy, while the impure exhibits a decidedly milky appearance. Sometimes the impure article becomes blackened with the sulphide of ammonium. Oxalate of ammonia produces a black clouding; lime-water sometimes causes a milky discoloration. Pure glycerine, however, constantly remains perfectly uncolored, and clear as water, the impure becoming colored to a greater or less extent. If a few drops are rubbed between the fingers, pure glycerine causes no fatty smell; the contrary is the case with the impure, especially if a few drops of dilute sulphuric acid be introduced.

PREPARATION OF HIDES.

The following method is recommended for preparing leather. Begin by soaking the skin or hide eight or nine days in water, then put it in lime; take it out, remove the hair by rubbing, and soak again in clear water until the lime is entirely out. Put one pound of alum to three of salt, dissolve in a vessel sufficiently large to hold the hide; soak the hide in it three or four days; take it out, let it get half dry, and then beat or rub until it becomes pliable. Leather prepared by this process will not do well for shoes, but answers for hamstrings, back-bands, and other purposes on the farm.

INFLUENCE OF HEAT ON THE HUMAN BODY.

Dr. Craig, of the Medical Service of the United States army, prosecuted some experiments during the hot summer of 1870, as published in the *American Journal of Science*, in reference to the influence of external physical conditions upon the temperature of the human body. The highest bodily temperature observed by him during that time was 99.7° F. He states that below 99° he did not feel uncomfortably hot; but when 99.2° was reached, then the sensation of suffering from heat came on. By the prolonged use of the shower-bath he was able to reduce his temperature to 97.7° in the hottest weather, which constituted a very great amelioration of his sensations. He concluded that the discomfort we feel in hot weather is not from the heat on the surface, but from the secondary effect of heating the whole body. Should the internal heat of the body be raised above 100°, he thinks that apoplexy and sun-stroke would be quite likely to supervene. Judging from some experiments recorded elsewhere, Dr. Craig thinks that a reduction of the temperature as low as 88° F., by external applications of cold, is as great as it is safe to venture upon.

ON THE EXTINCT BATRACHIAN FAUNA OF OHIO.

At a late meeting of the American Philosophical Society Professor Cope made a communication upon the extinct Batrachian fauna of the

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carboniferous formation of Linton, Ohio, based upon material obtained by Professor J. S. Newberry, director of the Geological Survey of Ohio, and professor in the School of Mines of Columbia College. Up to the present time twenty-seven species have been discovered, most of them previously described by Professor Cope, although some of them are new species, announced now for the first time.

It would appear from Professor Cope's statement that no true reptiles have yet been obtained in the coal measures, all of them belonging unmistakably to the Batrachia, although species were met with closely resembling serpents, lizards, and crocodiles.

ORNITHOLOGICAL PUBLICATIONS IN 1870.

The October number of *The Ibis*, a quarterly journal of ornithology published in London, contains a summary of the progress of ornithological science for 1870, enumerating the names of writers upon this subject, with the titles of their publications. The total number of such authors mentioned in the list is 164, while the number of separate works and of papers (in scientific memoirs, transactions, proceedings, etc.) reaches 316. Strange to say, only 22 new genera have been adopted, although 288 have been proposed. Figures of 270 species, together with numerous plates illustrating the anatomy, the nests, and the eggs, have appeared. Due prominence and full credit are given to the comparatively small number of American writers whose names appear in the list.

ELIMINATION OF NITROGEN IN CASES OF FEVER.

In a treatise by Dr. Unruh upon the elimination of nitrogen in cases of fever, he sums up the result of his researches by stating that the total amount of such elimination is greater in fevers by perhaps fifty per cent. than in the normal condition of the body, but that it is not proportional to the elevation of its temperature. In the crisis of the fever oxidation of nitrogenous substances is increased; but in certain cases the elevation of the temperature is the primary cause, and brings about a secondary increase of the elimination. The warmth produced by the increased oxidation of the nitrogenous substance is not sufficient to explain the frequently excessive temperature in fevers. The fever, in and of itself, produces no increase of the uric acid. This, however, may occur in consequence of the insufficiency of respiration. Sulphate of quinine is an antipyretic remedy, but is not an absolutely certain one.

EXPLOSION IN THE SUN.

The Boston *Journal of Chemistry* contains a communication from Professor Young, of Dartmouth, in reference to an outburst of solar energy remarkable for its suddenness and violence. Professor Young's attention had been directed for some time toward an enormous protuberance of hydrogen cloud on the eastern limb of the sun, which had remained with little change since the preceding noon, in no way remarkable except for its size. It was made up mostly of filaments, nearly horizontal, and floated above the chromosphere, with its lower surface at a height of some 15,000 miles, but was connected to it by three or four columns brighter and more active than the rest. The total length was about 100,000 miles, and depth about 40,000.

After an absence of a few minutes a remarkable change was observed by Professor Young to have taken place in this object, caused by its violent disruption during that period. In place of the quiet cloud, the space above it was filled with floating débris, a mass of detached, vertical, fusiform filaments in rapid motion, some of them having already reached a height of nearly 100,000 miles, and still rising with a motion almost perceptible to the eye, until in ten minutes the uppermost were more than 200,000 miles above the solar surface. The velocity of ascent, 166 miles per second, was considerably greater than any hitherto recorded.

As the filaments rose they gradually faded away like a dissolving cloud, and in about twenty minutes only a few filmy wisps, with some bright streamers, low down near the chromosphere, remained to mark the place. The whole phenomenon suggested most forcibly to Professor Young the idea of an explosion under the great prominence, acting mainly upward, but also in all directions outward, and then, after an interval, followed by a corresponding inrush; and it is thought possible that the mysterious coronal streamers, if they turn out to be truly solar, may find their origin and explanation in such events. In conclusion Professor Young inquires whether the fine aurora which succeeded in the evening was the earth's response to this magnificent outburst of the sun, and thinks the coincidence at least suggestive.

CHANGE IN THE HABITS OF THE KEA PARROT OF NEW ZEALAND.

Mr. Potts, a well-known ornithologist of New Zealand, calls attention, in a late number of *Nature*, to a curious change that has taken place in the habits of the kea parrot, belonging to the Australian genus *Nestor*. When the island was first discovered, this bird was known to make use of its brush-like tongue in gathering honey from the various flowers, and in feeding upon the berries of the plants belonging to its neighborhood, this diet being varied by the capture of an occasional insect. It now appears that the first change consisted in its resorting to the scaffolds used by the settlers for drying meat, and then to the sheep-skins suspended in the air. Now it has become the veritable pest of the country, from its habit of lighting upon the backs of sheep and picking away the wool, and then tearing out the flesh, thus causing a peculiar sore, which was originally supposed to be a new kind of disease, and not until quite recently was it ascertained that it was due to the attacks of the kea parrot.

PHYSIOLOGICAL ACTION OF ACONITE.

Messrs. Gréhaut and Duquesnel have been lately prosecuting some inquiries into the physiological action of *aconitine*. Among other experiments, they injected one-twentieth of a milligram under the skin of the back of a frog. Thirty minutes afterward the sciatic nerve had completely lost its motoricity, though the muscles of the thigh contracted when stimulated by an induced current, and the heart beat regularly. In another experiment one leg of the frog was

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tied so as to arrest circulation, and the frog then poisoned with aconitine. All the motor nerves which received the poisoned blood lost their physiological properties, while those of the preserved limb remained excitable.

From these results it appears that small doses of aconitine are analogous in physiological results to curarine in destroying the motor power of the nerves. A dose of one milligram of aconitine, however, injected into a frog (twenty times as much as that used in the first experiment) completely arrested the action of the ventricles of the heart, the auricles alone contracting feebly; the excitability of the motor nerves continued for a long time in this case, and the animal continually moved, spontaneously or convulsively. By microscopic examination of another frog similarly treated, it was found that in one minute and a half the arterial circulation was much slackened, and in three minutes had completely ceased; the nerves did not lose their motoricity, because, through the cessation of circulation, they did not come in contact with the poison.

In mammalia the effects of the poison show themselves more rapidly, and are more difficult to analyze; a milligram of aconitine injected into a rabbit in which artificial respiration was kept up was found, after half an hour, to prevent the sciatic nerve from producing contraction of the muscles, although these had preserved their contractility.

DEXTRAL PRE-EMINENCE.

Dr. William Ogle has recently made a communication to the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London, upon what he calls "dextral pre-eminence," in which he takes ground against the most generally accepted doctrine that the use of the right hand is based on conventional agreement, enforced by educational influence, without the existence of any natural tendency in physical formation. In support of his views he remarks that the preferential use of one side is not limited to the arm, but extends to the leg, which is not subjected to education like the arms. The tendency to use one side preferentially manifests itself before education begins, and often persists in spite of efforts made to overcome it. Left-handedness resembles many physical malformations in being hereditary, in running in families, and in attaching itself rather to the male sex than to the female. Statistics are given of its relatively frequent tendency in the two sexes. The author also gave an account of his observations in this matter upon other animals than man; monkeys and parrots especially showing that they also have a tendency to use one side preferentially.

Having shown that there must be some one or other structural foundation for right-handedness, he next considers what this may be, and states as the result of his inquiries that an actual structural difference has been detected in many cases between the two hemispheres of the brain, and that while the left is the more complex in right-handed individuals, the contrary is the case with those who are left-handed.

He also remarks that in most cases of the normal condition, namely, when the right-hand is used habitually, the left hemisphere of the brain is larger, in consequence of receiving a freer supply of blood than the right, the left arteries being, as a rule, slightly larger than the right ones; and independently of the size of the vessels, the stream of blood is less hindered on the left side than the right. This explanation is corroborated, according to the author, by the peculiarities of the cerebral blood supply in those animals which manifest a tendency to use one side rather than the other, as in the case of parrots.

DIFFERENCE OF BACTERIA FROM FUNGI.

Some researches by Dr. Sanderson upon the intimate pathology of contagion have led him to very careful investigations into the conditions under which microzymes (Bacteria) and fungi become developed in various solutions. The results at which he arrives are of great importance. Microzymes are not capable of being transmitted from one solution to another by means of air. On the other hand, fungi, as is well known, are capable of being so transmitted. If proper precautions in its preparation be taken, a solution (Pasteur's, *e. g.*) may be exposed to the air for months in an open vessel without the development in it of a single Bacterium, while fungi (*i. e.*, *Mycelium torula*) will be developed in it in proportion to its amount of exposure to the air. In order to insure this result, all that is necessary is to boil the solution, and thoroughly rinse with boiling water the vessel that is to contain it.

The addition of a drop of ordinary distilled water is sufficient to cause rapid development of Bacteria in abundance in such a solution. If the distilled water be previously boiled, no such development ensues. These results show clearly that there is no developmental connection between microzymes and *torula* cells, and that their apparent association is one of mere juxtaposition.

There is also in this paper an account of a series of experiments with sealed tubes containing organic and other solutions, which were, as in Dr. Bastian's well-known experiments, submitted to a high temperature, special experiments being also made with tubes in which more or less perfect vacuum was produced; Dr. Bastian, as it will be remembered, believing he had found that low organisms developed themselves more rapidly in fluids existing in an atmosphere of low tension. Dr. Sanderson's conclusions are entirely at variance with those of Dr. Bastian. In no one case where proper precautions were taken to exclude and destroy germs did any development of life whatever take place.

MICROSCOPIC FORMS IN THE ATMOSPHERE.

According to a late communication by Ehrenberg to the Academy of Sciences of Berlin, he has succeeded in determining the existence of 548 species of organic forms, absolutely invisible to the naked eye, and held in suspension in the atmosphere.

RELATIONSHIP OF THE EARTH'S MAGNETISM TO THE ROTATION OF THE SUN.

Professor Hornstein, director of the observatory at Prague, has lately presented to the Vienna Academy of Sciences a series of magnetic observations, which seem to show that the direction of the magnetic needle depends, at least in

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part, on the part of the sun which is presented to the earth. Collating the observations of magnetic declination made at Prague every day during 1870, he finds a regular vibration of the needle having a period of 26½ days, the amplitude of the vibration being 40″ on each side of the mean position. The inclination shows a smaller vibration, with about the same period. The observations at Vienna give about the same result. But this period of 26½ days is almost exactly that of the synodical revolution of the equatorial regions of the sun, as shown by the movement of the spots; and Professor Hornstein considers that this coincidence can not be accidental, and that there is a real relation between the direction of the needle and the rotation of the sun.

CHARACTER OF SCOTT'S SELENITIC MORTAR.

We lately gave an account of the new selenitic mortar invented by Colonel Scott, of London, said to possess very great merit, and to have been introduced into use on a very large scale. A late paper by Schott upon this mortar discusses it in a very comprehensive manner; and after an investigation of the proper proportion and the qualities of the material, he comes to the conclusion that a much greater range of proportions, and a much larger number of ingredients than those mentioned by the discoverer, will answer an equally good purpose, thereby making it quite feasible to prepare it where the substances first considered as essential are not to be found.

PHYSICAL ATLAS OF FRANCE.

An important work has just been commenced in France, under the direction of Messrs. Delaunay and Marié Davy, with the title of "Physical Atlas of France"—a specimen number having been issued by these gentlemen for the criticism of their friends and correspondents. The scale on which most of the maps are to be executed is two-millionths of an inch, which is thought to be sufficiently large to allow a representation of the different elements to be included. The subjects treated of in this atlas will be classified under six different heads: *First*, the political administrative condition of France, such as the ancient and modern divisions into provinces, departments, judicial districts, university and military districts, etc.; *second*, the soil and the waters of France, such as maps of the bottom of the sea, of the flora and marine fauna of the coast, relief maps of the soil and water-courses, general and special geological maps, etc.; *third*, the climatology of France, showing the lines of equal temperature, rain and wind maps according to the season, maps of storms, hail, etc.; *fourth*, the agronomy of France, such as maps of geographic botany, of the leafing, flowering, and fructification of plants, maps showing the condition of culture, the portions occupied by woods, sterile patches, meadows, etc., maps of natural and artificial irrigations, etc.; *fifth*, the industry, commerce, and navigation of France, including maps of telegraphic and postal lines, of railways and canals, and showing the distribution of the different industries, as well as maps of the mineral and manufacturing productions. The *sixth* and last division is that of population, including ethnology and archæology, maps of the density of the population, of the price of daily labor, maps of primary, secondary, and superior instruction, of the prisons, the endemic maladies, the size of the conscripts, etc.

The specimen number of this work relates to the navigable waters, and how far they are navigable from the sea for war or other vessels, the amount of water at the different seasons, their industrial utilization, the amount disposable for agriculture and the amount actually used for irrigation, the mineral composition of the waters, etc. Also the relief of the bottom of the sea, and the composition of its bottom in reference to navigation; and the mineral, animal, and vegetable productions found at the bottom of the sea, and the places of their production; the sedentary and nomadic population, who occupy their time in fishing; the position of light-houses and life-saving stations, etc.

IMMUNITY OF THE PIG FROM INJURY BY SERPENT BITES.

The impression is generally prevalent in the United States that the common domestic pig is an especial enemy of all kinds of serpents, and that it is capable of receiving the bite of the rattlesnake and copper-head without the slightest personal inconvenience or injury. This same immunity from harm would seem to exist in other countries, as a late writer in the London *Field* remarks upon the fondness of the pigs in India for the cobra de capello, and states that he has repeatedly seen them in conflict, and has observed the pig to be bitten over and over again in the snout and about the face by the writhing reptile, and in no instance with the slightest ill result to the aggressor.

GUATEMALA AS A RESORT FOR CONSUMPTIVE PERSONS.

A recent communication by Dr. James Wynne, of Guatemala City, to the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London, calls attention to the advantages of the Pacific coast of tropical America, and especially of Guatemala, as a residence for consumptive patients. This city is situated 5000 feet above the sea, in latitude 14° 37′ 32″ north, having a mean temperature of 66° F. The climate is that of perpetual spring; the air is tonic and invigorating, yet not too stimulating. Consumption is very rarely met with, and phthisical patients coming from a distance, if able to lead an open-air life, make remarkable progress. Of twelve cases recorded, four died, five recovered, while three still remained under observation. Of the fatal cases, the disease had reached a hopeless stage in all but one, before being seen for the first time. It is suggested that the value of the Central American plateaus in phthisis should be tested by sending out twenty patients in an early stage of the disease for a few years, or, better, for a permanent residence.

IODIZED COTTON IN SURGERY.

M. C. Méhu, in discussing the ordinary methods of applying iodine in cases of glandular swelling, goitre, etc., finds that the use of solutions is, in many cases, attended with inconvenience, and proposes to employ carded cotton, which, when impregnated with iodine in a special manner, is equally efficacious as a remedy, and un-

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attended by any serious disadvantages. The iodized cotton is prepared in the following manner: A quantity of perfectly dry cotton, of good quality, is introduced into a stoppered flask of one-liter capacity, together with about one-tenth of its weight of finely powdered iodine, in such a manner as to distribute the iodine pretty evenly throughout the mass of cotton. The flask is then partially closed, and gradually heated in a sand-bath to expand the air. After a short time it is firmly stoppered, and the heat raised until the flask is filled with the vapor of iodine; this latter slowly combines with the cotton, causing it to assume a deep yellowish-brown color. As soon as the whole of the iodine is fixed on the textile fibre, and the violet vapor is no longer visible, the operation is terminated; the whole process, if well conducted, being effected in about two hours. Twenty grains of cotton-wool will be found sufficient for one liter; it is also unadvisable to exceed the proportion of ten per cent. of iodine, since, for general purposes, a cotton of half this strength is sufficiently active.

Although cotton can be made to absorb in this manner so large a proportion of iodine, it nevertheless preserves, in a great measure, its original tenacity. Its color is brown, and not black, which latter is sure to be the case if the heat employed be too high, or if its action be too greatly prolonged.

CAUSE OF SMOKINESS IN QUARTZ CRYSTALS.

Mineralogists are well aware that in 1868 a large number of crystals of smoky quartz were found in Switzerland, which furnished specimens of great beauty and size to many cabinets throughout the world. In the course of an investigation into the physical characters of some of these crystals, it was found, much to the surprise of the experimenter, that on heating they lost their smoky appearance, and became as limpid and colorless as the most beautiful rock crystal; and this suggested the inquiry whether the color was due to the inclusion of organic substances which were destroyed by heating, or to some change of the molecular constitution of the crystal caused by the heat. To determine this question, Professor Forster subjected a series of these crystals to a careful examination, and, as the result, came finally to the conclusion that the black color was not the result of any peculiar molecular condition, but that it was produced by the presence in the crystal of bodies containing organic carbon and hydrogen.

OYSTER BEDS OF GERMANY.

Professors Möbius and Hensen have been lately engaged in a careful investigation of the condition of the oyster beds of Schleswig, and have ascertained that a full-grown oyster can produce a million of young in a single season. They also ascertained that the Schleswig oysters at least have no decided manifestation of sex during the winter, but that, prior to the breeding season, in some the cells of the generative glands develop spermatozoa, while others develop only eggs, the numbers in the two divisions being about equal. This sexual development is later in the deeper beds than in the more superficial ones, probably because the stimulus of increasing heat acts earlier at shallow depths than at greater ones. They also found reason to believe that the egg-bearing generative glands, after discharging their eggs, appear to have spermatozoa to form in them.

EUCALYPTUS A FEBRIFUGE.

The cultivation of the *Eucalyptus globulus* is making rapid progress in the south of France, Spain, Algiers, and Corsica, especially on account of its alleged virtues as a remedy for fever. It furnishes a peculiar extractive matter, or alkaloid, called eucalyptine, said by some to be as excellent a remedy against fever as quinine. In Spain its efficacy in cases of intermittent and marsh fevers has gained for it the name of "fever-tree." It is a powerful tonic and diffusible stimulant, performs remarkable cures in cases of chronic catarrh and dyspepsia, is an excellent antiseptic application to wounds, and tans the skins of dead animals, giving the fragrance of Russia leather. The tree prefers a marshy soil, in which it grows to a great height very rapidly. It dries the earth under it by the evaporation from its leaves, and shelters it from the sun, thus preventing the generation of marsh miasm.

CLEARING BEAN OF INDIA.

Among other vegetable productions of India is a species of *Strychnos*, known there as the clearing nut, the dried seeds of which are used to a considerable extent for the purpose of clearing muddy water. For this purpose one of the nuts is usually rubbed hard for a short time round the inside of the earthen pot; the water afterward is poured into it and left to settle, the impurities soon subsiding, and the water being left pure, clear, and wholesome. It is said the natives never drink well-water if they can get pond or river water, which they treat in the way indicated. These seeds have much the action of alum, but are believed to be less injurious, and are very easily obtained any where in India. The fruit, when green, is made into preserves and eaten; but when ripe, and given in powder, answers the purpose of an emetic, a dose being about half a tea-spoonful. According to Dr. Pereira, the peculiar property of these seeds depends on the presence of albumen and caseine, which act as purifying agents, like those employed for wine or beer. If the seeds be sliced and digested in water, a thick mucilaginous liquid is obtained, which, when boiled, yields a coagulum. A similar application is made elsewhere of other kinds of seeds. Thus the inhabitants of Cairo render the muddy water of the Nile quite clean by rubbing bitter almonds, prepared in a particular manner, on the inside of the earthen jar in which the water is kept.

NEW LOCATION OF TIN.

The attempt to discover tin in workable quantities in the United States has been rather a failure, since, notwithstanding the many enthusiastic announcements of the finding of mines of this valuable metal in Missouri, Utah, and elsewhere, it would appear that the metal itself is not forthcoming. The latest account from the Utah mines is that the substance in question is cadmium, which, although valuable, is perhaps less so than tin, in view of the threatened exhaustion of the best-known mines. It is now reported that some rich deposits have been found in the Department of Lozère, in France.

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Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 25th of January.—Congress reassembled, after the holiday recess, January 8. On that day an important vote was reached in the House in regard to the abolition of the income tax. A resolution offered by Mr. Kellogg, of Connecticut, before the recess, directing the Committee of Ways and Means to report a bill repealing this tax, came up on a motion to suspend the rules and adopt the resolution. The motion was lost by a vote of 71 to 81. The same day, in the House, Mr. Hale, of Maine, introduced a bill to relieve American-built vessels from import duties on articles entering into their construction, repair, and use. Mr. Hale moved the previous question on its passage, which was lost, 59 to 64. After a discussion, January 22, the bill was referred to the Committee of Ways and Means, 132 to 60.

In connection with this measure it is proper to mention the memorial sent to Congress by the Chamber of Commerce of New York (dated January 17), directing attention to the depressed condition of American shipping, and calling upon Congress for relief. The substance of this memorial may be thus stated: Ocean steamers are now built of iron, and this class of vessels can not at present be built in the United States to compete, in point of cost, with those of Great Britain. Three causes of this inability are given. First, the higher cost of American labor, skilled and unskilled; second, the higher cost of the materials, whether of foreign or home production, in consequence of our high tariff of duties; third, the increase of price both of labor and materials, caused by our excessive issue of irredeemable paper money, but which has failed to produce since the close of the war a corresponding increase in the premium on gold coin. Statistics show that the average price of labor and property is now at least 40 per cent. higher than before the issue of our present currency, notwithstanding that it can be exchanged for gold at a difference of only 9 per cent. The memorial states that other disabilities exist, but those named are deemed sufficient to show the necessity of prompt measures of relief, if this important interest is to be saved from utter ruin. The carrying of the mails by lines of American steamers sailing to foreign ports is strongly recommended, in order that our ocean steamers may be able to successfully compete in international commerce with those of other nations thus favored.

Mr. Cox, of New York, introduced a bill in the House, January 15, to allow American registration to foreign-built vessels.

Three bills providing for general amnesty were discussed in the House January 15. The first was introduced by Mr. Acker, of Pennsylvania, providing for the removal of all legal and political disabilities arising out of the rebellion, and for general amnesty. This bill met with some objections on the part of Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts, and failed to receive the requisite two-thirds majority, the vote being 106 to 93. Mr. Dawes then introduced a bill removing all political disabilities incurred under and by virtue of the third section of the fourteenth constitutional amendment. Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts, was dissatisfied with the exact phraseology of that bill, and desired to substitute for it one introduced by himself earlier in the day. Mr. Dawes's bill failed to receive a two-thirds vote, securing 131 yeas to 70 nays. Mr. Hale, of Maine, then introduced a bill, which was passed, 170 to 31. It is not a full and unconditional amnesty, since it provides for a system of oaths of loyalty, to be taken before United States commissioners or clerks of the United States courts, and it excepts from the benefit of its provisions all members of Congress and officers of the United States army and navy who went over to and aided the rebellion. This bill is the same as that passed by the House at the last session, and now pending in the Senate, save that it has one less exception—viz., of the members of State Conventions which voted for ordinances of secession.

In the Senate, January 17, Mr. Sawyer, of South Carolina, from the Committee on Education and Labor, reported, with amendments, a bill to provide for the appointment of a labor commission. The amendments fix the salary of the clerk of the commission at $1400 per annum, and make an appropriation of $16,400 for all salaries of the commission. It also appropriates $1000 for stationery and postage.

In the Senate, January 16, Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, from the Committee on Finance, reported a bill to repeal the duty on iron and salt, with amendments, which he asked to have printed, and moved its recommittal. Mr. Trumbull opposed the motion, and hoped the bill now before the Senate to repeal the duty on coal and salt would be acted upon without recommittal. He thought it questionable whether the committee had a right to introduce, by way of amendment to this bill, what was substantially a general tariff bill. Mr. Sherman's bill was recommitted, 31 to 19. It provides for an average reduction of duties on imports of about 10 per cent. The free coal and salt bills passed by the House are amended so as to retain the duty of 50 cents per ton on bituminous coal, and of from 9 to 12 cents per 100 pounds on salt.

Mr. Blair, of Missouri, introduced in the Senate, January 22, a joint resolution favoring the acquisition of Cuba by the United States. It was laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

In the House, January 22, Mr. Morgan, of Ohio, moved to suspend the rules, and pass the joint resolution proposing to amend the Constitution by making naturalized citizens eligible to the Presidency and Vice-Presidency. Negatived—yeas 91, nays 75, less than the requisite two-thirds in the affirmative.—The same day Mr. Garfield, of Ohio, reported a bill, which was passed, appropriating $50,000 to defray the expenses of the embassy from Japan. By way of explanation, Mr. Banks said that the embassy was one of the highest character. Its object was to make inquiries, and to gain instruction in reference to the renewal of the existing treaties with the treaty powers. It was not authorized to make new treaties, but to ask an extension of those now existing until the Japanese should have time to inform themselves as to their revision. The em-

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bassy consisted of a chief embassador, who had been described in dispatches to the government as a person always in attendance on the emperor. He was accompanied by three vice-embassadors, one of whom (Governor Ito) was well known to many members of the House. There were twenty-one members of the embassy, who were the chief officers of eight different departments of the government of Japan, and who were instructed to make inquiry into the management of similar departments in the United States and foreign countries. He spoke of the great progress made by Japan since the first treaty negotiated in 1854 by Commodore Perry, and said that courtesy and good policy alike required the appropriation to be made.

In the Senate, January 22, Mr. Ramsey, of Minnesota, from the Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads, reported the Postal Telegraph bill, and said that the committee hoped to bring it before the Senate at an early day. In almost every other civilized country the cost of telegraphic messages had been reduced to about the rate proposed in this bill, and it was important that the subject should be considered here without unnecessary delay. The following is an abstract of the bill to connect the telegraph with the postal service:

Section 1 establishes postal telegraph offices at all post-offices on telegraph lines, and at all other post-offices where the gross receipts for postage are $500 a year, if within ten miles of the telegraph lines.

Section 2 fixes the rates uniform for equal distances —25 cents between offices not over 250 miles apart; 50 cents between offices over 250 miles apart and under 500; 25 cents for each additional 500 miles. Night rates, 25 cents for 1000 miles. Rates to be refunded for delays or mistakes in transmission.

Section 3 provides for prepayment by stamps, and for the destruction of all telegrams within one month.

Section 4 fixes press rates for each one hundred words of special dispatches at 50 cents by night, and 75 cents by day. It also fixes rates for press associations and for private wires for newspapers.

Section 6 defines the duties of the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General over the telegraph lines.

Section 7 authorizes the Postmaster-General to contract for the transmission of telegrams at above rates with parties who will furnish and operate the necessary lines of telegraph.

Section 8 contains provisions against tampering with telegrams, and makes telegrams privileged communications as private letters.

Section 9 authorizes the Postmaster-General to reduce the rates in the manner therein prescribed.

Section 10 incorporates the Postal Telegraph Company for the performance of the postal telegraph service on behalf of the Postmaster-General.

Sections 11 and 12 authorize the company to buy existing lines, and obliges it to purchase all such lines, if required by the owners thereof, at an appointed value. It fixes the capital stock at an amount not exceeding the last cost of its lines.

Section 13 authorizes the company to open offices wherever the wants of business may require.

Section 14 authorizes Congress to purchase the lines at any time at an appraised value.

Section 15 reserves to Congress the right to alter or amend the act.

The House Apportionment bill, as reported in the Senate January 23, is materially altered. The present number of Representatives is retained. Under the apportionment made each of the New England States, except Connecticut, loses one member, and New York loses three.

The civil service reform, as submitted to Congress in the report of the Civil Service Commission, has in the Senate met with considerable opposition. Mr. Carpenter, of Wisconsin, January 10, offered the following joint resolution:

"*Whereas*, the Constitution of the United States requires the President to nominate, and by and with the consent of the Senate to appoint, all officers of the United States whose appointments are not in said Constitution otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law, subject to the power of Congress by law to vest the appointment of such inferior officers as they may think proper in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments; therefore

"*Resolved*, That any law or regulation which is designed to relieve the President, and, in the cases pertaining to them, the courts of law or heads of departments, of the full responsibility of such nominations or appointments, is in violation of the Constitution."

Mr. Carpenter, January 18, called up this resolution, and addressed to the Senate a long argument in its support.

On the 29th of December the Secretary of the Treasury addressed the following letter to all collectors of customs:

"SIR,—The rules in regard to appointments in the civil service of the government, prepared by the Commissioners on the Civil Service, and approved by the President, will take effect on Monday next. On and after that day appointments and promotions in your office will be made in accordance with those rules as far as practicable. It will be necessary to designate a committee of competent persons to make competitive examinations of candidates for appointment and for promotion; and, until an appropriation shall have been made by Congress to defray the expenses, it will be necessary to name as commissioners persons who are already in the service of the government and connected with your office. I have, therefore, to request that you will give me the names of three persons who are in your opinion best qualified to perform that duty, and, unless objection shall appear, your recommendation will be approved. You will receive herewith a copy of the report of the commissioners, together with the regulations approved by the President, which, until otherwise directed, will be the guide of your conduct in this business."

The following is a summary of the rules prescribed by the Civil Service Reform Commission for the regulation of appointments:

1. That no person shall be appointed to the civil service who is not a citizen, whose character, health, and age are not satisfactory, and who can not speak, read, and write the English language.

2. That an advisory board, to be appointed by the President, shall group the positions in each branch of the civil service, and grade and group for the purpose of promotion.

3. That vacancies occurring in the lowest grades of the several branches of the civil service shall be filled from applicants who shall have passed a public competitive examination, on the certificates of the board conducting such competitive examination.

4. That vacancies occurring in higher grades shall be filled by competitive examinations of applicants from lower grades of the same group.

5. That applicants qualified for appointment as custodians of large sums of money shall not be appointed except with the approval of the officer who is responsible for their pecuniary fidelity.

6. That postmasters whose salary is less than $200 may be appointed upon the written request of applicants.

7. That the appointment of all persons, excepting persons appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate, postmasters, and foreign ministers and consuls, shall be made for a probationary term of six months, after which they may be reappointed on the recommendation of the board of examiners.

8. That the President shall designate three persons in each department of public service to serve as a board of examiners, which, under the supervision of the advisory board, and under regulations to be provided by it, shall conduct personally, or by persons approved by the advisory board, all investigations and examinations for admission into said departments or for promotion therein.

9. Any person who, after long and faithful service in a department, shall be incapacitated by mental or bodily infirmities for the efficient discharge of the duties of his position, may be appointed by the head of the department, at his discretion, to a position of less responsibility in the same department.

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10. That certain small-salaried positions in the consular service abroad may be filled by aliens, and certain positions at home by experts not familiar with the English language, or legally capable of naturalization.

11. That no political assessments shall be levied on persons employed by the government.

12. That the advisory board shall at any time recommend changes in these rules.

13. That from these rules are excepted the heads of departments, assistant secretaries of departments, Assistant Attorney-General and First Assistant Postmaster-General, Solicitor-General, Solicitor of the Treasury, Naval Solicitor, Solicitor of Internal Revenue, Examiner of Claims in the State Department, Treasurer of the United States, Register of the Treasury, First and Second Controller of the Treasury, judges of the United States courts, district attorneys, private secretary of the President, embassadors and other public ministers, Superintendent of the Coast Survey, Director of the Mint, Governors of Territories, special commissioners, special annual visiting and examining boards, persons appointed to positions without compensation for services, dispatch agents, and bearers of dispatches.

The New York State Legislature assembled at Albany January 2. The political constitution of the two Houses is as follows: the Senate consists of 24 Republicans, 6 Democrats, and 2 Reform Democrats; the House of 99 Republicans, 23 Democrats, 5 Reform Democrats, and 1 Independent. The Senate was called to order by Lieutenant-Governor Beach. The House was organized by the election of Henry Smith as Speaker. Governor Hoffman's message opposed the indiscriminate granting of charters to savings-banks. Referring to the Orange procession of last July, it defended the right of all citizens, of whatever race, color, or religion, to the same privileges, at the same time submitting to the Legislature the question of regulating processions by law. The passage of a joint resolution was recommended requesting the Senators and Representatives in Congress to use their efforts to have the Constitution of the United States amended so as to have Federal Senators elected by the people instead of by the Legislatures of the several States. The message also urges the importance of amending the State Constitution and the election and registry laws.

The terms of the following Senators expire March 4, 1873: Spencer of Alabama, Rice of Arkansas, Cole of California, Ferry of Connecticut, Osborn of Florida, Hill of Georgia, Trumbull of Illinois, Morton of Indiana, Harlan of Iowa, Pomeroy of Kansas, Davis of Kentucky, Kellogg of Louisiana, Vickers of Maryland, Blair of Missouri, Nye of Nevada, Patterson of New Hampshire, Conkling of New York, Pool of North Carolina, Sherman of Ohio, Corbett of Oregon, Cameron of Pennsylvania, Sawyer of South Carolina, Morrill of Vermont, and Howe of Wisconsin. Of these twenty-four but four are Democrats—Hill, Davis, Vickers, and Blair. Thomas C. M'Creery, a Democrat, has been elected to succeed Mr. Davis, of Kentucky; George R. Dennis, a Democrat, to succeed Vickers of Maryland; William B. Allison, a Republican, to succeed Harlan of Iowa; A. A. Sargent, a Republican, to succeed Cole of California; and John Sherman, of Ohio, has been re-elected.

The New Hampshire Republican State Convention, January 3, nominated Ezekiel A. Straw for Governor.

The Connecticut Republican State Convention, January 23, renominated Marshall Jewell for Governor.

The Republican National Convention is to be held at Philadelphia on the 5th of June, 1872.

The public debt was decreased nearly four millions and a half during the month of December. Since March 1, 1871, it has been reduced nearly seventy-seven millions.

The National Woman Suffrage Convention held its regular semi-annual meeting in Lincoln Hall, Washington, January 10. Prominent among the delegates were Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Joslyn Gage, Laura De Force Gordon, Martha C. Wright, Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker, Victoria C. Woodhull, Mrs. Sara J. Spencer, Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, Mrs. Elizabeth Bladen, Mrs. Matilda Meicker (of Dover, New Hampshire), Laura C. Smith (of California, lecturer), Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, Mrs. Elizabeth Wright (of Philadelphia, sister of Lucretia Mott), and others prominent in the woman's movement. The Convention was addressed by Mrs. Stanton. She said "they were assembled to consult with, and solicit an interchange of views between, the first intellects of the country, and with this object in contemplation, a general invitation was extended to all who felt an interest in their work to unite with them. The women's movement was inaugurated in order that the sex should participate in the administration of the affairs of the country, to work with equal zeal with the men in free trade and the great principles of the country. This was the new departure of woman suffrage, and should be insisted on till the laws of the country fully acknowledged its justice." The Convention elected the following officers: Mrs. E. C. Stanton, president; Mrs. Josephine E. Griffing, secretary; Mrs. I. B. Hooker, chairman of the Executive Committee.

According to agreement the Judiciary Committee, January 12, listened to the argument advanced by a committee from the above-mentioned Convention in support of the memorial in favor of woman suffrage. Mr. Trumbull, from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported in the Senate, January 18, adversely, but said that as to the main question of the memorial, claiming that under the amended Federal Constitution, women have a right to vote, the committee would report in writing at an early day.

The case of Myra Bradwell *v.* the State of Illinois was argued at great length by Senator Carpenter in the United States Supreme Court January 18. The plaintiff in error is a married woman, a citizen of Illinois, and the editress of the Chicago *Legal News*. She applied to the Supreme Court of Illinois for admission to practice as an attorney and counselor at law. The court refused her application, although conceding her "ample qualification," on the ground that, being a married woman, she would not be liable on contracts, expressed or implied, between her and her clients. The case came before the Supreme Court on appeal from this decision, and Senator Carpenter argued it because the court did not think it worth while to retain counsel. He contended that the Fourteenth Amendment opens to every citizen of the United States, without distinction of color or sex, married or single, the honorable professions as well as the servile employments of life, and that no citizen can be excluded from any of them.

Brigham Young was arrested at Salt Lake

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City, January 2, on the charge of being concerned in the murder of Richard Yates, in Echo Cañon. He was committed.

The Governor of Utah, in his recent message to the Legislature, declares that while the Constitution tolerates religious convictions, they must not be out of harmony with the supreme law of the nation. He declares that matrimony is a civil contract as well as a sacrament, and must be so regarded in Utah.

During the year 1871, in New York city, 1314 cases of violent deaths came before the coroners. They are classified as follows:

Infants found dead in the streets, alleys, rivers, etc.	126
Accidents of all kinds, including riot, explosion, and heat cases	851
Drowning	179
Suicide	108
Homicide	42
Infanticide	5
Abortion	2
Judicial hanging	1
Total	1314

The following is the table of deaths, births, and marriages in New York city for 1871:

1871.	Deaths.	Still-Births.	Marriages.	Live Births.
Jan., Feb., March	6,555	540	1,799	5,312
April, May, June	6,607	565	2,233	4,271
July, Aug., Sept.	7,931	602	2,155	5,423
Oct., Nov., Dec.	5,859	561	2,479	5,798
Total for the year	26,952	2,268	8,666	20,804

The first three months of the past year show an excess of 1243 deaths over births, while during the last quarter of the year there are but 61 more deaths than births recorded.

We give below a table of the months which show the maximum and minimum number of deaths, marriages, and births:

Largest number of deaths was in July	3013
Smallest number of deaths was in November	1844
Largest number of births was in December	1949
Smallest number of births was in April	1320
Largest number of marriages was in September.	901
Smallest number of marriages was in March	523

OBITUARY.

Sidney E. Morse died in New York December 23, aged seventy-eight years.

James Henry Hackett, the actor, died at Jamaica, Long Island, December 28, aged seventy-one.

James Fisk, Jun., shot by E. S. Stokes, died at the Grand Central Hotel, in New York, January 7, aged thirty-seven.

Major-General H. W. Halleck died at Louisville, Kentucky, January 9, aged fifty-six.

EUROPE.

On the 19th of January the French Assembly rejected the measure proposed by M. Pouyer-Quertier, the Minister of Finance, providing for a tax on raw materials. A compromise measure was adopted, 376 to 307, providing that the government should only resort to the taxation of raw materials when other taxes fail to produce sufficient revenue. President Thiers resigned in consequence of the adoption of this measure, but his resignation was not accepted.

The French budget for 1872 shows an estimated expenditure of about £97,000,000, exclusive of nearly £13,000,000 set down for departmental charges. Last year there was virtually no budget; but the budget of 1870 only reached £74,000,000. Thus there is an excess of £23,000,000 to be provided for, or rather, when some minor matters are taken account of, nearly £25,000,000. This excess, which would have been greater by £3,000,000 but for the reduction of the public works estimates from £7,000,000 to £5,000,000, and the marine charges from £7,000,000 to £6,000,000, is chiefly made up of interest on the £213,000,000 already raised for defraying the expenses of the war, and the £120,000,000 still owing to Germany, the cost of interest and dead-weight now shown in the budget being more than £44,000,000. In the army estimates, moreover, there is an increase of £3,000,000, the amount being now raised to £18,000,000.

The trial of the prisoners for the murder of the hostages in Paris during the reign of the Commune has terminated, and their sentences have been promulgated. Genton is condemned to death. Three of the prisoners are sentenced to banishment to the penal colony of Cayenne for terms as follows: François, for life; Latour-Fortin, for twenty years; and Remoin for ten years. Eight others are sentenced to transportation from the country. The remainder of the prisoners on trial were acquitted.

The Duc d'Aumale has been elected a member of the French Academy. The election of M. Littré as a member of the French Academy, December 30, led to the resignation of Bishop Dupanloup, who denounced M. Littré as "the greatest and most formidable chief of the school of materialism and socialism, the man of all others who has promulgated subversive doctrines, and the professor who, more than any other, has exercised a fatal influence on the schools." Bishop Dupanloup's resignation was not accepted.

Jean Gilbert Victor Fialin, Duke de Persigny, died at Nice, Italy, January 12, aged sixty-four. He was one of the strongest adherents of both the first and the second empires.

The Spanish government has forwarded a circular note to the governors of provinces, instructing them to suppress all organizations belonging to or in any way connected with the International Society within their respective jurisdictions. While thus breaking up a system "dangerous to civil peace," they are directed not to interfere with liberty of speech of individuals, and to take no notice of the simple enunciation of the principles of the International Society, as "the laws of Spain provide no punishment for such utterances." This circular has called forth remonstrances in all parts of Spain.—The defeat of Herrera, the ministerial candidate for the presidency of the Lower House of the Cortes (January 24), led to a reconstruction of the cabinet.

The Austrian Reichsrath was opened, December 28, by a speech from the Emperor Francis Joseph. An address in reply was adopted by both Houses, January 15, calling the emperor's attention to the manifest increase of discontent among the subjects of various portions of the empire, arising from recent misgovernment, and particularly opposing an increase of taxation for military purposes.

A terrible explosion, caused by fire-damp, in the Oakwood colliery, in Wales, January 10, resulted fatally to twelve of the miners.

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Editor's Drawer.

DURING the early months of the warlike year of 1863 the Senate was blessed with a rare and independent Committee on Military Affairs. Two of them were Pacific—we mean from that coast—Latham, of California, and Nesmith, of Oregon. Much pressure was brought on Lincoln to appoint brigadiers. Much delay and reflection were had. "Old Nez," as Senator Nesmith was called, lost his temper on that question. During a heated debate he attacked the inefficiency and cowardice of a class of brigadiers who always congregated about the hotels in Washington when there was imminent danger of a battle at the front. "Senators!" said he, "go down to Willard's Hotel! observe the fluctuations of our national conflict! If a battle is near, the brigadiers are afar off: they snuff it at a safe distance. I passed Willard's last night at dusk. An unruly dog was besieged by unruly colored boot-blacks. Stones were thrown at the dog, and sixteen brigadiers lay wounded on the gory pave; *and it wa'n't a good night for brigadiers either.*"

S. S. Cox, the member of Congress, once traveled over sea, and even into Windsor, with James H. Hackett, the actor. Herne's Oak and the inn of Mistress Quickly were familiar to both, as man and boy, in 1851. Out of this travel was born a friendship, which was quickened and improved when the firm of Lewis and Cox kept office in 132 Broadway, over the Excelsior Insurance Company, in which Hackett was a director. After the duties of the day Hackett would come up to the third floor and amuse Cox with his rare felicities of humor. One day, while Judge Lewis (Cox's partner and ex-Commissioner of Revenue) was busy at one desk and Cox at the other, Hackett appeared between them with a new French story. How he told it, those who remember his Monsieur Maillet may remember. Judge Lewis—all law—had never heard the like. He dropped books, pen, and lower jaw, opened his eyes, and at stated and proper intervals roared at the rare mimicry of the stranger. When Hackett retired, Lewis gravely turned to Cox and said, "That man ought to have been an actor!"

In our neighboring city of Philadelphia, a few Sundays since, the pastor of one of the churches was reading the usual pulpit notices before proceeding with his sermon. Among them was an appeal for help for a missionary on our Western border, who was in great need. After stating that the ladies of the church had resolved to provide for the wife and three children, he exhorted the gentlemen to provide for the missionary himself, mentioning some of his pressing needs, and closing with, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor he is 5 feet 4 inches high and wears 6½ boots."

An English literary paper of position, in an article on "American Humor," asks, "What is there in this grave and rather sad people which makes their appreciation of humorous poetry so swift and so keen? Is it that to their habitual reserve or gloom humor brings more pleasure than it brings to other men, giving, in addition to enjoyment, a sense of mental relief? or is it that Americans are essentially humorous, though only a few can express the humor latent in them?" The journalist we have quoted suspects the former is the case, for the only people as sad and reserved as the Americans—the Bengalese—have precisely the same faculty of appreciating rhymed jests, though they like them a little more bitter than the Americans do; and he thinks that Pope would have been proud of the following lines, uttered by a driver whose *fiancée* had just been beguiled away by a Mormon saint:

And every night he didn't miss
To give a loving kiss to Ciss;
And tho' his fust was on her brow,
He ended with her mouth, somehow.
Oh, but he was a knowing one,
The Apostle Hiram Higginson!
Gray as a badger's was his heer,
His age was over sixty year
(Her grandfather was little older),
So short his head jest touched her shoulder;
His face all grease, his voice all puff,
His eyes two currants stuck in duff:
Call thet a man!—then look at *me!*
Thretty year old and six foot three,
Afear'd o' nothing morn nor night—
The man don't walk I wouldn't fight!
Women is women! Thet's their style—
Talk *reason* to them, and they'll bile;
But baste 'em soft as any pigeon,
With lies and rubbish and religion;
* * * * *
Don't name things in too plain a way,
Look a heap warmer than you say;
* * * * *
Prove all the world but you's damnation,
And call your kisses jest salvation:
Do this, and press 'em on the sly,
You're safe to win 'em. Jest you try!

He following is told of Bishop E——, of Massachusetts:

Visiting one of the churches of his diocese, he requested that the children of the Sunday-school should be assembled to be catechised. The good bishop put this question rather suddenly to the little boy who stood trembling at the head of his class, "Who made the world?"

The little fellow, with quavering voice, replied, "I didn't."

The bishop, astonished at the answer, demanded, "What do you mean, Sir?"

Still more frightened, the lad replied, "If—I—did—I—won't—do—it—again!"

The Grand Jury in session at Auburn, New York, last January, called upon Secretary Seward at his residence to pay him their respects. Many amusing stories were told and witty remarks made. Mr. Seward related some of his old-time legal experience, and, among other things, alluded to his first criminal case, and one that came later in life, that were quite unique.

In his first case he was called upon, as he sat idly in court one day, to defend a man who had stolen several household articles from the residence of George Casey, Esq., father of the proprietor of the opera-house. The indictment styled them "a quilted mat and a piece of calico." He cleared his client by proving that the mat was "stitched" instead of "quilted," and the "calico" was not calico at all, but "jean."

The other case was that of a man arrested for

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passing a counterfeit Auburn Bank bill. It was a five-dollar bill. Mr. Seward had done business for the man in his early practice, but having risen in the profession, did not at first care to return to a justice's court to defend any body. The man was poor, being able only to offer a retainer of five dollars; but at length, on the score of "auld lang syne," Mr. Seward consented to defend him. He cleared *him*, too, by proving that even Mr. Seymour, the president of the bank, could not, at that time, tell the difference in all cases between his own genuine bank-bills and the spurious. Mr. Seward's client paid him the promised V., and walked off the scene. To the intense amusement of the bank officers, when Mr. Seward came to deposit next day it was discovered that his client had passed off a counterfeit on him too, and he had lost all his time and his money in the cause of the indicted counterfeiter. The old Auburn Bank is now the National Bank of Auburn, and Mr. Seymour, who has now reached the ripe old age of eighty-two, and is still its president, remembers the joke on Mr. Seward above alluded to, and the merriment it caused at the time.

It is not every day that we are able to present to our constituents a veritable love-letter like the following, from "a child of nature" in Illinois:

Dear ella,—I wish you would rite me one leter, any how, just for luck. I feel sorry to think youve gone back on me for i have chance to be a fourman on a big farm and git $50. a month if i wos a marid man. i had made my minde up to git marid sooner than we had agreede on, but I guess that it is plaid out now. It makes me shuder to think of it but thare is no use to kry for spilt milk. dear ella let me no how you air getin along. it would gratifi me

"lov has sarownded my body
and brok all the bones in my hed
but haint it A very fine story
that love never kild A man ded."

I have bin to one dance since i lef you. give my lov to the poore and all the rest of the fokes. i must bring my few broken remarks to a close for the present time. Answer as soon as it cums to hand with owt fail Good by your friend

Aleck Watson.

A lady correspondent in North Adams, Massachusetts, sends the following of the late Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, which she believes has not been in print:

Half a century since, before the division of the Congregationalists into Unitarian and Trinitarian, Dr. Beecher and Dr. Ware, both preachers of Boston (perhaps it would be more courteous to say *in* Boston), frequently discussed their religious differences, of which inherent total depravity formed a feature of the belief of Dr. B. One day, his patience being sorely tried by his children's mischief, he petulantly remarked, "I do not wonder that Ware, with *his* children, does not believe in total depravity; but if he had *mine* he would be a firm believer in it."

Among the many racy anecdotes told of the venerable Dr. B——, eminent in his section for ability and eccentricity, and although amply munificent in his charges, yet equally *close* in the *fist*, the following is not one of the least deserving of record:

With a constituency chiefly of Baptists, and himself a supporter, if not an actual professor of that special faith, upon a certain occasion, urged by one of the brethren of that Church to contribute something to the support of the "preached Gospel of Jesus Christ"—waving off the petitioner with a flourish of his right hand, drawing himself up to the loftiest altitude of his dignity, and settling his neck firmly between the wings of his capacious collar, he gave both pompous and ponderous utterance to these portentous words, "Jesus Christ came, Sir, to preach the Gospel of the *poor—free*."

"Yes, doctor," responded the petitioner; "but is it not true He came to heal the sick *free* also?"

This rejoinder proved too much, even for Esculapian sapiency. Exit doctor.

The following correspondence may perhaps be of interest to young and adventurous members of the legal profession:

Decatur, Illinois, *December* 11, 1871.

Postmaster, Lone Tree, Nebraska:

Dear Sir,—I am on the look-out for a situation in the West as a lawyer, and take this method of ascertaining the probability of a location at Lone Tree. Please give the population of the town and the situation and also the prospect, and oblige

Yours truly, —— ——.

REPLY.

Lone Tree, Nebraska, *December* 15, 1871.

Dear Sir,—In answer to the foregoing I have to state that, for a small town of 100 inhabitants, we are very well supplied with lawyers, as every other person you meet calls himself one. If you are any kind of a *tinsmith* at all, and have money enough to start a small *saloon* in connection therewith, I say, *Come on!*

Ed. Parker, P.M.

Mr. Henry A. Wise's recently published book, entitled "Seven Decades of the Union," contains very many things that will especially interest those who care to investigate details of the political incidents, intrigues, combinations, and events of the past. Interspersed with much of heavy history, are here and there anecdotes of distinguished personages that are quite fresh and racy. This, for example, of Mr. Webster:

Mr. Webster's private intercourse was even more attractive than his position as a statesman was commanding. He was, when in the right mood, the most genial of companions, and his conversation was more delightful and instructive than his speeches or orations. On one occasion we went into the Senate-chamber, and were standing alone in the lobby listening to some dull debate; he was sitting in his usual place, not occupied, and hardly attending to what was going on, but thoughtful, and, as was his habit when musing, pulling one of his ears. As we were looking at him he caught our eye, rose immediately from his seat, came to where we were, and took us by the arm, saying, "Come here." There was a map of the United States hanging behind the Vice-President's chair, to which he led us, and inquired, "Where do you live? Show me the spot." We pointed to the spot of the Eastern Shore, on the Virginia coast, opposite the Metompkin Inlet. "Well," said he, "do you ever shoot curlews and will—will—willets?" We replied, "Yes." He then descanted on the habits of those birds and the times of their migration. He said that at the proper season his custom was to shoot them off Nahant, perhaps, and that, according to his calculation of climate and distance, about two or three weeks after he began shooting them there

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they migrated to the Virginia coast. "Now," said he, "remember that if you see any crippled ones down your way after about that time, they are my birds." This was said with a magic geniality, and, without waiting for our reply, he asked, "Where did your ancestors come from?" We told him that our blood was half English and half Scotch—all our paternal ancestors came from the North of England, and most of the *præpositi* had been clergymen; that the only marked man among them he had heard of was Sir William Wise, distinguished for his wit, whom Henry the Eighth had knighted for gratifying his spleen against the French by saying, when asked what the phrase *fleur-de-lis* meant, "It means French lice, Sire."

Mr. Wise concludes his paragraph by saying that "Clay, in comparison with Webster, socially, was what Tom Marshall called him, 'a sublime blackguard!'"

Not quite a thousand miles from the pleasant railroad town in Ohio which Kossuth called "*Shall be*," not long since there lived a family of some pretensions to wealth and education.

They came from the East; the wife, dressy, talkative, and representing her husband to be a man of means, readily found her way into the "best society;" and after a time joined a ladies' "benevolence circle," of which she was elected secretary. During one of the sessions of the aforesaid "circle," the new secretary was called upon to read the report of some foreign institution, in which was a list of gifts from various sources. She arose with dignity, and did splendidly until she came to the following item:

"N. Y. Christian Ass. [*association*], $30."

She read it in a loud tone, placing a punctuation mark after "Christian," and emphasizing the abbreviation in a way which it did not warrant. A titter arose in one corner of the room. The secretary paused, blushed, and looked around. Then, with greater assurance than ever, read the item over again precisely as before. The titter now became a laugh, in which the oldest and most sedate lady present joined. The secretary again stopped, and laughed also.

"Ladies," said she, looking around her, "do any of you happen to be acquainted with this N. Y. Christian, who donated an ass worth $30? What a queer gift, *to be sure!* But the animal will probably be sent to some of our noble missionaries abroad who are too poor to buy a *horse*."

If there be any thing of which the Drawer has plenty, it is epitaphs. Yet here is one which, for quiet sarcasm, is very neat. It is to be found in the church of Aveley Kings, England:

> Here lieth the body of William Walsh, gentleman, who died the third day of November, 1702, aged eighty-six, son of Michael Walsh, of Great Shelsley, who left him a fine estate in Shelsley, Hurtlebury, and Aveley; who was ruinated by three Quakers, two lawyers, and a fanatic to help them.

We don't believe the Quaker part. The epitapher was probably prejudiced.

Charles Lewis, the illustrious boot-black, whose name the columns of the Drawer have heretofore rendered immortal, still lives and "shines" on the shores of the majestic Susquehanna, at the village of Owego, New York. This professor of the science of bettering man's understanding has the reputation of being a "born fool;" but, as the colored preacher once originally remarked, "out of the mouths of babes and *suckers* occasionally spouts up the crude kerosene of wisdom."

Although weak in intellect, Charles is strong in his religious faith, and a devoted member of the Methodist Church; but he has not yet learned to subdue his angry passions under adverse circumstances. Sometimes, when the boys of Belial conspire to irritate him, the "old boy" takes possession of him, and he indulges in language more forcible than pious or polite. Like many other professional gentlemen, Charley boasts of his pedigree, and always points with pride to the fact that his father was an immediate descendant of the aboriginal Mr. Lo, and his maternal ancestor was of High Dutch extraction.

A few days since his spiritual guardian, Rev. Mr. B——, met our simple hero, and proceeded to read him a mild lecture for a recent violent outburst of passion, in which the poor parishioner had publicly made use of most unpardonable profanity. The accused pleaded in extenuation of his misdemeanor that his provocation was great—that he was taunted and tormented by wicked boys beyond human endurance.

"Nevertheless, my dear brother," said the kind-hearted pastor, "you should keep in mind the sufferings and example of our blessed Lord and Saviour, who was persecuted even unto death, who was brought as a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep before the shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth."

A smile of triumph and a gleam of new-born intelligence illumined the boot-black's woe-begone face, as he significantly answered,

"Elder, that was bully; but probably He wasn't half Injun, and the other half Dutch."

The feelings of the members of the Wyoming Legislature have been racked by the woman suffrage question. Not long since the Governor's veto of the suffrage repeal was before the council. We are indebted to the Laramie *Sentinel* for an abridged report of the debate, in which Mr. Nuckolls, the leader of the Democracy, took occasion to remark:

"I think women were made to *obey* men. They generally promise to obey, at any rate; and I think you had better either abolish this Female Suffrage act, or *get up a new marriage ceremony to fit it.*"

This infamous proposition was combated by a narrow-gauge member from the "outsquirts" of the Territory, who said:

"The Governor hadn't got no right to veto this bill. He hasn't got no right to veto this bill nor nothin' that we pass unless it is somethin' witch after it has passed it shall appear that is wrong or that there is somethin' wrong by witch reason it had ought to not become a law, accordin' to my reasonin'. I am willin' every old woman shall hev a guardian if she wants one and kin git it.

"It ain't no party question this bill ain't. *I* wouldn't let it come up in that shape. *I* would know better than that. This woman suffrage business will sap the foundation of society. Woman can't engage in politics without losin' her vir-

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tue. It won't do her no good anyhow. She can't earn a dollar no easier than half a dollar if she does vote.

"No woman ain't got no right to set on a jury unless she is a man, and every lawyer knows it, and I don't bleeve it anyhow. I don't think women juries has been a success here in Wyomin'. They watch the face of the judge too much when the lawyer is addressin' 'em. That shows they ain't fit for juries in my way of thinkin'. I don't bleeve she's fit for't no how. Wot right has she got on a jury no how?

"We here in this Territory ain't got no rights no how. *Magna Charta* don't b'long to us, because we can't 'lect our Governor. I don't think this is right, and the men of the West don't bleeve in it. We can't do nothin' only 'lect our county officers. This is the effect of the veto power.

"There was a Russian here the other day, and he said he did not bleeve in women's votin', and I don't bleeve in it neither, *and I don't bleeve half the men do neither.*"

A CORRESPONDENT who dwells on the line of the Erie Railway sends the two paragraphs that follow:

I knew an old negro—a thoroughly honest old soul—who, like many others of his race, was deeply affected in his "Latin parts"—and parts of speech. He kept cows, and furnished the hydrate in considerable quantity and strength. One day a customer of his caught him at the pump, "clarifying" his milk, and began to remonstrate with him, when the tenebrious son of "Africa and golden joys" defended his practice on scientific grounds, contending stoutly that the process was a purely chemical one, and had to be gone through with, not for the sake of the water, but, as he insisted, "Bress you, massa, on de 'count ob de milk. It ain't jess de water, nor it ain't jess de pump, dat teetoters de sublime quince-essences ob de milk; but it are de berry pecoolar combustication ob de pump-handle and de milk-can, considered as de obstruse agents ob de transmollification ob de milk!"

Could Huxley or Tyndall make the thing clearer? And the pith of the joke is, that the old man *believed* what he said.

THE difficulty of the "Art of Putting Things" is often illustrated with curious results by inexperienced writers of advertisements for newspapers. The friends of a one-legged man of intemperate habits, desiring to prevent the exercise of indiscriminate charity toward him, cautioned the public as follows:

All persons are hereby requested not to give Samuel Martin a single cent—the man that wears a wooden leg—for he makes bad use of it.

FRESH from Minnesota come the two following:

On Christmas-eve a concert was given in ——, for the benefit of the Sunday-school. The programme included an address from the superintendent—a good man, but prone to elaborate speech. On this occasion he read a list of teachers and scholars who had died since the school had been founded. "My dear friends," said he, "many of our beloved teachers have left us. Three have passed through the golden gates, and are now playing on golden harps; and one, our dear sister ——, *has gone up to Wabashaw!*"

OLD Colonel S——, one of the State Senators of Minnesota, tells this of himself:

He was going down to St. Paul to join the session, when a train-boy passed through the car, and approaching the old colonel and shoving his wares into his lap, sung out,

"Buy a deck of cards, Sir?—only half a dollar."

Turning to the lad with an expression of countenance calculated to impress him with the enormity of the offense, the colonel solemnly and slowly said:

"My son, I never play cards; I am a member of the church."

"Oh!" exclaimed the disgusted urchin; "I thought you was a member of the Legislature!"

THE recent demise of Mr. Parke, an eminent official of the English Chancery Court, recalls a story of the famous Lord Eldon as a poet, and the progenitor of the gentleman just deceased. The late Justice Sir James Allan Parke commenced the practice of his profession at the time when Lord Eldon—then Mr. Scott—was the most formidable man at the bar, and the two soon became cronies. On one occasion Scott, in a rare fit of humor, let off a joke at the expense of his friend; and he was urged by his friends to do it in verse. He said that he never attempted a line of poetry in his life, and could not do so; but being again urged, he wrote as follows:

James Allan Parke came naked stark
From Scotland;
But he got clothes, like other beaux,
In England.

And this was the first and last effort of Eldon's muse.

NOTHING can be more improving, and at the same time more exhilarating, to the youthful mind of the common schools than a proper admixture of study and song. Here, for instance, is what was recently sung at a public-school examination in Vermont, to the tune of the Federal "Doodle," visitors and scholars joining in the chorus. The humor of the chorus is particularly unctuous:

If any thing on earth can make
A great and glorious nation,
It is to give the little ones
A thorough edication.
Chorus.—Five times five are twenty-five,
Five times six are thirty,
Five times seven are thirty-five,
And five times eight are forty.

THE State of Maine has an order of clergy called "school-house preachers," who farm it, or work at some trade during the week, and on Sunday "exercise their gift." One of these was discoursing recently on the text, "The double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." "My brethren," he began, "two classes of persons are suggested in the tex'—the single-minded and the double-minded man. Let us fustly consider the fust: The single-minded man is the sinner. He follows after wickedness, and his thoughts are wholly bent on mischief. He is the slave

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and servant of sin. But when he is converted he becomes a double-minded man. He is no longer in bondage to a hard master. He is free. He is sot at liberty. He leaps and frisks like a hoss let loose from the stable. In a word, he is *un*stable in all his ways."

Mr. Luke Stirling, minister of Kilmarnock, had offended William Cunningham, brother of the Earl of Glencairn, who struck him with a cane. The Presbytery of Glasgow decreed that the offender should "make public repentance on the pillar" in the parish churches of Kilmarnock, Dumbarton, Kilpatrick, Drymen, and Kilmalcolm, and that in each he should appear "bair-futtit, bair-leggit, bair-heidit, and clothed in seckcloth."

There's something pleasant as well as commendable in the following verses, which were upward of sixty years ago inscribed on a beer-jug:

Come, my old friend, and take a pot,
But mark me what I say:
"Whilst thou drink'st thy neighbor's health,
Drink not thine own away.

"But it too often is the case,
Whilst we sit o'er a pot,
And while we drink our neighbor's health,
Our own is quite forgot."

Anecdotes of beadles and ministers' men abound every where. Those which follow are for the most part new.

Peter Drummond, beadle and minister's man at St. Monace, Fifeshire, was one of the most amusing and eccentric of his class. The minister, Mr. Gillies, had reproved Peter for giving a short day's work, as he "left off at sunset, while his neighbors were known to thresh their grain with candle-light."

"Weel, Sir," said Peter, "gin ye want the corn flailed by cannil-licht, I'll dae your wull."

Next day at noon Mr. Gillies was passing the barn, and hearing the sound of Peter's flail, he stepped in. A candle was burning on the top of a grain measure.

"Why this folly and waste?" said Mr. Gillies, pointing to the candle.

"Dinna ye mind, Sir," said Peter, "that you wanted the corn threshed wi' cannil-licht?"

The minister replied, angrily,

"Peter, you shall have no more candles."

Some days after Mr. Gillies was to set off on horseback to visit a sick parishioner. He requested Peter to saddle the horse. It was evening, and Peter, after remaining some time in the stable, led out the cow saddled and bridled.

"I wish I ha'ena made a mistake, Sir," said Peter; "but since I've got nae cannil, it's no muckle wonder that I hae pit the saddle on the wrang beast."

Fairly overcome by Peter's drollery, Mr. Gillies gave him back his candles.

The minister's man at Lintrathen, though sufficiently respectful, seldom indulges in the complimentary vein. On a recent occasion he handsomely acknowledged a compliment by returning another. The minister had got married, and was presented with a carriage, for which John was appointed to provide a horse. Driving out with his wife, the minister said to John in starting, "You've got us a capital horse."

"Weel, Sir," said John, "it's just aboot as difficult to choose a gude minister's wife, and we've been gey an' lucky wi' baith."

The minister's man at Kinross was a considerable reader, and had borrowed some of the minister's botanical books. As the minister stepped one morning into his flower garden, he found William busy in removing a favorite rhododendron.

"What are you about?" angrily inquired the minister.

Taking a hearty pinch, William deliberately responded,

"Sir, this rhododendron didna corroborate wi' the rest o' the shribbery; it was in an ower lucrative a sitivation; so I've translatit it ower here."

The jumble of ecclesiastical and horticultural phrases disarmed the minister, and saved the audacious speaker from an intended reproof.

Some anecdotes of eccentric persons may be related: Alexander, tenth Duke of Hamilton, was devotedly attached to the fine arts. Among his more valuable acquisitions was a fine bust of the Emperor Vespasian. The duke placed this bust in a suitable niche in the grand staircase of Hamilton Palace. Whenever he returned to the palace, after an absence, he paid an early visit to the emperor's bust, which he embraced, exclaiming, "My dear Vespasian!"

Scottish females, even in humblest station, will indicate independence, and administer reproof in no ineffective fashion. The Countess of A——, with a laudable desire to promote tidiness in the different cottages on her estate, used to visit them periodically, and exhort the inmates to cleanliness. One cottage was always found especially untidy, and the countess at length took up a broom, and having by its use made an improvement, said to the housewife,

"Now, my good woman, is it not much better?"

"Oh ay, my leddy," said the matron; "an' will ye tak a blast noo?"

The irate housewife meant that as the countess had stooped to sweep the cottage, she might also smoke a pipe with its mistress.

The Scottish farmer, though generally shrewd, is not always so. A Kincardineshire husbandman, in expressing to his minister a favorable opinion of his personal virtues, concluded his eulogy in these words: "An' I especially like your sterling independence, Sir. I have always said, Sir, that ye neither feared God nor man."

A peculiar phraseology which obtains among hill farmers will, in certain circumstances, provoke laughter. When the Rev. Mr. C—— was appointed to his parochial cure on the Braes of Angus, a hill farmer in the parish was desirous of seeing him. After an interview with the reverend gentleman, he said to a neighbor: "I've just been seein' our new minister. He's weel faured, and I maist think he'll be weel likit; but, wae's me, he's been ill wintered." The farmer meant that the pastor was, though good-looking and agreeable, somewhat thin and delicate.

Uneducated persons stumble into awkward

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speeches. A cotter woman in Lancashire stated to a neighbor that she had just had a visit from the "machinery." She meant the missionary.

"How is the Rev. M—— A—— sure to be happy?" said a smart youth when his minister, who was of a very short stature, had wedded a tall and prosperous widow. "Because," he added, "he's the *widow's mite*."

THERE are scattered through Mr. James Grant's "History of the Newspaper Press" a few curious anecdotes and incidents connected with the earliest history of that institution. The following, for example, is the first advertisement ever published in a newspaper. It appeared in the London *Mercurius Politicus*, in 1652:

Monodia Gratiolani, an Heroic Poem; being a Congratulatory Panegyric for my Lord General's late Return; Summing up his Successes in Exquisite Manner. To be sold by John Holden, in the New Exchange, London. Printed by Tho. Newcourt, 1652.

Among the earliest newspaper advertisements of books is the following, published in the same paper in 1659, which derives its interest from the fact that it announces a new publication from no less a person than the author of "Paradise Lost:"

Considerations touching the likeliest Means to Remove Hirelings out of the Church; wherein is also Discoursed of Tithes, Church Fees, Church Revenues, and whether any Maintenance of Ministers can be settled by Law. The Author, J. M. Sold by Lemuell Chapman, at the Crown in Pope's Head Alley.

Another curious advertisement of the time relates to a book which has since then obtained a universal popularity—"Hudibras:"

There is stolen abroad a most false and imperfect edition of a Poem, called "Hudibras," without name either of printer or bookseller, as fit for so lame and spurious an impression. The true and perfect edition, printed by the Author's original, is sold by Richard Marriott, under St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street. That other nameless impression is a cheat, and will but abuse the buyer as well as the Author, whose Poem deserves to have fallen into better hands.

On the 28th of June, 1660, somebody seems to have stolen one of the king's dogs—"a smooth black dog, less than a greyhound," which was to be returned to John Elles, or his Majesty's Back Stairs. The whelp not being returned, a second and quite unique appeal for him is inserted:

We must call upon you again for a black dog, between a greyhound and a spaniel, no white about him only a streak on his breast, and a tail *a little bobbed*. It is his Majesty's own dog, and doubtless was stolen, for the dog was not born nor bred in England, and would never forsake his master. Whoever finds him may acquaint any at Whitehall, for the dog was better known at court than those who stole him. *Will they never leave robbing his Majesty? Must he not keep a dog?* This dog's place (though better than some imagine) is the only place which nobody offers to beg.

It is believed that this was written by King Charles himself, as no one else would have used the familiarity with that monarch's name which pervades every line, and almost, indeed, every word. There is much humor in it—"the dog was better known at court than those who stole him;" while the prevailing corruption and obsequiousness at court are felicitously hit off by the concluding observation that "this dog's place (though better than some imagine) is the only place which nobody offers to beg."

But what are we to think in our day of the following brief notice, published by King Charles himself in the *Public Intelligencer* of 1644, where by "touch" of his royal hand he proposes to cure scrofula, or king's evil?

Whitehall, May 14, 1644.—His Sacred Majesty having declared it to be his royal will and purpose to continue the healing of his people for the Evil during the month of May, and then to give over till Michaelmas next, I am commanded to give notice thereof, that the people may not come up to town in the interim, and lose their labor.

Theology in MS. seems then to have been a marketable commodity:

If any divine, or their relicts, have complete sets of MS. sermons upon the Epistles and Gospels, the Catechisms, or Festivals, I can help to a customer.

Among the advertisements in the London *Gazette* of December 22, 1679, was one which will interest all literary men. It relates to a gross assault committed on the poet Dryden:

Whereas John Dryden, Esq., was on Monday, the 18th inst., at night, barbarously assaulted and wounded in Rose Street, in Covent Garden, by divers men unknown, if any person shall make discovery of the said offenders to the said Mr. Dryden, or to any Justice of the Peace, he shall not only receive Fifty Pounds, which is deposited in the hands of Mr. Blanchard, goldsmith, next door to Temple Bar, for the said purpose, but if he be a principal or accessory in the said deed, his Majesty is graciously pleased to promise him his pardon for the same.

Another journal, speaking of the perpetrators of the assault, says, "It is conceived that they had their pay beforehand, and designed not to rob him, but to execute on him some *Feminine* if not *Popish* vengeance."

In the year 1722 the "noble science of self-defense" was publicly practiced by women as well as men, as per following advertisement:

CHALLENGE.—I, Elizabeth Wilkinson, of Clerkenwell, having had some words with Hannah Ryfield, and requiring satisfaction, do write to her to meet me upon the stage, and box me for three guineas; each woman holding half a crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle.

That Hannah knew how to "put up her hands" may be inferred from her reply:

ANSWER.—I, Hannah Ryfield, hearing of the resolutions of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail, *God willing* (!) to give her more blows than words—desiring home blows—and from her no favor. *She* may expect a good thumping.

In 1704 a gentleman who acted as editor of a newspaper testified in court that all the remuneration he received for the discharge of his editorial duties was half a guinea per week. And William Hazlitt, one of the finest critics in English literature eighty years ago, only received five shillings per column, small type, from the London papers for which he then wrote.

The topic is an attractive one, but we must close with mentioning that Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe," started a weekly newspaper under the title of *Review of the Affairs of State*. In this he published a poetical satire entitled "The True-born Englishman," the opening lines of which are:

> Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
> The devil always builds a chapel there;
> And 'twill be found, upon examination,
> The latter has the largest congregation.

Poor Defoe! although he published no less than 210 works, and though some of them had a great sale, he died not only poor but insolvent.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXIII.—APRIL, 1872.—Vol. XLIV.

THE CITY OF THE LITTLE MONK.

[Second Paper.]



WILHELM VON KAULBACH.

HAVING an introduction to Kaulbach, I visited him in his beautiful home in Obergarten Street. The house is architecturally magnificent, and surrounded by a pleasant park. He was seated in the portico, enjoying the cool of the evening, when

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I arrived, and welcomed me very cordially. Surrounded by his graceful wife and beautiful daughters, the old man was himself a picture. He is a thorough German in appearance, has a full rounded forehead, clear handsome features, a strong beardless chin, a sensitive mouth, unobscured by the mustache. I have called him an old man, but one could hardly guess his age. His hair is not yet gray, the large frame is yet full of vitality, and the eye has the sparkle of youth. The accompanying picture is from one he gave me of himself, and represents him somewhat younger than when I saw him, but it is the best portrait of him I have seen. The room in which we sat was adorned with engravings of his pictures from the life and works of Goethe. I had just come from Oberammergau, and he gave me a charming account of his visit there some thirty years before. The Passion Play had, he thought, lost its simplicity and its barbaric flavor since so many English dilettanti had been visiting and criticising it. "When I saw it, there were a series of moving pictures, presented with intense religious feeling, invested with radiant colors, and gazed upon by the peasants with a silent fervor which was shared by all. The very homeliness of the acting rendered it more impressive, because more real. And these traits, with the grandeurs of Nature around us—the solemn mountains with their snow, the rising sun, the trees, the birds—made together a memorable picture." (I remembered having thought, when looking upon one of Kaulbach's sacred pictures, that he had been somewhat influenced by the Oberammergau tableaux, unless, indeed, they had been taking hints from him.) I could well understand, after this visit, that Kaulbach's influence upon art had been to a large extent due to his personal presence and quick personal sympathies. Every student and lover of art he welcomes to his atelier, and converses kindly with all. This is the more remarkable from the fact that his mind is always burgeoning with new ideas. While he was conversing I saw his fingers at work, as with an invisible pencil. I mentioned this to one of his most intimate friends, and he said: "You are right. Kaulbach's mind is every instant conceiving new ideas, and his dreams are of artistic images. He passes his leisure hours sketching such thoughts, and there are now a vast number of such things in his house. These sketches Kaulbach will leave behind him will be among the most valuable treasures of art."

I can not help thinking that it is to Cornelius and King Ludwig—his instructor and his patron—that we owe the early direction of Kaulbach's genius to the half-biblical, half-barbarous subjects with which he has covered so many walls. These all come from Raphael's "Last Judgment." "There is," wrote Byron from Rome, "a set of Germans here who let their hair grow to imitate Raphael. If they were to cut it off, make it into brushes, and paint like him, it would be more *german* to the matter." Cornelius was then in Rome. His "Last Judgment" is now in Ludwig's Church, Munich —not comparable in power or originality to Kaulbach's "Destruction of Jerusalem," which covers a whole wall in the New Pinakothek, but showing us exactly what gave the latter his first impressions as to subjects.

Of this great painting by Kaulbach, the "Destruction of Jerusalem," there has been much said, and there have been many extreme criticisms on each side concerning it. On first seeing it, there can be few who will not feel impressed by a certain majesty in its design and by its lustre. One who has seen it can at once appreciate the account given by Hans Christian Andersen of the feeling it awakened in him. "This was the first time," he wrote, "during my residence in Munich that I felt myself really happy, and penetrated by great and powerful thoughts, and it was this picture which diffused such a sunshine over my soul. Every thing which I had lately seen, the works of other young painters, appeared as mere sketches in comparison with this work. I had that sort of feeling which one has when, after having been occupied with some little farce, poem, or novel of every-day life, one turns to Dante's 'Divina Comedia,' or to Goethe's 'Faust.' And yet it was only in cartoon, and not at all finished, that I saw this grand work, which assuredly in the end will have such a place assigned to it as the world has given to Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment.'"

The vast picture has for its central figure Titus driving in triumph over the ruins of Jerusalem. The desolation of the proud city visible in the ruin of its buildings is visible even more in the terror and anguish of the cowering women and the fury of despair which has seized the resisting men. But just above this earthly drama a supernatural one passes. In the heaven above the falling city are depicted the five great prophets who foretold its doom looking down upon the fulfillment of their words. There are angels of vengeance trooping out of the sky, with swords of flame, to join with the Roman conqueror in executing the Divine wrath upon the devoted inhabitants; while another set of gentler angels are guiding the Christians in safety from the scenes of woe. There are two conspicuous episodes of the tragedy: one is the driving out by demons of the Wandering Jew; a second is the separation of the Christian children from the children of unbelievers, the latter being doomed to the fate of their parents. One of the unbelievers' children is pleading with an angel to be taken along with the little Christians, and the benignant countenance

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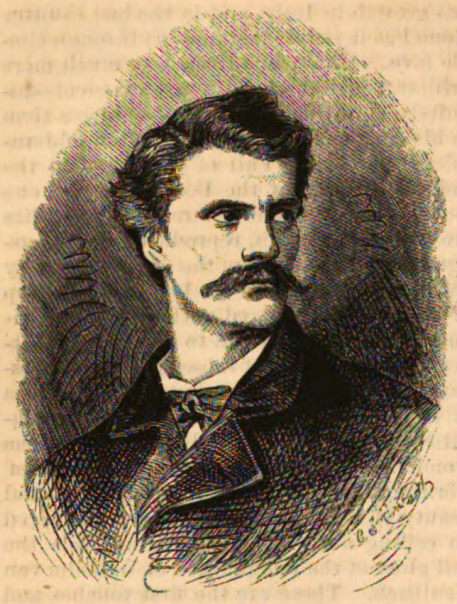
of the angel implies that the request may be granted. Another is the sacrifice of an animal victim, by a Roman priest, on the altar of the Temple of Jehovah.

Now one need only study long enough the manner in which the supernatural element enters into this picture to understand how a similar introduction of it into so many important pictures thirty years ago led to the reaction of realism. Setting aside any question of the supernatural in art in itself, one will surely feel that it is always in danger of obtruding upon the eye in too distinct features. To be effective, the supernatural must partake of the shadowy and vague elements which alone contrast it with the definiteness and solidity of things natural. The angel or the demon must not lift its veil so far as to disclose limitable form and expression. Even the old device of fixing wings to the shoulders of a being otherwise human will not answer; it is either unphysiological, being really a four-armed man or woman, or it is painfully suggestive of a predatory bird at work upon the back of the figure. Nor can the supernatural satisfy the sense of beauty when its work is repulsive to the moral sense. In Kaulbach's picture this is not the case with the angels of vengeance, if the point of view be assumed that their vengeance is just; but it is the case where the innocent children of the unbelievers are divided off for destruction by the angels. At any rate, it is the introduction of dogmatic theology in a form in which its appeal can not be to that sense of beauty whose universality represents the liberty of art while assigning its limits. Thus Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," though an expression of religious faith in one of its ethnical forms, yet preserves universality: it is translatable into any and every faith which recognizes the inviolable justice of the universe, and recognizes the abyss between Right and Wrong, whether expressed in the conflict of Ormuzd and Ahriman, or in the coldest scientific statement of natural laws. Where in this painting the supernatural appears chiefly as a suggestion, and as an untheological superstition—that is, in the setting out of the Wandering Jew upon his endless journeyings—the effect is weird and impressive without being offensive.

Mr. Ruskin once said that over German religious pictures the inscription, "See how pious I am," can be read at a glance by any clear-sighted person, while over French and English religious pictures the inscription, "See how impious I am," is equally legible. If any one would fully appreciate the depth and truth of this satire, let him pass through the Old and the New Pinakotheks, and compare the religious pictures of the Italians with those of the other races mentioned. Christianity conquered the Northern nations, but it had a comparatively spontaneous growth in Italy, and in the last country alone has it purely inspired art through simple love. How much freer, how much more brilliant, is Kaulbach in his classical—infinitely more in his German—subjects than in his cartoons of the "Destruction of Jerusalem" and the "Fall of Babel!" In the radiant frescoes of the Berlin Museum one feels the whole life of the races whose relics are shelved beneath, reproduced and transfigured. I have seen the great stairway there, stretching from the bottom to the top of the building, covered with a crowd of human beings transformed to motionless statues under the spell of those splendid processions of the gods of Hesiod and the heroes of Homer; and in the room of Norse antiquities, where the whole Heimskringla, the wonders of Walhalla, the weird grandeur of Nörnir and Frost Giants, and the celestial beauty of Freyja and Bertha, are portrayed on ceiling and cornice, the mind feels the full glory of the imagination of Wilhelm von Kaulbach. These are the first touches and tints of human feeling which softened the rugged face of hard Necessity in the frozen North—giant, or dwarf, or elfin snow-maiden; but each has a long future. What does a little brown seed, sleeping under the frosted sod, dream of the lustrous glory to be evolved from it? In his Norse gods and goddesses Kaulbach most cunningly blends the traces of primal rudeness of strength with the last ideal touches which tell of blue skies and bright galaxies watching over and subtly moulding the wild forces, first-born of Chaos.

It is Kaulbach's matchless power of drawing which has made his fame. I do not, however, agree with the disparagements of his colors so rife in England, and, indeed, in Germany—that is, not so far as his frescoes are concerned. Admitting that they are conventional, they show a keen perception of the relation of colors to open and luminous spaces, and the effect is generally very good. The great rainbow path which, in the Berlin frescoes, connects the divinities with the world of heroes and poets shines with a true celestial radiance, and Homer, steered by the sibyl to the shore of sages and poets, is portrayed with great feeling as to the harmony of colors. Kaulbach has sometimes been said to be more French than German; but it seems to me quite a misjudgment. How any one can think so who has examined his Goethe drawings, or his illustrations of Reinecke Fuchs, I can not imagine. In these there are all the play of the German imagination, and all the peculiarities of German humor. But if any one would know how deeply Teutonic is Kaulbach's genius, let him pass an evening in Auerbach's Keller at Leipsic, where the artist has told on the walls the old legend of Faust, Mephistopheles, and Gretchen, in a

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PILOTY.

way which Gounod has vainly aspired to do in the kindred art. In these exquisite cellar frescoes it has been impossible to obtain either the light or the distance necessary for the true fresco effect; but in the strong, deep delineations the old legendary spot seems to be haunted again by the characters which emerged from the darkness only once before—when Goethe sat there with his fellow-students around him.

Of Piloty I can write with less confidence, having seen but few of his pictures. Undoubtedly the sceptre is passing into his hand, and already the "Piloty school" is a defined and vigorous one. It is really the school of Delaroche grafted on a German stock, so far as the subjects it loves and the elaboration of its design are concerned; but it has originality in its treatment of color, and more especially in its impressive distinctness of detail under even shadowy atmospheres. In some respects Piloty is almost a pre-Raphaelist—in his love of massive deep color, his love of mystical touches, and in his physiognomical treatment of scenes representing human feeling or character. His "Nero amidst the Ruins of Rome" has the aspect of some wild force of nature; his "Galileo in Prison" has a depth that is sublime; his "Columbus" has the forehead and eye of a transcendentalist. Critics in Munich speak highly of his "Prince of Anhalt bringing News of the Battle of Weissenburg," which belongs to Judge Probasco, of Cincinnati. Another of his pictures has gone to America, namely, his "Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn," having been purchased, as I hear, by a Mr. Wolf, of New York. This picture gives a very fine idea of Piloty's force in faces. The wily old Cardinal Wolsey's face, even without his corresponding action in keeping the guests back, reports his desire that the king shall be undisturbed; while, as the king draws Anne toward him, the court fool passing out leans toward the two and touches the guitar. The face of the fool, his keen eye, the mere touch he gives the guitar—for we at once feel it is a mere touch—are all very spirited. But the representative picture of Piloty and his school is "Seni vor Wallenstein." Some who have seen his later work, "Julius Cæsar with the Conspirators"—a picture I have not seen—declare that the best of his works; but certainly no lover of art can look upon this wonderful painting of Seni discovering the dead Wallenstein without feeling the spell of genius. The face of the dead warrior is not that of Schiller's hero—that countenance to which Max looked as to the face of a god; it is the head and front of a predestined leader in a perplexed drama, at whose tragical end he has fallen like heart-weary Hamlet. The pride and the majesty of Lucifer blend in this dead face with a noble purity. On his finger shines a gem that flashes up to the astrologer looking on like a fatal star. The face of the old Seni looking upon the fulfillment of his prophecy is marked with time and fate, and its thin lines, full of human intensity, also suggest some apparition out of the Dark Ages. The light of the picture is subdued—such as the great Venetians loved, dreading to try any imitation of the sparkle for which only Nature herself has resources—and yet, though I saw it in a dark corner, every line of it was clear. The superb cloak upon which the dead man lies, and the singularly adroit character of its foldings, have excited admiration in many countries. When I alluded to the wonderful eye for drapery it indicated, David Neal, Piloty's intimate friend and pupil, told me a curious incident concerning it. Piloty had for several days been trying to arrange the mantle to suit his fancy, but found it very difficult. At last he hit upon a disposition of it which he thought would answer, though it did not absolutely suit him. Just as he did this the old King Ludwig, who was always fumbling about the ateliers of his favorite artists, entered the room. What should he do but straightway get his boots into the drapery which Piloty had been for several days engaged in arranging! When the king left, the artist's courteous smiles changed to a grim look of despair, his fist was already being shaken toward the door through which his Majesty had disappeared, when suddenly he paused—his eye was lit up—the king's blundering feet had left the drapery in precisely that arrangement which the artist had vainly tried to make; and so, just as it was left, it was painted.

I may here express the delight I experi-

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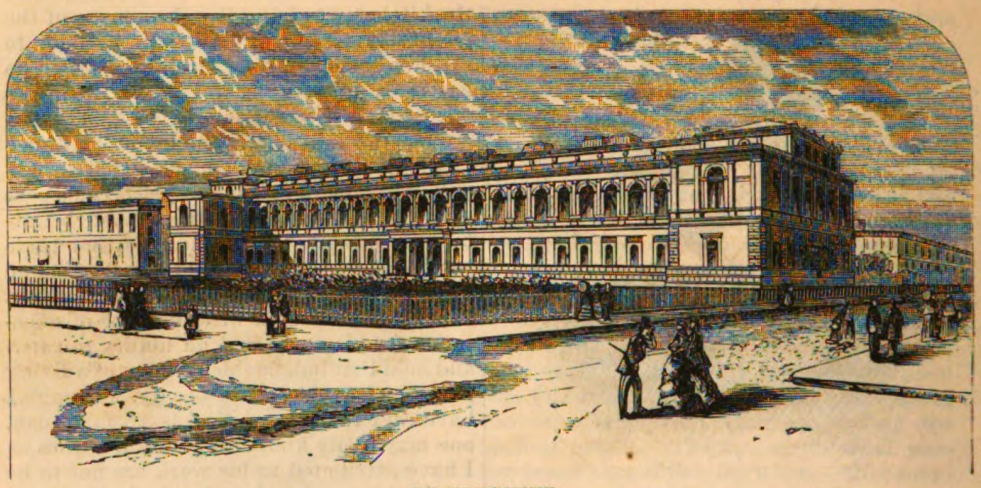


DAVID NEAL.

enced in the pictures of Mr. Neal himself, to whom I have just referred. This American is certainly not surpassed in power as a colorist by any young artist in Munich. He is a patient, careful worker, sparing no pains to give his designs the completest finish, and in his choice of subjects showing—what is rare—originality without too much ambition. A picture he was just finishing of an ancient Roman evinced that intense perception of the physiognomical expression of character which is a trait of the Piloty school, and reminded me of one of the heads of Rembrandt. Two other pictures of Neal's seemed to me quite fascinating, and would, no doubt, be very popular if engraved, although the effects of light and color in them are even more remarkable than the drawing. They are hunting pieces, representing, in one case, the aristocratic huntsman feasting in his forest château, with a pretty Fräulein pouring out his wine in unconsciousness of the admiring glances bestowed upon her; in the other, a scene within and one without the Jagdschloss—several sportsmen in a bright interior at their evening banquet, while outside of the door a servant huntsman, encircled with a large hoop, upon which falcons are sitting, and deprived by his duties of the use of his hands, is receiving his potations, child-fashion, at the hands of a servant-maid, in whose lovely face kindliness and drollery are effectively blended. The paintings of animals—hounds, hawks, game—in these pictures are exceedingly fine. The still-life touches in the paraphernalia of the hunt are most elaborate and brilliant; and the candle-light effects—especially the light on the maid's face from the candle she holds (in the Einkehr, as Mr. Neal calls this picture)—show a very careful study of the best characteristics of Düsseldorf art. Another forcible picture, upon which this artist was engaged when I saw him, represents Watt as a boy, seated in the chimney-corner in the kitchen, studying the phenomena of the tea-kettle. His mother opens the door to call him to the evening meal, from which he has been missed. Through the door she opens the rest of the family are seen seated around the table. The mother's handsome face wears a half-puzzled, half-impatient expression. The boy has not yet become conscious of her presence. The face of the latter was enough to convince me that there was no degree of success in the rendering of facial expression which Mr. Neal may not attain. There is an utter absence of affectation in his work, and an ability to catch and hold that indefinable glamour of a living face which is the soul of beauty. Though I have said that David Neal is a young man, one may easily know that such qualities as I have attributed to his work are not to be attained by genius alone, nor by having good instruction; a foreground of experience is necessary for an artist in any direction to master the secrets of his work. Mr. Neal started out from New England—his native State is Massachusetts, if I remember rightly—as a poor boy, and made his living by engraving for the press, an art which he had taught himself. He had found his way through many difficulties to California, where the extraordinary fineness of his work induced a fellow-workman to say to him that with such ability he ought not to be contented with the kind of work he was on. But the youth had anticipated the advice, and was already engaged, in the quiet of his own room, on work which represented his deeper aspiration. The city of art had power to lure him across seas and continents so soon as he had earned the means to come. Here he was fortunate enough to have an eye glance over his shoulder upon some work he was engaged on, which was as quick to appreciate artistic power as any in Munich. This was the late Mr. Ainmüller, an artist of fine powers, especially in the painting of architectural interiors, but better known to the world as the artist who presided until his death over the Glasmalerei, where nearly all of the modern stained glass is made. Mr. Ainmüller, at once recognizing the genius of the American, secured him the atelier and official position in the artistic section of the Glasmalerei which he now occupies. The friendship of the old artist was followed by a closer tie, Mr. Neal having married Ainmüller's daughter. Piloty also recognized the ability of Neal, and has given him instruction more as a younger brother than a pupil. From such antecedents, and under such auspices, David Neal continues to work his way steadfastly, and has already gained an esteem among the best artists of Munich which must in the end be reflected in the admiration of his own country.

Were I writing a treatise on art in Munich it would be necessary for me to mention

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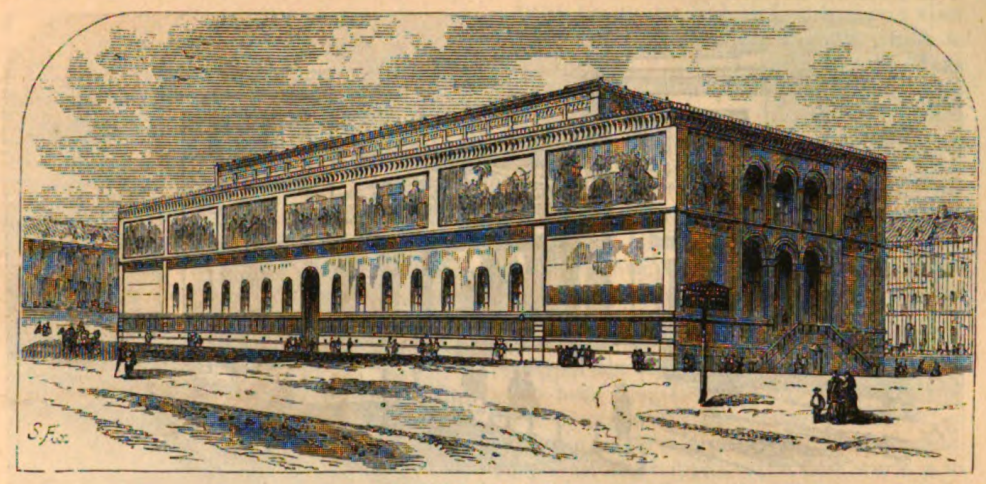


OLD PINAKOTHEK.

many whom I must pass over—as Professor Lier, the landscape artist; Horscheld, painter of Circassian and other Oriental scenes; and, above all, Ramberg, who may be regarded as Piloty's rival—a wonderful artist in *genre* pieces. (Schwind, who made those beautiful frescoes of the Wartburg castle, was a Munich artist, but there is no picture of his in the city!) But I can not pass from this brief mention of particular artists without special mention of two works by G. Max, which seemed to me to possess the highest excellence. One is a scene from "Tannhäuser." Elizabeth is apart, on the edge of a wood, in the late night; the castle is lit up in the distance; near her a glow-worm sends forth its strange beam; a half-moonlight is diffused over the scene, and lends its pallor to the strong and beautiful face. Another picture is one that should be purchased by subscription and sent to Darwin. It represents the transformation by slumber of a newly captured ape. He sleeps on a pallet, and is partly covered by a blanket. There are screens around, with tropical trees and scenery painted on them to try and beguile the kidnapped child of the forest into a feeling that he is still at home; but the melancholy which lingers upon his face tells too surely that the deception has been pierced, and the sad reality taken to heart. The portrait of the ape is most perfect; but the human element which grief has awakened in it is just enough to arouse sympathy in the beholder. Meanwhile there is another feeling one has—a queer, mystified feeling at standing near the faint border-land between the animal and the human worlds. It is certainly one of the greatest pictures I have ever beheld.

The artists of Munich complain that they are not allowed to make copies of works in the great galleries—not even sketches in pocket-books—without an amount of expense and red-tape for which few have the means or courage; yet no doubt it adds to their own originality. What is more, there are dangers in the Old Pinakothek which can not be denied. Old King Ludwig loved art, no doubt; how much he knew about it is another thing. There are well-founded rumors that he was much imposed on, and that many of the old masters in the Old Pinakothek are not genuine. The Van Eycks, and many others of the Dutch school, have been shown to be ungenuine. The late king bought a reputed Raphael's "St. Cecilia" for over two thousand pounds for his private gallery, and when he found it ungenuine, sent it to the Pinakothek! Nevertheless, with all drawbacks, one must admit that the Old Pinakothek is the noblest building in Europe devoted to pictures, and that the collection in it (near 1400 in number, arranged according to schools and periods) has a rare value. Klenze has recalled in this building the palatial grandeur of ancient Rome. Within, one moves from hall to hall amidst enchantments which only the ages can weave, and only they through the devotion of many races. The very rogues of Munich seem to count upon the power of this gallery to hold one spell-bound; one of them, at any rate, appropriated my hat, which the hot weather induced me to lay beside me on the seat while I gazed upon Rubens's "Fall of the Damned." (The culprit was discovered by the police: an ancient Jew, under the breast of whose coat the bulging of my wide-awake was quite plain; but I was told that if he was arrested I would have to remain a week or so beyond possibility to appear against him in court, and I resigned myself rather to the necessity of driving to the region of the hatters.) The New Pinakothek is not nearly so beautiful externally as the Old. It was built by Voit about twenty-five years ago in Byzantine style, but the great frescoes of Kaulbach on the outside—allegorical representations of the development of art, some of which (*e.g.*, Cornelius, Thorwaldsen, Over-

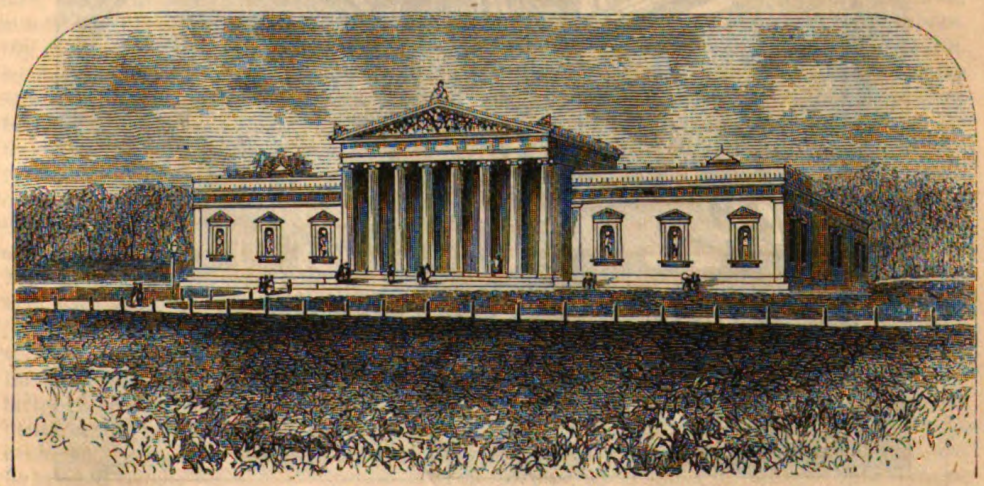
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NEW PINAKOTHEK.

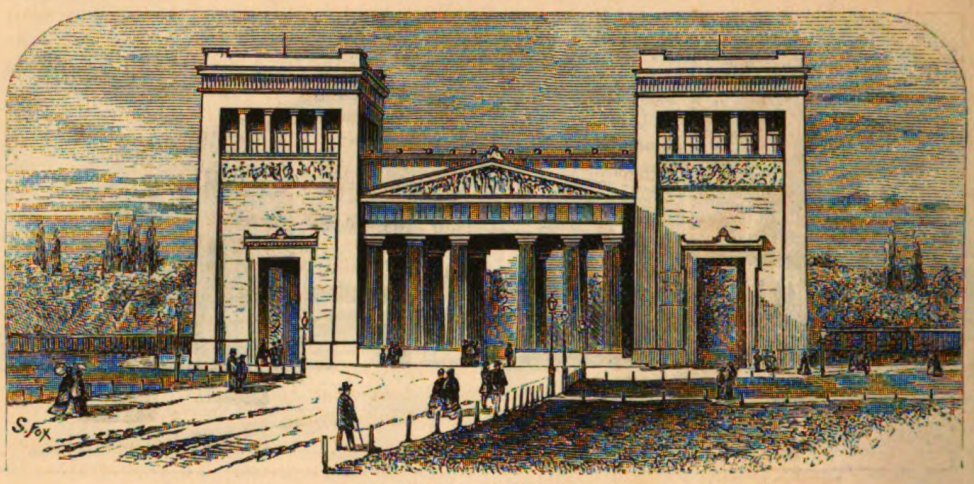
beck, etc., fighting to rescue the Graces) have the effect of caricature—deprive the building of dignity, and suggest the flaming placarded front of a show-house. Nevertheless, inside of it one gets a better idea of modern and contemporaneous German art than can be found elsewhere. The best works of Schorn, Overbeck, Schadow, Schrandolph, are here; there is a saloon devoted to the landscapes of Rottman; and Kaulbach is visible every where.

The delight of visiting the Glyptothek is unalloyed. Standing, indeed, in the great square in front of it, one can only dream that he has slipped out of an illusive nineteenth century, and awakened amidst the splendors of ancient Greece. A vast square, treeless, but with clean sward, down which runs a wide avenue ending at the Propyläen, a superb Doric arch. This arch was raised by Klenze, and completed ten years ago, in celebration of the Bavarian dynasty in Greece. Its beautiful sculptures in relief are by Schwanthaler, and represent the battle for the delivery of Greece, victories of Greeks over Turks, allegorical figures of the gods and goddesses of Hellas in friendly association with the genii of order, civilization, and culture surrounding Otto on his throne. Ten intervening years of misrule and brigandage in Greece must, indeed, be forgotten if one would enjoy the full beauty of the Propyläen; but that is easy under the enchanting influences of this spot. On the left behold the Kunstausstellungs-Gebäude, a superb building by Ziebland, opened in 1845 for modern works of art, which one can not look at without being reminded of the fish-tail appended to the mermaid. The building is Corinthian, and over its façade are fifteen marble groups by Schwanthaler, representing various allegories of art, among others Bavaria distributing flowers to artists. Then one turns to the right, and lo! its lustrous white pillars gleaming in the sun, the Glyptothek stands. Is it a dream? Is it some fairy frost palace which will presently disappear? Pure and still it stands; no



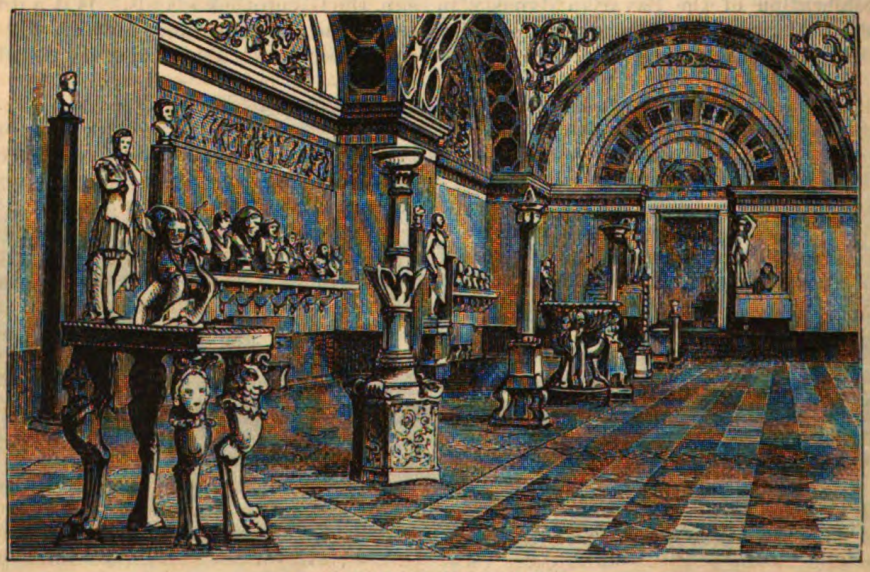
THE GLYPTOTHEK.

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THE PROPYLAEN GATE-WAY.

noise or rumble from the city invades the atmosphere of repose and light softly infolding it. From their niches upon it Vulcan, Prometheus, Dædalus, Phidias, Pericles, Hadrian, and their later brothers, Canova, Thorwaldsen, Rauch, Tenerari, look down upon us, while from the gable above the marble columns the mother of them all, Pallas, surrounded by typical artists and artificers, beams her welcome. We enter almost expecting to surprise the sages and poets and artists of Greece in their council; we find them, indeed, but transfigured by the art they adored, raised to be galaxies of earth responsive to constellations in the heavens they worshiped. To have filled this beautiful building with these matchless sculptures is the brightest page in the life of the late king. It is, indeed, a memorial of what weakness and what character may grow together in one breast that the king who has left this monument of his better nature should have laid his crown at the feet of Lola Montez. But this Glyptothek is his real monument. They have raised an equestrian statue to him in Munich, which represents him invested with the conventional decorations of a king; but if any statue were built—and none was needed—it should have represented him in his real and best light: a man in common dress, living almost meanly that he might spend the more to leave Munich a completer palace for the beautiful arts. Whatever one may find in the Old Pinakothek of doubtful genuineness, one finds nothing here but what is precious. The greatest sculptors guarded these doors, and permitted nothing unworthy to enter. Wagner, Schwanthaler, Haller, as sculptors, Zimmermann, Cornelius, Schlotthauer, as painters, have adorned the building with their finest work. The walls within are marbled green and red, finely reliev-



ROMAN SALOON.—GLYPTOTHEK.

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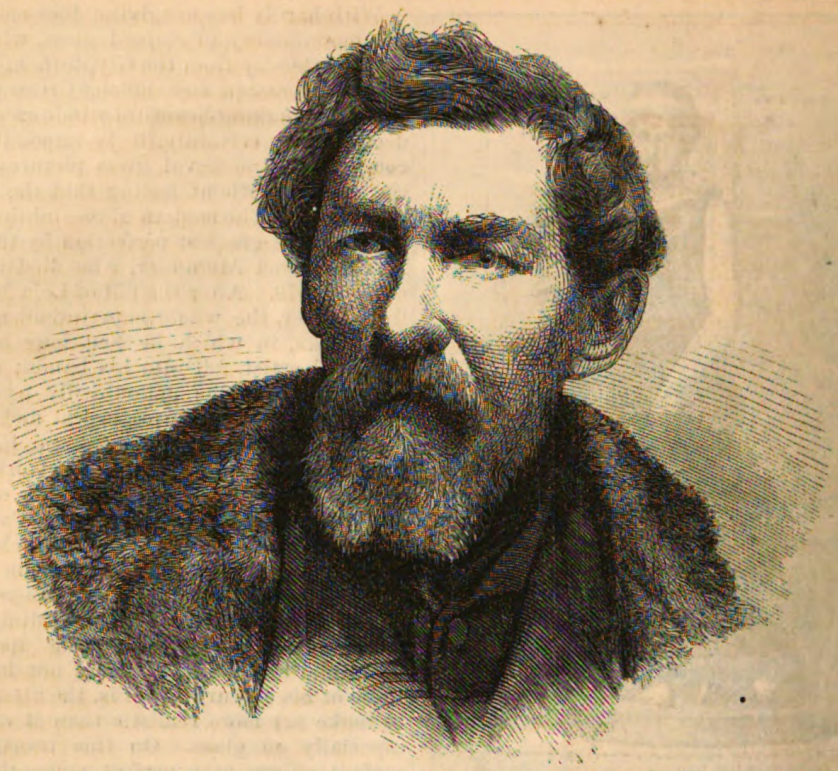


CERES, IN THE GLYPTOTHEK.

ing the sculptures. Opinions, of course, differ as to restorations, and many prefer to see the works of ancient genius as Time has extended their original carvings. I can not see this beauty of broken noses and limbs, so suggestive of a railway smash. I find these interpretations of the original designs by Thorwaldsen to be far more beautiful than the mutilations of the Louvre. To describe these forms would imply a disquisition upon ancient art not to be attempted here. In fact, they can not be described. We hear much said of Greek art, but one will probably discover here that it has hitherto been a sounding phrase in his mouth, and finds himself dumb in the presence of the sleeping Barberini Faun, the Dolphin Venus, the Gorgon, the Niobe. Not the least curious things are the colored marbles, which are mainly Etruscan. The Ceres with torch, in her night-black drapery, is otherwise of the most snowy marble, and is of fascinating beauty. There is a saloon devoted to modern works, symbolized by a fine bass-relief of the phenix (sculpture) rising from its ashes. Beautiful as these works are—Canova's Paris, Tieck's Barbarossa, Thorwaldsen's Adonis, particularly—one will go from the Glyptothek beneath Minerva's owl to read in its eyes no apprehension that its old supremacy will ever be rivaled by any phenix of sculpture. It is an art whose zenith is irrecoverably past.

With hardly less misgiving does one visit the manufactory of stained glass, which is but a little way from the Glyptothek. It is difficult to assign any sufficient reason why this art of making beautiful windows should decline; yet, certainly, it is impossible to compare the medieval glass pictures with the modern without feeling that the latter are inferior. The modern glass-staining was carried to its greatest perfection by the late Max Emanuel Ainmüller, who died in December, 1870. After the fall of Lola Montez from power, the whole superintendence of the works, in which he had long been a principal artist, fell into his hands; and it is to him that the undoubtedly beautiful glass illuminating the cathedral and other churches at Munich, Cologne, and Regensburg is to be credited. His best work is to be seen in England—the "Opening of Parliament by James II.," made for St. Paul's in London, after a painting of Kaulbach's, being particularly fine. His works in Cambridge University Church, in Glasgow Cathedral, and Parliament House (Edinburgh) are admirable. Yet, in looking upon all these, one sees faults that are not his, but those of his century—that is, the attempt is to make art more realistic than it can be, especially on glass. On this transparent surface efforts at a perfect perspective at once reveal their impossibility. The more you put deep shades, to make forms look solid, the more do you block up and cumber a medium whose first object is to be as transparent as is consistent with any medium at all. If stained glass is ever to recover its original beauty, it must be by pretending to be no more than the merest surface of colored spots. It must be simply decorative, like the flowers on a bowl. It must not attempt to picture solid and substantial men and women perched in a window where they would be quite unable to climb. Several of Ainmüller's best windows seem to have been animated by a tendency in this direction, and are proportionately finer than others. This is especially so in the Glasgow work. For the rest, it must be admitted that, so far as his colors are concerned, they have never been surpassed in purity or intensity. He has well deserved that statue, eleven feet high, made by Professor Halbig for his grave in the Campo Santo. They who sit in the light of so many brilliant windows little know, perhaps, how much labor goes to the making of them. They are first designed, then stained in bits; their colors are burned in separately—first the blue, then the red—and each requires three successive heatings in the oven. They must then be pieced into a whole, with leadings connecting the pieces, then swung in a large window-frame to be examined. If any defect be discovered, the part or parts must be burned again in an oven, and then the whole must be burned

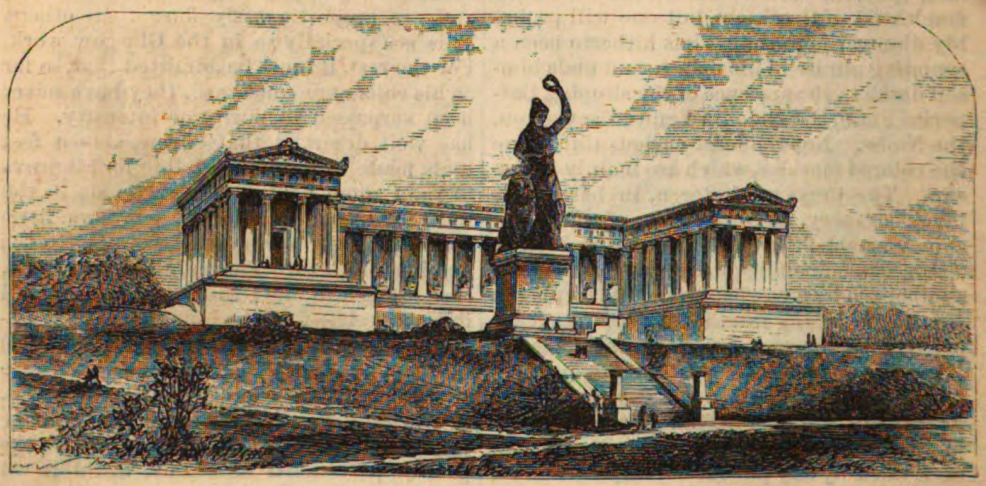
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MAX EMANUEL AINMÜLLER.—[AFTER A PICTURE BY DAVID NEAL.]

together. The scene in the Glasmalerei is remarkable enough. Here is a man engaged upon a martyr's toes, while in another room the eyes of the same saint cast upon you their last look of despair as they are shoved into a furnace heated sevenfold—just as if Herr Fortner, who now presides, I believe, were another Diocletian. A week later you will see the martyr, purified by his ordeal, smiling down a whole rainbow upon the workmen, in their shirt sleeves, in an apartment full of chalk, old planks, coke, and all manner of odds and ends. These fellows are no respecters of persons, either. Gods and saints, St. George's dragon, and the chamois destined for some nobleman's hunting-box, are cast together into the oven, and shine together along the walls.

Alas! alas! how can I go on? When will this walk through the city of art palaces end? Here we are at the door of the Ruhmeshalle—the Doric memorial hall, with superb colonnade, its hundred marble reliefs — containing busts and statues of the celebrities of Bavaria, forbidden by Time and Space to recount its treasures or do homage



RUHMESHALLE.

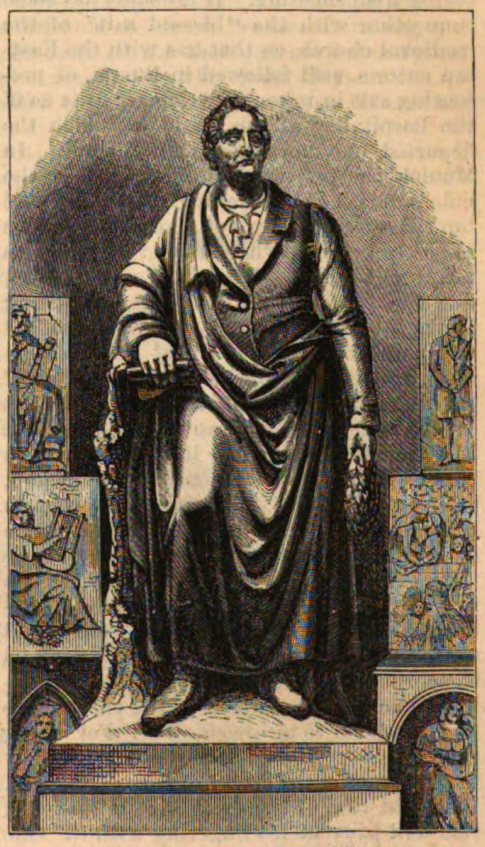
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SCHWANTHALER'S HEAD OF BAVARIA.

to its seventy noble brows. In front of a hall which holds memorials of such a progeny—among them Adam Krafft, Albert Dürer, Hans Sachs, Gluck, Richter, Schwanthaler, Rothman, Schelling—the great bronze mother, Bavaria, may well stand sixty-five feet high, 230,000 pounds in weight, and invite us to climb up into her head (a dozen at once) and look upon the fairest of cities from her eyes. But as I have not dared to ask my reader to linger with me in the palace—as I have to hurry him past Schwanthaler's museum, allowing him only a glance at the grandest of all the statues of Goethe—so must I here pronounce our quest of pictorial art in Munich at an end. No magazine could contain the narratives that might be written about such things. What brief space I can still claim must be devoted to things that lie in other directions. And one of the most interesting of these awaits us here, near the memorial hall of Bavaria's greatest children. It is the cemetery, with its house of the unburied dead.

This house has a great deal of glass in its sides, so as to furnish the best possible view of the corpses, which rest in full view of observers from without. The most conspicuous places—those next the windows—seem to be held as most desirable, as those who by their decorations appeared to be of the higher ranks occupied them. It was most strange to see these sleeping ones, dressed as brides and bridegrooms, with flowers scattered upon and around them—chiefly rosemary, which is also a bridal flower—and lights burning. The women (in some cases they were beautiful young girls) were in pure white, with long white veils and delicate laces. They did not so suggest to my mind, as to some around me, the ball-dress style; it was as if I beheld the brides of Death. The words rose to my mind, "Let your loins be girded about and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto them that wait for their lord when he will return from the wedding." Possibly it was some ancient attempt to represent the virgins with their lights burning, awaiting the cry, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh!" which originated this custom. The nearest thing to this in Northern countries is in the Isle of Man, where it is the custom, when a person dies, to lay out the corpse upon what is called a straightening-board; a trencher with salt in it, and a lighted candle, are placed upon the breast, and the bed placed on the board for the corpse to rest on is strewn with strong-scented flowers. In Munich the corpses of the women have wreaths of white



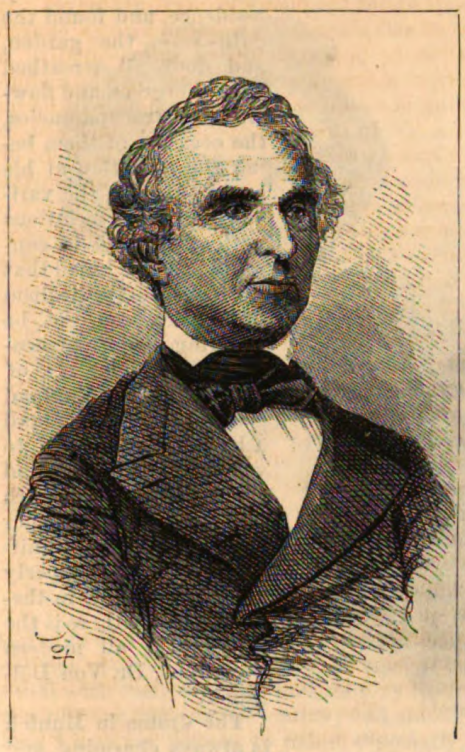
SCHWANTHALER'S STATUE OF GOETHE.

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flowers around the head. The inhabitants sometimes say that the custom continues because of the safety it affords against the burial of those who may be alive; but, to say nothing of the fact that three days—the period for which they remain—is a brief time to allow for possible resuscitation, the atmosphere produced by the corpses and the burning wax must be the last which, in a close apartment, would assist a return to life. Some of the faces did, indeed, bear still a semblance of life that made one shudder. Some years ago a man did come to life there, and proceeded to ring a bell provided for such an event. This startled the old keeper out of his wits, and instead of hastening to relieve the sufferer, he concluded instinctively that the bell was being rung by a ghost, and hastened into the city to cry an alarm. This resuscitated man, it is said, still resides in Munich. The custom of Munich in regard to the dead prevails also in Nuremberg and some of the South German cities. In some regions of Western Europe it is found lingering in the custom of setting out the best garments of those just dead near them, and going through various forms which he or she observed in life. (As for the placing of salt on the breast, the custom prevails in Somersetshire, Wales, and other regions, where those who do so say it is to prevent the corpse from smelling. It probably has some connection with the "blessed salt" of the medieval church, as that has with the Eastern custom, still followed in Russia, of presenting salt in token of welcome; it is as if the hospitality of the world to which the departed one goes were anticipated. In Munich the priest puts a bit of salt in the babe's mouth at christening.) I am not sure but the careful removal of a corpse to a house in the cemetery—where I am told relatives rarely go to see it—arises from an old belief, still very strong in Holland, that the parting of the soul from the body is a very gradual and painful process, and that the soul can never peacefully depart so long as the eye of affection is fixed on the dead form. It is a saying among the ignorant in Munich that if a tear fall on a corpse it will not rest in the grave. It was also an ancient belief, which may have helped to form the custom of removing the corpse until burial (when it is carefully brought back to the house where it died), that near a house where one has been ill an evil spirit has been hovering in the form of a raven, to try and snatch the soul. It disappears when it sees the corpse borne away. Its presence is manifested in the disposition of the cats of the neighborhood to bite each other. For a long time the Egyptian custom of placing money in the mouth of the deceased person lingered. It is said that if the dead have left money, this will prevent his lingering with it. One can still find those who believe that a coffin nail under the door will keep off thieves. It is of evil omen for a wax-candle on a church altar to be extinguished unexpectedly: a priest of that church will die. A clock stopping is a similar portent: "time will be no more." In the old customs of Munich a cross of straw was placed by a nun on the front of a house where a child had died, and on the cross a crown, which would seem to have reference to the stable straw upon which the infant Christ was laid when born. When a young unmarried person was buried, the assistants at the funeral bore rosemary; and it is probable, though this I do not know, that it is on the unmarried that the flower in question is still laid in the dead-house. One custom is, I was told, still common—that is, immediately after the death of a person to open all the windows that the soul may have free egress. The superstition about the raven, to which I have referred, has given rise to a legend concerning a celebrated lawyer of Munich, who robbed widows and orphans in a legal way, who suddenly died. Two ravens at that moment pecked at the window, whose glass fell. Another raven then came out of the dead lawyer's mouth, and joined the two, and they all flew off together. The corpse immediately became jet-black. As might be expected, the feast of All-Souls is a very important occasion in Munich; and I am told that thousands kneel and cast evergreens on the tombs of their famous men, as well as on those of their relatives—the tombs of their historian Westenrieder, the lithographer Senefelder, Klenze the architect of the great galleries, the artist Schwanthaler, and the composer Schubert being honored even more than those of the emperors, which are opened to the public on that day. The beautiful bronze fountain erected in 1831, as a memorial to a thousand peasants who fell in battle "für Fürst und Vaterland" (1705), is covered with wreaths on All-Souls Day.

Feasting at funerals is not carried on to such an extent as in Russia, or as in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries at Munich, but is still extensive enough to remind us of the ancient sacrifices of animals offered up at the death of heroes. At these feasts there is a certain attempt at symbolism in the dishes. In old times every dish represented some religious subject. At the funeral feast of Albrecht IV. (1413) Adam and Eve, the Tree and Serpent (in sugar), Noah's Ark (pastry), Abraham about to sacrifice Isaac (sugar and almonds), David and Goliath (cracknels), the Tower of Babel (built of vegetables), the Holy Family (white kernels of nuts), and Doomsday, with Christ as a Judge seated under a rainbow, and Mary and John interceding (in all manner of confections), and a dozen other such sacred dishes, adorned the table. This was probably the most remarkable feast that ever occurred in Bavaria.

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BARON LIEBIG.

There were 2500 persons fed during four days, and 1860 horses foddered.

In the National Museum one may find all that remains of the work done by the heroes and artists of the past whose dust rests in the cemetery, whose foreheads and names are in the Ruhmeshalle. Along with the pagan gods, the heathenish hair-pins, the altars, old clothes, stone axes, bronze rings of their prehistoric fathers, are there gathered the mouldy Madonnas, threadbare banners, rusty swords, old missals, boots, spurs, hats, and what not of a grander generation; and one steps across thresholds dividing eras, dispatches centuries in half-hours, until he comes forth at last upon the most magnificent street in the world, to be reminded that there is a Munich of to-day also. I have stepped out just in time to see two men go by at whom groups on the street have paused to look. Baron Liebig, who looks as if he were being made immortal by his own beef tea, as the gods were by nectar, and Surgeon-General Nussbaum, a most noble-looking man, have a related reputation in Bavaria. One of their fellow-citizens confided to me his implicit belief that Nussbaum is quite able to cut open one's skull, remove a section of brain, close it up again, and send you about your business feeling only a little more stupid than before; while if the cerebral results were not altogether happy after the operation, you had only to send for "t'other man" (Liebig), who, with a few compounds, will make a new lobe in your skull—cineritious, 60 florins; reddish-gray, 90 florins. Liebig's word on vital matters is the law of Medes and Persians. I was amused to find the list of wines at the hotel of the Four Seasons headed with the following extract from Liebig's writings, printed in various languages: "As a means of refreshment when the faculties of life are exhausted, to animate and cheer up when sorrowful days are to be overcome, to regulate and adjust when disproportion in the nourishment and disturbance in the organism have taken place, and as a defense against transitional molestations called forth by disorganizing nature, it (wine) is not surpassed by any product of nature or of art." Both of these men I associated with the battle-field; for I remembered, in the long, weary marches in France, how often we used to sip to Liebig's health his beef tea—when nothing else could be got—and how that still, firm face of Nussbaum was seen moving amidst prostrate and shattered forms, rescuing thousands from death. The Germans declare him the most skillful surgeon living; and the many decorations on his breast certify their belief less than the grandeur of his head and the clear intelligence of his eye. But Munich has other living worthies: Willbrand, the dramatist; Staub, the satirist; Baron Schach, the Oriental scholar, admirable writer on Persian literature, and possessor of the best private collection of pictures in Munich; Paul Heyse, who, invited here by Maximilian, has become the



SURGEON-GENERAL NUSSBAUM.

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DR. VON DÖLLINGER.

leading novelist, dramatist, and critic in Bavaria. Heyse writes all the songs and prologues for civic and theatrical occasions—a kind of laureate. Then there are the clever radical newspaper editors, Julius Knorr and Julius Froebel. Froebel is said to have been getting somewhat more conservative of late. Knorr is an extremely able man, and a leader of many of the progressive movements and societies. He is one of the ablest defenders of Dr. Döllinger, who named him, in conversation with me, as an admirable writer and a man of the highest influence. I had the pleasure of visiting Mr. Knorr's beautiful residence, and found the gate-way, the garden, and door all wreathed with evergreen and flowers and transparencies, the occasion of them being the reception at his house of one of the various political associations with which he is connected. I concluded that the cause of radicalism in Munich can not be suffering much persecution. A similar set of men even in free England could never have found a handsome residence to welcome them, or found their path festooned with flowers. They oftener meet in a place significantly and properly named, "Hole-in-the-Wall." Then there is the greatest of all modern Bavarians, Dr. Von Döllinger.

The drama in Munich is always charming, and particularly so by reason of the relation it bears to the distinctive life and the folk-lore of the neighborhood. The actors have not generally reputations throughout Germany, chiefly because of the



PAUL HEYSE.



HERR LANG, CHIEF COMEDIAN IN MUNICH.

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LOUIS II. OF BAVARIA.

degree to which they have concentrated their abilities upon the representations most congenial with their own city and country. But some of them have actual genius; and among these I can not forbear to name, especially, the comedian Herr Lang, whose impersonations place him in a rank equal to that so long held by Warren of Boston, or Burton of New York. I saw him in various pieces, among others in one of the Märchen of which the Germans are so fond, called the "Teufelsmühle von Wienburg." In this piece his rôle was that of the servant of a duke who is pursued and captured by evil powers. After the fray has taken place, the servant, an arrant coward, draws his sword, and—no foe or any one else being present—fences most skillfully with the air, making a most valiant defense of his master, during whose capture he had carefully hidden. After this solitary fight with nothing, he sheathes his sword vigorously, tosses his head triumphantly, and departs with a military air, the people meanwhile roaring at a pantomime which was worthy of the actor Shakspeare dreamed of when he drew the character of Falstaff.

The opera, I need hardly say, is unequaled by any in Germany. Munich itself could not support it were it not for the subvention of the king, who from his own means enables it to surmount an annual deficit of over sixty thousand florins. Indeed, since the reign of Richard Wagner began, the subvention needed has been much larger, for Wagner is reckless of expenditure when the perfect rendering of his operas is concerned. Fortunately the cost does not come out of his own pocket, and so he (Wagner) is cheerfully resigned to it. So I believe is the king, who loves the eccentric composer warmly. On the whole, Wagner is about as lucky a man as lives. The opera-house (Hoftheater) which is given him to be the temple of his genius is quite unequaled in its beauty. It is the ideal Greek theatre. The architect was Fischer, whose design reached completion in 1825. It has a superb portico of eight Corinthian columns, and above these two gables with frescoes, after Schwanthaler, of Pegasus and the Graces, Apollo and the Muses. In the interior there are five Rangs, with seats for 2500 people. A curtain painted by Kaulbach—the Muse—and other exquisite decorations make the inside of this royal theatre harmonious with its exterior. "Royal Theatre" has a technical meaning, as one is apt to find, possibly through an attempt, which will prove vain, to keep his hat on a moment after entering. Soldiers are admitted at a reduced price. Notwithstanding the great capacity of the house, and the somewhat high price (for Munich) to which the bad plan of speculation brings the tickets, the place is invariably overcrowded, especially in summer. The foreigner who asks for a ticket at his hotel is sure to be told that the last standing-place for the evening has been sold several days before. Let him not believe it! Let him make a bold rush for the pit when it opens; and let him, as the Scotch parson told the dying sinner, be thankful that he has a pit to go to. I acknowledge having had to stand for three hours and a half on one occasion to hear one of Wagner's operas; but there is always a wild enthusiasm when one of his pieces is to be performed. Moreover, the great operatic star of Germany was in Munich—Fräulein Mallerin, the chief singer before the emperor at Berlin, and one who, as an actress and vocalist, is as wonderful in her way as Bismarck and Moltke in theirs.



RICHARD WAGNER.

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FRÄULEIN MALLERIN, AS ELIZABETH, IN WAGNER'S "TANNHÄUSER."

If any one wishes to still cherish any other star—Nilsson or Patti, for instance—as the bright particular and culminant one of the musical heavens, let him not go to hear Mallerin; thereafter all the rest will be paler. As Elizabeth, in the opera of "Tannhäuser," Mallerin is no mere actress: she *is* the countess herself. All the weird lore of the Venusberg invests her; she is the German Madonna struggling with the invisible powers and charms of a splendid pagan religion; her lip quivers, her face flushes, her eye flashes with ages of German enthusiasm, and her voice, soaring from height to height, recalled to me one only heard long ago—a strain as of a morning-star, of which one whispered, "That is Jenny Lind."

It was my fortune, on a former occasion, to be in Munich when Wagner's "Rienzi" was for the first time performed. This opera is, in one sense, among the first, while it is one of the latest, of its author's compositions. For some reason or other, after he had (before writing "Tannhäuser" or "Lohengrin") written "Rienzi," he refused to place it upon the stage. He kept it by him, and brooded over it. Then he gave the larger part of a year to rewriting it. I have no hesitation—as a friend, if not disciple, of the "Music of the Future"—in saying that it is by far the best of his operas. Indeed, I can not believe that any other opera is equal to it. On this great occasion seats were procured at enormous prices for weeks beforehand. Noblemen and ladies of the highest rank came from their country-seats; splendid equipages filled the square in front of the theatre; and inside the array of magnificent dresses, and of all the fashion and beauty of Munich, made a spectacle of singular splendor. The conductor of the orchestra—Franz Willner—had drilled his orchestra to a perfection satisfactory to Wagner himself, who had personally concerned himself in every note of every instrument, to the smallest drum-tap, and had passed judgment upon every particle of the dress of the hundreds of actors, to the smallest fringe of the least important ballet-dancer. Of the leading characters, Rienzi was represented by Nachbauer; Irene, his sister, by Fräulein Leonof; Colonna, by Herr Kendermann; his son, Adriano, by Fräulein Stehle—each a consummate artist. The overture was very difficult, and the conductor had to go through so many attitudes to bring in his seventy men at the right points, that I fancy a series of instantaneous photographs of him during the time would astonish Wagner himself. This overture had in it the rolls of many drums, and was much in the earlier style of the composer; but each of the five acts had an overture of its own, each containing a charming melody. Throughout the piece there were many melodies—many more than in any other of Wagner's works. And it was freely declared by those present, who knew his various compositions, that in respect to its melodies "Rienzi" presented a hitherto unknown phase of his genius. "Don Giovanni" itself has not more sweet and various themes.

The descriptive part of the music was as Wagnerish as in "Tannhäuser," but more artistic. Thus, in the third act, a storm without is represented simply by violins, which imitate precisely the whistling of violent winds until it becomes a shriek; and a magical effect is produced by a chorus of kneeling women—a strain simply sublime. At the beginning of the fourth act the impression of certain low mystical tones is deepened by the sympathetic lowering of the lights, after which the curtain rises upon a magnificent tableau of the Lateran by night. The tableaux were most wonderful—the Coliseum, the city of Rome, and other views being prepared in the most artistic completeness. The tableau of Rome was accompanied by a scene of the Messengers of Peace, a troop of beautiful women, clad in pure white, bearing olive-branches, who sang a strangely tender chorus: they disappear slowly while singing, and the chorus is for a time invisible; then it is heard more and more faintly; it ceases. When all has been still a moment, the chorus is wafted back again as on the breath of a fitful wind. Again silence. But yet once or twice more the strain reaches us from afar,

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suggesting the occasional emergence of the procession into some open space. I can not describe the profound impression which various novel effects of this kind produced upon the vast auditory. There were times when the admiration broke out in plaudits repeated to the delay of the performance; at others the enthusiasm showed itself in tears. The story of Rienzi, the last of the tribunes, is familiar. Wagner, who wrote the libretto himself, has clothed the old story of his attempt to unite Italy into a republic, with Rome for its capital, its failure, and his death, with felicitous expression, and has not altered it materially. He has strung upon the thread the civic struggles of the Colonna and Orsini families with skill, and in Irene and Adriano has portrayed characters of winning beauty with some of the dexterity of Goethe. The story is far more classic than Bulwer's. Rienzi's appeals to the people are really eloquent, and remind one of the transcendental visions of Rome uttered by Mazzini. The splendors of the period are represented by a scene which for spectacular brilliancy has probably never been equaled even on the French stage. Amidst an environment of dazzling luxuriance the Roman gladiators and wrestlers appear and go through their performances. Then the dancers appear, gathering by hundreds from every part of the stage like lustrous white fleeces of cloud, and dance follows dance, each more startling than the last. Now they are spirits in the hues of heaven, now nymphs tinted with the sea and sparkling with its foam, and again the green-girt goddesses of the forest. With ropes of wreathed flowers they draw the phalanx of gladiators after them; and again these Romans throw each his shield upon his head, making thus a floor beneath which the men are pillars, while upon this shield-floor the hundreds of nymphs dance their spendid fantasia. This scene, and one in which Rienzi and his companions appear mounted on fine white horses, amidst a perfect tidal roar of bells and bugles, seemed almost too much for the audience. They cried out, waved hats and handkerchiefs, rained down a purple snowstorm of flowers, and called for Wagner until they were hoarse. Wagner sat, as I heard, just out of sight, but no one of the score of calls made him even stir from his chair. He is one of the few who have learned the lesson of art revealed to Goethe when, as a boy, he put his hand down to lift up a fallen puppet he was showing off, and had the said hand laughed at by the company. Richard Wagner did not appear, nor did the artists come trooping in front to destroy the illusion of the tremendous last scene—Rienzi and Irene standing in the façade of their house as it is enveloped in flames—by bowing and smiling as citizens in fancy costumes to a moved, a thrilled audience.

Having owed to several visits to Munich my faith that every human being is a potential artist, I took occasion on the last day that I was there to visit one of the schools based upon that creed. The system of Froebel is fundamentally that—to deal with the child primarily as artist. Any one who has read—as every one should read—that best educational work ever written in Ameriea, "Moral Culture of Infancy, and Kindergarten Guide," by Miss Peabody and Mrs. Mann, will find how many educators have overlooked the obvious in their search after the profound, the obvious thing being that the child in its movements is histrionic, in its love of color is a painter, in its block-building is an architect. Froebel, the genius of the child, began here with nature, and established the only true and philosophical means of cultivating the senses and the mind of the child. Following the ancient plan of Nature, which taught savages first to communicate by pictures—each picture to become in the end a letter—the Kindergartner lures the eye, the voice, by the beauty it spontaneously craves, lures out each power by beauty, and thus raises the little nature as a stem, putting forth leaf after leaf, until the time of budding and flowering and fruitage shall come in due season. I have often wondered that Prussia, which is so eager to adopt new ideas in education, has not made Froebel's system national, and can almost believe what I have lately heard that the system has suffered in North Germany by its founder being associated with Julius Froebel, the Munich radical, with whom, I believe, he is in no wise related.

One day, driving along a quiet street in Munich, I saw the word "Kindergarten" on a gate. Stopping my drosky, I entered the gate, groped around the house, and reached at last a pleasant garden of about half an acre. There were old trees, two of which sustained a child's swing between them. There were parterres of pretty flowers, inclosed with large white pebbles; a fountain singing away in the happy sunshine; and there was a gorgeous peacock, with Argus-eyed tail, the sole guardian of the place. But I already heard merry voices, and was soon inside of the room from which they proceeded. The walls were covered with pictures of all manner of living and moving things. One side of the room was occupied by a cabinet, in which many objects which would have delighted Pestalozzi were neatly arranged. Here were about fifty happy-faced children, and two graceful and kindly teachers. I was welcomed by the principal —Miss Augusta Horst—who soon had the children showing me their exercises and their work. Curious little mats, woven of painted slips of paper, and some with plaits of golden straw, birds of every feather designed by needle punctures in card-board, or

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embroidered with bright threads. Babette makes me out of blocks a cradle in a quarter of a minute, and puts a slumbering baby in it in another quarter. Mathilde has a pigeon-house built in three-quarters of a minute. Oh, these bright faces, these diamond eyes! With what glowing faces do the little boys ply here the arts which will one day build and adorn Glyptotheks and Pinakotheks! And now at a motion from the mistress their voices burst out with songs about the babies, the flowers, the birds—voices that have caught the sense of the singing fountain outside, and will some day interpret the Music of the Future. "Heigh-ho!" calls the peafowl through the window; "what's up now? It's play-time, and here you are all set singing again." I took the hint, and bade the children adieu; but I did not get out so soon as they. They were scampering among the trees and at the swing in an eye-twinkle. Fräulein Horst told me that she had studied her art as a Kindergartner with Froebel himself, and that this was the earliest school of the kind which had been established in Munich. It was small, she said, only because she wished to keep it a real Kindergarten, whereas parents generally wished the system to be mingled with the conventional ones. They were ashamed if their children did not learn to read and write as soon as those of their neighbors, to begin with such things being really a subversion of the true method of nature. There are, she said, six Kindergartens in Munich, but most of them have to get along by compromises with the fashion of the world. But it is the same with every art, she said; they who adhere to its pure principles get on poorly compared with those who cater for the conventional. I said I thought the artists of Munich seemed to have little to complain of. "There are," she said, "many very excellent artists in Munich who get on poorly enough, and some by reason of their fidelity to a high standard. If mein Herr has time I would like to have him visit one of these—my own brother!" "My drosky is at the door," said I, "and if Fräulein will do me the honor of attending, I will go now." A smile played over the simple-hearted lady's features; a slight blush as, in the presence of the group of boys and girls assembled to witness the extraordinary sight of their dame going off with a stranger, she stepped up into the carriage. In a few moments we stopped at the gate of a little front garden—29 Heustrasse—at the end of whose gravel-walk we entered a room, where I found young Herr Horst engaged in finishing an admirable landscape, representing a scene of wondrous beauty, which I remembered having paused to admire, in the Bavarian Alps.

The room was very poorly furnished, poverty, indeed, being written on every thing, except poverty of imagination; that faculty had covered the walls with a wealth of color and an affluence of beauty such as I have rarely seen. Herr Horst told me that he sold his pictures—each one of which he loved—to English dealers commonly, who gave him very small sums for them, and he earnestly inquired of me if I did not think he could in some way find a better market in America. I could only tell him that I had known landscapes far inferior to these representations of the most beautiful scenes in Bavaria sell both in England and America for much more than he was receiving. But as I went away it was with the sad reflection that not even Munich has yet built the paradise of art, but also with the pleasanter conclusion that the system of royal patronage has not availed to engage all devotees of art in a mere competition for its subsidies. The City of Beauty has at every step been perilously dependent upon royalty for its attractions. Since the Little Monk started his convent there by help of Henry the Lion, the city has, like Venus, been riding on the lion of princely favor. Dr. Von Döllinger looks to the court for his defense, as did the Little Monk. But this has been the case with the arts of Munich even more than with its religious development. It is a Bavarian saying that the old king shaped the literature, the late king the painting, and the present king the music of Munich. Let us hope that the reappearance of a German empire in the world will mean a broader and more independent range for German art every where, now too much cut up into styles dignified as "schools," but which really mean so many provincialisms and eccentricities. Of these, indeed, Munich has certainly fewer than any other section of Germany, and it must always be the main centre and fountain of the German fine arts. But notwithstanding the grandeur and freedom and splendor with which art has invested the wonderful dream-like city, one can conceive of fairer forms and purer tints yet to be unfolded from it when its people are freed from the priest, and its homes are ennobled by culture.

A MONUMENT.

I LEARNED this lesson on a stone
Older than Egypt's are to me;
It stood up in the world alone—
It said, "There is but One—but One;"
And then my eyes grew dim to see.

I had a temple and a shrine,
All hidden, fair for me alone;
I came with gifts, I came with wine,
My best to serve this love of mine,
And there was nothing but a stone.

O God! great God! thou still unknown,
I see these altars every way;
I hear the call from stone to stone,
"There is but One—there is but One:
Death is His prophet! come and pray!"

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THE MOUNTAINS.

ILLUSTRATED BY PORTE CRAYON.



THE STAGE-DRIVER.

ON a pleasant day in June we started from the Berkeley Springs on a pleasure excursion to the Alleghany Mountains. Our equipage was an old-fashioned Troy coach, drawn by four horses, and painted red. The coachman was a native mountaineer, whose eccentricities would furnish material for a readable chapter; but having so much

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else to write about, we turn him over to our artist. The coach was followed by a pair of spirited nags under saddle, and in charge of a negro groom, affording the travelers by turns an agreeable relief from the irksomeness of long confinement in the lumbering vehicle.

Besides these accessories, our company consisted of nine persons, five gentlemen and four ladies, who shall be duly presented to such of our friends as propose to accompany us (in fancy) on our romantic journey.

The Winchester Grade, or Mud Turnpike, as it is contemptuously called in winter, was now dry and trotable. The weather, such as is not uncommon in this region, made animal existence a positive delight. Among the mountains sat queenly June, full robed in green, all pranked and perfumed with many-colored blossoms, looking dreamily beautiful.

Our traveling company was fortunately assorted—at least they all seemed to think so, and frequently felicitated themselves and one another on that circumstance. In this land of easy and unsuspicious sociability ten days of dining, dancing, and picnicking together at the Springs had advanced ordinary acquaintanceship to something like friendship by brevet; but stationary society is always more or less stiff. Now packed and jostled together in the coach, excited by novelty and rapid motion, the reign of ceremony was superseded by a carnival of wit and good humor, and an exuberance of laughter which bordered on rollicking, and they pelted each other with spiritual bouquets and bonbons so vociferously that a passing market woman thought the whole party was *en route* for the insane asylum at Staunton.

Why so general? interrupts an exacting wiseacre. Can't you repeat some of the witty things that were said and done on that much-vaunted occasion? Thrice sodden materialist! would you have one parade the withered chaplets and twisted Champagne corks of yesterday's feast as samples of its flavor? We have no art to catch and reproduce the sparkle of the wine, nor the still more subtile and evanescent aroma of social enjoyment. We only know we had a glorious time, and cherish the recollection as we do the vague unwritten music of our dreams.

About mid-day our travelers called a halt on the banks of a glassy stream, overshadowed by a stately grove of sugar-maples. Near at hand was a cool bubbling spring, and the remains of a sugar camp, where they found logs and rude benches enough to seat them all for lunch. The baskets were unloaded without delay, while fair and skillful hands spread and distributed the savory meal.

Among the lower brutes feeding-time is a season of scrambling, snarling, scolding, and scratching. With godlike man alone it is the culminating hour of courtesy and good humor. There is, indeed, no true sociability without eating and drinking, and while in the genial mood we will redeem our promise, and introduce our party individually to the reader.

That tall, rather portly, and every way substantial-looking person, clothed in pepper-and-salt tweed, and a broad-brimmed white hat, is Mr. Meadows, a large landed proprietor and cattle-dealer of the South Branch country. The equally substantial middle-aged matron seated on the log beside him is Mrs. Meadows, whose mild countenance and placidity of manner do not entirely conceal the latent power and energy of character which have earned her the reputation of the best housekeeper in Hardy County. The rosy-cheeked, bouncing girl of eighteen is their daughter Lilly, just returning from a boarding-school in Philadelphia. Miss Prudence Primrose, a bright little New Englander, with delicately chiseled features and petite figure—a precious casket, stored with all the rarest gifts pertaining to her sex, and the more valuable for its portability. She was Lilly's teacher at school, and, as her friend, is going to spend the summer vacation with her.

We are all proud of the next lady, and I have reserved her to the last as an agreeable surprise. There she stands in her becoming weeds, her glorious woman's face illuminating the sable hat and veil, like a star shining through a crevice in the clouds. Having seen her, you will never inquire thereafter whether she is short or tall, plump or slender, blonde or brunette; your ideal of perfect womanhood is established, and every difference or deviation therefrom is a defect. This is our charming young widow, Mrs. Dendron. Fair Rhoda, as we call her, appears dazzlingly fair; yet, in truth, she is a decided brunette—the lily and the rose in her waxen face toned down by the softest tint of moon-lit olive, just enough to harmonize it with her hair and eyes of flashing jet. In like manner the ringing sweetness of her voice is subdued and enriched by a transparent shading of contralto; the graceful elasticity of her movements chastened by unaffected dignity; the very brightness of her smiles bewitchingly tempered by a haze of thoughtfulness: it was not a shadow that you felt, but a tender softening of the light.

We knew but little of her history, only that she had married very young, and, a year after, her husband fell in a duel. Several years had elapsed since then, and she was now not over twenty-four or twenty-five at most—a woman for whom a miser might give up his gold, a soldier his ambition, a sage his wisdom, and each believe himself enriched by the sacrifice; a woman that a penniless poet might fall despairingly in love with, and write romantic verses about.

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I hope I have not said any thing especially foolish, nor committed myself in any way?

By-the-bye, I had forgotten to mention that the widow is reputed to be immensely wealthy; but, you know, these watering-place reports are not always reliable.

That erect, manly figure, with handsome though weather-beaten face, grizzled hair, and whiskers of military cut, dyed black, is Major Martial, of the U. S. A. The major has achieved honorable distinction in the Mexican war, and limps perceptibly from the results of a wound inflicted by the arrow of a wild Comanche. He has traveled extensively in Europe and the East, and, like most of his profession, is an agreeable and cultivated gentleman.

As the major is a bachelor, and, in consequence, does not like any allusion to his age, we refrain from guessing at it; but we shrewdly suspect he thinks himself old enough to retire from active service to some little castle of his own, where he may have chief command (nominal, at least) and live like a feudal baron.

Richard Rattlebrain is a young gentleman of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, lightly esteemed by his seniors in society, but in high favor with the girls as a reliable waltzing partner, the only art or occupation for which he seems to have a special turn. Yet, in spite of the cynics, Dick is invited and well received every where, and no social jollification is thought complete without him. He owes his success to the fact that he has not brains enough to take tragic views of any thing, but is bubbling over with the glorious wisdom of youth—wisdom that drinks the wine of life all bright and sparkling from the cup, incredulous of deleterious drugs in the bottom; which enjoys its city sausages without suspicion of dogs and cats; which implicitly believes its morning-glories imperishable, and would unhesitatingly swap its hopes of fortune for a golden ringlet—wisdom too ignorant to know that society is hollow, stuffed with nothing so solid and useful even as dry bran. Dick knows none of these things, and is happy, beloved by his fellows, and tolerated by the elders as a sinful pleasure.

Augustus Cockney is a dry-goods clerk, from New York city, and bitten with a desire for some wild mountain experiences. At the Springs he was rather a jack-a-dandy in dress and manners, but in getting himself up for this excursion he appeared like a cross between an English groom and an Italian brigand; so loaded down with fire-arms, knives, hatchets, and game-bags that he was a nuisance to himself, and a source of mingled merriment and terror to the company.

The major relieved us all by dryly remarking that "real fighting men never showed their arms except to an enemy;" whereupon Augustus, who was nervously polite and obliging, and especially deferential to the major's opinions, hid away his incumbrances in the coach-box.

Last on our dramatic roll is your humble servant, Lawrence Laureate, Esq., an author by courtesy, who has got some little notoriety by writing for the magazines and newspapers, and at present enjoys the additional dignity of being supposed to be engaged in writing a book.

While I may acknowledge to you in confidence that I haven't an idea of such a thing, not a page on paper, nor the shadow of a plan in my brain, I have permitted the delusion to circulate without contradiction, for I find some advantage in it.

I am a bachelor, shy and secluded in my habits, and quite unskilled in the lighter social accomplishments. In view of my presumed literary engagement, the girls excuse my awkwardness, don't expect me to dance, and treat me as they do all other "engaged gentlemen."

I am thirty-three years of age, with very limited means, and ought to have some regular occupation. The hypothetical book satisfies my friends and the public on that score. It apologizes for late hours and red eyes of mornings, dignifies careless apparel, and excuses a host of other irregularities and short-comings. It envelops one's commonest doings in the romance of mystery. When I pay my yearly subscription to the village paper, and invite the editor to drink, next week's issue contains a notice of the forthcoming work, which inflames the impatience of the literary world to boiling-point.

Acquaintances introduce me as the celebrated author of the greatest book of the age—not yet out—something ponderous, which crushes people who don't know better with a sense of their own insignificance. In brief, one enjoys all the deference, distinction, and immunity of successful authorship without exposure to the risk of failure, the envy of critics, or the exhausting weariness of brain-work.

Happy is he who is always going to write a book—and don't. Yet nature has no lights without their corresponding shadows; and the life of a sincere and devoted worshiper of the Muses has its mournful and even tragic aspects.

How many tempting dinners and jolly suppers must one sacrifice at the bidding of an exacting brain! How many a budding affection is nipped by the deadly jealousy of the frosty goddesses of Parnassus! How many a burning dream of ambition is ruthlessly quenched! And this is the poet's life; for his lofty ideal in the clouds must he forsake all earthly pleasures, loves, and glories. Glorious, indeed, is the service; but there

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PRUE PRIMROSE.

are at times doubts and repinings which amount to torture.

I, who can read in a warm, living face volumes of poetry tenderer and sweeter than ever yet were penned; I, who can not hear the rattle of a drum without a tumultuous pang of suffocated enthusiasm; I, who from earliest childhood have dreamed of a part in the life drama of passionate romance and noble deeds—I have listlessly drifted from the active stage into the position of a critical spectator, a scene-shifter, a supe.

Especially do I, in moments and company like the present, feel the inanity of my occupations, and the impotence of art, with its chiseled stone, its tinted rags, its dry technicalities, and idealistic conceits, to satisfy the longings of an ardent, eager soul. I am humiliated with the meanness of envy while I compare my sallow face and flaccid muscles, effeminate diffidence and unconsidered presence, with the manly port, iron nerves, and gallant assurance of the major as he stands there now beside the fair widow, pressing her acceptance of another glass of claret punch and well-buttered sandwich, by his own bold hand sweetened and buttered expressly to tempt the fastidious taste of our social queen.

Or when I match the unprofitable learning and dyspeptic wisdom of my studious, uneventful life with the gushing ignorance and roistering folly of Dick Rattlebrain's making love to that bright little Yankee Primrose, I feel abashed at his superiority.

The only consolation I find is in Gus Cockney there, who can neither ride, shoot, nor chew tobacco, and who, being out of his native element, will possibly veil my weaknesses by his more patent greenness in rural accomplishments; but even he, assured with the recollections of "soirées dansantes," Central Park promenades, and a full fashion-plate and dry-goods vocabulary, is making himself agreeable to Lilly Meadows.

"Mr. Laureate," said a soft voice at my elbow, "you are dreaming away the opportunities of your life."

I started at the coincidence of thought and speech, and saw the major and sweet Rhoda standing in front of me, she offering the identical glass and sandwich he had given her the moment before.

"Come," she said, with a look that was bewitchingly coaxing; "you must leave your fairy-land for a while at least, and devote yourself to life and action. Here's your dinner."

My face flushed and tingled as I took the proffered refreshment.

"With such encouragement, madame, one might readily become a hero."

"Bravo!" cried the major. "Admirably pointed; a charming and appropriate compliment."

"Nonsense, major; Mr. Laureate alluded to the sandwich he was looking at when he spoke."

"Come, Mr. Laureate, and support me by your authority. This obstinate—a—young gentleman calls this 'a petrified frog;'" and Miss Primrose, with suffused cheeks and

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laughing eyes, handed a pretty fossil for my inspection.

"This is a trilobite—and a very perfect specimen too," I answered. "There! are you convinced it is not a frog? Don't you see it has no legs? I must try to get a collection of these trilobites."

Dick laughed uproariously. "Well," said he, "if you get many such bites, I wouldn't give much for your teeth." Struck with a sudden thought, he darted off to the spring, and, after turning over several stones and raking in the mud, he presently returned with something mysteriously wrapped up in a green leaf.

"Here, Miss Prue, is a fossil I'll bet a thousand you don't know the name of. Come, hold out your hand."

The little lady unsuspectingly extended her hand, and the whelp dropped a nasty reptile into it—red, spotted, and wriggling.

"How pretty!" she exclaimed, examining it with unconscious composure. "This is a diminutive saurian—*Lacerta seps*—vulgarly called an eft."

"By thunder!" exclaimed Dick, stunned by the failure of his joke. "She's not a bit scared!"

"Of course not," she said, innocently. "The creature is harmless as you are, Mr. Rattlebrain."

Dick was slightly dashed, and remarked, by way of compliment, "Why, if I had done that to one of our girls, she'd have fallen into conniptions."

"What's that, Mr. Rattlebrain?"

"Conniptions," said he, as if trying to remember his catechism—"conniptions are fits."

"Fits!" she repeated, with demure surprise. "And so you purposed to amuse yourself by scaring me into fits. Mr. Rattlebrain, your gallantry is on a par with your knowledge of natural history."

Dick was temporarily quenched, and there are hopes of his mending his manners.

Meanwhile Cockney had strolled away with Miss Meadows through the trees and across the road, where they had a view of a mountain barn with its appurtenances. Gus got up a laugh at the uncouth structure, and was endeavoring to impress the young lady with the superiority of Broadway and Fifth Avenue architecture, when suddenly a grizzly monster sprung out of a swampy thicket and saluted them with a roar which so amazed the unarmed cavalier that he took to flight. Seeing that his companion stood her ground, unconscious apparently of the cause of his sudden exit, he returned and excused himself as well as he could with much talk and many gestures.

Shortly after he took me aside, and, with a perplexed countenance, asked: "Mr. Laureate, what sort of a thing is a ridge-back?" I couldn't explain satisfactorily. "Well, then, a sub-soiler?"

"Oh, that is an—an agricultural implement—an improved plow to break up stubborn land."

"No; what I mean was an infernal beast with long legs, a bristling back, and immense proboscis, which rushed from a thicket over there and frightened Miss Lilly dreadfully. She told me it was a 'ridge-back'—a 'jumping alligator,' a 'sub-soiler;' and, in fact, she was so agitated—hysterical, I may say—that I couldn't get the idea exactly, and I hadn't my rifle with me."

"Oh, that was a swine—a breed peculiar to these mountains."

"A swine," repeated Augustus, looking sharply to see if I was quizzing; and then, apparently satisfied, continued, "Very peculiar indeed, I should think—and not dangerous?"

"Not at all."

"I'm glad, although Miss Meadows says they don't have such things in Hardy County."

But hark! The tantarra of the coachman's horn warns us that it is time to take the road again.

We resumed our places rested and refreshed, the incidents of the halt affording new themes for humorous raillery and laughter. The major and Rhoda took the saddles for a dash on horseback, and, in truth, they were a stylish-looking pair. Even the South Branchers commended their horsemanship, which, from the best riders in Virginia, is no unmeaning compliment.

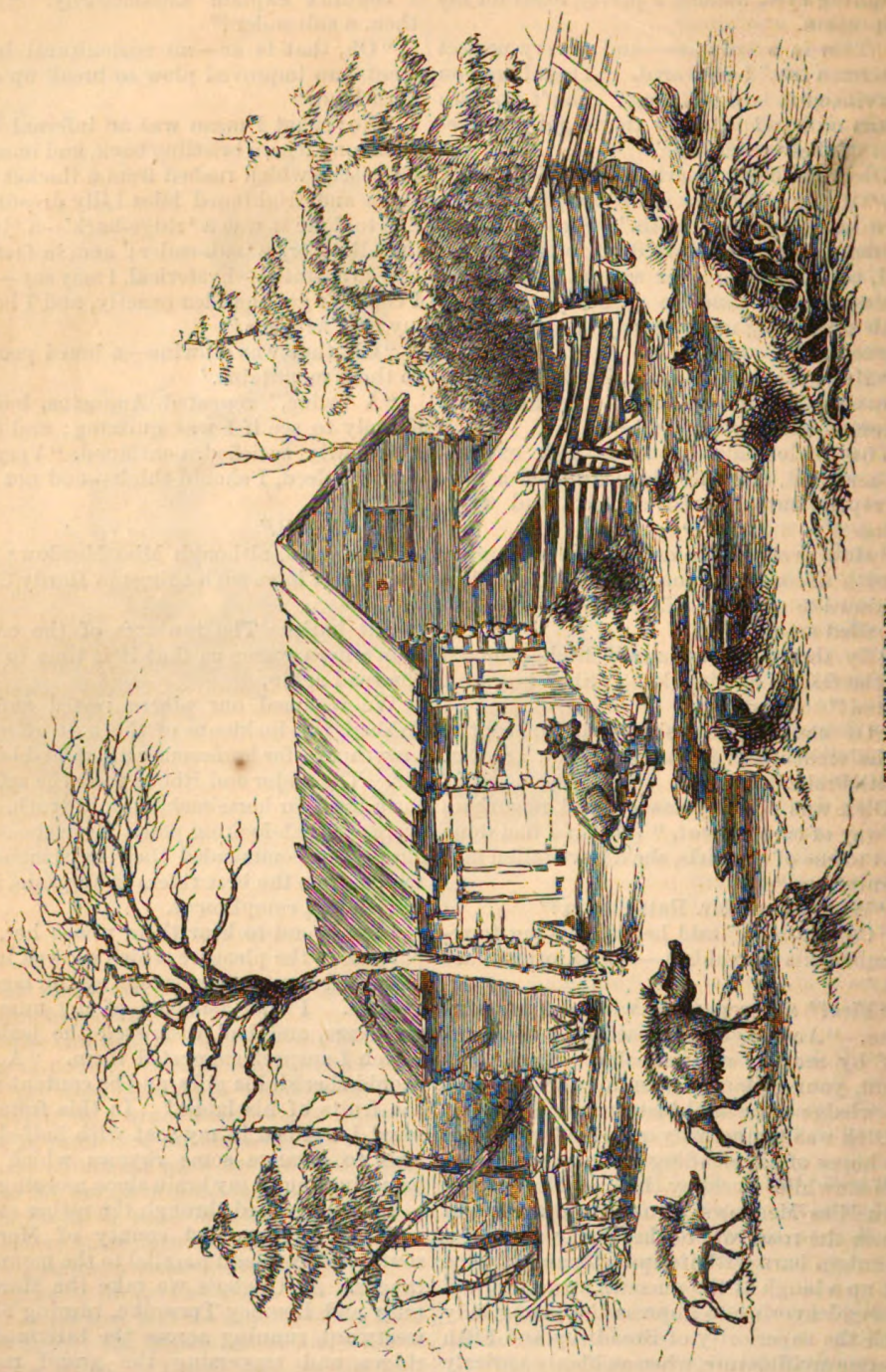
I felt proud to hear them praise her, and partook of the pleasure which glowed in her animated face as they swept by the lagging vehicle. I was ashamed of my unmanly repinings, and had dismissed the jealousy which I suspect suggested them. "A man should cherish his gifts, and be content with the fruits of his labor." In this frame of mind I reclined in my seat with half-closed eyes to arrange some rhymes which had been jingling in my brain since morning.

Thus we passed through the rather sterile and sparsely peopled county of Morgan, southwestward and parallel to the mountain ranges. At Ungler's we take the Martinsburg and Romney Turnpike, turning sharp westward, running across the intermediate ridges, and traversing the grand ranges through gaps made by the Cacapon River and its tributaries.

Fording these crystal streams, we draw rein on the western bank of the North River, to view a perpendicular cliff on the opposite shore, whose moss-grown battlements and jagged turrets, extending for half a mile or more, rise five hundred feet above the stream.

Tradition names it Candy's Castle, from an early settler who is said to have lived in

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THE MOUNTAIN BARN.

these rocks and defended them successfully against the Indians.

We are now in Hampshire County, and a few miles further brings us to Slane's Cross-roads, where Fah's Tavern promises a comfortable shelter for the night.

The tavern is a plain log-house, with a double porch all along the front—a regular drovers' stand—not overinviting externally, but with an air of rustic neatness within, which, with the motherly greeting and hen-like aspect of the landlady, promises comfortable entertainment to such travelers as are wise enough not to be overfastidious.

The advent of such a party as ours was, indeed, no common occurrence in these parts, and the comely Cochin China matron fussed and cackled around in a manner which set the house astir. The negroes scampered, chickens squawked, dogs barked, cows bel-

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lowed, pigs squealed, the cat got her head in the cream-jug, and all the rustic neighborhood gave tokens of unusual excitement. The supper was worthy of the hubbub, and was honored to the satisfaction of the hostess, who poured out coffee and apologies with simultaneous fluency.

The coffee—a milder beverage than is usually served under that title—stimulated no one unduly, so that when madam came round with her tallow-candles, no one objected. The ladies, as Dick irreverently remarked, went to roost uncommonly early, and were all lodged together in one room. I dare say there is no impropriety in our picturing to ourselves how they climbed up by the aid of high-backed chairs, and with a bounce disappeared in the downy depths of their feather-beds, suffocating under fringed and tufted counterpanes of snowy whiteness, and pillows edged with double ruffles and cotton lace; and how, when safely nestled in these fluffy heights, the question arose as to who should descend to put out the candle which stood flaring on the table below them, and whether it was possible for any one so doing to climb up again in the dark.



TWO COUNTRYMEN MEETING AT CROSS-ROADS.

Fortunately the smiling hostess appreciated the situation, and returned in time to bid them good-night and carry off the candle. The gentlemen finished their cigars, and such as preferred it took a night-cap, ruffled with mint and sugar, and then retired to enjoy their respective dreams.

The following morning, brisk and breezy, found every body bright and sharp-set for the substantial breakfast, which challenged criticism, as the major had gallantly cajoled the hostess into trying his private recipe for making coffee. It was substantially the same as hers, but with some slight variation of ingredient proportions—to wit, four times her measure of ground coffee, one-fourth the usual amount of water—no chiccory.

"Why, Sir," she exclaimed, in amazement, "it 'll be pizen!"

"That's the word," he answered, with a humorous wink, "rank pizen, but, modified with your delicious cream to suit the taste, it won't kill." The major drank his black.

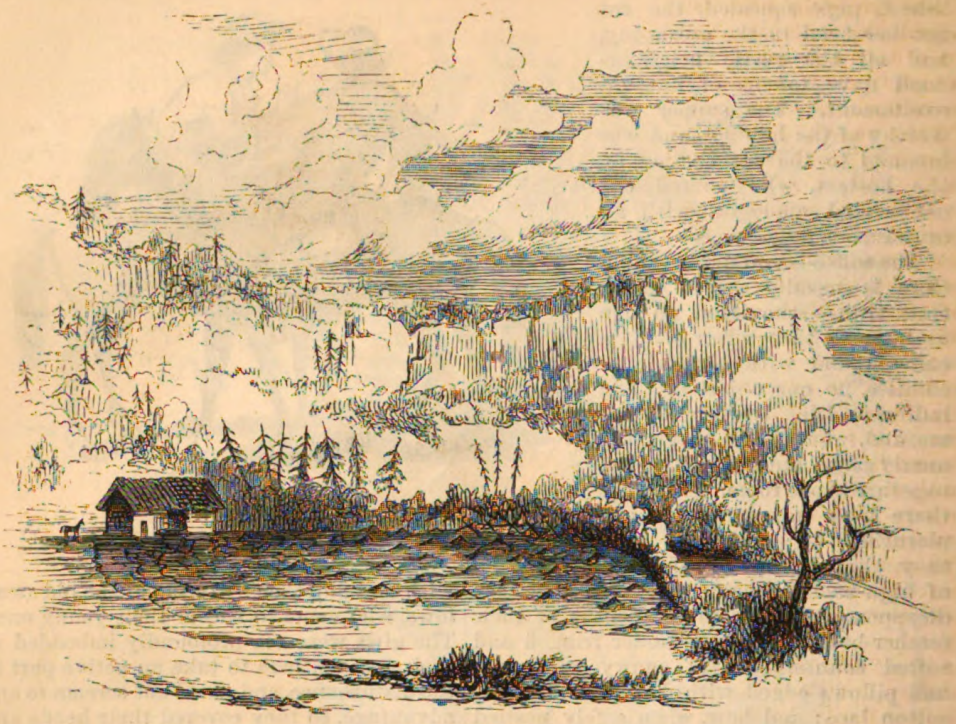
At table the usual compliments were exchanged, and the events of the night discussed. The ladies had had several alarms, occasioned by an owl in the garret and a skirmishing of cats on the roof, which tumbled some loose bricks down the chimney, which brought down with them half a dozen chimney birds' nests, which filled the room with soot and the twittering of the old swallows, who came to succor their young ones. The girls were too profoundly imbedded in their own feathers to take an active part in the disturbance, and could not scream to any advantage, so they covered their heads and took refuge in dreams.

At the recital of this nocturnal concatenation, Dick glanced slyly at the little Primrose. "I'll bet a thousand dollars Miss Prue wasn't scared—she knows too much of natural history."

As the sun rose over the misty hills, illuminating the woods, meadows, and grain fields, all fresh and sparkling with dew, our travelers started for an episodical visit to the famous Ice Mountain of Hampshire, only two miles distant from their lodging-place. Nearing the point of interest, they turned from the main highway, and followed a road passing over a singular narrow isthmus formed by the erratic doublings of the North River. For a quarter of a mile there is barely room for the passage of a single carriage on the summit of the compressed ridge, whose sides descend precipitously to the stream washing their bases a hundred feet below. The abrupt projection gradually subsides, spreading out into a beautiful meadow farm, encircled by the stream except at the point of passage.

Opposite the descending road rises a hill five hundred feet in height, its summits formed of grinning precipices, conforming in its cove-like front with the circular sweep of the river; a talus of fallen stone reaching from half-height to the bank of the stream, with a few savage pines and evergreen shrubs dotted here and there, completes the picture. Crossing the shallow water by a rude trestle foot-bridge, the visitors perceived the chilling influence of the locality ere they touched the shore, and the wrappings

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THE ICE MOUNTAIN.

brought at Mrs. Meadows's suggestion were distributed and found quite comfortable.

First they drank from a fountain whose waters were cold enough to make the teeth ache, 44° Fahrenheit by the major's pocket-thermometer. Then searching in the crevices of the rocks and under the moss and fallen leaves, they found abundance of ice and snow to benumb the fingers and gratify their curiosity.

The proprietor of the property then joined them, and civilly enlightened the visitors with his observation and experience.

In dry seasons the snow was preserved under the rocks from winter to winter; in very wet summers it sometimes disappeared or was very scarce in September and October. He had dug a small pit six or eight feet deep, where the snow accumulated in winter, and with no other protection than a covering of plank to shed the rain, it never melted. He, however, had little need of ice, as the spring house he had built over the icy fountain served all the purposes of a patent refrigerator, preserving his milk, butter, and fresh meat for weeks.

To demonstrate the accuracy of his statements, the visitors were invited to view the premises, where they saw the articles described, and were treated to a glass all round of the richest, coldest cream they had ever tasted.

The major ascertained that the mountains fronted northwest. The mass of broken sandstone forming the talus was open and permeable throughout. In winter, snow and ice accumulated in these crevices and caverns to the very depths, and this, protected by the position of the hill, the non-conducting débris of rock, remained beyond the reach of summer heats, but, like other ice deposits, yielded sometimes to the warm summer rains.

The ladies thought it was wonderful. What? the phenomenon or the explanation? Both, Major Martial. The major bowed, but insisted that nothing was wonderful which could be so easily explained by natural science.

Between the river and the rocks at one point is a narrow stretch of level ground which nourishes a group of lofty trees, with shrubs and grass. Here were some rustic seats, where our travelers reposed after they had satisfied themselves with the curious and scientific aspects of the locality.

Dick endeavored to engage some one of the girls in a snow-balling flirtation, but owing to the peculiar atmosphere, or the presence of the elders, his advances were frigidly repelled.

Rhoda observed some pretty wild flowers growing among the rocks, and called my attention to them by inquiring their name. While I was stupidly endeavoring to answer her question, the major nimbly sprung forward, gathered, and presented them to her. "No spot on earth so bleak, madam, but will bring flowers to greet the glances of the sun."

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She gracefully acknowledged the gallantry, and then cast a glance at me, which I fancied was reproachful, as if to say, "That was a poet's opportunity, and you lost it."

Returning as they came, our travelers regained the main road to Romney, and reached the county seat of Hampshire about midday.

Romney is a pleasant village of five or six hundred people, situated on the right bank of the South Branch of the Potomac, on a sloping plateau nearly a mile from the stream, whose course is through a deep gorge several hundred feet below the town. The location is breezy, and the views in every direction mountainous. That from the Yellow Banks, half a mile below the town, is one of the most artistically composed landscape pictures that can be found in nature.



PEACH-AND-HONEY.

There are churches and reputable schools here, and, what is of more immediate interest to our tourists, a tavern famous for its good mountain cheer, although not much for external show. Its long, low-browed porch, with well-worn wooden benches and bottomless chairs, is a favorite resort of the citizens during their leisure hours, which are not usually very limited. Among the frequenters of this village forum are men of extensive reading and general information, who, being of a polemical turn, take care to dodge each other; but a stranger from any part of the country can readily fall into a discussion upon any subject whatsoever, which may last to the conclusion of his natural life, provided he has the leisure and pluck to stand up to it.

After dinner our tourists again mounted and resumed their journey. Crossing the Branch by a covered bridge, they pass the rocky gorge of Mill Creek, and, following the Northwestern Turnpike for seven miles, turn sharp to the southward on the Moorfield Grade.

The purpose had been to reach Moorfield that night, but the episode to the Ice Mountain had thrown them behind, and now sunset surprised them ten or twelve miles from their destination. For some time the progress of the coach had been slower than the condition of the road justified, and the driver, being questioned, reported that his off wheel-horse had cast a shoe and was dead lame.

There was a blacksmith's shop a mile ahead, and a farm-house of very modest pretensions where they might get supper and accommodation for the night, and have the horse shod. It didn't promise much comfort, but what was more attractive to the younger members of the party, there was novelty and a smack of adventure in the arrangement. The Meadows family, for the sake of their company, regretted they had not remained at Romney; but as matters could not be mended, they made themselves cheerful.

The farmer, merchant, blacksmith, and county squire, all in one individual, placed his limited accommodations frankly at the disposal of the strangers. With willing hearts and amiable tempers all round, difficulties vanished, and there were quilts, counterpanes, and pillows enough and to spare. While supper was preparing, the gentlemen were invited over the road to the store, where they were regaled on peach-and-honey, which, for the benefit of the uninitiated, we will describe. This favorite beverage is compounded from the contents of a jug and a jar, one containing a brandy distilled from peaches, and the other strained honey. These are the reliable ingredi-

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TAKING AN ALTITUDE.

ents, mixed in suitable proportions. Some add water, but it is not essential.

This is a very enticing stimulant, and popular in this region, although chemists insist that the distillation contains an alarming percentage of prussic acid. But chemists and moralists find some poison or dirt in every gratification that poor humanity invents to assuage its ills or direct its dullness; and of all dictatorial dogmatists, the dyspeptic is dietetically the most dogmatical dog in the manger.

A "*blarsted Briton*," one of the officers taken at Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, in endeavoring to apologize for the excesses and brutal ill temper of his compatriots during their captivity, thus reviles and slanders the favorite drink of our ancestral heroes of 1776:

"On the arrival of the troops at Charlottesville, the officers, what with vexation and to keep out the cold, drank rather freely of an abominable liquor called peach-brandy, which if drunk to excess, the fumes raise an absolute delirium; and in their cups several were guilty of deeds that would admit of no apology. The inhabitants must certainly have thought us mad, for in the course of three or four days there were no less than six or seven duels fought."

Unfortunately the inhabitants of these mountains know little about chemistry, and less of dyspepsia, and blindly persevere in their peach-and-honey until they die of it, at eighty or ninety, without knowing what hurt them.

If the assertion of the Darwinian theory has alarmed our human pride by assuming to obliterate or bridge over the gulf between imperial man and the lower brutes, let us expose the flimsy conceit, and reassure society by indicating an unfailing and universal psychological test. Brutes, from the highest to the lowest types, from the chimpanzee to the polliwig, drink their water pure, as they find it. Man, "reasoning at every step he treads," from the most enlightened philosopher to the most groveling savage, has invariably invented something comfortable to mix with his.

There might, indeed, be found other distinctive characteristics quite as conclusive, and rather more flattering to our side; but this alcoholic solution is strong enough in itself to stimulate our faith and restore our cheerfulness.

In the course of my travels I have had occasion to be surprised not only at the ingenuity and variety of man's stimulating inventions, but also to remark characteristic differences in the manner of taking them.

While on a fishing excursion I once visited a village on the southern coast of Massachusetts, and stopped at a temperance inn. Just as we were starting out I offered Captain Coffin, our boatman, a drink from my private bottle. In the presence of numerous witnesses he refused with a curtness that bordered on incivility. As the breeze struck us just outside the harbor, to check a qualm of incipient nausea, I handled my flask a second time, and observing that the skipper eyed it with less abhorrence than before, I offered it again. We were passing at the moment between the light-house and a coasting smack; and, after glancing cautiously from one to the other, he made a gesture of refusal. When about ten miles out I again resorted to my preventive for seasickness, and, having taken my allowance, was about to return the bottle to the haversack.

The captain blandly observed "that people who were not used to the water needed a little encouragement occasionally, and, for his part, he didn't see where the mighty sin was."

Pleased with the liberality of his sentiments, I extended the bottle a third time. Scanning the horizon for several minutes, he satisfied himself we were out of sight of land, and not a sail visible.

"I'm a little dubious about our bearings," said the captain, "and guess I'd better take an altitude;" so he accepted the bottle, and withdrew behind the sail.

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The sun was shining propitiously, and I think he took several before he was satisfied.

The mountaineer takes the same, identically, but by a more direct proceeding, without doubt or circumlocution.

The colonel calls on the squire to talk over business or politics. The visitor is scarcely seated ere his host, delighted with the opportunity, displays his favorite stimulant on the hospitable board.

He dilates on its age and pedigree with a laudable pride, and complacently calls his guest's attention to the bead and aroma of the precious fluid.

There isn't a headache in a gallon of it, and the squire shows his implicit faith in the assertion by swallowing his tumblerful. The colonel follows suit, and then, with a courtly bow, expresses his satisfaction *de profundis*.



THE COLONEL.

"Sich licker, squire, is a credit both to your head and your heart."

This is what is called doing the thing *viva voce*, as they used to vote in old Virginia.

On the following morning our travelers rose rested and refreshed, and at an early hour resumed the route to Moorfield.

Passing through another gap overshadowed by rocky precipices several hundred feet in height, they enter the celebrated valley of Moorfield, the garden of Virginia — a land of Beulah for agriculturalists and cattle-raisers.

This valley, inclosed within an amphitheatre of mountains of majestic height and picturesque contours, lies level as a bowling-green, some fifteen miles in length and from one to three miles in breadth. Winding gracefully through extensive corn fields and broad meadows—its course indicated by double lines of stately trees—we see the South Branch River dividing the valley nearly in equal parts. The spurs and plateaus jutting out from the bases of the mountains are occupied by handsome brick residences, surrounded by substantial outbuildings, while near the centre, on the river-bank, rising from a grove of fruit and ornamental trees, we see the spires and glittering tin roofs of the village of Moorfield.

As we drive along, every thing that meets the eye betokens wealth and prosperity. The roomy and substantial homesteads stand in inclosures adorned with shade trees, fruits, and flowers. Fat poultry cackle and waddle about the premises in every direction. Fat steers in the meadows wade, in lazy happiness, through grass up to their bellies. Fat sheep browse delicately on the pleasant upland pastures. Fat work-horses lounge around the plethoric barns and stables, waiting for something to do. Fat negroes drive fat oxen yoked to broad-tired carts. Fat hogs wallow in unctuous mud-holes by the road-side, while fat colts whinny listlessly after their fat mares, bestridden

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MOORFIELD VALLEY.

by the obese proprietors of these broad bottoms. The very gate-posts have an air of corpulency, being thrice the girth of those planted in thinner districts.

Fording the river, we at length reached the town, and drew rein in front of Mullin's Hotel, where a typical landlord, an animated monument of good living and easy times, stood ready to receive us.

And here ensued a hospitable debate, which affords the opportunity to explain more particularly the organization of our party and its objects, so far as they were developed.

Novelty and uncertainty being among the most attractive characteristics of these vagabond excursions, it must be confessed that at the starting none of us had very definite ideas of what we meant to do, or where the spirit of adventure might lead us.

While lounging at the Springs, the major and myself had thought of a trouting expedition to the Alleghany glades. Mr. Meadows recommended a route through the South Branch Valley, thence across the Alleghanies to a wild mountain district, abounding in trout and rich in subjects of incidental interest.

As he was homeward-bound with his family, it was suggested that we might charter a coach and travel across the country, instead of the usual route by Cumberland and

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New Creek, which is chiefly by rail. The saddle-horses we would find convenient in the travel beyond Moorfield.

This arranged, it was agreed to enlarge our party sufficiently to fill the vacant seats—nine inside being required to make the coach run steady, so said Tommy T——, the driver.

Messrs. Rattlebrain and Cockney, who had danced themselves into the good graces of the young ladies, were elected by their contrivance to fill two seats. Mrs. Dendron, who was a universal favorite, crowned our pleasure by accepting an invitation from the Meadowses to spend a month with them in Hardy.

In default of her presence I believe the excursion would have fallen through, for I suspected the major of a little planning—but it is ill-mannered to be too suggestive.



THE VAN OF CIVILIZATION.

En route we had amused ourselves proposing and discussing various plans of action, of which Moorfield was to be the centre. Now the hospitable Mr. Meadows insisted on taking the whole company home with him with a pertinacity which indicated that a refusal would be a disappointment, if not an affront. I recalled the fate of Hannibal at Capua, and suggested fears lest the seductions of baronial hospitality and charming society might enervate or defeat our plans for the mountain expedition.

I thanked Providence I had seen Venice before the echoing song of her gondolier had been silenced by the fizzing and screaming of the locomotive. I was anxious to get into the mountains before the steam-horses and bill-posters of our progressive civilization had defiled the temples of Nature, and in time for trout.

"There, his balloon collapsed," said Dick, with a guffaw.

"My dear Laureate," suggested the major, "you should have served your fish before the *souffle*."

I felt that the case was hopeless; betrayed by those who should have been my allies, and overwhelmed by the ladies.

"Of course, gentlemen, if such is your pleasure, you will go on; but I must remain in town to make arrangements for our trip."

My obstinacy was politely charged to the eccentricity of genius.

"You will at least condescend to come out and dine with us to-morrow?"

I looked at the widow instead of the speaker, and answered, "Yes, certainly; and, until to-morrow, adieu."

The sources of the South Branch originate in the counties of Highland and Pendleton, forming three principal streams, called respectively the North, Middle, and South forks, flowing in a general northeast course, and uniting in Hardy County, the South Fork entering immediately at Moorfield. Hence, after a course of forty miles through Hardy and Hampshire, the stream joins the North Branch of the Potomac at a point fifteen miles below Cumberland.

From the greater length of its course, the

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area drained, and the superior volume of water discharged, it might be considered the main Potomac River; but there are peculiar topographical and geological characteristics which have confirmed that title to the smaller stream of the North Branch.

Along its whole course, running parallel with the mountain ranges, the South Branch is bordered by bottom lands of extraordinary fertility. On the upper tributaries and through the county of Hampshire these alluvials are comparatively narrow; but in Hardy they spread into magnificent breadths, and Moorfield is, *par excellence*, the capital and centre of the South Branch country. Such is the depth and fertility of this soil that fields are shown which have produced profitable crops of corn for sixty years in succession without other care than the annual plowing and planting. On one occasion a measured acre, selected at large from a field of standing corn, yielded one hundred and sixty-four bushels.

Owing to the want of navigable streams and railroads, this corn finds its way to market in the form of fat cattle, and stock-raising is the chief occupation and source of wealth throughout the whole region. Secluded by redoubled ranges of lofty mountains and imperfect communication with the outer world, the inhabitants of this valley have all the homogeneousness of an island community, preserving the simplicity of ancestral manners, and often the immobility of ancient opinions. Their intellectual and social cultivation is considerably above that of the surrounding country, while their profuse hospitality and liberal customs remind one of the English squirarchy of past centuries.

Their occupation of cattle-raising brings them in relationship with the highlanders of the Alleghanies, among whose wild and healthy ranges the growing herds are distributed during the summer months, boarded and cared for at a fixed price per head.

Their frequent journeys to and fro in the interest of these cattle familiarize the wealthy lowlanders with the adventurous lives and hardy sports of the mountaineers.

In the opposite direction their business leads them to the cattle marts in the Eastern cities, where their daughters get their wardrobes and boarding-school accomplishments, although in the more substantial domestic virtues and accomplishments they find their best teachers and models at home.

While steers and broad acres are their counters in the estimates of wealth, the horse is still their representative of pride and luxury, and both men and women are among the best equestrians in Virginia.

The extensive meadows, rivers, and adjacent mountains all abound in their appropriate game, while the favorite pastime of the valley—

"Driving the deer with hound and horn—"

is right baronial; but as this is not the season for hunting, we will not excite vain fancies by dwelling on the subject.

But he who would see a country combining in the highest degree the elements of substantial wealth, good living, rural independence, picturesque beauty, and romantic sports, let him visit the valley of the South Branch.

Having taken counsel of divers acquaintances in the village, I arranged a programme for our mountain tour, which I hoped would prove sufficiently attractive to counteract any disposition on the part of my friends to linger amidst the seductive influences of Meadlands.

Thus prepared and fortified, I rode out there the next morning to exhibit my plans and fulfill the engagement to dinner. The house was a stately double brick mansion, with a tin roof, surmounted by a belvedere, embowered in trees and surrounded by outbuildings, betokening wealth and taste. The inclosures and adjacent meadows were animated with domestic poultry of all varieties and of the choicest breeds. Among these was an extraordinary assembly of peafowls —some forty or fifty in number—whereby hangs a tail.

I was warmly welcomed; the programme for the fishing expedition discussed and approved. The major winced a little, I thought, at the idea of starting so soon, but dared not suggest delay; at which I was gratified—not maliciously, I hope. The morning passed pleasantly in trifling with books, flowers, and music, running up into the belvedere to enjoy the views, admiring the immense, flower-spangled meadows and growing corn fields, like armies of green-coated soldiers marshaled in lines of endless perspective, armed with glittering blades and pikes; while the whistle of the partridge echoing from thicket to fence corner, the gobble of strutting turkeys, the drumming of pheasants on the hill-sides, the saw-filing notes of restless guinea-fowls, the jawing of impudent crows, and clarion squalling of the royal peacocks combined, in rustic harmony, to furnish music for the verdant hosts.

The dinner was profusely sumptuous, and passed off merrily. When it was over, the company gathered on the front porch to enjoy the freshness of the approaching evening. Poultry of various species were straying about the lawn—the mothers, with their young, busy in picking up their suppers of grains and insects; while the cocks were more generally occupied in mutual bickerings, boasting of their prowess, or in conceited strutting and displaying their gorgeous plumage in the sunlight.

Here, as every where else in the world, the eyes of the spectators, carelessly over-

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looking the modestly attired, duty-loving class, were concentrated on a gorgeously apparelled favorite of Juno, that seemed to be exaggerating his splendors for their especial admiration.

Those who would ignore the influence of dress and display in society must first eradicate one of the most controlling of human passions.

The ladies, not reasoning on the subject, understand these matters better than we do; and no woman will voluntarily permit an acquaintance to catch her at a disadvantage in this respect. Her delicate and unerring instinct appreciates the difference between the assured address and easy superiority (ever so politely concealed) of the gentleman who finds her *en papillote* and calico wrapper, with, perhaps, a duster in her hand, and the breathless reverence, partaking of awe, of the same to the same in the diamonds, lace, and trailing silks of the glittering saloon.

So the lordly peacock continued to strut, turning his plumed rainbow, now full, now slanting, to the sun, the more completely to dazzle the eyes of the admiring crowd, when, by chance, a brood of young turkeys passed in pursuit of a grasshopper. Suddenly he dropped his tail, lowered his blue, gleaming, snaky head, and struck the nearest fledgeling in the eye with his sharp bill.

The blow was mortal, but so sudden and noiseless that the little flock took no alarm. Advancing two or three steps, he struck another blow, as quick and deadly as that of a rifle-ball. At the first shot the company on the porch were silent with curiosity and astonishment. At the second the hostess sprang up in excitement, exclaiming, "Run, husband! Stop him! You, Cassy, run instantly, and drive him away, or he'll murder the whole flock!"



CASSY.

"Let him alone," said the proprietor, watching the scene with a grim interest that would have alarmed the peacock if he had had any brains. "Be quiet every one. I wish to satisfy myself fully on this subject."

As he spoke, another cruel rap, a faint peep, and a third turkeyling lay stretched upon the green. The hen-mother by this time had taken the alarm, and hastily called off the remainder of her family. The bodies of the victims were examined, and found to be past all surgery. The pitiful hearts of the ladies were moved at the sight, and they expressed the deepest regret that their beautiful favorite should have had the heart to behave so rudely. The major laughed heartily. "It is only peacock nature. The young of the vulgar turkey so nearly resemble their own that they take it in dudgeon, and kill them whenever they meet."

"Is it common?"

"So common that you can scarcely succeed in raising them together," madam exclaimed, hastily: "that is why I have never been successful with my turkeys here. We hatched over seventy this spring, and now there are not more than twenty living."

"Jack," said the master, unbottling his indignation, "get my double-barreled shotgun. Gentlemen, if you will join me, we will have some uncommon sport."

At this grim announcement the younger ladies rose together, protesting and beseeching, but the master was courteously inexorable; and Mrs. Meadows, vacillating between pride and economy, remained neutral.

Meanwhile, seeing the gunners advance, the peafowls seemed to have caught the idea that something suspicious was brewing. They at first gathered together as if in consultation; then scattering, the cocks began to fly to the tops of the highest trees in the grove, while the hens dodged and hid themselves in the shrubbery and long grass.

The proprietor had kept his eye on the conceited murderer, whose evil deeds had brought his race to grief, and who was now looking down suspiciously from the top branches of a lofty locust.

"The death-shot parts," the feathers scattered, and down came the royal bird flashing through the air like a falling meteor. He struck the earth with a heavy thud, and then, with a prolonged scream, resembling a duet between a mule and a horse-fiddle, he spread every feather to its utmost stretch, pirouetting like a mad dervis, and reminding one of a blazing Catharine-wheel fifteen feet in diameter. He was presently enveloped in a whirlwind of dust and feathers, which rose to the tree-tops. Then the cry ceased, the cloud vanished, and there lay the dead peacock.

At the crack of the gun the ladies had raised their handkerchiefs and rushed into the house, while gunners, negroes, and dogs stood still and breathless until the appalling struggle ended.

The master then raised a feeble shout, which was gradually re-echoed by all the spectators and denizens of the farm-yard, but which sounded more like an effort to drown remorse than a pæan of victory. Nevertheless, it served to animate the gunners, and at it they went. Bang, bang, bang—right and left, in the trees, on the wing, in the grass; there was no escape for such

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princely game as this; the air was filled with flying feathers, whirling disks, and gleaming comets, accompanied by such a *charivari* of screams and yells as to deafen conscience and frighten sympathy.

Seeing the fate of the high-fliers, a portion of the doomed flock hurried away to the fields and thickets on foot. But the hunt was up, and away went negrolings and dogs to drive them from their hiding-places to meet the deadly fire of the gunners. Now at every shot there was a rush and outcry of frantic exultation from those who half an hour before were the most obsequious courtiers of the unhappy victims. Dogs that dared not even smell at a chance feather dropped by the way, negroes who took off their hats as they threw corn to the princely birds, now barked and yelled, mumbled and pelted, without mercy.

Indeed, I am not sure that in addition to their instinctive love of the chase, our hunters themselves were not stimulated by something of that iconoclastic fury against caste and privilege so deeply rooted in the human heart. And when the mingled mob of vulgar poultry followed us up with cackling, screeching, hissing, and gabbling to swell the triumphant chorus over the fallen aristocracy, one might almost swear he heard the historic cry of revolution—Down with the Bourbons! death to tyrants!

In less than an hour the *arrêt de mort* was executed, and the sun set upon the tragedy.

Each of us plucked a gorgeous panache as our trophy, hoping, at the same time, it might assist in making our peace with the ladies; then, flushed with the excitement of the novel sport, we returned to the house.

Mr. Meadows declared he had been for a long time annoyed by their abominable squalling, and was glad to have found an occasion against them; he was now satisfied.

The major said it reminded him of hunting in Ceylon, and that the entertainment was worthy of an Oriental nabob. Dick was delighted with the unusual experience. He had never shot peacocks before, and had no idea there was so much fun in it. Augustus spoke vaguely of the gloriousness of the sport.

In the parlor we were received as culprits rather than heroes, and even our plumy placeboes were rejected with a shudder. Mrs. Meadows inquired if we had killed them all, and being assured of it, said, with a sigh, "I believe I'd rather have lost all my turkeys." The younger ladies likewise refused to be comforted. Lilly Meadows declared it was cowardly to massacre the princely creature that could neither fight nor fly.

Here Augustus expressed his regret they had not been grizzly bears, and took occasion to avow that he had no peacock's blood on his conscience, as, not being skilled in the use of fire-arms, he had loaded one barrel with shot and the other with powder. Although he bursted numerous caps on the first, it wouldn't go off, and the other—

"Shot away your ramrod," said Dick. "It whizzed by my head, but I hadn't time to speak of it."

To Miss Primrose it recalled the horrors of the French revolution.

"Tears on the French revolution may be quite appropriate, Miss Prue; but please dry up on the peacock question." Dick got this off pretty well, for second-hand.

The retort was dry enough. "It was not to be expected," she said, "that the geese and puppies should feel any commiseration for the fate of their superiors."

Turning from the crude sentimentality of the maidens, the major cast an inquiring look toward Rhoda, who sat gravely considering and arranging a superb fly-brush. The widow's pretty lip quivered as her dark eye glanced from one to the other of the gentlemen, who stood like criminals awaiting judgment.

"Perhaps," said she, "it is defensible in a purely utilitarian point of view; but does it not appear like sacrilege to destroy, in wanton sport, what God has made so exquisitely beautiful, and doubtless created for some wise and beneficent purpose? Is there nothing more elevated in life than the coarser objects of utility—no higher and nobler aims than eating, drinking, and vulgar sport? Has Beauty for itself alone no sacred rights and immunities which should command our respect?"

"Thunder and bomb-shells!" exclaimed the major, throwing up his hands in deprecation. "Fair lady, be merciful. I perceive that I have been a murderer—an atrocious being."

"You are a soldier, Major Martial."

"By George! I didn't know I was capable of being so much ashamed of myself," said Dick, with a ludicrous effort at contrition.

"The capacity does you credit, Mr. Rattlebrain; but you are a young and ardent sportsman."

"Am I, then, the only criminal for whom no apology is found?"

"You, Mr. Laureate, are a poet, whose profession is the worship of the Beautiful; how could you consistently engage in this cruel crusade?"

The distinction was sufficiently flattering, and my eagerness for justification overcame for the moment my habitual shyness.

"Indeed, madam, your eloquence and womanly tenderness are but wasted in the cause of these brainless birds, whose jeweled garments, stately trains, and traditional honors can hardly excuse their worthlessness, insolence, and crimes.

"The peacock is no native of this free and happy land; no representative of our moral

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and intellectual advancement. An importation and an anomaly, he brings with him the characteristics of his Oriental origin, at once the cruelest of despots, the basest of slaves; of the climes where external splendors, barbaric pomp, and mere sensuous beauty are accustomed to take precedence of solid merit and true nobility of soul.

"In his history we may trace the progress of human society. Once it was his privilege to strut and spread himself among the gods. That stately virago who kept Olympus in a turmoil never moved without half a dozen peacocks in her train, or harnessed to her cloud-borne car.

"As society began to grow somewhat more practical, the heaven-descended fowl consented to walk in the parks of nobles, to roost on marble terraces, and, as a tough roast, to adorn the tables of royalty.

"Now, in the model republic of the nineteenth century, he lingers a meaningless relic, a despised tradition. We expel him from our poultry-yards, and make a fly-brush of his tail."

Here there was a round of applause. "Silence!" "Go on!"

"Indulge me with a few words more:

"The ideal of the poet's worship is not material, but spiritual; not the casket, but the priceless jewel it contains; not the chiseled alabaster of the vase, but the warm, living light within; and he that looks highest may find it incarnate, not in a peacock, but in God's last, best work, a true American—"

Fair Rhoda had listened, evidently pleased with the manliness and ingenuity of my defense of the unpopular cause, then prepared gracefully to accept her share of the compliment wherewith I proposed to butter over the Western continent; but at the critical point I was interrupted by vociferous acclamations from the major and Dick. "Bravo! bravissimo! Larry Laureate! What a superior advocate! What a convincing argument! The peacocks are logically damned, and the judge smothered in compliments. Go on; don't spare her. Say her two eyes are well worth the hundred of the silly peafowl."

"Yes," cried Dick, "and her voice excels the whole flock put together."

"And she has certainly no occasion to be ashamed of her feet," chimed in Augustus.

"Really, gentlemen, you are remorseless with your wit, as with your fowling-pieces." So, laughing, but with a shadow of vexation, Rhoda bade us good-night, and retired.

I had commenced with the hope of making an impression, but was mortified at the absurd conclusion of the scene, and half inclined to be angry with my indiscreet allies.

"Laureate," said the major, confidentially, "you did that admirably. We owe you a thousand for relieving us."

"Oh, it's all gammon," said Dick, with an impudent wink. "She just put on that sentimental air to bring Mr. Laureate out. She said yesterday she was determined to make him talk, and so she has done it."

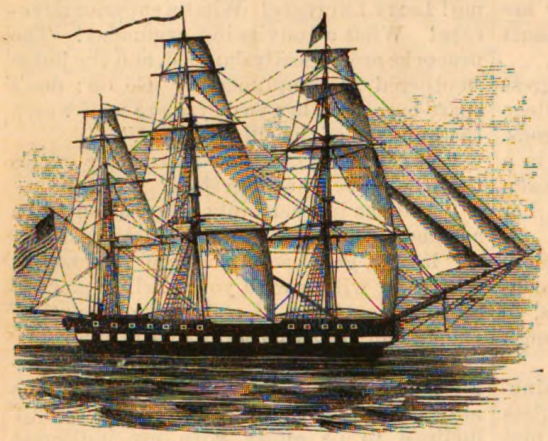
The unconscious whelp doubtless speaks the truth; and thus, like puppets, we all squeak and dance at her bidding—so demurely mischievous, so artlessly artful, so exquisitely graceful, withal. Well, no matter. To-morrow, thank Heaven, we start for the mountains.



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NAVAL ARCHITECTURE, PAST AND PRESENT.

[Second Paper.]

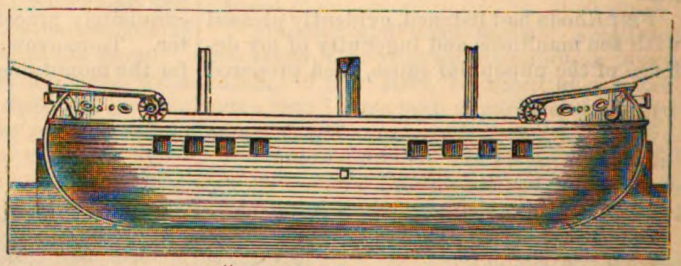


THE "CONSTITUTION."

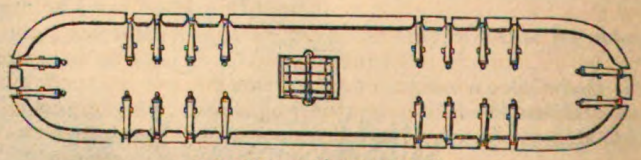
IN the first paper on this subject the history of naval construction was briefly sketched from its rise to the beginning of the present century. By this time the navy of the young nation just rising on this continent was possessed of some of the best vessels in the world. Among them was the famous *Constitution*, which vessel is still in the service, having been stationed at the Naval Academy as a school-ship for the last ten years.

About this date the steam-engine was used to propel vessels by means of paddle-wheels. To whom really belongs the honor of applying steam as a motor for ships is a disputed point, into the discussion of which it is not desirable to enter; it is, however, pretty well settled that Fulton was the first builder of a steamboat intended for traffic. The success of this vessel was followed by great improvements in that line, and rendered possible the grand system of internal commerce for which this country is so well adapted. In 1814 the same Fulton proposed to build a floating-battery for the defense of New York Harbor, the vessel to be propelled by steam, with a central paddle-wheel. This is the first known proposition to use the new motive power for war purposes. This vessel was to carry twenty guns on her gun-deck, and to make a speed of four miles per hour. In addition to her armament on deck, it was intended that she should carry two submarine guns on each bow, so as to strike an enemy below the water-line; besides this, provision was made for throwing a large body of water upon an enemy at close quarters. The ship was launched in November, 1814, in a little more than four months from the laying of the keel; by June, 1815, her machinery was in place, and a trial trip took place in New York Bay, which was a great success. At a later period she made a trip to sea, about twenty-six miles from New York, with all her coal and armament on board, attaining a speed of nearly six knots. This formidable craft was named by her projector the *Demologos*, but after his death she was called the *Fulton;* she was used as a receiving-ship at the New York Navy-yard after her completion until 1829, when she was accidentally blown up by the explosion of the powder in her magazine. Such was the first venture of our government toward war steamers.

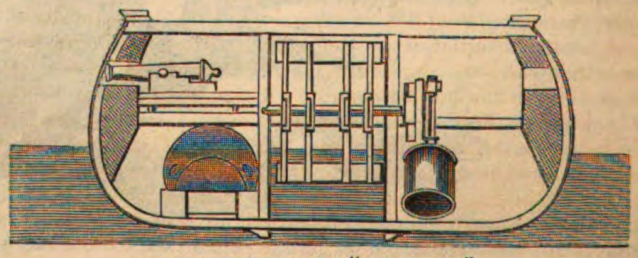
Although steam navigation had become widely diffused in countries possessed of



"DEMOLOGOS."—SIDE VIEW.

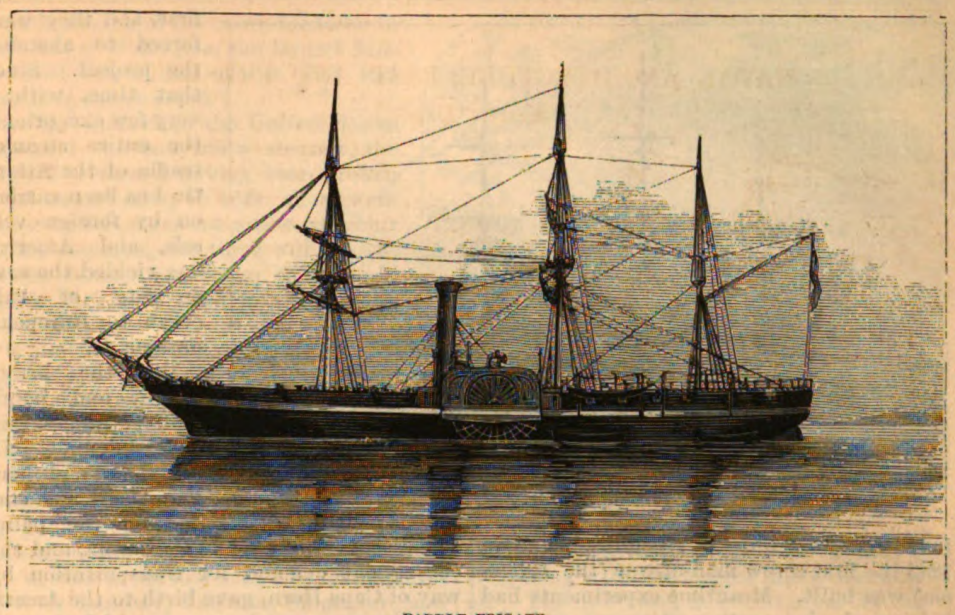


GUN DECK OF "DEMOLOGOS."



MIDSHIP SECTION OF "DEMOLOGOS."

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PADDLE FRIGATE.

suitable lakes and rivers, no one had as yet considered it possible that the navigation of the ocean could be accomplished in any other way than by sails. The general model of both naval and merchant vessels had changed but little during the first twenty years of the century, but it was generally conceded that we possessed vessels superior to those of other countries. Steam-vessels had come to be made of use in the coasting trade both of Europe and America, and in 1819 a steamer of 350 tons, called the *Savannah*, made the passage from New York to Liverpool in twenty-six days; but she was heavily sparred, and depended very much upon her sails. The result showed that a combination of the two propelling powers could not well be made, as this vessel was longer on her passage than the average of the sailing ships plying between these two ports. Such having been the fate of this experiment, vessels were still constructed with a view to making rapid passages between the two countries, to satisfy the demand for more frequent intercourse.

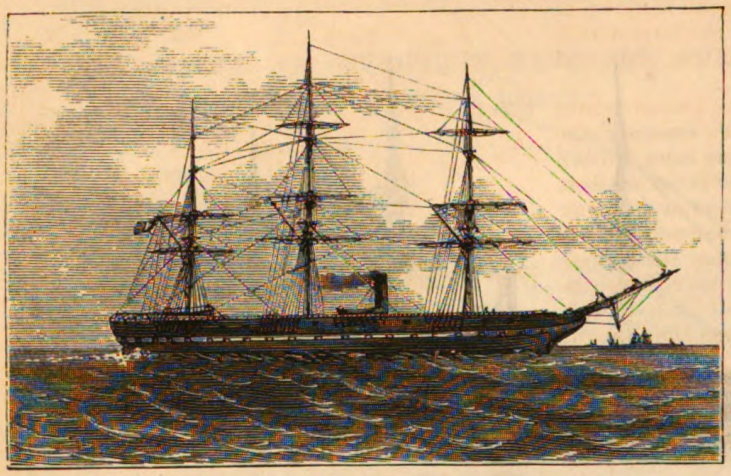
The idea of crossing the Atlantic by means of steamers was scouted by the scientific men of the day, and elaborate articles were written proving conclusively that the thing was an impossibility. Fortunately, the practical men had sufficient faith in their knowledge not to be deterred from the schemes that they had formed. Accordingly, in 1839, the *Great Western* was completed in England; she was the first steam-vessel designed expressly for ocean traffic, and the first in which the sails were regarded merely as auxiliary. The English public also had faith in this new venture, for the vessel left on her first trip with some passengers and a fair share of cargo, and succeeded in making the passage from Bristol to New York in fifteen days. The success of this vessel, in the face of the many predictions to the contrary, aroused the attention of the whole maritime world. She was quickly followed by other vessels, and the passengers, light freight, and mails between the two continents were carried by these English steamers, which were subsidized by their government.

A new element now appeared in the matter of construction, in the shape of iron. It was found, in England particularly, that iron vessels were cheaper than those built of wood, and nearly all the steamers built there since 1840 have been of iron. Objection was made to the use of iron for this purpose, owing to the rapid fouling of the bottom by sea-water, but this has been overcome by frequent docking of the vessels, and cleaning of their bottoms.

In 1840 the government of the United States followed the example set them by foreign countries, and built a paddle frigate; but although these vessels were very fine, yet their vulnerability, and their impaired handiness as sailing vessels, rendered them unsatisfactory as ships of war for cruising purposes.

By this time the screw had come into use as a means of propulsion for river and harbor steamers, but as yet no one thought it fit for use at sea. Captain John Ericsson proposed to the English government the use of the screw in war vessels, but his ideas were deemed visionary, and his propositions disregarded, although the existing paddle system was felt to be a failure. Fortunately for America, the great engineer was induced to come to New York, where the merits of his

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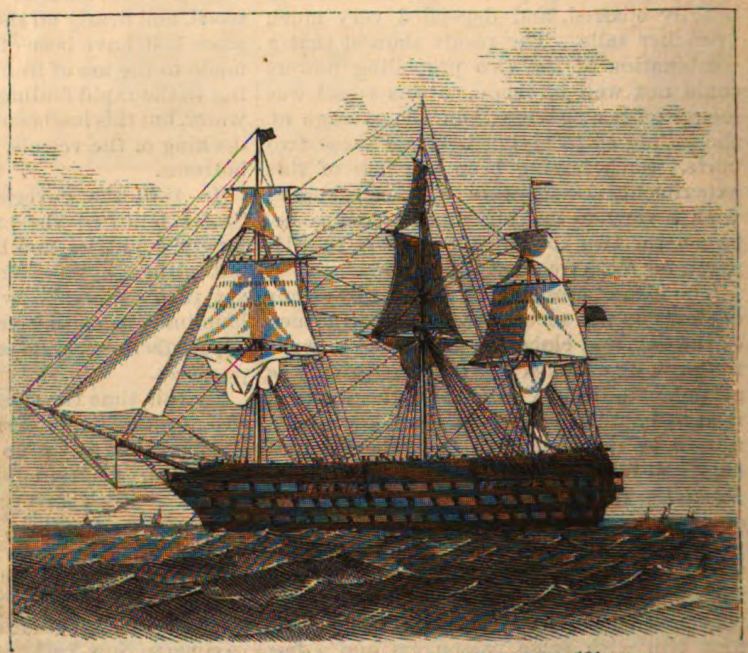
SCREW FRIGATE.

invention were quickly recognized, and in 1843 the first screw man-of-war (the *Princeton*) was built. Meantime experiments had been made in coasting steamers, and the screw was found to be adapted for ocean traffic, and several English steamers were propelled in this way. The Cunard line, however, carrying the mails, was composed entirely of paddle steamers, and the true merits of the screw were but slowly recognized.

The *Princeton* was successful from the first, yet she met with but little favor from naval men, nor did her performances cause any change in the navies of Europe. In 1845 the English navy was possessed of but one screw steamer, and her performances were such that the screw was recognized as being equally adapted with the paddle to war purposes. Gradually, however, the paddle fell into disuse, and at the same time the few iron men-of-war that England had built were put aside, and by 1850 there were only a few of the old wooden paddle frigates left. In 1849 the ill-fated Collins line was started to compete with the English companies, and the steamers constructed for this purpose were noble specimens of marine architecture. Disaster and misfortune seem to have been the fate of this company from the first, and they were forced to abandon the project. Since that time, with a very few exceptions, the entire steamer traffic of the Atlantic has been carried on by foreign vessels, and America has yielded the sovereignty of this ocean to European nations.

But the heavy freight and immigrant business still devolved upon sailing ships, and here the Americans carried off the palm. The discovery of gold in California, and the consequent demand for transportation by way of Cape Horn, gave birth to the American clippers—vessels unsurpassed for beauty or speed by those of any other nation.

The screw having been adopted for use in war vessels, it was soon seen that the efficiency of the ships was materially increased, and that their sailing qualities were not materially altered. Accordingly, by the year 1850, the English and French governments had converted many of their old line-of-battle ships into auxiliary screw steamers, and had also built some similar vessels, carrying a large number of guns. As it was considered the correct thing at that time to crowd many guns into one ship, these two nations were continually striving to build vessels superior



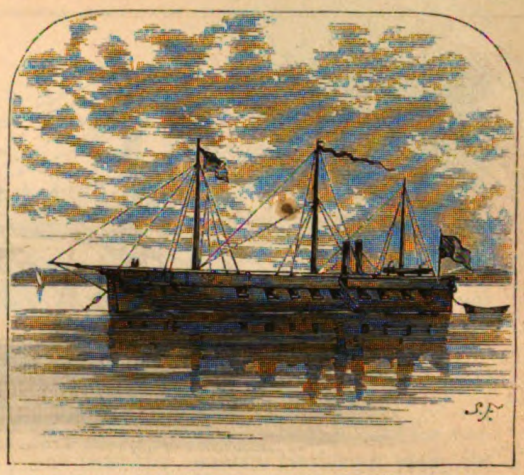
"DUKE OF WELLINGTON," SCREW LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP, 131 GUNS.

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to each other, and the result is shown in the *Duke of Wellington*, the largest full-powered screw man-of-war that had ever been constructed.

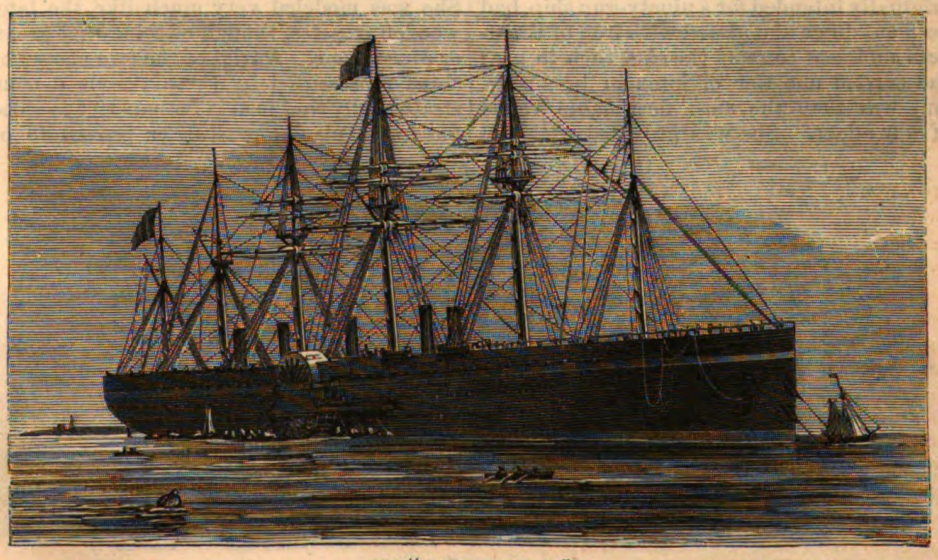
At the same time the United States possessed but one screw steamer, the original *Princeton* having been broken up as unseaworthy in 1849: there were under construction one screw and four paddle steamers, and there was one old paddle steamer, the *Fulton* the second, which had been built to replace the *Demologos*.

While the Atlantic was thus swarming with steamers, English enterprise had been attracted toward the possessions of that government in the East; and the overland route, so called, had been established. Steamers plied between Southampton and Alexandria, in Egypt; thence the mails, freight, and passengers were transferred across the Isthmus of Suez to the Red Sea; whence steamers plied to Bombay, Calcutta, Singapore, and Hong-Kong. These vessels were nearly all built of iron, and were mostly paddle steamers.



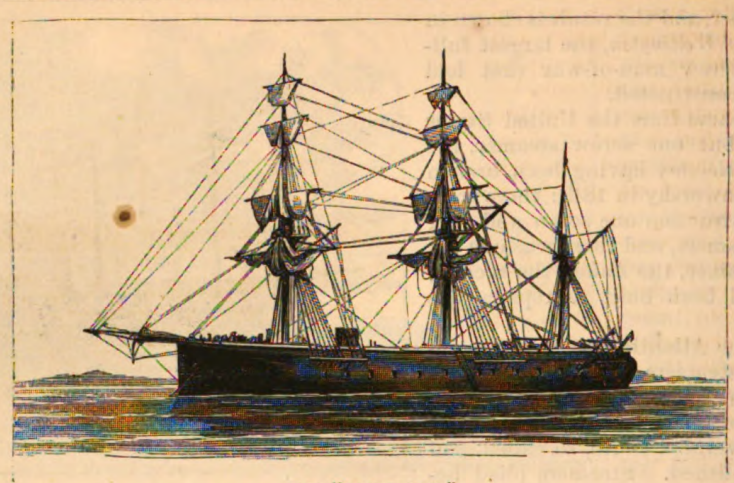
IRON-CLAD FLOATING-BATTERY EMPLOYED BY THE FRENCH IN THE CRIMEA.

The Crimean war demonstrated more fully than was before realized the great aid to efficiency that the screw gave to war ships; but it also showed that those huge floating castles, steamships of the line, were not of a character suitable for the attack of fortified places. The iron-clad floating-batteries sent to the seat of war by the French were one step in the advance that naval architecture was so soon to make. As yet it was not supposed that vessels of this character could be constructed to go to sea; so that the energies of all the naval powers of the world were directed to the building of wooden steam-frigates, which experiments conducted in America had shown to be more than capable of competing with the largest liners that floated. The few vessels constructed by our government carried heavier guns than those of other nations, and they were the admiration of all who saw them. Their steam-power was, however, only auxiliary, the naval authorities not having arrived at the point of constructing full-powered screw steamers. Contemporaneous with this great stride in naval vessels was the corresponding improvement in ships designed for the merchant service alone. The greatest triumph of the ship-builder's art was accomplished in that magnificent iron steamer, the *Great Eastern*, not inaptly termed the wonder ship of the world. The original design of her projectors was to do a part of the carrying trade between England and Australia. Owing to causes not necessary to mention here, this scheme proved a failure, but later develop-



THE "GREAT EASTERN."

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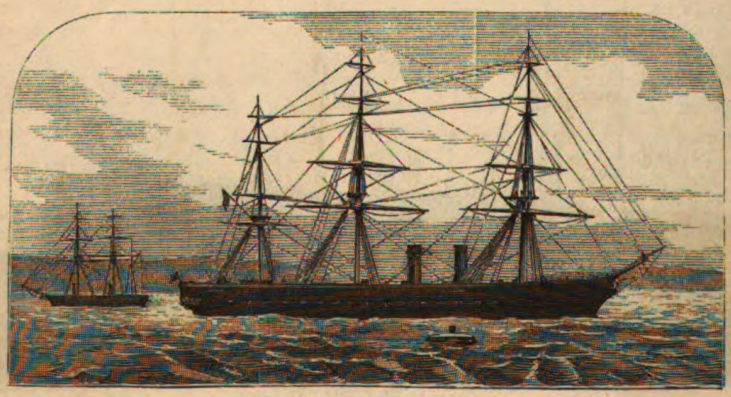


THE "ROYAL OAK."

ments have shown that she is the only vessel capable of laying ocean telegraphic cables easily and economically; and since nothing is ever wasted wholly, her projectors have reason to be gratified that her place in the commercial marine has been found. To enumerate the improvements made in this one vessel by the genius of those who constructed her would consume too large a portion of the space accorded to this article. But two details will be alluded to: her length over all is 692 feet—over one-eighth of a mile—and she carries 12,000 tons of coal.

Americans had not been idle, and they had extended a line of steamers to California by way of the Isthmus of Panama; these vessels were all built of wood, as, indeed, are nearly all of our large steamers; for we can not construct iron vessels profitably.

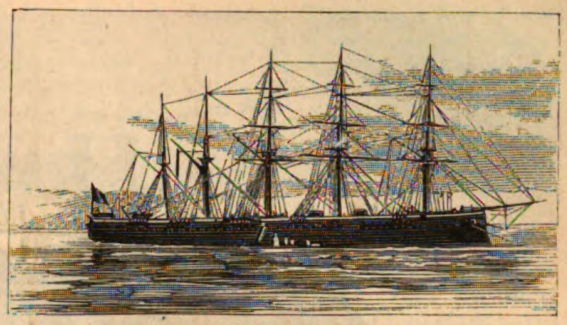
The day of the "wooden walls" was over when, in 1860, the French produced the first sea-going iron-clad, *La Gloire*. This vessel, originally intended for a ninety-gun ship, had been cut down and plated with iron of thickness sufficient to repel the shot then in use; she carried one tier of guns in broadside, and was then the most formidable vessel of war afloat. She was provided with full steam-power, her sails being only auxiliary, and carried forty guns. The success of the French in building this ship caused the construction of wooden vessels to cease in England; and the question that at once arose was whether the vessels then on the stocks should be converted into iron-clads after the French model, or whether new ones should be built wholly of iron, with armor in addition. Though iron had played but little part in the building of naval vessels, the time had now come to demonstrate its superiority to wood. Both of the plans referred to were adopted, and several line-of-battle ships nearly as large as the *Duke of Wellington* were converted into broadside iron-clads. The *Royal Oak* was one of these. She was completed in 1862, and was the first sea-going English iron-clad. About the same time the *Warrior* was finished, having been built by contract in a private ship-yard; she was the first iron-clad built wholly of iron. She was modeled very much like the later wooden frigates, though of somewhat greater dimensions. A trial of the two classes of ships represented by these vessels demonstrated fully that iron is far superior to wood for iron-clads. The *Warrior* proved to be



THE "WARRIOR," IRON-CLAD.

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very fast—faster than any wooden frigate that had ever been built—and is a fine, buoyant vessel. She was far superior to *La Gloire* in all respects: during her construction many improvements in the details of ship-building were made, and she was justly regarded as being the finest vessel then afloat.



THE "MINOTAUR."

While these vessels were building, the French were not idle, and their dock-yards produced vessels better than before: among them was the *Solferino*, remarkable for her ram bow, and for being the only iron-clad ever constructed carrying guns on two decks protected by armor.

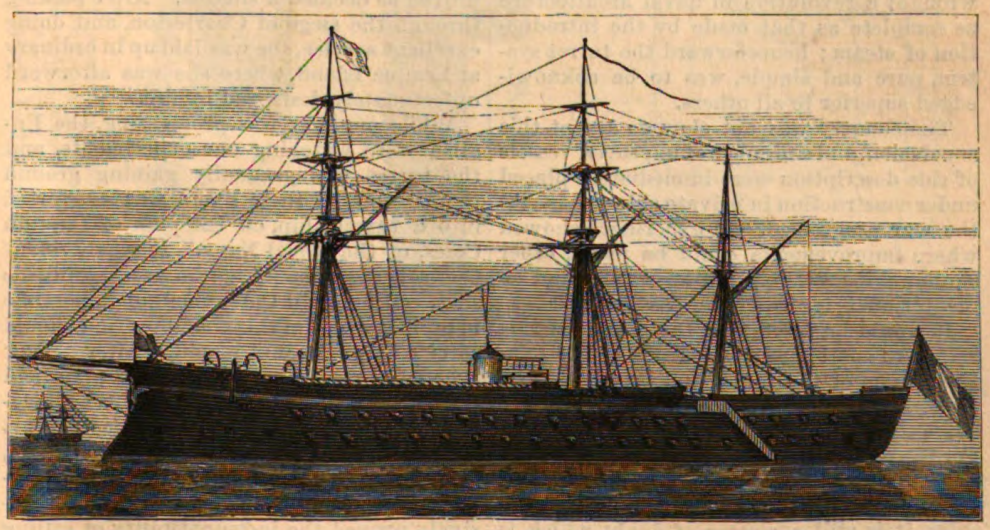
Some of these vessels are plated all over from bow to stern; others have a belt of armor at the water-line, while the amidships portion only is fully armored to the height of the upper deck. All of the iron ships have many water-tight compartments, so that in the event of collision or other disaster the vessel need not sink, as only one compartment would be filled with water. One of those ships whose bow and stern are unprotected by armor might have these parts riddled with shot without impairing the efficiency of the vessel.

The *Minotaur* class was next built by the English to compete with the French ships, but the result has shown that they are too unwieldy to do good, thorough service. But to attempt to follow these two nations in their race for superiority, and to describe the various classes of vessels built by them, would be, though interesting, of a nature unsuited to the purpose of this paper.

Meanwhile the civil war in America had broken out, and had found the government of the United States in possession of no vessels save those of wood, while the English and French possessed the vessels referred to as the earlier iron-clads.

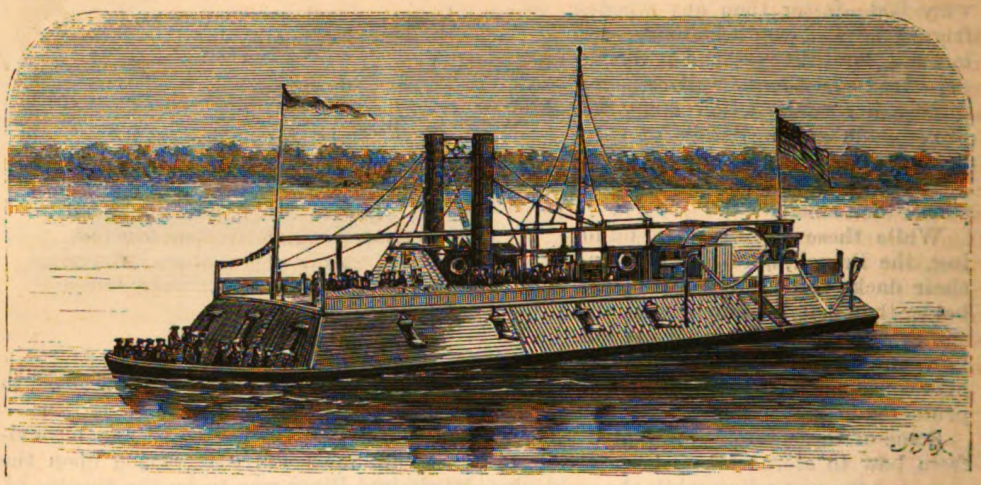
As hostilities progressed, it became evident that the country bordering upon the Mississippi River was to be the theatre of exciting operations, and the control of that river would greatly assist the party in whose power it was. It was also evident that the ordinary river steamers would be of no use whatever before the fire of even a small battery on shore. Accordingly the government contracted with Mr. James B. Eads, of St. Louis, for the construction of several iron-clad steamers suitable for the navigation of the Western rivers. In October, 1861, in forty-five days from the laying of her keel, was launched the *St. Louis*, the first iron-clad owned by the United States. The construction of several similar vessels rapidly followed, and the fleet on the Mississippi began the task assigned to it of regaining the control of the river to the sea.

The unfortunate abandonment of the navy-yard at Norfolk had given to the insurgent forces possession of several vessels, notably the fine steam-frigate *Merrimac*, a vessel built like the *Wabash*. Their authorities were busily employed in transforming



THE "SOLFERINO."

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THE "ST. LOUIS."

this fine vessel into a broadside casemated iron-clad, with a sloping roof, calculated to cause an enemy's shot to glance without injuring the vessel. Our government had become alive to the necessity of having vessels of a character suited to cope with this formidable antagonist, and after the usual official preliminaries, contracts were entered into for the construction of two broadside iron-clads, and one vessel of an entirely new design by Captain Ericsson. This wonderful little craft, which combined more inventions than any vessel ever before constructed, was launched in one hundred days from the laying of the keel. She was completed and ready for service just at the time when the *Merrimac* had begun her work of destruction. The history and result of that remarkable encounter are too well known to need repetition here. The new style of vessel, the insignificant "cheese-box on a raft," as she was contemptuously styled, had wrought a revolution in naval architecture as complete as that made by the introduction of steam; henceforward the turret system, pure and simple, was to be acknowledged superior to all others.

The country was not slow to accept this conclusion, and a number of improved vessels of this description were immediately placed under construction in private ship-yards. As the war progressed, and experience showed where improvements could be made, other similar ships were built of larger size and of greater offensive and defensive powers.

It would be foreign to the design of this article to enter into a discussion of the relative merits of the turret and broadside systems, and the arguments upon which the advocates of each rely to prove their case. For the purposes of our civil war, and for the defense of our coast, the monitors were and are undoubtedly the best; for ocean cruising ships it is still a matter of doubt which is the better, a turret or a broadside ship.

Some of our monitors, as the *Miantonomah*, were built of wood in government yards, but most of them are of iron, and were built by contract. The voyage of the *Miantonomah* to Europe, and of the *Monadnock* to San Francisco, by way of Cape Horn, proved that these vessels could go to sea, and justified the wisdom of the government in building several of this type for ocean service. These ships have no sails, depending on their steam alone; but they would be able to cross the ocean and attack an enemy's city, if necessary. It is probable, however, they will be used, if a naval war is ever forced upon us, merely to go to sea to attack an enemy's fleet, or to raise a blockade that might be established: for these purposes the want of sail-power is an advantage rather than a defect.

Of the two broadside ships contracted for at the same time, one proved a decided failure; while the other, the *New Ironsides*, proved as decided a success. After passing through the siege of Charleston, and doing excellent service, she was laid up in ordinary at League Island, where she was afterward unfortunately destroyed by fire.

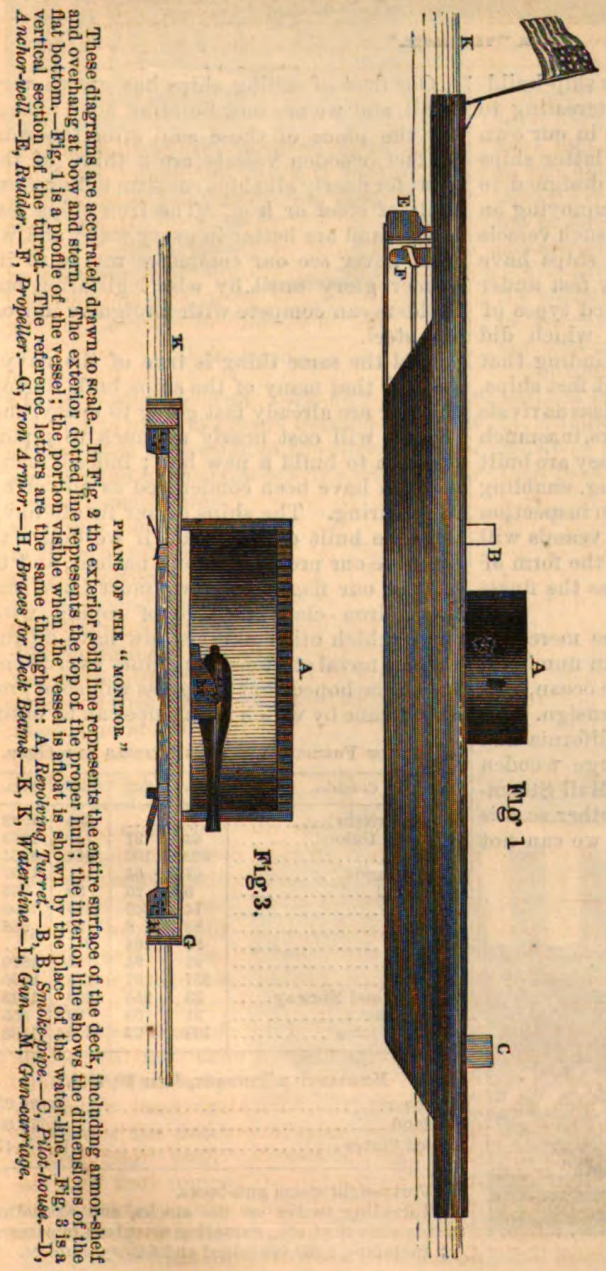
While our war was progressing, the English were watching our experiments, and the turret was gradually gaining ground there. One of their liners was converted into a turret ship, on the plan of Captain Coles, of the Royal Navy. It was evident that sail-power could not be retained in this ship, but Captain Coles thought it possible to build a vessel of this character that should carry a large amount of sail. After a long time he obtained permission to superintend the construction of such a vessel, which embodied his ideas upon the subject. This ship was the *Captain*, whose terrible fate, involving the loss of five hundred lives (including that of her inventor), has conclusively proved the incompatibility of sailing power with a low free-board.

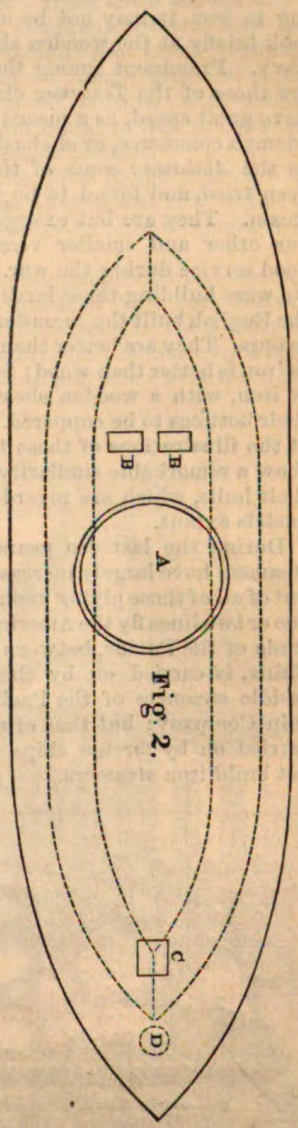
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The government constructor built the *Monarch*, so well known in this country as having participated in the funeral ceremonies of the late George Peabody. This vessel has proved a great success, and since the loss of the *Captain* experiments have been instituted which show that the *Monarch* could not possibly capsize. England has also built, and has now in process of construction, vessels intended to eclipse our best monitors, capable of crossing the ocean if necessary. There is one point in the construction of foreign iron-clads that merits notice—viz., their great draught of water, which would prevent their entering nearly all of our harbors. There are a few of our ports that they could enter, *provided* they could succeed in passing the defenses which we should place there. Our iron-clads, drawing but little water, could lie on one side the channel and fire at an enemy with impunity; and we believe that our heavy, smooth-bore guns would be far more destructive to an enemy than his rifled guns would be to us.

Russia early followed us in the adoption of the monitor system, and now possesses a large fleet of these valuable craft. All other nations which have a navy of iron-clads have preferred the broadside system.

Having thus given a short account of some

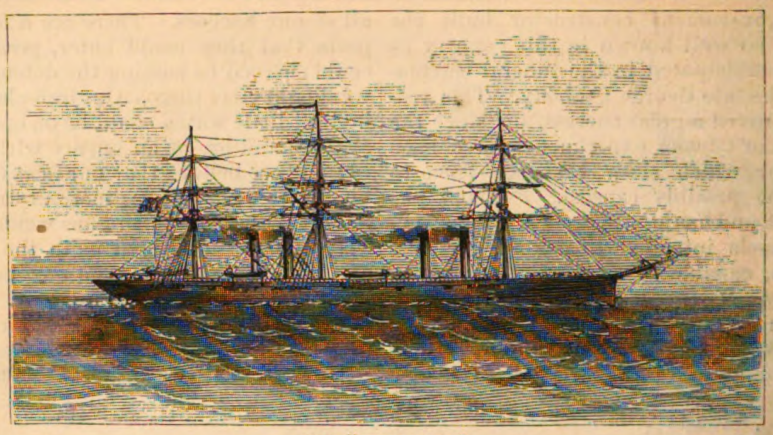




PLANS OF THE "MONITOR."

These diagrams are accurately drawn to scale.—In Fig. 2 the exterior solid line represents the entire surface of the deck, including armor-shelf and overhang at bow and stern. The exterior dotted line represents the top of the proper hull; the interior line shows the dimensions of the flat bottom.—Fig. 1 is a profile of the vessel; the portion visible when the vessel is afloat is shown by the place of the water-line.—Fig. 3 is a vertical section of the turret.—The reference letters are the same throughout: A, *Revolving Turret*.—B, B, *Smoke-pipe*.—C, *Pilot-house*.—D, *Anchor-well*.—E, *Rudder*.—F, *Propeller*.—G, *Iron Armor*.—H, *Braces for Deck Beams*.—K, K, *Water-line*.—L, *Gun*.—M, *Gun-carriage*.

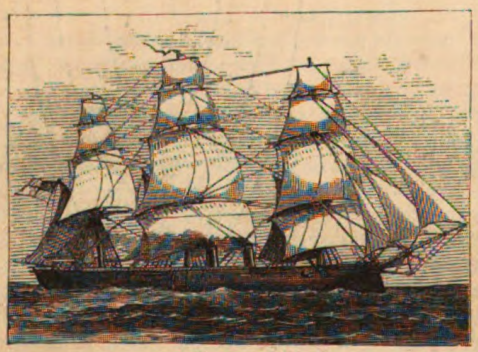
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THE "TENNESSEE."

of the principal improvements in ship-building in iron, it may not be uninteresting to look briefly at the wooden ships in our own navy. Prominent among these latter ships are those of the *Tennessee* class, designed to have great speed, as a means of annoying an enemy's commerce, or of chasing such vessels as the *Alabama;* some of these ships have been tried, and found to be very fast under steam. They are but exaggerated types of our other and smaller vessels, which did good service during the war. Finding that we were building these large and fast ships, the English built the *Inconstant* class as rivals to ours. They are better than ours, inasmuch as iron is better than wood; for they are built of iron, with a wooden sheathing, enabling their bottoms to be coppered. An inspection of the illustrations of these two vessels will show a remarkable similarity in the form of their hulls, which are regarded as the finest models extant.

During the last ten years the merchant steamers have largely increased in numbers; but of all of those plying upon the ocean, only one or two lines fly the American ensign. The trade of the Pacific, between California and China, is carried on by the large wooden paddle steamers of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company; but that of all other seas is carried on by foreign ships, for we can not yet build iron steamers.



THE "INCONSTANT."

Our fleet of sailing ships has grown very small, and we are now building none to supply the place of those sold after the war. In fact, wooden vessels are a thing of the past, for nearly all ships constructed now are built of steel or iron. The iron ships last longer, and are better in every way; and we shall never see our commerce revive to its former glory until by wise legislation our builders can compete with foreigners in iron and steel.

And the same thing is true of the navy; we find that many of the ships built during the war are already fast going to decay, and that it will cost nearly as much to repair them as to build a new hull; indeed, many of them have been condemned as unworthy of repairing. The ships of our future navy must be built of iron; and if we desire to preserve our prestige among nations, and to protect our flag abroad, we must have sea-going iron-clads capable of coping with those which other nations now have on the various naval stations doing duty as cruisers. It is to be hoped that Congress will soon provide means by which such ships can be built.

FORCE OF FOREIGN NAVIES IN VESSELS AND GUNS.

Countries.	Steam.	Sail.	Total.	Guns.
Great Britain	...	...	630	7982
German Union	44	97	141	1039
France	362	100	462	4834
Netherlands	67	64	131	1303
Portugal	5	25	30	366
Spain	74	*48	122	1000
Italy	88	8	96	948
Austria	53	164	217	....
Turkey	91	94	185	2370
Russia	237	37	274	2900
Sweden and Norway	33	256	289	1323
Denmark	31	58	89	455
United States	128	*22	†150	1433

MERCANTILE TONNAGE, JUNE 30, 1868.

France	2,000,000
England	5,779,000
United States	‡4,473,476

* Forty-eight steam gun-boats.

† Including twelve on the stocks, and excluding twenty-nine tugs, etc., mounting seventeen howitzers.

‡ Including 1,260,648 inland and fishery tonnage.

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THE STORY OF TAMMANY.

I.—HOW IT WAS MADE A POLITICAL POWER.



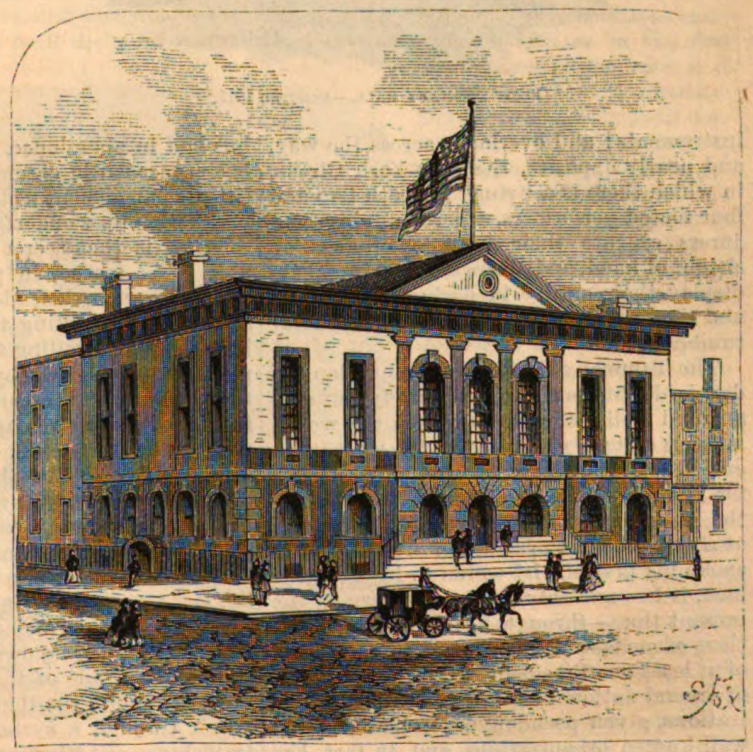
TAMMANY HALL.

THE visitor to New York city who sets out to view the many notable objects it offers to the inspection of the curious would scarcely fail to be attracted by a most unique and conspicuous structure on the north side of Fourteenth Street, between Irving Place and Third Avenue. The building is of red brick, liberally trimmed with white stone, and altogether, by reason of the contrast in the materials used, as well as its somewhat nondescript architecture, more glaring than ornamental. But what would chiefly invite attention is an enormous circular pediment, near the summit of which are the words, "Tammany Society," and at the sides the dates "1789" and "1867," and in the centre a capacious niche containing a statue, twelve feet in height, of an Indian warrior in all the bravery of his forest costume. Standing with his tomahawk in his girdle, a quiver of arrows upon his back, a long crooked bow in one hand, and the other extended authoritatively before him, his appearance would be at least impressive but for the fact that having been cut from the purest of white marble, the image can scarcely fail to suggest the rather ludicrous idea of a very pale-faced red man.

This is the present "wigwam" of the noted Tammany Society, or, more properly speaking, of the "Columbian Order." This is Tammany Hall. Here, since the 4th day of July, 1868, the Tammany tribes of New York have met in council; and in the great hall of the building—a room capable of seating thirty-five hundred persons—were nominated Seymour and Blair; so that the structure has already become historic.

The date 1789 refers to the year in which the society was established, 1867 to the one in which the corner-stone of the present edifice was laid.

The building occupies the former site of the Medical Department of New York University, is flanked on one hand by the Academy of Music (a theatre); on the other by a manufactory of musical and other noise-producing



OLD WASHINGTON HALL.—FEDERAL HEAD-QUARTERS.

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FIRST TAMMANY HALL.—ERECTED 1811.

instruments; and overlooks across the way, and nearly opposite, the New York Circus, in which there is a "ring" for both two and four footed performers, where cunning conjurers execute their marvelous tricks of sleight of hand, and where dextrous acrobats display their agility in daring somersaults and the most approved of ground and lofty tumbling.

The Tammany Society, or Columbian Order, is doubtless the oldest purely self-constituted political association in the world, and has certainly been by far the most influential. Beginning with the government, for it was organized within a fortnight of the inauguration of the first President, and at a spot within the sound of his voice as he spoke his first official words to his countrymen, it has not only continued down to the present time—through nearly three generations of men—but has controlled the choice of at least one President, fixed the character of several national as well as State administrations, given pseudonyms to half a dozen well-known organizations, and, in fact, has shaped the destiny of the country in several turning-points of its history.

Few suspect, much less comprehend, the extent of the influence this purely local association has exerted. To its agency more than any other is due the fact that for the last three-quarters of a century New York city has been the most potent political centre in the world, not even Paris excepted. Greater than a party, inasmuch as it has been the master of parties, it has seen political organization after organization, in whose conflicts it has fearlessly participated, arise, flourish, and go down, and yet has stood ready, with powers unimpaired, to engage in the struggles of the next crop of contestants. In this experience it has been solitary and peculiar. Imitators it has had in abundance, but not one of them has succeeded in catching that secret of political management which has endowed Tammany with its wonderful permanency.

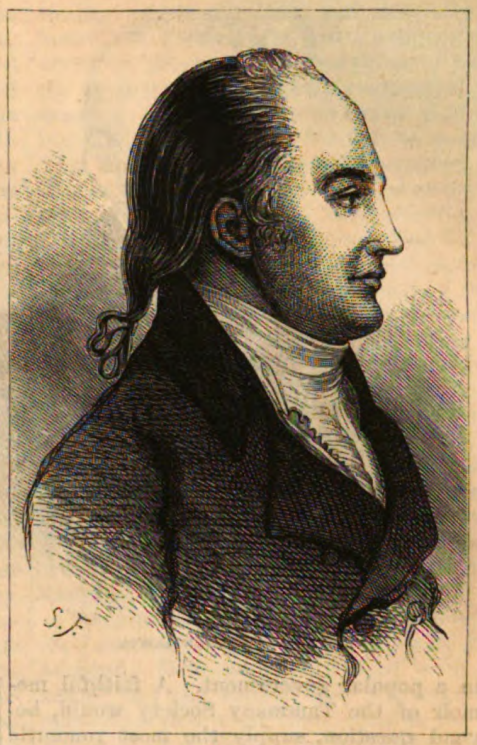
What is that secret? It is unquestionably to be traced, in part, to the sagacity which Tammany's leaders have at all times shown in forecasting the changes of political issues, or availing themselves of the opportunities afforded by current events as they have arisen. Tammany has not only furnished the most capable politicians the country has possessed, but has managed to ally itself with the shrewdest ones to be found outside of its own organization. It has always shown a willingness to trade in the gifts at its command, and rarely indeed has it got the worst of a bargain. For the last twenty years it has at no time numbered an absolute majority of the voters of New York city in its own following; and yet during the whole of that period it has contrived to retain the lion's proportion of the power through a system of comprehensive trafficking, sometimes with factions of its

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own party, and sometimes, when they have not proved sufficiently pliable, even with the common enemy. Its established policy is, when no other road is open, to boldly buy its way to the seat of authority.

In part to the heterogeneous population of New York. Its theory of political action has, from the days of Fernando Wood, been that New York was to be governed from below, not from above—by the weight of its ignorance and the strength of its corruption, and not by the force of its intelligence and virtue—and has governed itself accordingly. In the unwashed and spotted rabble of the great metropolis, whose chiefest element it has sedulously cultivated without giving offense to any other, it has found an army of adherents capable of being disciplined and manœuvred to an extent that no other community in this country would endure.

But more than all has its success depended upon the dual character of its construction. Through its General Committee, or outside organization, it is a public body, to whose ranks all have admission; and at the same time, through its interior or secret association, which only a trusted few are permitted to enter, and in whose hands all the society's property is retained, it is a close corporation. Never was there a more ingenious contrivance for efficient political control. By means of its public and visible system it secures the influence and prestige of a popular body of liberal tendencies, while its hidden and limited membership—and which in turn is subordinate to a council of Sachems—gives it all the potency of a caucus or ring. It is a system of rings, the outermost, representing a constituency of many thousands, being entirely submissive to the innermost, consisting of scarcely a dozen persons. This arrangement was early adopted by the association, as in the first publication of its laws it is declared that "the constitution of this society shall consist of two parts—the external, or public, and the internal, or private. The latter shall ever be subordinate to the former." In practice it is scarcely necessary to state that the rule has been reversed. The external, as doubtless was the intention from the start, has ever been subordinate to the internal. The result has been an instance of most singular inconsistency. A society organized in the interest of the first "anti-consolidationists," as the old States-rights or Anti-federalist party men denominated themselves, and since claiming to be the head of the democracy of the nation, furnishes in its history the most successful illustration of the centralizing principle ever witnessed



AARON BURR.



TAMMANY HALL.—1860.

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MORGAN LEWIS.

in a popular government. A faithful memoir of the Tammany Society would, beyond question, supply the most romantic and extraordinary volume in our political history. Not a passage in it but would be filled with curious and instructive incident. No country has furnished any similar record. Whether looked upon as a model of systematized excellence, as partisan admirers have regarded it, or merely as a mass of organized corruption, as it has appeared to its political adversaries, it is certainly a most wonderful phenomenon. In both its history and its government it has been strictly *sui generis*.

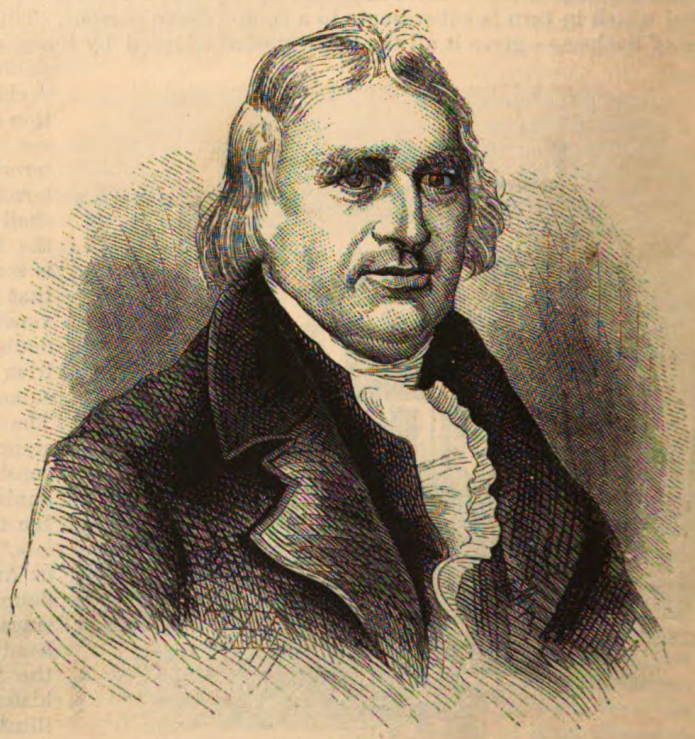
A brief sketch of this anomalous institution will now be attempted.

The majority of readers will be surprised to learn that Tammany is not of New York origin. Such, nevertheless, is the fact. It furnishes the rare instance of an exotic growing with luxuriance upon adopted ground, while it has wholly disappeared from its native soil. Even St. Tammany is a borrowed divinity. The great Sachem, whose name has supplied a pseudonym to the most powerful political association of modern times, never set foot upon Manhattan Island, and could have done so only at the risk of his scalp. New York Island was the property of the Manhattan tribe of the Mohicans. Tammany was a Delaware, and consequently belonged to the Lenni-Lennappé confederacy of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, which, time out of mind, had warred with the Six Nations and other New York Indians.

Concerning the great Sagamore, variously named Temane, Tamanend, Taminent, Tameny, and Tammany, who enjoys the distinction of being the only native American yet canonized, many conflicting statements have been made. According to one account, he was the first man to welcome William Penn to his new home upon the banks of the Delaware, and long lived to enjoy the esteem of that eminent Broadbrim. Another story locates his wigwam upon the site of Princeton College, in New Jersey, beneath whose venerable walls his bones are now supposed to lie,

"A-mouldering in the grave."

Again, his home is represented to have been



GEORGE CLINTON.

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among the hills of Northeastern Pennsylvania, and he, when a very old man, is said to have died on a journey, and been buried near a famous spring in the county of Berks, where so many of his worshipers now reside. But the most approved tradition represents him to have lived many centuries before the coming of the white man, and to have exhibited in an extraordinary degree the qualities of a savage hero. His character probably illustrates the highest ideal ever found among the aborigines. He was a sort of Indian Job. The Bad Spirit appeared unto him bodily, and subjected him to many severe temptations and perils. The adversary first sought, by means of fair words, to gain a share in the administration of his kingdom. Tammany, however, was proof against his cajoleries, and resolutely refused any commerce with him. The enemy then resorted to strategy. He managed to bring upon the good chieftain and his people many grievous afflictions, and while his limbs were sore and his heart was heavy, attempted to steal an entrance into the country of which he was the protector. Here he was again baffled by Tammany, who comprehended and checkmated all the devil's "sinful games." At last, completely losing his temper, the Evil One boldly assaulted the great Sachem, and endeavored to overbear and destroy him by main force. Then transpired one of the most tremendous conflicts of which any record has ever been made. The battle raged for many moons, and in the struggles of the combatants whole forests were broken down, and the ground so effectually trampled under foot that it has remained prairie land ever since. Finally Tammany, watching his opportunity, and tripping his adversary, hurled him to the earth, and would then and there have taken his scalp had he not succeeded, owing to the victor's great exhaustion, in extricating himself, and escaping over into New York, where he was hospitably received by the natives, and has ever since continued to make his home.

All these stories appear to have had this much of foundation: that the real original Tammany, having been a mighty brave among his people, they so reverenced his memory as to confer his name, by way of honorary distinction, in much the same manner we do that of Washington, upon such of their rulers as afterward greatly distinguished themselves, and in some instances even bestowed it upon white men.

The Tammany Society was, primarily, no more of a New York institution than the great Sagamore himself. Its origin is to be traced to the patriot revolutionary army, which, having no patron saint to fight under, after the protection of St. George was withdrawn to the enemy, cast about among the country's native great men for some one worthy of canonization, and naturally selected the warrior who had "whipped the devil" as pre-eminently deserving of being set against him who had vanquished the dragon. The Pennsylvania troops of Washington's command were the first to inscribe "St. Tamanend"—afterward corrupted, for the sake of euphony, to "St. Tammany"—upon their banners, and they selected the 12th of May, which tradition assigned for the new saint's nativity, for appropriate celebration. A wigwam was erected; a pole, crowned with a liberty-cap, and bearing aloft a tomahawk, wampum, and other Indian paraphernalia, was planted in the earth; and around this, after the representative of the great Sachem, who was personified by a comrade duly accoutred and painted for the occasion, had emerged from the wigwam, to which he again retired, and delivered a "talk" full of exhortations to love of liberty and courage in battle, they all danced, with feathers in their caps and bucks' tails dangling down behind.

The practice spread throughout the army; St. Tammany and his natal day were both adopted; forts were christened with his name; and the 12th of May was regularly commemorated until, shortly before the last war with Great Britain, by order of the then Secretary of War, General Dearborn, the festival was forbidden, as tending to debauchery among the troops.

Nor was St. Tammany's early popularity confined to the army. Patriotic poets sang his praises, and civilian societies bearing his name sprang up in many localities. Particularly was this the case in Philadelphia and other Pennsylvania towns. The object was simple festivity. There was a procession of men, women, and children, all decked out with bucks' tails and other forest adornments, to a grove, where the wigwam and liberty-pole had been erected, and where, after an address from St. Tammany's representative, and sometimes a collation, the time was spent in games and dances on the green. At one time it appeared likely that St. Tammany's Day would excel the Fourth of July in popular regard.

The credit for St. Tammany's having still a place in the recollection of the American people, and enjoying the somewhat questionable honor of a "wigwam" erected to his memory, within whose sacred precincts such braves as have distinguished themselves in partisan warfare are accustomed to meet around "the council fire" and "the great spring," to make ready for the war-path against their party foes, is generally ascribed to William Mooney, the society's first Grand Sachem, and a somewhat noted citizen of olden New York.

Mooney was an Irishman by descent, an American by birth, and a "Whig" in politics, having been a leader among the "Sons of Liberty," or "Liberty Boys," as the mem-

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bers of a well-known organization of rebel sympathizers during the Revolution were called. After the war he went into business as an upholsterer, first on Nassau Street, afterward on Maiden Lane, and still later on Chatham Street. He remained an active partisan all his life, and was rewarded for his devotion to politics by being finally brought by it to the almshouse—but it was as the keeper of that institution.

Mooney, in the first instance, intended no reverence to Tammany, the native American. His idea was to confer the honor of saintship upon Columbus, the Italian and discoverer. The association was to be called the "Columbian Order;" its transactions were to date from the discovery of America; and the central figure and head of the organization was to be the great navigator, surrounded by native princes listening to words of wisdom from his lips. The government of the society was to be partly European and partly aboriginal, and was to typify the empire in the New World presumed to have been founded by the Genoese adventurer, and still carried on by him with the assistance of native chiefs. Besides the European head, who was to be known as the Great Father, there were to be twelve Sachems, or counselors—"Old Men" being the Indian signification of the word; a Sagamore, or master of ceremonies; a Wiskinkie, or door-keeper of the sacred wigwam; and a Secretary — an officer for whom the Indians had no exemplar, and consequently no name.

To the public belongs the credit of giving the society the cognomen by which it is generally known, the uninitiated supposing it to be one of the many St. Tammany societies that were scattered throughout the South and West, but which up to that time had gained no foothold in New York or further East. Seeing that the Indian name was popular, and was likely to stick in spite of them, Mooney and his associates prudently threw Columbus over, accepted the red chief as their divinity, remodeled their constitution, and christened their organization, by way of compromise, the "Tammany Society, or Columbian Order." By that name they secured for it in 1805, sixteen years after its establishment, an act of incorporation.

The charter of Tammany describes it as simply a charitable institution; and in view of the fact that it has so long been nothing but a political machine, the question naturally arises whether its assumption of benevolence in the first place was a mere pretense to cover some hidden design. How far the purpose of the association was political from the start will be considered further on; but, in justice to its founders, it must be stated that the society was occasionally made the means of rendering assistance to needy and worthy objects. It was a frequent occurrence at its earlier meetings for the claims of destitute patriots, their widows or orphans, to be presented, and the hat, in consequence, to be passed round for a contribution, the success of which often depended on the frequency with which the social cup had preceded it. The society did have a committee on charities, but that proved to be an ornamental rather than a useful appendage, owing to the fact that it generally had need of all its money for enterprises of a character not strictly benevolent, in which it from time to time engaged. In the second year of its existence it undertook the establishment of a museum of natural history, which resulted in a considerable pecuniary loss to the society, but in the founding of a collection which afterward, in the hands of P. T. Barnum—for it was the beginning of his celebrated museum—became a valuable property. The procuring of a permanent place of meeting of its own was a point on which Tammany likewise bestowed considerable attention and some treasure. Several movements with that view were made by it—once upon the plan of a tontine consociation, and at another time in connection with a lottery scheme; but they were all unsuccessful, until, in 1811, a sufficiency of money was raised to erect the first Tammany Hall, corner of Nassau and Frankfort streets.

But what chiefly contributed to Tammany's earlier popularity was its social attractiveness. In the absence of the conventional clubs which now make so distinct a feature of city life, and of most of the present secret benevolent societies, Tammany supplied a favorite resort, particularly to such as, by reason of similarity of political views, were congenial spirits. The joviality with which its gatherings were characterized is attested by traditions of undoubted reliability.

Its meetings at first, and for a considerable period, were held in houses of public entertainment, which in that day were expected to have at least one room suitable for popular assemblages, and which the proprietor failed not to see was convenient to the bar of the establishment. Barden's City Hotel, on Broadway, supplied the first wigwam; a public-house on Broad Street the next; and finally "Martling's Long Room"—a one-story wooden structure attached to a tavern of only tolerable repute, kept by one Martling, and which had originally been erected for dancing and other festive gatherings, with which Tammany's meetings long alternated —became the rallying-place of the tribes. This room, by reason of its general unsightliness, was denominated by Tammany's political adversaries the "Pig-Pen."

Tradition has preserved some reminiscences of the old-time meetings of the society, and the excesses to which they sometimes led. It was customary, after the dispatch of regular business, for such of the members

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as were disposed "to make a night of it," to reorganize by calling some brother of recognized wit and tried social endurance to the chair, and spend what remained of the "evening"—which frequently lasted until morning—in drinking toasts, singing songs, and telling stories of the narrators' own exploits by field and flood. There was no abstinence society in those days to put a check on such indulgences. Nor did these revelries wholly cease with the withdrawal of the sons of Tammany from the purlieus of second-rate taverns to the precincts of their own consecrated wigwam, if we may believe the poet Halleck, who many years afterward irreverently sang:

"There's a barrel of porter in Tammany Hall,
And the Bucktails are swigging it all the night long.
In the time of my childhood 'twas pleasant to call
For a seat and cigar 'mid the jovial throng."

But Tammany in its earlier days supplied entertainment to the patriotic public as well as to its own members. The 12th of May was a notable occasion in New York before the close of the last century. The day opened with the thunder of cannon, and all lovers of their country were expected to throw their banners to the breeze. Soon after the rising of the sun the members of the society issued from their wigwam, and in all the majesty of paint and feathers formed in procession. All citizens were invited to participate in the march, and in such costumes as best suited their own tastes. After the principal streets had been perambulated, the column moved to some convenient grove, where the day was given up to patriotic and social enjoyment. In the evening all places of amusement were expected to conform their entertainments to the proceedings of the day. In one instance the public celebration concluded with a play at the city's principal, if not only, theatre, entitled "Tammany; or, the Indian Chief," written by a New York lady, and which was witnessed by Washington and several members of his cabinet. The day's sensations usually concluded with a midnight performance on the Common, in which only the boys and wilder spirits were expected to participate, consisting of the burning in effigy of Benedict Arnold or some noted Tory, and executing a war-dance round the expiring embers.

These observances, which for a time made St. Tammany's Day more conspicuous than even the Fourth of July, however, lacked one essential element of enduring popularity—they were not participated in by fashionable people. The wealthier portion of the community, largely made up of former British sympathizers, turned up their noses at the vulgar parade; and as Tammany's political tendencies more clearly appeared, their opposition became more pronounced. As a consequence, although the 12th of May is still observed within the order, its public celebration soon died out.

But what at the outset assisted Tammany more than any thing else was a purely accidental occurrence: it became the means of saving the country from a bloody war. The Creek Indians, on the Southwestern frontier, had grown troublesome, and the government, then just entering on its work with a heavy debt and an impoverished people, was particularly anxious for peace. In 1790 a delegation of the Creeks was induced to visit New York, then the seat of the federal government, that a talk might be had with the President. The result of the conference, it was supposed, would greatly depend on the first impression produced on the minds of the savages, and their entertainment afterward. Luckily the Tammany Society had an abundant supply of paint and feathers, and Washington hit upon the happy expedient of engaging it to do the agreeable to the tawny visitors. Accordingly, when the Indian embassy reached the city, it was conducted to the Tammany Wigwam, where all the members of the society were waiting to receive it with painted faces and full aboriginal outfit. The Creeks were delighted with their reception; and as during their stay the Tammany members retained their Indian dress, and devoted themselves exclusively to their entertainment, the result was a very satisfactory treaty, and the preservation of the peace.

The affair was of great service to Tammany, particularly as, in consequence of it, the society was supposed to enjoy the countenance of Washington. Even many influential Federalists joined it, and continued to retain at least a nominal membership for quite a period afterward.

But as Tammany was never much more than nominally a charitable institution, and enjoyed no monopoly of social privileges or patriotic professions, its principal strength must from the beginning be traced to some other cause. What that was will now be shown.

Hammond, Jenkins, and other writers on the political history of the State of New York assert that Tammany was at first a strictly non-partisan institution. That is a very great mistake. While it is true that it professed to welcome to its hunting-grounds all who were led by a love of liberty to support the institutions of their country, it took care, from the first, to impose upon all its members certain solemn pledges, all more or less partisan, and among which was one to maintain the dignity of the State as distinguished from the general government, and which was of the very essence of the issue then dividing the Federalists and Anti-federalists, as the political parties of that day were called. While many Federalists, at a time when party lines were but indistinctly

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drawn, did belong to the society, the tendency of its teachings was, from the start, to democratic ideas and principles, as must have been intended by somebody among its founders.

As already stated, to William Mooney, its first Grand Sachem, has generally been given the credit of Tammany's paternity. There appears, however, to have early existed an impression that a more capable party was its real author. Suspicion pointed to Aaron Burr.

Mooney was an enthusiastic, energetic, and somewhat egotistical individual, fond of excitement and display, and to whom the arranging of a ceremony in which Sachems and Sagamores and Wiskinkies would figure would be most agreeable; and to his brain is probably due the visible machinery of the organization; but when we come to the society's constitution, we discover a purpose too artful and a combination too profound for his unaided intellect.

That Burr was the instigator if not the constructor of Tammany is pretty conclusively established by the following facts:

First, his intimacy with Mooney, who was one of his most ardent political supporters and a fast personal friend, and whom Burr must have liberally patronized in a business way, from the fact that when the Grand Sachem was called to the happy hunting-ground his estate was found to consist largely of unsatisfied claims against Burr for upholstery furnished years before.

Second, while there is no evidence that Burr ever belonged to Tammany, his most intimate personal and political followers did, not only controlling it during their leader's popular ascendency, but directing its policy after his political demise.

Third, it was made the instrument, in a campaign which Burr personally directed, for deciding an election by means of which he became Vice-President of the United States, and the country was for the first time given over to a Democratic administration.

Fourth, it was precisely calculated to promote objects which Burr, then looking forward to public position, without taking an active part in politics, was, of all men of the time, most interested in, and was, moreover, exactly such an institution as his peculiar genius would delight in creating and directing without his own hand being visible. No man was ever so fond of mystery.

To see the force of the foregoing points it will be necessary to understand the political condition of New York city at the time Tammany was established.

The close of the revolutionary war found New York politically in the hands of the Whigs of that day, who were controlled by the Liberty Boys, the most radical of their number. These men, although a minority of the population, and by no means representing its wealth or its higher social standard, held almost undisputed sway, by reason of the fact that all active sympathizers with the lost British cause were disfranchised. The situation was precisely that existing in many Southern communities at the close of the late rebellion. The more active leaders among the Sons of Liberty—Burr, who had been elected by them to the State Legislature in 1784, then gave but little time to politics—were, however, such proscriptive and injudicious partisans as to speedily disgust and combine against them the more conservative members of their own party, with Alexander Hamilton at their head. At the same time the community began to be divided between the advocates and opponents of a strong central government, who were soon to be known as Federalists and Anti-federalists. Hamilton and his followers constituted the former; the Liberty Boys, or "Violent Whigs," as they were called, the latter. In the struggle for the mastery between these factions the Hamiltonians were quite willing to give the disfranchised loyalists equal civil privileges with themselves in exchange for their votes, and so adroitly managed matters that in 1787 all their political disabilities were removed. As was anticipated, the new voters immediately joined hands with their emancipators, and the Liberty Boys, or Anti-federalists, in New York city, from being masters of the situation, suddenly found themselves in a lean and apparently hopeless minority. At the election for members of the Legislature in the fall of 1788—the year following the change in the franchise law—although they presented as candidates such able men as Aaron Burr, Melancton Smith, Marinus Willet, and William Deming, the vote they polled was in the proportion of one to seven.

The result of the political revolution was such that the Liberty Boys not only found themselves no better off than their late disfranchised and still bitter enemies, but not as well off. The constitution of New York—that of 1777—then prescribed a property qualification for voting; and so astonishingly slow was the progress of liberal political ideas in those days, that, although the Anti-federalists—afterward calling themselves Republicans—whose friends were the principal sufferers, controlled the Legislature for the greater part of the time, no effective steps were taken to remove the obnoxious provision until 1822, when a new constitution was adopted. In consequence of this state of the law many of the more active Anti-federalists were disfranchised, while their late Tory neighbors, being more generally moneyed men, were legalized voters.

The inequality thus created was greatly added to by the business and social customs of the times. The population of New York

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was then much more broadly divided into classes than even now, notwithstanding both our shoddy and our Tammany princes. There were an aristocracy and a democracy whose limits were as clearly marked by manner and dress as by legal enactment. A "gentleman" of that day was a being entirely distinct from the common herd. He wore the uniform of his rank. His blue, or green, or scarlet coat; his long hair tied into a queue, and white with powder; his short and closely fitting breeches; his ruffled shirt; his buckles at knee and ankle, which did not wholly disappear with the eighteenth century—all announced his disconnection from the plebeian mass of shop-men and mechanics, with their short hair, plain coats, and baggy pantaloons, as effectually as the trappings of the soldier distinguish him from the civilian. Many of the gentry of that day, too, having sprung from the Old World's nobility, and religiously believing in the superiority of their blood, were not at all backward in showing their pretensions in their daily walk and conversation.

In business there was quite as much of discrimination. The aristocracy controlled the capital in trade, and monopolized the banks and banking privileges, which they did not hesitate to employ as a means of perpetuating their power. Says a writer whose memory went back to the period whereof he speaks: "A president of a bank was a grandee of the first order, and a cashier ranked with the ancient order of priesthood. A mechanic never ventured to ask for a discount in those days without some merchant as a patron and friend, and then the loan was obtained as a special favor." This moneyed exclusiveness was maintained until, through the strategy of Burr—for even he could not have succeeded in it had the monopolists penetrated his design—the charter for the Manhattan Bank was obtained, and it, being put under a directory of different politics, pursued a more liberal policy with its money.

With all these advantages on their side, it is not at all surprising that the ruling class should have treated their inferiors with marked disdain. Especially was this the case when, by reason of the modification in the franchise law, the aristocracy, once more in power, saw its chance to take revenge upon the deposed democracy to which it had for the time been forced to bow.

To the degradation involved in that condition of things the democrats of that day were fully alive. They had not only tasted the sweets of victory and power, but they were growing more and more restive under the inspiriting influences of those doctrines of political and social equality which were soon to flame forth with such tremendous heat from the furnace of the French revolution. There was in consequence an immense amount of chafing on the part of the subordinate class.

It was at that crisis of New York's political affairs, and in the midst of the feeling it engendered—a feeling which had been greatly intensified by the recent adoption of the federal Constitution, and the triumph with it of the Hamilton faction—that the Tammany Society came into existence; and coming at that precise time, when we consider the character of the institution, it can be regarded in no other light than as a most wonderful phenomenon. The marvel consists in the moderation of its tone, while its contemplated operation was directly in the interest of the minority party. The old Sons of Liberty clubs had all broken down because of their intemperance. Tammany was calculated to do their work without their violence. There was only one man living at the time by whom such a miracle could have been achieved.

Burr was then the real leader of the New York democracy. His participation in politics at that time, however, was concealed rather than open, partly because it suited his intriguing disposition, and partly because, with his poverty and personal extravagance, he could not then afford to take from his profession the time that a share in public life would have required—for politics at that time had not become the lucrative occupation it has since grown to under Tammany's administration. Says his biographer, Knapp: "He seldom attended caucuses; he never courted the mob by mingling with them and sharing their amusements, for it was seldom that they met him; he made no converts by 'Pewter Mug' stories; and they liked him the better for all this abstraction from the great body of the democracy."

Burr, while an aristocrat by association, was a democrat, or rather a demagogue, by instinct. He looked to the mob for promotion, and studiously gave all his influence toward increasing its power. While it would never have done for him at that day, with his wealthy clientage, to have figured before the public in Indian paint and feathers, and to be found mixing with vulgar tradesmen and mechanics, he was just the man to stand behind the scenes and move the machinery that controlled the populace. He was, moreover, just the man to fabricate such an engine as Tammany; for no one was so moderate, and at the same time so artful, in the means he employed.

There is another reason why Aaron Burr would have delighted in such a contrivance as Tammany was. From the first it was recognized as a counter-weight to the Society of the Cincinnati, which, on account of its distinguished membership and its hereditary principle, was looked upon with great alarm by the radical republicans of the time. How groundless have been their fears—or rather,

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how powerful has proved the sweep of democratic ideas—is shown in the fact that while an association introduced by an ordinary upholsterer, who never attained to any higher official rank than keeper of a municipal poor-house, and at first chiefly recruited from the lower classes, has made Presidents and government policies, a society including Washington and Hamilton, and all the leaders of that army which made the nation possible, never exerted enough political influence to control a town election. But Hamilton, whom Burr hated, and who as sincerely hated Burr in return, had not only projected the Society of the Cincinnati, but was its acknowledged leader. The writer hereof recollects to have seen somewhere a reminiscence written by a contemporary of the two men, descriptive of the last meeting of the society in New York which was attended by both or either of them. Their duel followed soon after. Hamilton, on the occasion, sparkled with remarkable brilliancy, being in splendid spirits, and the wit and soul of the party; while Burr, who was never treated by military men with that deference to which his vanity—his weakest point as a public man—told him he was entitled, sat moody and constrained, and early retired from the scene.

With these several facts before us, we will find little difficulty in indorsing the opinion that prevailed in the early days of Tammany, that Aaron Burr was its real author.

How faithfully the society stood by the cause of the disfranchised democrat is shown by an incident that properly belongs to this history. In 1801 thirty-nine young Republicans of New York city, who were excluded by the constitution from the ballot, because not freeholders with the requisite amount of property, formed a partnership in the purchase of a house and lot of ground, and, armed with certificates of their proprietorship, presented themselves at the polls, and demanded the privilege to vote. These men were members of Tammany, and as they were nearly all students or poor mechanics, Tammany contributed the most of the money by means of which the test was made. It so happened that the political control of the city—so decided had been the growth of the Republican party since Tammany's organization, when it controlled but one vote in eight, and so close was the contest then—depended upon the thirty-nine votes, and they were rejected by Federal judges. One of the young men was Daniel D. Tompkins; and, in view of the all but universality of the elective privilege at the present time, it serves to illustrate the advance that has been made in popular government when we find that, less than three-quarters of a century ago, a man who was soon to become Governor of the State of New York and Vice-President of the United States was denied access to the ballot-box because not possessed of an independent freehold property of twenty pounds in value.

But about this time Tammany was destined to bear an influential and probably a decisive part in a much more important struggle. The result of the election in New York city in 1800 was to make Jefferson and Burr President and Vice-President of the United States, it so happening that New York then held the balance of power in both State and nation. That election has been a puzzle to political writers ever since. Only the year before, in a spirited contest, the Federalists had carried the city by nearly a thousand majority, which, with the then limited vote, was equal to recent Democratic majorities in the same field. Yet, notwithstanding Hamilton in person led his party, the Republicans handsomely carried the day.

There are those who have claimed the glory of that victory, and the political revolution that followed, for Tammany. Among them is an authority no less respectable than Gulian C. Verplanck, in his oration at the laying of the corner-stone of the present Tammany Hall, July 4, 1867; and who, as he was then an octogenarian, must not only have remembered the famous election, but subsequently have been familiar with the leading actors in it. His testimony is fully corroborated by traditions that have come down in some of the older Tammany families, telling how men who had intended voting the opposition ticket were brought into the wigwam on the very eve of the battle (social as well as political persuasions being employed), inducted into its mysteries, pledged under the most solemn obligations to the new cause they had espoused, and in some instances, when faith in their stability was lacking, escorted to the polls by committees selected to see that they remained true to their vows. Although at that date such an agency, working silently and unseen, might have been but little regarded by the public, we, who have since witnessed its operations in similar conflicts, can fully concede to it all that is claimed by its friends.

The most competent witness in the case, however, is Alexander Hamilton, who, as the leader of the routed Federalists, would be most likely to comprehend the cause of defeat. In a letter not long afterward written to his confidential friend, Senator Bayard, of Delaware, and given by J. C. Hamilton in his collection of his father's correspondence, he plainly recognizes Tammany's agency in his party's overthrow, by recommending, as a means of recovering the ground that had been lost, the organization of a similar secret society on their side. He goes into an elaborate exposition of his plan of association, which was to have a president and twelve assistants—the number of Tammany's Sachems—and in other respects to be little more

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than a transcript of Tammany's machinery with the Indian mummery left out, and which he advocates on the ground of necessity in employing "the weapons that have been employed against us."

Bayard disapproved of the scheme, as not likely to be successful "on their side," although he admits its efficiency on the other.

The whole correspondence is remarkable, and Hamilton's share of it is especially curious, in view of the fact that not long before he had directed an attack against Tammany, on the ground that such associations were dangerous to civil liberty and good government, which had driven all of its members with Federalist sympathies out of it.

In Washington's Farewell Address, which appeared in 1796, there is a passage describing the dangerous and corrupting tendency of political "combinations and associations" that, in view more especially of the later years of Tammany's career, seems to have been dictated by a spirit of prophecy. No sooner had Washington's address appeared than Tammany was declared by Hamilton and his followers to be subject to the reproof pronounced, if not its immediate object; and so great was the reverence entertained for the Father of his Country that a considerable portion of its membership immediately seceded from it. It was not then known, and probably not suspected, as we now know, that Hamilton himself was the real author of the attack, he having prepared the "heads" from which the address was drafted, and afterward "retouched" the document.

"From this time"—the time of the secession just spoken of—says Hammond, in his "Political History of New York," Tammany became a "political institution." But if it had not been a political institution before, it is difficult to tell why Hamilton and the Federalists were so eager to assail it. The truth is, it had been "a political institution" from the first, although its real design had been partially cloaked by patriotic professions and ceremonies.

To Tammany the elevation of Burr to the Vice-Presidency, with Jefferson for President, was a barren victory. So great was the jealousy entertained by the Chief Magistrate toward his second in rank that he gave no patronage to his friends; while Burr's promotion involved him, and Tammany as an accessory, in a quarrel with De Witt Clinton, which led to the long and bitter struggle, the story of which—the most romantic passage in the political history of New York—will be told in the next paper, between the "Bucktails" (so called from a conspicuous feature in Tammany's Indian uniform) and the Clintonian Democracy—a struggle maintained for twenty years with desperate energy on both sides, and which, although its result was to place Tammany at the head of the Democratic party both in State and nation, terminated in victory for it only when the toughest adversary it ever had fell dead in his battle harness.

The secret of the quarrel that led to that long controversy is easily told. From the organization of the Anti-federal or Republican party in the State of New York the Clinton family had been looked up to as its head. By its members Burr was regarded as an interloper. When Burr became Vice-President, Governor Clinton—"Old George"—who had expected the position, was nearly superannuated; but his nephew, De Witt, who possessed extraordinary ability, boundless ambition, and was as full of combativeness as a prize-fighter, was just rising into prominence; and he resolved to take up the cudgel for his family against the bold intruder. A pretext for hostilities was found—or made—in Burr's alleged intrigue for the Presidency in opposition to Jefferson, and he was declared unworthy of the confidence of the party he had done so much to put in power.

Probably a more systematic and relentless course of defamation was never before pursued toward a public man. The chief agent in this business was Cheetham, editor of the *American Citizen*, Clinton's organ. Many of the allegations urged against Burr were, doubtless, false; but as his record was not altogether spotless, and his enemies made the most of "the lie well stuck to," such an impression was produced upon the public mind that before he was, apparently, conscious of his danger, a majority of his party had been arrayed against him. Then, awakening to his peril, he resolved to appeal to the people for his vindication in a canvass for the governorship of the State. As is well known, he was beaten by the Clintonian candidate, Morgan Lewis, chiefly through the efforts of Hamilton, who succeeded in throwing the Federalist vote—then the balance of power between the Republican factions—into the scale against Burr. The duel between Burr and Hamilton followed as one of the consequences of this struggle, and furnished Clinton and his followers the opportunity of completing the work of Burr's ruin, which they had already begun.

There can be no question that the feeling excited against Burr in consequence of the killing of Hamilton was largely the manufacture of political opposition. Burr himself was completely surprised by it, and any man without interested denouncers might have done all that he did without losing his position. The duello was then a recognized remedy for supposed grievances. Hamilton's eldest son had shortly before fallen in a duel with one of Burr's followers, and De Witt Clinton himself had just exchanged five shots—the same pistols that afterward did the work for Burr and Hamilton being

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used—with Robert Swartwout, another of Burr's supporters. After each of the first two fires, which were ineffectual, Clinton inquired if his adversary, the challenger, was satisfied. A negative in both cases was returned. Swartwout's third shot penetrated Clinton's clothes, but did no further damage. "Colonel Swartwout has spoiled my coat," remarked Clinton; "is he now content?" Once more a negative was given. At the fourth fire Clinton returned the compliment by spoiling his opponent's left arm as well as his coat. Again the same question was asked, with the same result. At the fifth fire Clinton sent Swartwout to his knee, with a ball in one of his limbs. "Now has he got enough of it?" he asked. Once more, after the wound had been dressed, came the answer that Swartwout was not yet satisfied. "Then let him go to h— for satisfaction, for I shall give him no more of it," exclaimed Clinton, throwing down his weapon, and walking indignantly away.

But although Burr's enemies succeeded in bringing down upon him such a mass of public indignation, which had been slowly accumulating against the duel, as to crush him, Tammany secretly rejoiced in the fall of Hamilton, who was undoubtedly its bitterest foe. It remained loyal to Burr's memory, and was afterward concerned in the intrigue for his recall and restoration to political favor, to be explained in the next paper, and although it failed to save him, it revenged his overthrow upon Clinton. In one sense Tammany was an accessory to Hamilton's killing before the act. Two of its Sachems, Mathew L. Davis and William P. Van Ness, were Burr's companions to the battle-ground, and one of them acted as his second. Another of its Sachems, John Swartwout, was at his house awaiting his return, and other members of the society were at convenient points, anxious to learn the result. That night, while the residue of the city was clothed in mourning, Tammany Hall, or rather Martling's Long Room, was a scene of revelry. Toasts were proposed and drunk in honor of the victor in the day's sanguinary work.

But Tammany soon discovered the drift and strength of public opinion, and prudently bowed to the storm. The day following Hamilton's death the newspapers of New York contained the following notice:

"Brothers,—Your attendance is earnestly requested at an extra meeting of the tribes, in the Great Wigwam, precisely at the setting of the sun this evening, to make arrangements for joining our fellow-citizens and soldiers in a procession, in order to pay the last tribute of national respect due to the manes of our departed fellow-citizen and soldier, General Alexander Hamilton. By order of the Grand Sachem,

"James B. Bisset, *Secretary*.

"*Season of Fruits, in the Year of Discovery Three Hundred and Twelve, and of the Institution the Fifteenth, July the 13th.*"

THE BREAD-CRUMB ARTIST.

A TRUE STORY.

I.

IN a lonely attic I found him, and the same day Death and I tapped at the door. But God called Death away and let me in.

He was "Number Nineteen" on the list of "deserving objects" of charity whom "Sister" Mary Agnes Bartlett and I had been detailed to visit. Mary Agnes had belonged to a certain well-known ladies' benevolent society, of which I was still a member, and, though now one of a ritualistic sisterhood, she had accompanied me that day because I disliked the street and dreaded the house—neither were inviting—where I had been told that I should find "Luigi Vanessa, wood-carver, *starving*."

In the room where he lay there was not a single object the price of which would have purchased the meanest meal. All that was to be seen besides the four walls—the floor was carpetless—was a mattress—this lay on the floor—and a ladder. On the ladder stood a bottle labeled fever mixture. It appeared to be some vile patent drug invented for the poisoning of humanity, a low price being asked for that favor. On the steps of the ladder there also stood several diminutive objects. Approaching—the young man meantime lay in a death-like stupor—I found that they were copies in a curious-looking paste of Canova's celebrated sleeping lions.

The mattress occupied two-thirds of the miserable attic, and the ladder almost all the remaining third. The sheets and bed-spread, though clean, had been so often mended and patched that the original fabric had disappeared. Such was the depth of abject poverty to which the being prostrate upon it had sunken that the wool stuffing had been sold for bread.

But the little lions were wonderful.

And yet Luigi Vanessa lay there, ignored, and to all appearance dying, all alone—*dying*—unless this seeming stupor is the turning-point of his malady.

At the age of ten, Luigi, orphaned, made tiny wooden figures, painted them, and sold them as toys. At fifteen, seeing a copy of Michael Angelo's group of the "Pieta" in a store, where the discolored marble had gathered half an inch of dust in its hollows, and acquired a degree of "tone" that made it look quite like an antique, he had haunted the place till suffered to copy it. In what? You will never imagine it. *In bread-crumb!*

I can not tell you of the beginning of Vanessa's art thoughts. I presume that they came as a surprise, a wonder, an awakening, a pain, perhaps; then as a pleasurable toil, and often, no doubt, a bitterness, coming so early. For at nineteen a Jew found him, then a lad very thin, with a stoop, and crazy hair. Straightway Luigi became Ja-

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cob Abrams's slave. The creation of exquisite waxen and plaster figures, to be sold to the Jew for a few shillings, scarce kept the soul in the young Italian's body. Such bondage is the worst life that a being with a soul filled with art dreams can lead: a daily death. But one thing had lightened it. The Jew had "taken a fancy to him," he said, and caused him to be taught to read; and among the old volumes in his "auction store"—a parody upon the foreign shops of *bric-à-brac*—many valuable works fell in Vanessa's way. With these he had mastered English, and perfected himself in his own language. They told of art.

Jacob Abrams, gaunt, glowering, and gloomy, had the look of his trade. His shabby clothing, one of the striking features of which was a foulard of as many colors as Joseph's coat, had the further accessories of a superb diamond pin and a repeater, from Dent's, London.

But Jacob had fed his eyes on art abroad, and knew, he said, the "real thing." He knew many amateurs. He knew where to take the aqua fortis proofs wrung from the misery of some poor, and therefore obscure, artist, the delicate "water-color," crayon, or charcoal sketch that some pale girl, striving to attain the fame that ever fled before her poverty, brought to him with tears in her eyes, and was glad to part with for a few dollars. Jacob "knew his business." He knew that misery can not make terms.

The prior cause of the present illness of Luigi Vanessa had been that he had lived a whole winter upon raw carrots. It would appear that the immortal soul is hardly to be held in its earthly prison upon such a fare. Luigi's seemed about to desert his much-abused body.

Just as I removed my eyes from the lions, "after Canova," and brought them again upon the face of the being prostrate on the wretched mattress, the door opened, and Mary Agnes, the ritualist "sister" who had accompanied me, entered.

The eyes of Luigi Vanessa opened just then. They were eyes that held all things. Carlyle, describing such eyes, says, "Swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of fire and light."

I knew, when Luigi Vanessa opened his eyes, that some great crisis—a death-struggle, perhaps—had passed him by, and that he would live. Years of strong young life could still be read in their hollow depths.

Sister Mary Agnes said to him, in her flute-like voice, and in English, that we had come to minister to his wants; and he faintly, gaspingly replied, but in English too, as if proud of his knowledge of that tongue,

"You—are—kind—good—ladies."

After ordering from a neighboring chemist my usual remedy for fever, I administered the potion, left cooling drinks within reach, ordered the Irishwoman in the adjoining room, whose mind was open to conviction whenever greenbacks were displayed as a means toward that end, to attend our patient during the night, and Mary Agnes and I departed.

Two weeks set the young Italian up again, and on the fifteenth day after our advent the convalescent might have been seen, if any one had felt the least wish to behold him under those circumstances, displaying the contents of a battered port-folio to Mary Agnes and to me.

It held eight drawings.

Number one represented a young Italian girl with a cage of white mice. Luigi here informed us that prior to making the figures, single or in groups, which he sold to the benevolent and right-minded Israelite whose moral and physical attractions I have already endeavored to portray, he made sketches from living objects or subjects. Number two—both were exquisite—represented the same girl with a tambourine. Number three portrayed a comical monkey, a sleek rabbit, and a pan of nuts. Number four, the magnificently delineated figure of a celebrated trotting horse. Number five, a group of beggar-boys, with battered hats, ragged garments, and broken baskets upon their nude arms; while six and seven represented the same boys wrestling. But number eight gave the face of the Madonna. This was Vanessa's ideal of the Mater Dolorosa.

Mary Agnes drew a long breath of ecstasy.

"Florence," exclaimed she, "we have found it at last!"

"Found what?" demanded I, startled.

"The sacred fire—and burning!"

II.

Convinced of our good fortune, and thinking what "long, mysterious reaches" the imprisoned power must have made to have gone thus far in the midst of soul-depressing and thought-scattering want, we resolved to bring our "wonder" to light. Mary Agnes was the first to speak out about it.

"I verily believe the 'abomination of desolation' to be the living in an attic in S—— Street. Think of being able to draw that Madonna, and of being forced, with heaven glimpses like that amidst your earth blindness, to live with such surroundings!" All this said Mary Agnes to me when we were devising ways and means to assist our neglected prodigy.

One day, to a rich amateur, a friend of ours, and a gentleman who wrote delicious and wondrous things about art, we sold two of the sketches in the battered port-folio. The price enabled Luigi Vanessa, at my suggestion, to see how he looked in attire such as rational beings, however poetical, do well to wear. It is a weakness of mine

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not to be able always to see the pathos of shabbiness.

"Pshaw!" said Mary Agnes; "he looks very handsome now, I admit, but so like other people!"

I laughed—not in my sleeve, for I have strong reasons for supposing that to be a feat not yet accomplished, but slyly all the same. What ailed Mary Agnes? For some days past she had had a great deal of color and animation. And Mary Agnes, when I had first met her, had impressed me as the most *blasée* specimen of young ladyhood that I had ever encountered. Indeed, it was *ennui* that had driven her to ritualism, to *sistering* in the pretty, half-nunlike garb of the "order," and to the exercise of charity. Mary Agnes was a rich man's only child, and a pet.

How eloquent she suddenly became as to the carvings of Fauveau, Wagner, Jeanest, Froment-Maurice, and Lienard! How she read and raved about Benvenuto Cellini! And of the Florentine bronze-workers, Donatello, Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, and Giovanni di Bologna, how much she had to relate! Mary Agnes really seemed quite another girl.

In the course of a few weeks more there stood upon her chimney-piece at home a group of swans and heather, with reeds inclining above them, carved by our "great unknown." A cup of scented wood, representing a satyr with pipe of reeds and shaggy goat's feet, served her father to drink withal, while a complete toilet set of cup, jewel-box, and perfume-stand, a crowd of cupids chasing one another, also by Vanessa, ornamented her bureau.

"This is all very well," I mildly remarked one day to my fair friend; "but when do you intend to put the poor fellow in a way to earn an independent livelihood? He may flourish like a flag in a high wind for a month or so on orders like these, but then what?"

"Oh, he is at work on something now that will be perfectly beautiful. A vase, you know. It is to be of silver. I am sure it will bring a huge price."

"How will he buy the silver at last?"

"While he is finishing the model in red wax, I shall manage that with papa, who likes him."

Mary Agnes had not mentioned to me how or when her father had seen the sculptor—for such he was fast becoming—but I afterward learned that Vanessa had dined with the Bartletts and some artists, who had promised to take him "in hand."

Next evening a note from Mary Agnes invited me to her residence, where I found Vanessa and the red wax model of the vase.

"Original? I'm glad of it!" said Mr. Bartlett; "better be original. Though imitation has its difficulties, I admit that I am often reminded of the Irishman and his sweetheart visiting the picture-gallery. 'Afther Raphael? Afther Michael Angelo? I don't understhand it at all, at all, Biddy,' said Patrick, despairingly, gazing at the catalogue. 'How is it that all these fellers that are afther thum never catch 'um?'"

We all looked at the vase. It was wonderfully beautiful. It represented a small rock in the midst of a lakelet, this water being so placed as to form the base of the model, on which was seated a Greek maiden clothed, rather scantily, to be sure, in a chlamyde, and to whom river-nymphs upheld sea-weed and water-lilies, reeds and tiny shells, which, thus uplifted, formed by their combination the overarching edges of the cup. The manipulation was of dream-like delicacy, and every face and form seemed a new type, instead of wearing a wearisome sameness of straight profile and low brow. One laughing nymph, watching the replunging of a funny little turtle, was so deliciously lovely in her laughter that Mr. Bartlett, quite carried away by enthusiasm, at once ordered a figure, enlarged from the same model, and two-thirds the size of life, to be placed, he told us, on the fountain at "Fay's Home," his new villa on the Hudson.

Luigi turned fearfully pale with delight, while I stared, I am afraid, at the merchant, a man whom I had always regarded as cold, impassible, and either above or below enthusiasm.

Mary Agnes had tears of joy in her sweet eyes. The sum proposed by Mr. Bartlett *sur place* for the statue would lift her hitherto obscure man of genius out of the clutch of poverty. She blushed when I whispered that the Greek maiden on the rock looked very much like an American maiden of my acquaintance, who should, of course, be nameless.

III.

Time passed.

Mr. Bartlett, after his first kind appreciation of the youthful talent brought out of darkness by his daughter, did not appear to bestow upon Vanessa any marked attention.

The statue of the Laughing Nymph, completed after the lapse of a year, at the now tasteful abode of the sculptor, was promptly paid for. It was declared to be very beautiful, if not absolutely perfect; wonderful as the work of one so young and altogether self-taught. Other orders soon fell in the way of its creator.

But the gratitude of the young Italian toward his benefactors was intensely felt, if bashfully expressed. He seemed inspired with dutiful respect toward Mr. Bartlett, and I more than once heard of his mounting guard, so to speak, in the neighborhood of the merchant's office when that gentleman remained there till a late hour, respectfully keeping watch over him at a short distance, during a time when accounts of rob-

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beries and of murders daily filled the columns of the city papers.

I did not at that time fully understand all the motives for this devotion; but, as told me afterward by Mary Agnes, they form—her discovery of Luigi being the beginning—the progress and climax of her life romance.

I must retrace my steps, and tell you, my reader, of the first meeting between the father of my friend and a certain individual who understood smiling and being a villain at one and the same time better than any one whom it was ever *my* fate to encounter; and *I* did encounter him, for he appeared one evening, just before dinner, at "Fay's Home," led in by a *littérateur* of whom he had already "fallen foul"—is it not so to do to borrow a cool thousand and never return it?—and by whom he was led up to us, and presented as "Baron Lafarge, a stanch republican."

When my eyes fell upon the countenance of Baron Lafarge I was just endeavoring to answer a little cousin of Mary Agnes's, who desired to be informed "what angels did when it rained," a subject upon which the mind of the diminutive Ella had, I judge, dwelt for some time. I looked at the baron, and the baron looked at me.

The reason why I can not tell, but instantly my soul loathed him. He was corpulent to an atrocious degree, and had a bald, retreating forehead. The bulging eyes—Ella immediately confided to me that they looked as if "somebody had *squeeged* his throat too hard"—were unsteady in their gaze, and the fifty-five very evident years that marked his ruddy, puffy countenance had brought with them neither dignity nor the charm of age.

How very *republican* was the baron in talking with Mr. Bartlett! How he fell in with all his host's views on the subject of foreign as well as American politics! How he discoursed—in his native tongue, of course—about the leading men of what he called *his* party, and how the fluent French fell from his tongue when describing their "ways and manners!" And when matters of religious belief were touched upon, as in all society they almost inevitably are, how well acted the look and manner which, as his countrymen phrase it, would have made the priest give him "the wafer without confession."

Then, when the woes of Italy were discussed—this was just before its unity became an accomplished fact—how skillfully he manœuvred to get at Mr. Bartlett's views before expressing his own, which, when uttered, of course coincided with those of the latter! What fervor of admiration he expressed when, the young artist having appeared late in the evening, the vase was shown, and the statue of the Laughing Nymph, lovely in the silvery moonlight, was pointed out to him! Who can wonder that Mr. Bartlett pronounced his guest "an agreeable man and quite an acquisition?"

Barry Maulevering, the man of letters who had introduced the baron, and to whom I have previously alluded as the writer of wondrous things about art, and the purchaser of Luigi Vanessa's drawings, seemed pleased to find that the guest he had brought had made a good impression. It was fully twelve o'clock when he and the foreign gentleman bowed themselves out.

It was, beyond a doubt, by "ways that were dark" that Baron Lafarge ingratiated himself after that time, and very rapidly, in the favor of Mr. Bartlett, who thought he knew the world, and, indeed, *did* know it to some extent. For, quiet and undemonstrative though the father of Mary Agnes appeared, he had one enthusiasm—interest in the foreign liberal and republican parties.

It had been a whim of his parents to educate him in Germany, and when a student in Heidelberg, and afterward a resident in Paris and Rome, fate had cast Mr. Bartlett into the heart and centre of revolution, and he had shown himself manly under circumstances trying to any man.

So now men told him their dreams. Revolutionists and liberals confided to him their aspirations, and talked of one vision—distant, perhaps, as paradise to those in purgatory—on which their fond hopes dwelt, ay, and in spite of the cup of bitterness since quaffed, still dwell.

Again and again, it afterward appeared, had political exiles coming to America learned the whereabouts of this unwearying sympathizer, this comforter, this giver of substantial aid, this "brother in the bond."

Luigi Vanessa, in conversation with Mary Agnes, had related more than once the piteous story of the death of his father in prison in Italy—placed there, poor old man! for so slight a misdemeanor as would, to an American, seem absurd as a cause of imprisonment—and would declare, when telling the tale of his father's wrongs, that his betrayer had been a Frenchman, who had, in troublous times, revealed the fact of a secret interview between the aged Vanessa and the celebrated Italian patriot M——i. But the betrayer of his father Luigi had never seen. He told Mary Agnes that the name this man had been called by was Destouet. He would find him, he hoped, before he died.

IV.

The soul of Luigi Vanessa was sad.

In the limited space of this story I can not enter into the artist's heart life—a state easily to be guessed; for is it not a matter of course that he should have fallen deeply in love with his lovely benefactress?

How hopelessly he had never fully felt till one day Mr. Bartlett caught the great black eyes of the young sculptor fixed upon his

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daughter's face. They told every thing—love, doubt, pride, humility, and fear.

It was not in unkind words that the merchant took occasion to hint that evening at an "absent and wealthy suitor" for his daughter's hand.

Then, for the first time, Luigi's life lost all joy. He had never spoken of love to the beautiful Beatrice who had led him forth from the *Inferno* of poverty, but he had reason to think that she knew of his passion. Indeed, how should she be blind to what was evident to every one else, although Vanessa had never altered his attitude of distant, respectful adoration? But must it not have been to encourage him to thoughts of a possible golden future that she had so often spoken to him of fame to be won, of the necessity for study, the dignity of art toil, and of art as a *humanizer*, as well as of the value of a high position in the art world? He dared hope, he would dare still, he sometimes said to himself, and dream of a paradise with Beatrice:

"L' angel di Dio, sedendo in sù la porta,"*

and so bore the "sad, sweet straits" the English poet tells us of with courage and patience.

It came to Luigi's knowledge not long after Mr. Bartlett had spoken of the absent and wealthy suitor for his daughter's hand that, beyond doubt, the *soi-disant* Baron Lafarge was neither more nor less than a spy in the imperial pay, sent to discover all things possible of discovery relating to the French and Italian emigration to America—parties infinitely dreaded as movers in foreign revolution. *Now* this had become of great importance, bearing as it did upon the much-dreaded crisis which all felt to be near at hand.

Luigi knew also—for Mr. Bartlett and he spoke often upon such subjects, and, as if to offset the pain he knew he had inflicted of late, the father of Mary Agnes showed great confidence in the young Italian republican—that there had been placed in the hands of the merchant secret letters of great importance relating to the premeditated *grand coup*, as well as a list of such French and Italian liberals as would leave America to take part in it.

It was with great concern, therefore, that he observed that Baron Lafarge hung about the office of Mr. Bartlett in —— Street. *The list and letters were there*, and Luigi suspected that the baron knew it. A hint to the merchant as to what the baron was failed to produce the desired effect, that gentleman—the merchant, I mean—attributing to personal dislike what he called Vanessa's "notions" about the Frenchman. Luigi had involuntarily betrayed that information lately received had led him to suppose Destouet and Lafarge were one—a supposition which Mr. Bartlett looked upon as absurd.

"There is no reason why I should believe this man to be the betrayer of your father," said he to Vanessa one evening, when discussing the matter. "What you say is more conjecture than any thing else. Remember that Mr. Maulevering, an old friend, introduced him to me, and at my house."

"I know for a fact," replied Vanessa, himself the soul of honor in money as in other matters, "that Lafarge has never returned the sums lent him at various times by Mr. Maulevering."

"That is a fact that looks the other way. If he is in the pay of the imperial party, what does he do with the money derived from that source? It would be his *rôle* to pay promptly, you see."

Luigi here replied that respect bade him be silent till events should speak for themselves.

"Meantime, my dear boy," said Mr. Bartlett, "your attitude as my protector in the dim distance—don't imagine that I don't see you hovering over me like a good-looking bat!—strikes me as being romantic to the last degree. That's the trouble with you Italians. Romance! romance! You can't forget that matter-of-fact America is not like the land of the sun and the stiletto."

It was but the next night, however, that Luigi saw Lafarge (the man wore a disguise, but a bad one, on this occasion) lurking about Mr. Bartlett's office. The merchant on several occasions had been detained unusually late.

A voice (he said on after-occasion that it was that of his guardian angel) called to Luigi, and bade him watch well that night.

Let us follow the baron.

How stealthily—this creature had lived all his life a spy, following the vile profession in Spain, France, Italy, and even Mexico—he crept to his place of concealment, a hollow in the passage near the door of Mr. Bartlett's rooms, which had been used in winter for a large box of kindling-wood several feet high, and now empty, but which served to conceal the baron's form by the shadow it projected when the gas, a few feet off in the hall near by, was lit! Tiptoe, he penetrated into the office where the merchant, quite alone, as was frequently the case when he was detained late, sat examining the contents of a red painted tin box, and sorting a parcel of letters. Before him lay a list, *the* list!

At last! The watching of months was at last to be rewarded; the spy would earn his pay. The mean trickery tried in vain at Mr. Bartlett's house, where he had again and again opened desks and boxes with false keys, when left at various times alone for a short time, was at last to meet its recompense.

* "God's angel seated there within the door."—*Dante.*

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Softly the spy crept near. A more rapidly acting agent than even chloroform, and therefore safer for his purpose—to produce sleep, not, *if not necessary*, death—saturated the cambric handkerchief which the distinguished foreigner—so a journal of fashion had called him—held in his hand.

So light his step, so quick his approach, that the handkerchief was already beneath the nostrils of the merchant, and the victim rapidly losing consciousness, when a blow, struck with unerring aim, felled the baron, whose personal comfort was otherwise interfered with by a grip, which dragged him up again by means of its hold on his collar; for, quite as noiselessly and rapidly as he had approached Mr. Bartlett, Luigi Vanessa and a police officer had come upon him, so that the honorable *protégé* of the much-deceived Maulevering, Baron Jules Achille Lafarge—the last *alias* of Anatole Destouet, *mouchard* by profession—was a prisoner!

He did not like the Tombs. He pleaded abjectly, and, for reasons not to be entered into here—except as to one, which was that Mr. Bartlett would not betray, as he feared the bringing the spy to punishment might do, his interest in and efforts for the good cause—the matter was hushed up. It did not get into the papers, and is, up to the time of this narrative being written, strictly "private pudding," of which, sooth to say, the baron did not like the sauce.

The pleading of Mary Agnes induced Vanessa to refrain from punishing the betrayer of his father. Love like Luigi's can make such a concession to its object.

And did the young sculptor, after saving the father's life, marry the daughter?

Dear me! I should have been so glad to have brought my story to an ending that you, my reader, did not expect. But, dealing with facts not unromantic in themselves, I have thought best to leave them in their original simplicity. Vanessa is destined to become famous. Mary Agnes and I are busy on the wedding-clothes.

And—this is where "the laugh comes in"—they say the Prussians have got the baron in prison.

THE SOCIAL PALACE AT GUISE.

THE Social Palace is the term used by its builder to designate the structure he has reared at Guise, France, for the habitation of the nine hundred workmen who earn their daily bread by labor in his foundry; and, as will be seen, this term is most fitly used. All over the civilized world the material questions of life and social organization are pressing for solution, and this not only for the poor, but also for the rich. As the best practical solution of the relations of capital and labor, the Social Palace comes to us fitly from France, now unhappily suffering from the pains inherent in the birth of a new social and political order; and by it, in the future as in the past, France will lead in the inauguration of the increasing happiness of a social system based upon liberty and sympathetic human love.

M. Godin, the owner and builder of the Social Palace—or the Familistère, as he also named it, for the purpose of expressing in its title the fact that it was an abode where the love and sympathetic interest of the members for each other (which, alas! are too frequently simply a tradition in the ordinary household) should make its inmates really a family—has recently published a work entitled "Solutions Sociales," giving an account of its organization, and justly claiming by its title that it contains a solution of the social questions which are exciting such attention among all civilized nations. For making this practical test of solving the problem concerning the relations between labor and capital M. Godin was peculiarly suited both by his natural character and by his experience of life. The son of a working-man, he early in life served his apprenticeship to manual labor, and by the rough usage which this implies learned the condition and needs of those who earn their bread by the actual sweat of their bodies. Even from his childhood he has been possessed with the conviction that the recognition of labor as the basis of social organization was needed in order to introduce the new order of human relations, in which justice, honesty, and mutual sympathy should regulate our collective as well as our individual actions. To quote his own words:

"When, at the age of eight to ten, I was seated on a bench in a village school, where a hundred and forty other children were crowded together in a stifling atmosphere, passing the days in receiving the master's ferule instead of a profitable and regular system of instruction, I often reflected upon the insufficiency and imperfection of the methods of teaching applied to us. Frequently I said to myself, If I was a teacher, I would teach the pupils better than they are taught here; and I asked myself whether I should devote myself to teaching. Soon, however, another thought came to me: No, I shall devote myself to learning the manual arts, for by these I shall have a great example to set the world in the sphere to which I shall devote myself. This persistent idea, at so early an age, is at least a singular fact, especially when considered in connection with the excessive timidity which then I

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displayed in all my actions, and the extreme difficulties which my frail and delicate temperament offered to my engaging in such labor as I saw carried on before me. Despite this, however, at the age of eleven and a half, under the control of the idea that the practice of the manual arts should lead me to play an important part, I commenced to work in iron in my father's workshop, and to take a part greater than my strength would permit in the agricultural work carried on by my relations."

During his apprenticeship, and while making, as a journeyman, the customary tour through France, his attention was directed to the unsatisfactory condition of industry, the inadequate justice of the wages system, and the want of harmony in the social relations of the various classes in the communities through which he passed. It was the time, in the early half of this century, when the study of social questions began to interest the thinkers of France, and the uneasy consciousness of a want of adjustment between the internal and external conditions of the body politic, between the education of labor and its social and political recognition, was seeking expression both in literature and in action. With an active interest in all questions of social development, M. Godin examined carefully all the new theories as they were presented, but found none of them satisfactory until he became acquainted with that of industrial association as proposed by Fourier. Here alone he found a theory which was universal in its application, and proceeded upon the strictly scientific method of studying human nature, and from the facts thus gathered deduced the laws of social harmony. The theory of association is no ideal scheme which requires for its practical application a preternaturally devoted and unselfish set of men. It does not demand the reform of human nature, any more than musical harmony requires the destruction of the differences and discords of the musical notes of the scale, or that they shall all be reduced to a dull uniformity of quality and sound, even though the standard selected should be that of the sweetest and most musical. As all the natural systems of science are merely formulæ to express the constant relation of the phenomena with which they deal, so Fourier, in his theory of association, laid the basis of a real social science, and M. Godin, in the Familistère, has made the first practical application of its fundamental principles.

Having commenced a new industry in France—that of replacing the use of sheet iron in stoves by the use of cast iron—M. Godin thus laid the foundation of the large industry which now is carried on at the Familistère. With the increased success of his business, and the necessity thus created for employing other men to aid in carrying on its processes, the opportunity was afforded him for continuing his study of the relations of capital and labor from the stand-point of the capitalist. In this position, however, no less than in that of a workman, he brought to the study of his duties the same love of justice and the enlarged human sympathy which are so characteristic of his course of life, while the wealth which his business foresight and enterprise brought him now afforded him better means and opportunities for the study of social questions, and for making practical attempts for their solution. The abolition of the discontented quarrels which lead to strikes and lock-outs he effectually brought about in his own case by an exhibition of the spirit of human sympathy, and the simple recognition of the necessity and advantage in this human relation, as in every other, of a conference between the two parties at interest, in which mutual good sense and fairness should be brought to bear upon the question in dispute. He had not needed this, however, to convince him that human nature was the same, whether living in a hovel or a palace, or that the question of development is one simply of conditions; and he soon saw that it was necessary to supply these conditions. The antagonism of the present social relations of labor and capital is no more to be removed by a reduction of the hours of labor, or an increase in wages, than that of the political relations which arose between the colonies and the mother country was to be settled by the removal of the hated tax on tea. It was a question of principle, of political freedom and equality, in the one case, and it is in the other a question of social freedom and equality. In our political relations the world has risen from the isolation of the savage horde, to whom each stranger is a natural enemy, to the sentiment of national sympathy, and the conviction of the universal brotherhood of man. Modern civilization has also in our social relations commenced to realize the necessity for supplementing the isolation of individual effort by the support of the collective aid of society. Our public-school system is an evidence of this; our boards of health, our police, our insurance methods, the joint-stock principle applied to industrial pursuits, are each of them evidences that in an imperfect and tentative way society is inevitably but unconsciously tending in this direction. But while the isolation necessarily inherent in our methods of domestic life continues, it is manifestly impossible that industry should obtain the culture which comes alone from social sympathy and friendly association with our fellow-men. The tenement-house system has kept pace with the growth of the public school, and its influences upon the young are of necessity greater than those of the school, since the child is brought more intimately into rela-

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tion with them, and since he is subjected to their injurious influences more hours of the day.

The thought of the thousands of human beings whose lives are passed, from their cradles to their graves, without any opportunity of sleeping or living in a well-ventilated or decently furnished room, who have never sat down to a well-cooked or properly served meal, who have never enjoyed an hour's social intercourse surrounded with the conditions of culture and refinement which the wealth their toil produces has prepared for others—the thought of this can not but be present to the hearts and minds of every one who recognizes the fact of our common humanity, and is aware of how he himself is the result of conditions.

Aware of this, M. Godin felt the necessity of building a house which, in its construction, should foster the spirit of social sympathy, while its arrangements should interfere in no way with the domestic privacy of its inmates; and which also, by its air, its decoration, and its character, should impress upon every one who entered it the dignity of the vocation of industry, to which the lives of those for whom it was erected were devoted. It was no improved tenement-house which he wanted, and still less was he desirous of erecting a set of model workmen's homes, where the narrowness of the garden patch, the smallness of the rooms, the crowded and confined arrangement of the whole interior, should suggest constantly to those who dwelt in them the narrowness of their own fortunes, and the pittance of enjoyment with which the present constitution of society insists upon their remaining contented and happy. It was well enough for such men as Napoleon the Third to bid for the admiration of the pseudo-liberality of his time by designing and erecting such model houses for industry at Mulhouse and elsewhere. It was a part of the sham statesmanship which characterized the whole imperial régime. Nor did M. Godin wish to erect a vast structure, which, from a feeling of sentimental philanthropy, tempered with a desire for personal notoriety, should be a charity to those who were fortunate or unfortunate enough to live in it, to be admired and wondered at by the thoughtless, somewhat as the luxurious stables which other men, whose taste leads them to take greater interest in the well-being of their horses than in that of their fellow-men, have erected from their superfluous wealth. This was to be a social palace, and, as it was to inaugurate a new era of social life, there was but little architectural precedent by which to be aided in planning its construction. Though M. Godin himself is far from claiming that in the Familistère he has attained all that it is possible to attain in the new era of social architecture, yet he deserves great credit for what he has done; and so just was the method he used in the study of the problem which he sought to solve, that though the future will unquestionably see extensions and enlargements made upon it, yet they must be made in accordance with the principles which he has here first practically realized.

The plot of ground occupied by the Familistère and its dependencies consists of about eighteen acres, and, as will be seen from the general plan, is divided into two parts by the river Oise, which flows in a winding course through the grounds. The Familistère is upon one side of the stream, and the buildings of the foundry upon the other. Connection between them is had by a bridge. In the illustration on page 705 a portion of the foundry buildings has been of necessity omitted, but their position is sufficiently indicated. The general plan of the Familistère comprises three chief buildings united together. The structure was built in this form from the force of circumstances. The increase of M. Godin's manufacturing operations having attracted a large number of workmen to the town of Guise, it became necessary to provide some place for them to live, and as the idea of the Familistère was new, and experiment alone could show whether it would be a success or not, a first building was erected, and afterward the others as additions. As M. Godin says:

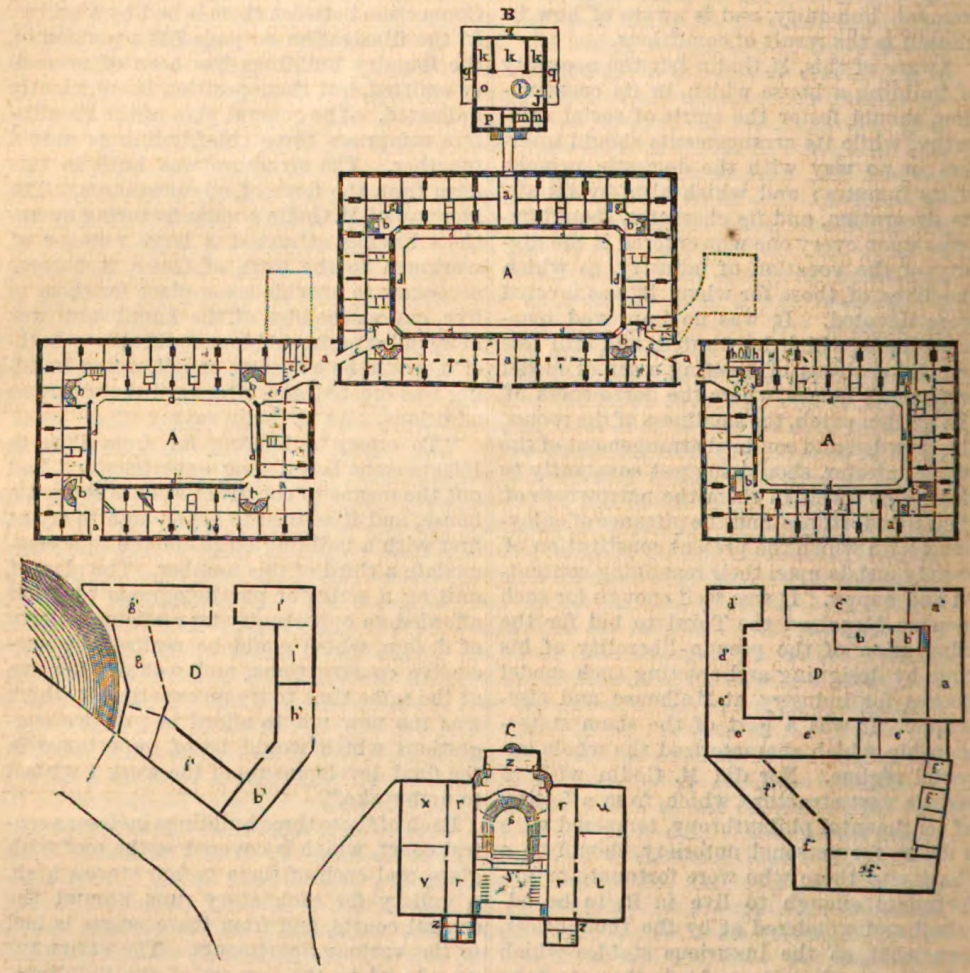
"To create a lodging for from 1200 to 1500 persons is a daring experiment; I had not the means to construct at once so vast a house, and it seemed to me enough to try at first with a building large enough to accommodate a third of this number. The plan of uniting a series of parallelograms together afforded an opportunity for realizing a unity of design, which could be realized by successive constructions, and would allow me at the same time to try an experiment which was too new not to afford in practice suggestions which would be of importance in the final developments of the work I wished to undertake."

Each of these three buildings incloses a central court, which is covered at the roof with glass, and each of them is four stories high. A gallery for each story runs around the central courts, and from these access is had to the various apartments. The stairways are placed in the corners of the buildings. The central building measures 195 feet front by 120 deep.* The interior court measures 135 feet by 60. The other two buildings measure—the one upon the left 150 feet by 114, with an interior court 54 feet by 90; the other, on the right, 162 feet by 150. The courts are paved with cement, and upon each

* The measures are given in *metres*, which are a little more than three feet each. They are here given as yards, and consequently somewhat underestimated.

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floor there are communications connecting the three buildings, so that the circulation through the entire palace is ample and easy. A cellar extends under the entire structure; that part which is under the dwelling portions is subdivided into compartments for the individual use of the residents, that under the interior courts is used for keeping the wines, vegetables, and other stores for the consumption of the population of the Familistère. The entire structure is built of brick, and the division walls run from the foundation to the roof, as a protection from the spread of fire, in case such an accident should occur. These walls are placed at regular distances of thirty feet. During the winter the entrance doors to the palace are put up, turning upon pivots in the middle, so that the smallest child can easily open them. They are also provided with a spring which closes them after the entrance of any one. During the summer these doors are removed, so as to give free passage to the air. The staircases placed at the corners of the buildings are semicircular, with the intention of furnishing an easy passage to children, who can more readily ascend the small end, while grown people prefer the broader portion of the steps. The galleries at each story, about the central courts,

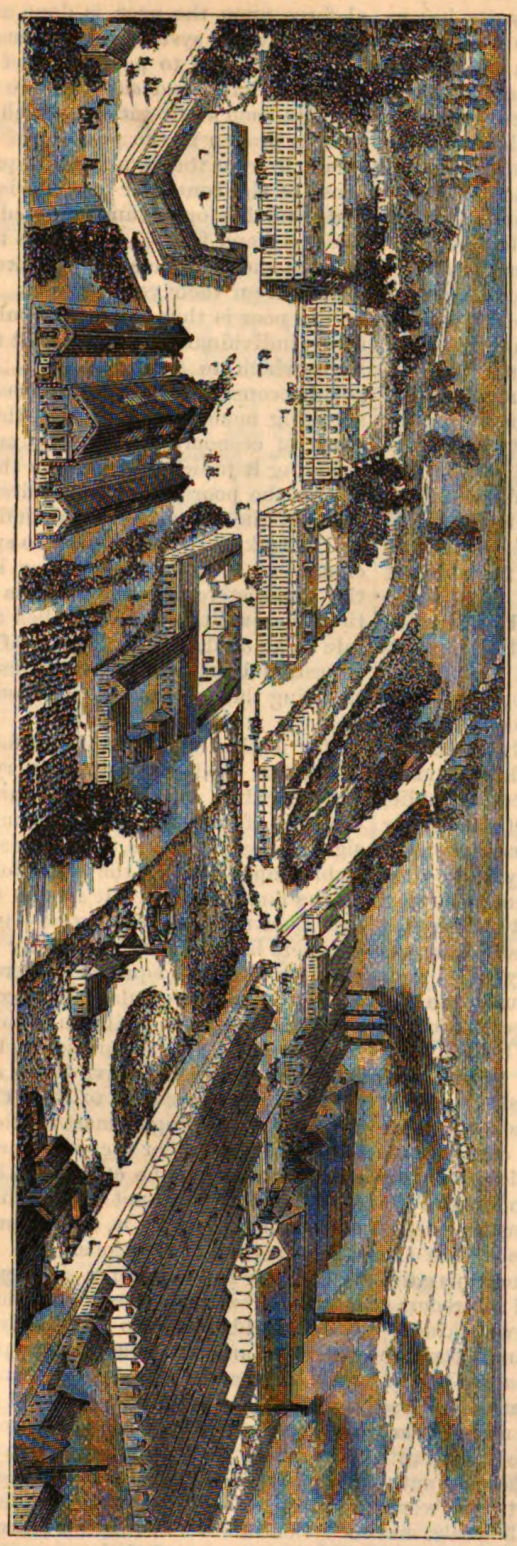


GENERAL PLAN OF THE FAMILISTÈRE.

[The buildings of the foundry are on the other side of the river Oise, and are not shown in this plan.]

A. Interior courts of the palace.—*a*. Entrances, exits, and passages on the ground-floor.—*b*. Staircases from the cellar to the garret.—*c*. Passages on every story.—*d*. Galleries for the general circulation, communicating with the staircases and passages on every story, and running round the interior courts, so as to serve for means of communication between the lodgings.—*e*. Water-closets and pipes for slops on every story; the dotted lines indicate the ditches outside of the building.—*f*. Fountains on every story.—*g*. Traps for sweepings.—*h*. Bath-rooms.—*i*. Shops for provisions: groceries, wines, liquors, cloth, under-clothing, shoes, clothes, etc.—B. Halls for young children.—*j*. Nursery.—*k*. Halls for the cradles, and beds for the nurses.—*l*. Walk for infants from 0 to 2 years old.—*m*. Office.—*n*. Water-closets for the children and the nurses.—*o*. Pouponnat promenades and hall for the gymnastic exercises of the children from 2 to 4 years old.—*p*. Hall for sleeping, and for the first lessons of the children 4 years old.—*q*. Promenade on the outside, and covered, connecting with the lawn of the garden.—C. Halls for general education and instruction.—*r*. Lawn and court of entry to the schools: means of communication with the hall for conferences.—*s*. Hall for the general reunion of the children, for conferences, and for the theatre.—*t*. Bambinat, or asylum: hall for children from 4 to 6 years old.—*u*. School for the third class: children from 6 to 8 years old.—*v*. School for the second class: boys and girls from 8 to 10 years old.—*x*. School for the first class: boys and girls from 10 years and over.—*y*. Stage of the theatre.—*z*. Vestibule of the first floor, greenroom of the theatre, and hall for the councils and for the orchestra, on the first story.—*z'*. Water-closets.—D. Buildings for domestic industry.—*a'*. Butchery and preparation of meats.—*b'*. Kitchen.—*c'*. Restaurant.—*d'*. Shops for the sale of drinks, and for games.—*e'*. Coach-house.—*f'*. Stables, pigpens, and poultry-yards.—*g'*. Bakery.—*h'*. Café, casino.—*i'*. Various workshops.

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THE FAMILISTÈRE OR SOCIAL PALACE AT GUISE, FRANCE.

are four feet wide. Their balustrades are three feet high, and are placed near enough together to prevent any child from passing his head between them, while their height prevents him also from climbing over them. Experience has shown that this width of these galleries is sufficient for the circulation, while they do not extend so far into the court as to interfere with the light from the glass roof at the top of the court in the lower stories of the building. These galleries afford an admirable stand-point from which to overlook the court, the children playing there, or, on occasion of the fêtes, the proceedings which are carried on below. From the galleries access is had to the apartments by means of a passage, which serves as an entrance to two apartments. As will be seen from an examination of the plan of the Familistère, the apartments are so arranged that a single room, or a lodging of two rooms, or as many more as may be desired, can be had. This allows the families to extend and contract their quarters with their own extension and contraction. In its construction it was necessary to provide lodgings which should be afforded at prices not higher than workmen could obtain elsewhere in the town such accommodations as are generally afforded to labor. It was not to be expected that the workmen were to be induced to occupy better accommodations, at higher prices, on account of their superior advantages. The question with labor is of necessity simply one of price, and a very small advance in rent makes a serious diminution in the pittance of wages.

At the same time, however, by a judicious use of his materials, by such a comprehension of the problem he had to solve as was gained only by the patient study of years, guided by a large-hearted love of his kind, and by making full use of the economies which are attained by operating at wholesale, M. Godin has succeeded in producing a building of which he speaks, with modest truthfulness, as follows:

"It can be readily understood that whatever may be the simplicity of its architectural execution, yet the result has been an

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edifice which is remarkable by its importance. Even though we notice some planning in its construction, though the façades are studied for effect, and the architecture is careful, yet none the less we find that it is not one of those habitations which proclaim the poverty and suffering of their inmates, but that it is a remarkable palace, in which the workman's lodging is completely transformed, where his life is provided with entirely different conditions, where resources of every kind offer him the conditions for well-being which it is impossible to realize in any other way for the working classes.

"The Social Palace is, then, not only a better shelter than the isolated house of the workman, it is also an instrument for his well-being, his individual dignity and progress. It is precisely because it affords him the right conditions for the full development of his *physical* life, that it opens to the world a new horizon for our *moral* life; if it were not so, it would miss the end for which it was designed."

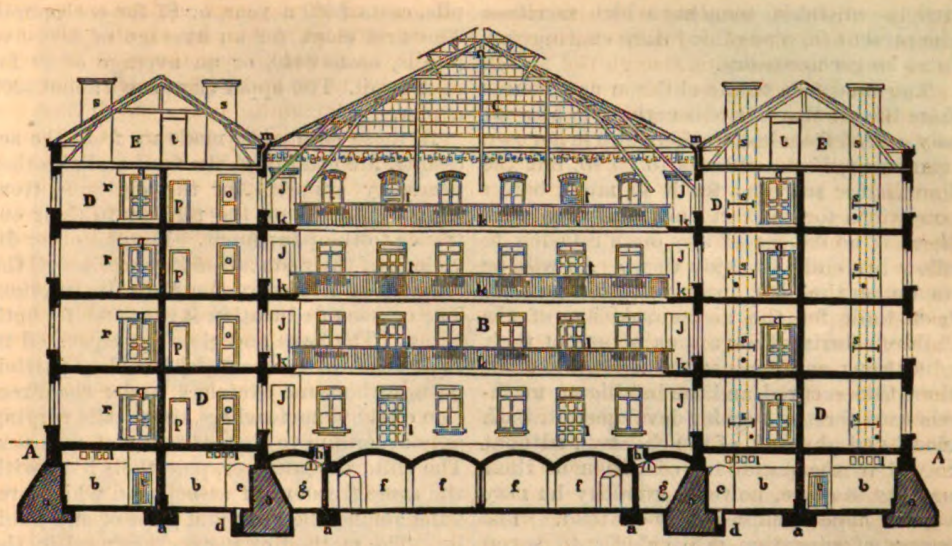
The accommodations afforded by the Familistère, if they were arranged as our villages usually are, would spread the population, which is now brought together in a sympathetic union, over a space a mile or two square. By it some fifteen hundred persons are enabled to see each other, to visit, attend their domestic duties, meet in public, or purchase their supplies, without going from under cover, and regardless of the condition of the weather. Not only is the time thus saved, and the convenience of living thus gained, most desirable, but the general industrial spirit of the whole establishment is constantly exciting to activity, since each member sees constantly all around him the evidences that his labor is directly productive, and productive for his own benefit. For the children, too, the schools are near at hand, and the parents can constantly oversee their progress in their classes, and their behavior at play among their companions. This facility of social communication, with the spirit which actuates it, renders the Social Palace peculiarly efficacious in raising the moral and intellectual standard of the people, the necessary leisure being thus gained for the cultivation of social intercourse, for reading, and for culture of every kind.

In the lower story of the Familistère are the shops of various kinds necessary to supply the wants of the inhabitants. These are attended, managed, and the accounts are kept by persons from among the inhabitants of the Familistère who have shown a natural aptitude and an attraction to this work. The supplies are bought at wholesale, and sold at a small profit, sufficient to pay the expenses, and a little more, which is used also as a part of the general wealth for the benefit of all. By this means the oppression of commerce, which weighs with exceptional force upon the poor, is done away with. In our present system he who has the least money is forced to pay the most for every thing he buys, and suffers more than any one else from adulteration. Each time that bulk is broken in the passage of industrial products from the hands of the producer to those of the consumer expense is incurred, and a further opportunity offered for adulteration; and to these additions to the cost of what they consume the poor are forced to submit from their very poverty. Economy to the poor is thus rendered doubly impossible; individually they have not the money with which to be economical. To many people economy is supposed to consist in not spending money; but, in fact, the very essence of economy is spending money, and spending it judiciously. From the exercise of this the poor are debarred, first, by their want of the money to spend, and secondly, by the lack of the conditions to spend judiciously what little money they have. In the Familistère, however, by its organization, the quality of the supplies offered for sale is assured, the dealing is of necessity honest, and the poor have the facilities for spending their pittance as judiciously as the rich.

Nor is this all. The shops for the sale of various goods—shoes, millinery, hosiery, cloths, and so on — keep constantly under the eyes of each one of the population the sight of useful articles, and suggest the profitable employment of the wages for the good of the family. Hence it results that, however poor the inmates may be—and the Familistère has received very many such—the children are never squalid. There is a public sentiment of emulation concerning the appearance of the children; they are all well dressed. The parents, seeing them gathered together four or five times a day, and marching in procession to their classes, can not escape a feeling of mortification if their own children appear ragged or neglected in comparison with the others. The fault is theirs, and they can not avoid being sensible of it, and remedying it, even though at the cost of personal privations.

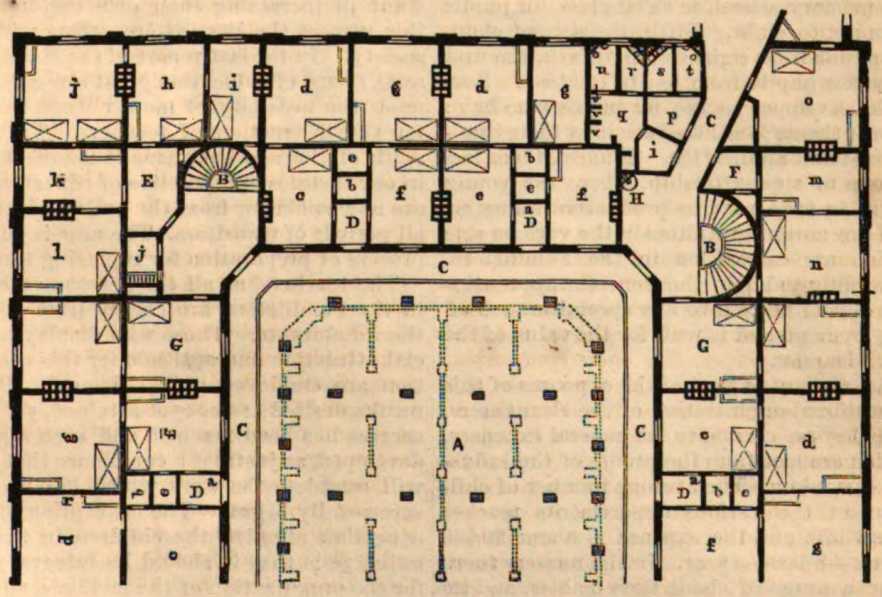
Thus for the children a sure escape is organized from the misery and mortification which children are so constantly forced to suffer by an unfavorable comparison with their companions, and the culture of contentment and happiness, instead of that of privation and suffering, is secured to them from their earliest infancy. In fact, from their birth the Familistère has organized the conditions for the comfort and development of its children. In the first place, it adopts all its orphans, and their support until they are old enough to earn their own living is assumed by the collective wealth of the association. In this way the care and anxiety for the future is removed from the parents,

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TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE CENTRAL PORTION OF THE FAMILISTÈRE.

A. Cellar.—*a*. Foundation.—*b*. Cellar under the edifice.—*c*. Corridor for the cellars.—*d*. General drainage of the cellars, in which are placed the pipes for distributing water to every story of the edifice, and for the reservoirs placed under the eaves.—*e*. Special entrance to the cellars, agreeing with the front of the building.—*f*. Cellars under the court.—*g*. Under-ground passages for ventilation.—*h*. Openings for ventilating the courts.—*i*. Pipes for ventilating the apartments, placed between the top of the vaults and the floor of the first story.—B. Interior court: the first floor and the upper stories.—*j*. Entrances to the passages, the stairways, and the fountains.—*k*. Galleries for circulating about the court, made by the projection of the beams of the floor in each story.—*l*. Entrances to the lodgings.—C. Glass roof, covering the court and the galleries.—*m*. Passage for the gutters to the inside of the building, passing among the beams of the garret to the leaders placed on the outside.—*n*. Ventilation cap.—D. Interior of lodgings.—*o*. Entrance door, opening on the vestibule.—*p*. Closet, serving as a buffet, or dresser, to keep housekeeping utensils in, etc.—*q*. Wardrobes.—*r*. A door made in the masonry, allowing the two apartments to be united.—*s*. Tubes of the chimney, and for the ventilation of the rooms.—E. Garrets.—*t*. Corridors.



PLAN OF THE APARTMENTS AND PUBLIC PASSAGES OF THE CENTRAL PORTION OF THE FAMILISTÈRE.

A. Interior court, paved with cement: the small squares marked in the centre are used to light the cellar; those around the circumference serve for the ventilation of the court; the pillars of the vaults and the walls of separation are shown by the dotted lines.—B. Staircases, going from the cellar to the garret.—C. Galleries for circulating from one court to another, on every story, communicating with the staircases.—D. A group of lodging-rooms, each of two chambers, which can be made a suit of four rooms.—*a*. Vestibule for both lodgings.—*b*. Dressing-closet for the lodging on the left, *c* and *d*.—*e*. The same for the lodging on the right, *f* and *g*.—⊠. Beds.—□. Wardrobe, which goes with the lodging.—⊟. Chimneys and pipes for ventilation.—E. Two lodgings: one of three chambers, *h*, *i*, *j*, the other of two chambers, *k*, *l*, which together can be made into an apartment of five chambers.—F. Two lodgings: the one of two chambers, *m*, *n*, the other of one chamber, *o*, which together can be made into an apartment of three rooms.—G. Lodging of two chambers without a vestibule.—H. Fountains placed over cement, between the iron girders, and so arranged that the water flows into the basin, and the discharge pipe under the cock.—I. Water-closets, lighted during the day by large windows, and at night by gas.—*p*. Vestibule, the women's entrance.—*q*. Vestibule, the men's entrance.—*r*, *s*. Seats.—*t*, *u*. Sinks set in cement; they serve also for slops; water is supplied to them by cocks.—*v*. Urinal, on the first floor only.—J. Closets and traps for sweepings, on every story: a large channel allows the dust and sweepings to descend to the cellar, where they are removed every day by the service of the house.

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and the mistaken economy which sacrifices the present for a possible future contingency is no longer necessary.

The education of the children commences from the cradle. There is nothing to prevent any mother from keeping her child in her own apartment, if she chooses to do so, but the Familistère provides for it so much better conditions for comfort and happiness that there is no danger of any one's refusing to allow her child to enjoy them. As will be seen upon the plan, spacious buildings have been built for the accommodation of the children during the various phases of their education; and against the material conditions thus secured, and the intelligent methods used for the regular development, both moral and physical, of the children, without regard to the pecuniary condition of their parents, no one, however wealthy he may be, can hope to successfully contend. The course of education is divided into seven classes, each of which has its own set of teachers and directors, together with its own accommodations and its own appliances.

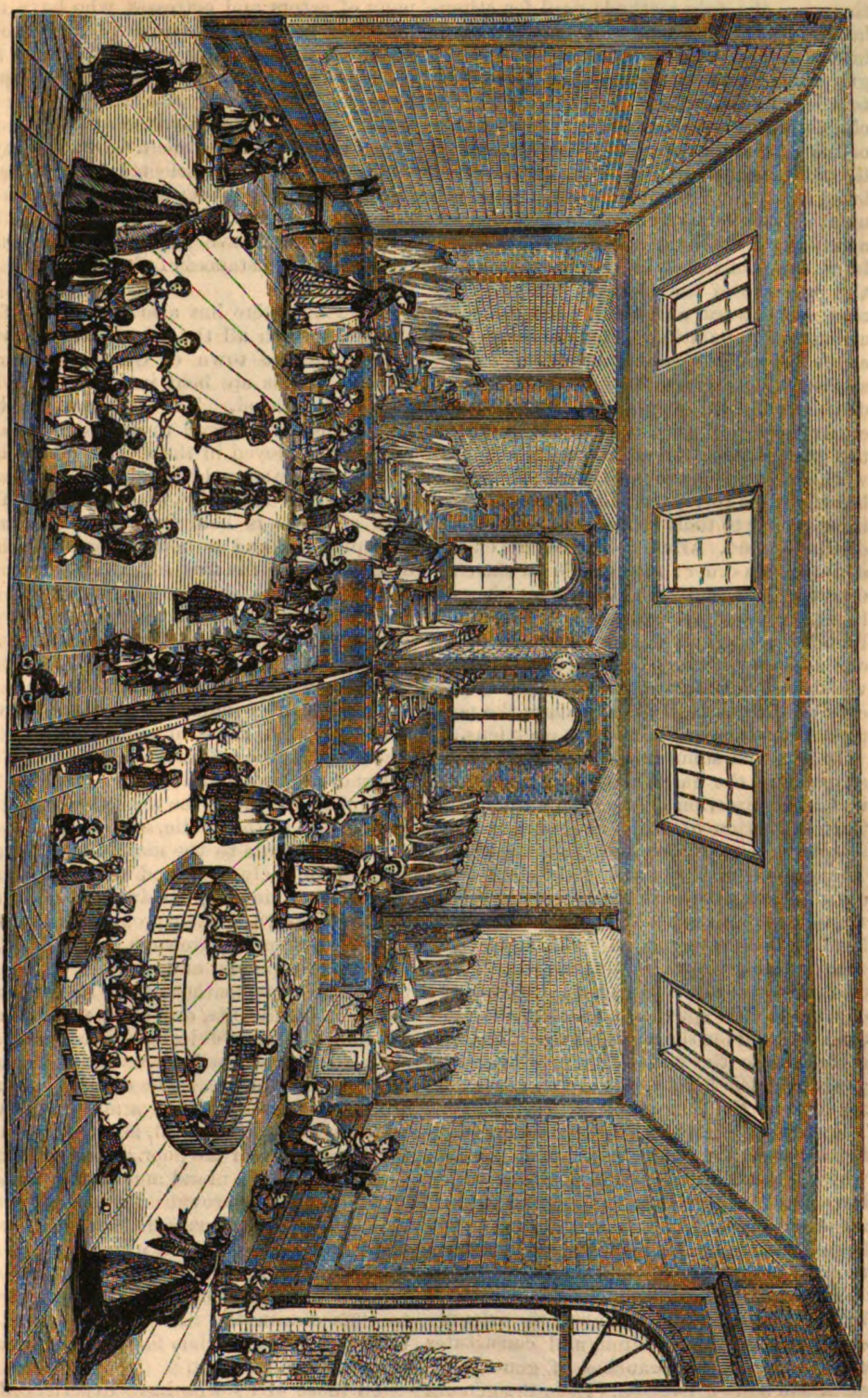
First, there is the nursery for the babies, from birth until about the age of twenty-six to twenty-eight months. Second, the pouponnat, for children who can walk, up to those four years of age. Third, the bambinat, for children from four to six. Fourth, the primary school, or third class, for pupils from six to eight. Fifth, the second class, for pupils from eight to ten. Sixth, the first class, for pupils from ten to thirteen. Seventh, the upper course, for pupils who have shown themselves fitted for it by their intelligence and application. Finally, there is a system of apprenticeship, where the young begin to take part in productive industry, and are taught gratuitously the various arts which are carried on in the Familistère. According to his inclinations, the apprentice can devote himself to any special branch of employment, and is paid for the value of the work he does.

An account is kept of the expenses of this educational organization of the Familistère, and they are carried to the general expenses, which are met from the profits of the industry carried on. The average number of children in the various departments reaches about 320, and the expense is about 20,000 francs—$4000—a year. In the nursery there is an average of about forty babies, and its cost is about $2000, making an average of about $50 a year for each child, or less than 20 cents a day. The pouponnat contains an average of about forty children, and its cost is about $160 a year, or $4 yearly for each child. The bambinat has an average of about eighty children, and costs $400 a year, or $5 for each child. The third class costs, for an average of forty-five pupils, $280 a year, or a little over $6 for each pupil. The second class, for an average of sixty-five pupils, costs $460 a year, or $7 for each pupil. The first class, for an average of fifty-five pupils, costs $440, or an average of $8 for each pupil. The upper class costs about $200 a year.

In these estimates, made up from the accounts, are comprised the food and all other necessary supplies for the children, from their entrance into the nursery to their entrance to the pouponnat. For the other divisions of their education it comprises all the appliances necessary for their instruction. The course of education is the same for both sexes. The boys and girls are separated in their seats in the schools, but they participate in the same exercises, under the direction of the same teachers, the details varying only according to the aptitudes of each sex. The children, however, pass their lives with the same freedom of association which prevails among the boys and girls of any family. The method of instruction used in the Familistère is that of reasoning and persuasion. The object is to realize, as far as possible, the theory of teaching by attraction. The chief difficulty has been to find the teachers—persons who, impressed with the utility and importance of their function, should be enthusiastic in their work, and at the same time conscious of its demands, be zealous in preparing themselves, and constant in increasing their own culture. In this respect the Familistère suffers with all society. In the last report of the Massachusetts Board of Education great stress is laid upon the necessity of more normal schools for the instruction of teachers. The new spirit of the age has made it manifest that in our theories and practice of education we are now suffering from the evils incident to all periods of transition. The new is only in process of preparation for replacing the old.

The teachers, as all the persons occupied in the Familistère, are chosen from among the inhabitants. Those who display a special attraction and aptitude for this occupation are employed in it. Though all the results desired are not yet attained, yet such success has been reached, and such a spirit developed, as justifies a confidence that time will complete the work which has been so successfully begun. The conception of the education afforded the children in the Familistère is that it should be integral; but for the organization of the methods, and for obtaining the conditions necessary for securing this completely, time and experience are still needed. In order, however, to supplement as far as possible the instruction of the schools, the persons employed in the industrial pursuits give instruction in mechanics, geometry, lineal design, vocal and instrumental music, and other branches to the pupils. Here, where the process of education has been so organized that the public spirit of the parents as well as that of the

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INTERIOR OF THE FOUNDLING AND NURSERY.

pupils themselves is secured as a support for the instructors, the necessity for using no other methods of government than purely moral ones has been most triumphantly demonstrated. All corporeal punishment is abolished, and the only penalty used is depriving the refractory of their pleasures. Rewards, decorations, distinctions, complimentary grades, and the publicity given to these, together with an organized system of recrea-

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tions, are the only methods used for stimulating the enthusiasm and friendly emulation of the pupils. The decorations are given the children once a week, according to their progress; and in deciding this a child's record is compared not only with that of his classmates, but with itself. Besides this, a friendly emulation between the classes is organized, and on the first Sunday of each month the collective honors thus gained are awarded. This ceremony takes place in the large court of honor of the Familistère, in the presence of the councils and the committees of award, and before the eyes of the assembled population. Medals worn with scarfs of various colors, according to the section which wears them, are the signs of distinction. In every class the division, either boys or girls, which has obtained the greatest number of recompenses for its work during the previous week or month, has the right to precede the other divisions in marching to their class-rooms for the succeeding period. After each recess the classes defile in this order: A bell calls all the children together, and each child takes his rank in the procession according to his merit. Banners of various devices mark the various studies to which the sections are devoted, and thus before the eyes of their parents each child is made to declare the position which he owes to his own exertions.

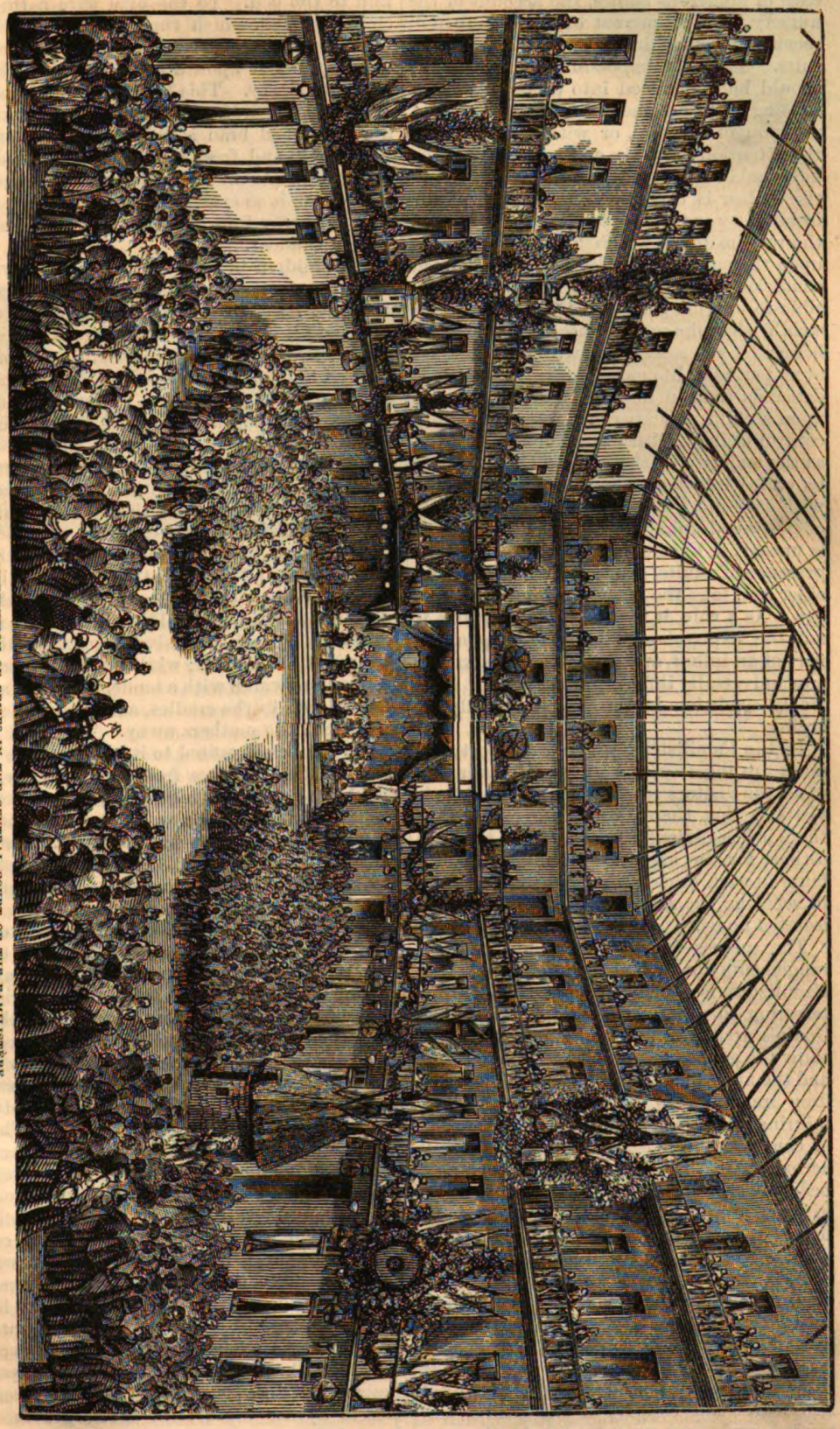
During the summer the children are instructed in the gardens of the Familistère, under the direction of the head gardener, in the cultivation of fruits and flowers, and also in a respect for the labor of others. The groups of boys and girls elect from among themselves leaders and sub-leaders, whose duty it is to see that the orders of the head gardener are carried out, and that the groups do not injure the plantations. These elections are made every week. In order to encourage this spirit of industry, the children are paid for the work they perform, and according to the skill they display. The gardens of the Familistère are an important adjunct in the education of the children. They are open to them all the time for playing and walking, while a reserved portion, which is specially laid out in winding walks, lawns, and other landscape effects, is used for promenades of the classes, and the privilege of enjoying it is keenly appreciated by the children.

The theatre is also one of the means used by the Familistère to stimulate the friendly emulation of the children, and constitutes one of the higher branches of general instruction and cultivation. Here the general lessons are received, declamations are held, and entertainments given, which form an amusement for the whole population. Those pupils who distinguish themselves by their excellence in reading, and by the politeness of their manners, are chosen to form a company of actors and actresses, who have the honor of presenting plays. The theatre is provided with scenery and a wardrobe for their use. Here the most intelligent pupils have the opportunity of learning to speak well in public, to improve their carriage and general ease of deportment. By the plays, which are carefully selected, or composed especially for them, they are given lessons in history, in science, in true social morality, which, as they have learned them in the happiest circumstances of their youth, they never forget.

The Familistère has also two yearly festivals, in which all the population and visitors from the town of Guise take part. These festivals are held in honor of labor and of childhood. The first rewards the labor of those engaged in its industry, and of those employed in the service of the Familistère; the second rewards the labors and the progress made by the children. The first of these is held in May, the second in September, and in both of them the children are given the first seats, either to witness the prizes awarded to their fathers and mothers, or those received by themselves for their merits. These festivals are held in the grand court of the central building, which is decorated with trophies and emblems of industrial pursuits for the first, and with those of education for the second, while the galleries are festooned with garlands of flowers and foliage. During the festival of childhood the works of the pupils are exposed to the public, and all the classes, from the infants to the most advanced pupils, are publicly rewarded with the prizes they have gained by their good conduct, their industry, and their progress during the year. These prizes are such as are suitable to their recipients, and consist of books, boxes of paints, mathematical instruments, musical instruments, and other various useful and desirable objects. The recipients are also crowned with wreaths of silvered or gilt laurel leaves. The smaller children are presented with the toys and playthings which are so sadly missed, as a general rule, by the children of the poor. Thus the gratification of all the moral and physical wants of the children is provided for as far as possible by the organization of the Familistère, and the attraction to pleasure, which is so strong in children, is made use of as one of the best means for exciting them to industry, in order to thus obtain the right to use the playthings or the materials for their moral and physical development.

To those of us who have experienced in our own isolated households the entire destruction of the usual orderly quiet of domestic life which is caused by the advent of a baby, or who have in our boarding-houses and summer resorts passed a wretched existence from the disorganizing pres-

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THE FESTIVAL OF LABOR.—DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES IN THE CENTRAL COURT OF THE FAMILISTÈRE.

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ence of numerous babies, the account of the nursery and pouponnat of the Familistère seems like some fairy story of impossible results. Is it not impossible that an infant should be introduced into a house without causing it to become immediately a sort of museum of napkins, or without occupying the attention of all the adult members of the household from sunrise round again to sunrise? Nor is this the worst feature of the isolated home to those who feel conscious of the responsibility which naturally devolves upon the parents of a child. In our isolated condition of living it is absolutely impossible to provide the conditions requisite for a child's happiness. Our necessities as social beings for the association with our kind are at no period of life more peremptory in their demands than in infancy. Nature imposes upon a child an imperious desire to obtain control of its faculties by their exercise, and as the majority of these are such as can not be called into action except by association with our kind, its lonely condition is a source of continued unhappiness for an infant. It is uneasy, it knows not why. Nor can the presence of adults, or even of children of an older age, take the place of those of its own age. As a rule, it is evident that crying is not the expression of happiness upon the part of an infant, and every one of us knows how universally infants protest against their lonely condition in the isolated family by crying.

In the Familistère, where some forty infants are together, the universal testimony of all the visitors who have written of their visits is that there is no crying, and that there is less difficulty in organizing the conditions for the happiness of these forty infants in each other's company than there is in securing the same for a single one in an isolated home.

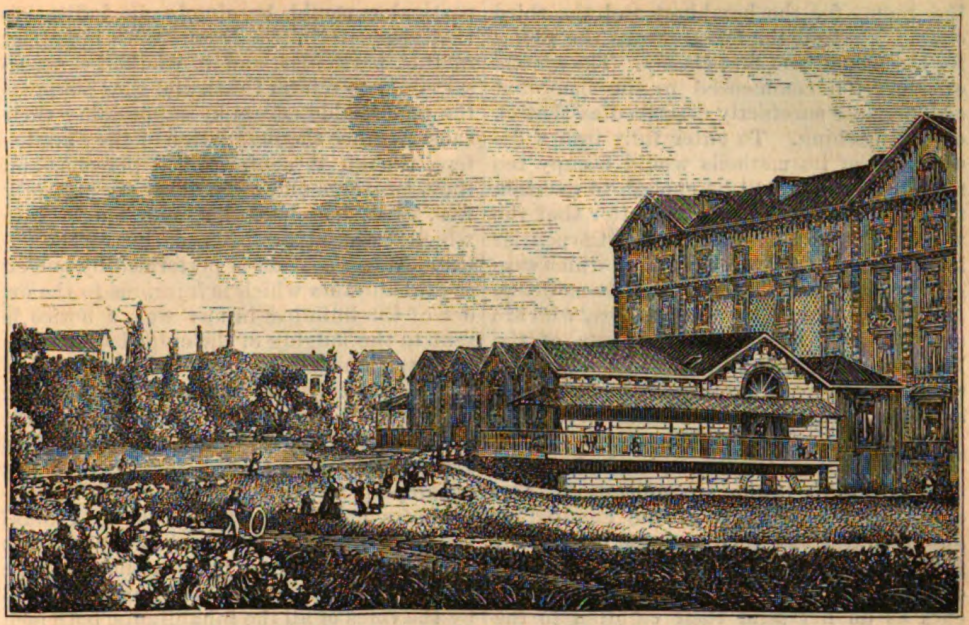
The success which has attended the arrangements for the young children in the Familistère is so marked that it will be interesting to quote somewhat at length M. Godin's description of it. The illustrations show the general disposition of the nursery, and the appliances by which the young children are taught to walk without danger of injuring themselves, and without the need of constant supervision. The nursery will accommodate fifty infants, besides the nurses' beds, and is provided with ample closets, a kitchen, water-closets, baths, and other offices. It is warmed, lighted all night, supplied with water, and well ventilated. The infants sleep in beds of a peculiar construction, which have been found to be the best by the Familistère after numerous experiments. The cradles consist of a stout iron wire bent into the form of an oval. This is supported upon an iron stand at the head and foot. The support at the head is extended, and bent over to uphold the curtain to the bed. To the oval wire a thick cloth is laced, which thus forms the bed. Upon this cloth is spread three or four inches of bran, and upon a cloth covering this the child sleeps. This bran mattress is not penetrated by wet. When the child wakes the dampened bran is easily removed as a small cake, and fresh bran put in its place. Experience has shown that upon this simple bed, which is so easily kept sweet, the child does not suffer from cold in winter, nor from heat in summer.

The children in the Familistère are never rocked to sleep. Their education commences from the first. They are taught to go to sleep, and it is "a pleasure," writes M. Godin, "to see them put to bed awake, like grown persons, and go to sleep without crying, and wake up in the same way. The suppression of rocking is another conquest over the errors of routine.

"In the Familistère neither abandonment, want of cleanliness, inanition, poverty, nor indigestion are any longer the causes of that mortality among young children to which society closes its eyes. In the palace the child receives all the attention demanded by its age. The halls of the nursery and the pouponnat are in the building itself, near to the home of each one, always open to the child and the mother, while night and day good nurses watch with a tender care over all the children in the cradles, as soon as their affairs call the mothers away. The child is in the conditions suited to its age, in the society of its kind, free from that loneliness which is so often for children separated from their natural companions a torment which they seek to escape by cries and tears. Forty infants in the nursery of the Familistère are less tiresome and annoying than a single one in an isolated home."

The education of the children begins even from their tenderest age. Much of it, of course, results from the well-organized arrangement of the rooms, from the material cares with which they are surrounded, the general cleanliness in which they are placed, and especially the choice of the nurses, for it is the maternal sentiment which is the best auxiliary of early education, when this sentiment is directed by science and reason. The exercises of the children at this early age are not numerous. They consist in waiting, without crying, when they awake, until their turn comes to be attended to; to eat in their turn, without trying to take the food of their neighbors; to eat alone, like grown people, so as to become grown themselves; to stand up bravely in the little gallery in which they are taught to walk, and to pass their comrades without knocking them over or falling themselves; to go to the water-closets, and use them skillfully, induced thereto by the example of the larger children of the pouponnat; to see the little ba-

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EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE NURSERY AND POUPONNAT.

bies play, and listen to their songs; to admire the birds in the aviary, and talk with the parrot; to call the squirrel, and make him turn in his cage; to walk on the balconies and the lawns, guiding by the hand the little friends who essay their powers; to lie down and roll about on the lawns; to talk with their young friends; to obey the nurses; to go to sleep without crying.

These are the results which the Familistère obtains without constraint from the young children living in company with their kind by confiding their education to intelligent and affectionate women, in whom the love of good and of infancy is the chief quality. The infants remain in the nursery until, having learned to walk, they eagerly demand to go into the pouponnat, and take part in the exercises of the next grade of children. This takes place usually at about the age of twenty-six to twenty-eight months. The children then return to their parents for their meals and to sleep, but come every day to the pouponnat, making the journey alone if they can, or, if not, being brought by some comrade or one of their parents.

The pouponnat is the necessary complement of the nursery, as a guarantee that the children do not lose the supervision which they still need before they are able to attend the schools. It has also a most happy effect upon the nursery. Children are imitative by nature, but the child is attracted to imitate not the actions of adults—these are beyond his comprehension—but the actions of children a little more advanced. The pouponnat is thus a strong stimulant to the nursery, as it in turn is stimulated by the bambinat. The exercises in the pouponnat are as follows: Gathering upon the benches for the first lesson; inspecting the cleanness of the hands and face; singing; marching; first lessons of good fellowship about what is good and bad, upon what is due to others; lunch, with lessons in eating properly; gymnastic exercises while singing; walks in the garden and on the lawn; moral and instructive stories by the teachers, illustrated by pictures; first knowledge of letters; singing the alphabet; singing the numbers from 1 to 100, as they are pointed out by the monitors; drawing upon their slates; object lessons; playing in the garden without injuring any thing; selecting the monitors for their merit; reception of the week's recompenses, ribbons, bonbons, toys, etc.; from time to time sights of fine dolls which open their eyes, run out the tongue, move the hands, and other surprises promised in advance; as exceptional recompenses, and at rare intervals, if all the children are very good and attentive to the directions of the teachers, a representation of a puppet-show; exhibition of images, artificial and living animals. These means for amusing and exciting the attention of the children are varied according to the intelligence and devotion of the teachers, so as to produce the best results.

The building for the bambinat, in connection with that for the theatre, lies in front of the central portion of the Familistère, as represented on the plan. The central building contains the theatre, serving also as a hall for conferences and a general gathering of the children. It contains also the hall for the orchestra, which serves for the meetings of various committees and societies. The building on the right contains

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the rooms for the bambinat and the third class. That on the left contains the rooms for the second and first classes. The system of education commenced in the bambinat can be most succinctly described as that of object teaching. To enter fully into a description of its methods would occupy too much space. It will be enough to mention for those interested in the matter that the works of Madame Marie Pape-Carpentier have been used as the source from which suggestions have been gathered for its methods, and for the training of the teachers, who are selected from among the residents of the Familistère. Froebel's works have also been used for suggesting some of the exercises, and the works of other writers have been placed under contribution.

In the schools the methods of education thus admirably begun are continued. The educational advantages of the Familistère are all gratuitous, their expense being paid from the general fund, the only individual charge being a fine inflicted upon such parents as do not send their children to the schools.

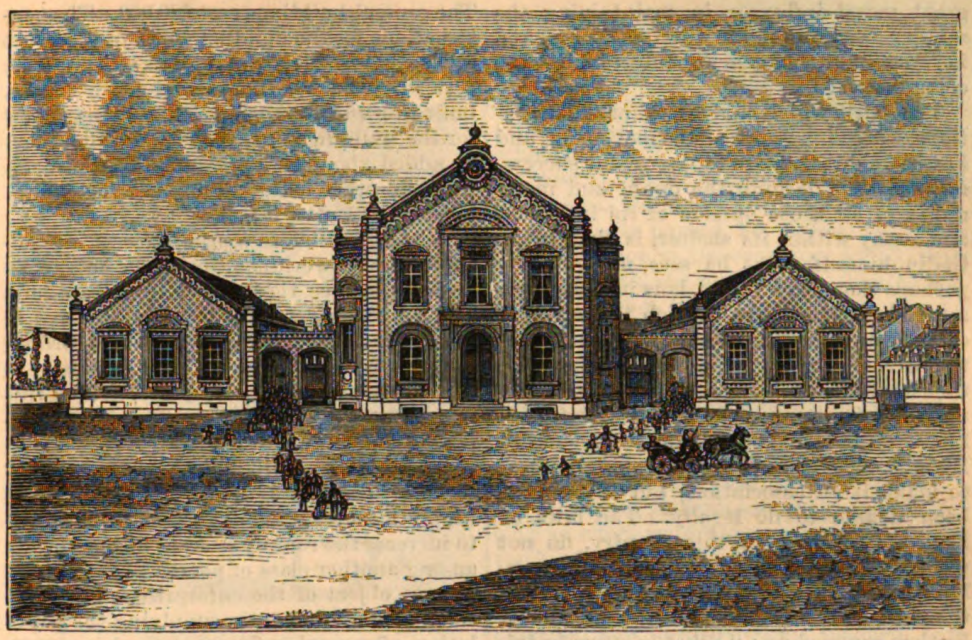
The service of the Familistère is performed by those engaged regularly for this purpose, and paid for it. Scrupulous neatness and propriety are the rule for all the public portions of the building. Within their own apartments the lodgers are free. The Familistère requires nothing from them but the payment of their rent, and is not deceived in believing that the general spirit of order which pervades the entire institution will influence all its inmates. As the service is thus not individual, the persons who perform it being dependent upon no one, but relying upon the collective interest alone, all sentiment of servility in their function is destroyed, and their proper performance of their work is a title to general consideration, since all labor and all evidence of skill are held in great honor by the inhabitants of the Social Palace.

Besides the material advantages which the arrangement of the Familistère offers to its inhabitants, its theatre and library, its gardens and groves, its choral society and orchestra, its fêtes and other entertainments, all concur in affording such opportunities for social culture as are not within the reach even of the rich in the ordinary conditions of isolated life.

The only rule and regulation of the Familistère is liberty, and this is the principle of its organization. Neither the families nor the individuals are subjected to any other rules than those written in their own natures. Hence they naturally seek the good, because the new habitation corresponds to the desires of them all, and each one respects the common good with which his own well-being is so intimately connected. Frequent infractions of this natural rule in any one particular would be simply an indication that the material conditions were imperfect in that particular, and it would be necessary only to reform these, and thus suppress the undesirable effects by suppressing their cause. Since the foundation of the Familistère, though it contains 900 persons, and their meetings and circulation are perfectly free, there has been but one single case which required the intervention of the police. When any act is performed by one of the inhabitants which is injurious to the order of the building in any way, a notice is sent to the lodging of the culprit by the administration, or a written mention of it is posted publicly, but without the mention of any one's name. If there is a repetition of the offense, or if it is one of sufficient gravity, the notice posted contains the name of the perpetrator, together with the imposition of a fine, for the benefit of the general fund. The notice is allowed to remain posted a length of time proportionate to the gravity of the offense. The councils elected by the votes of all the inhabitants, both men and women, united together form a council of criticism, and give the weight of their authority to the rebuke by signing the notice. In cases where the necessity arises this council can exclude the offender by demanding that he be dismissed.

The industrial and other interests of the Familistère are organized as follows: An administrative commission is charged with their direction. This body is elected by the inhabitants, and consists of the persons most fitted to direct the operations. It meets once a week to discuss the interests of the industry carried on, and another time to regulate the provisioning and all other matters which come naturally before it. This commission controls and oversees the operations of the palace by means of subcommittees, but puts the executive part of its duties in the hands of an officer entitled the Economist. He buys the provisions and necessary supplies of all kinds, and, with the aid of those attached to the various shops and branches of the service, sees that the quality and quantity are honestly delivered. Each shop and each branch of the service keeps its own books, and is carried on independently of every other. Each of these has an account with the Economist, who charges each with the supplies obtained from him, with the rent of the premises it occupies, the wages it pays its clerks, the interest upon the capital it employs, depreciation of its material, for its insurance, its portion of the general expenses, and so on, and credits it with its sales and deliveries. Every day the total of the operations of each of the stores and branches of the service is carried to its respective credit, and these accounts are balanced by profits or by losses in each balance-sheet, as they have

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A VIEW OF THE THEATRE AND THE SCHOOLS, TAKEN FROM THE CHIEF ENTRANCE OF THE FAMILISTÈRE.

been conducted well or ill during the week. This gives an opportunity, when it is judged best, to make a partial balance, so as to discover the condition of any particular branch of the service without waiting for the regular taking of stock.

The various duties of the different branches of the service require for their performance from seventy to eighty persons. The duty of the administrative commission is limited to the material control of the palace, to directing the employés of the service, and also to following the commercial and financial course of its operations. The various societies formed by the members of the Familistère among themselves manage their own affairs by the committees they elect. The administrative commission interferes with them in no other way than to advise when asked concerning the investment of their funds, or concerning similar matters. The industrial interests of the Familistère are managed by committees chosen by the workmen engaged in them. These committees propose rules which are discussed and acted upon in the general assembly of the members of each society. The same method is used in the workshops, the societies, the corporations, and the committees, and thus are considered all matters of education, prevention and aid, hygiene, the protection against fire, music, the theatre, the festivals, picnics, the club, the library, the claims of labor, etc. The election of these committees leads consequently to frequent voting.

A council of twelve men, elected from among the men, and twelve women, elected from among the women, by universal suffrage, forms a peculiar social feature in the Social Palace. In voting for the members of these councils every one is considered an elector who, having left school, can earn his or her own support; or when this qualification is wanting, the age of sixteen is fixed as the limit. The functions of these councils are principally suggestive and observing, though they are not in any way limited. For the most part the council of men is occupied with questions concerning improving the work, organizing methods of prevision, division, or in arranging the festivals. That of the women considers chiefly the domestic functions, the quality of the supplies, the general neatness and healthfulness, the care taken with the children, the wash and bathing houses, and all the improvements which can be introduced into domestic labor and life. These councils unite when occasion arises; they use their influence concerning measures seen to be useful; they give their advice concerning the operations of the Familistère, industrial or financial; the state of the accounts is made known to them, and the general disbursements made for the benefit of the population. From the minutes of their meetings the administrative commission takes suggestions for action. They are also the arbiters in important matters of order; they pronounce upon infractions made upon habits of fraternity, and in any way endangering the good order of the Familistère. They also see to the encouragements given to merit of all kinds, in the workshops or the domestic service; they call attention to zeal, or its want, displayed by any of the functionaries. Thus they have a

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great moral influence in maintaining the regular working of the administration, and in guarding the general interests of the community.

The spirit which controls all of the operations, which inaugurated the movement, and has carried it through to its present successful condition, despite the doubt and incredulity of all those outside of its influence, and many within its shelter, is that of M. Godin himself. But he sees, more clearly perhaps than any one else, how incomplete is a social organization in which the stability of such an enterprise, enhancing as it does the well-being and the future of over a thousand human beings, is made dependent upon the frail tenure of a single individual's life, or the continuance of his interest in it. His object, therefore, in the beginning, was to make it an association; but this he has been unable to do legally. The laws of France, like those of this country, do not recognize the possibility of such human relations. As it has been succinctly stated, the position of the law upon this point may be thus summed up: "What is every body's is nobody's, and what is nobody's belongs to the state." Now, however, that association has been shown to be a most practical necessity, the law will tardily recognize the fact, as soon as the public conscience demands it, as it demanded recently the recognition of the futility of all the legal bulwarks of chattel slavery. It is gratifying, however, to know that in the building up of this enterprise M. Godin has had the hearty co-operation of his children. The family live themselves in the Familistère. M. Godin's son has been his chief aid in the enterprise, and his daughter is one of the chief promoters of its educational spirit, taking a practical part in its admirable organization.

With a confidence in human nature, M. Godin, though obliged legally to remain the owner of the capital represented in the Familistère, has placed the control of its affairs in the population, who elect those who carry on its operations, and the result has shown how quickly men demonstrate, where the only law is liberty, that human nature is inherently good, and learn to seek their own happiness in that of others.

Admirably as the Familistère appears in an examination of its social, its moral, and its educational influence upon labor, it offers in this practical age a no less satisfactory answer to the question, "Does it pay?"

This will appear in a very brief statement: The first building erected was the left wing. The foundation of this was marked out in April, 1859; it was finished in 1860, but not completely inhabited until 1861. The other portions were commenced in 1862, and occupied in 1865. The cost of the land was about $10,000. The left wing cost $60,000. The dependencies erected in 1860 cost $10,000. The central buildings cost $80,000. The constructions for the children, built in 1866, cost $8000. The schools and theatre, built in 1869, cost $25,000. The baths and wash-houses, built in 1870, cost $7000. This makes a total for the buildings of $200,000. To this must be added about as much more for the furniture and other material, making the capital invested, say, $400,000.

As the Familistère was built for the accommodation of workmen, its rents had to be made as low as those prevailing elsewhere. The rates charged vary from about three to five cents a day for each chamber, according to the location and the floor. From the rent the gross income is about $8000. From this about $2000 is deducted for the general expenses—gas, repairs, etc.—leaving about $6000 income from this source. This is about three per cent. upon the capital employed in the building. It would evidently be easy to increase the rent by seeking its population among another class of persons, but this was not the object of the enterprise. From the commerce carried on in supplying the population, after paying for expenses about $3000, and for salaries to those who are engaged about $5000, there remains a profit of about $9000 a year; of this a reserve fund of $2000 is yearly put by, leaving $7000, which, with the $6000, makes $13,000 a year, or six per cent. upon the capital invested in the building. The daily experience also of the Familistère shows that with the skill which comes only from experience these results can be greatly improved.

In this country there are most probably now in operation a thousand industrial enterprises employing capitals larger than that which has produced the Familistère. Among those who control the use of this wealth, produced by labor, who will be the first to imitate this use of it?

DOES HE LOVE ME?

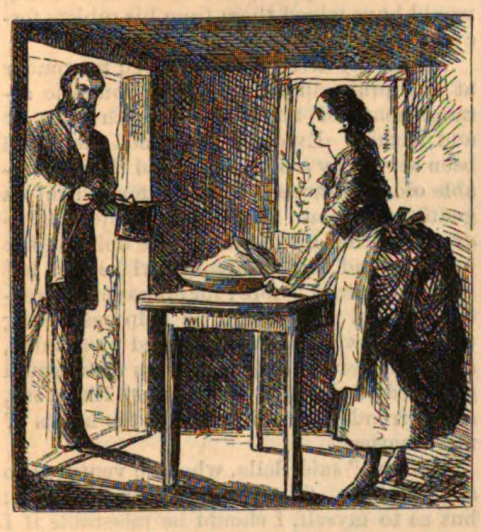
Pretty robin at my window,
Welcoming the day
With thy loud and liquid piping,
Read my riddle, pray.
I have conned it, waking, sleeping,
Vexed the more for aye—
Thou'rt a wizard, pretty robin—
Does he love me? say!

Lady violet, blooming meekly
By the brooklet free,
Bending low thy gentle forehead
All his grace to see,
Turn thee from the wooing water—
Whisper soft, I pray,
For the wind might hear my secret—
Does he love me? say!

Star, that through the silent night-tide
Watchest over him,
Write it with thy golden pencil
On my casement dim.
Thou art skilled in love's deep magic;
Tell me then, I pray,
Now, so none but I may read it—
Does he love me? say!

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A GOOD INVESTMENT.



CHAPTER XIV.

HALF-WAY down the side of the ravine, and partly imbedded in it, was Mrs. Damarin's dairy, or spring-house, as it was usually called; though there was no spring there, except one artificially created by conducting into a wide, shallow basin cut in the single flag of thick stone forming the floor a stream of cold water from the wastage of the adjoining ice-house, that was imbedded still deeper into the bank. In this basin the pans of milk were placed—pans of Alderney milk, be it observed. It was a very pretty dairy, of drab sandstone, like the house, and had been built within the year by Mr. Damarin, who had spared no cost to make it worthy of those who were to occupy and manage it. The slope around it was well turfed, to exclude all plants that might exhale rank odors to be a nuisance to the thickening cream. And though a few vines trained over its Swiss roof might have looked picturesque, yet nothing but grass was allowed to grow near the building, except a few large elms whose foliage was one-third of it mistletoe. An almost constant movement of air up or down the ravine, and the evaporation of the rock-bedded stream in its bottom, helped to render the place comfortable and agreeable even on the hot afternoon in August when this chapter bears date.

"Oh dear! I do wish this butter would come!" Bella exclaimed, as she dashed from her forehead some beads that might have been diamonds and pearls, if they had not been the sweat of her brow and the splashings of butter-milk, but without desisting from her labor at the latest patent contrivance for hastening the coming butter. "I don't think this churn is near as good as the last." (She had tried and discarded six others already.) "I wish it *would* come!"

"And I wish brother William would come!" was the amendment offered by Polly, as she kindly pushed her friend aside and took her place at the machine, which, with fresh strength, she put to an accelerated motion. "Rest a little, dear; you are tired," she said.

Polly at the churn was a sight good to see. Beneath her brown linen apron she wore a kind of short gown of pink and a petticoat of white—a petticoat, but ne'er a hoop. Her hair was put out of the way in some hasty manner that did not prevent a few tresses of it from escaping, and producing an effect art could never compass. Her teeth of ivory showed themselves through lips parted with hard breathing; and the flush from exertion, controlled by a fine circulation and healthy skin, touched only where it should, and that delicately though warmly, leaving to the white all of its proper domain, which was exceeding proper and brilliant.

As she churned, her muscular power—namely, her vital heat, which Tyndall says is but a mode of motion, passing down by her arms, entered into the cream she was agitating, and into the little globes of oil which it forced to separate themselves from the caseine, water, etc.; entered into the floating lumps, yellow as thrice-molten gold, into which those globes afterward aggregated; pervaded and held in cohesion, refined and perfumed the mass, combined of them all, which in the end she scooped out and piled in triumph on the tray. The warmth of her very heart had gone into the lump, making the particles of it love one another. The butter was of Polly, and Polly was in the butter. Whoever was afterward so blessed as to eat of it, ate Polly, partook of her quality, and became more excellent for the eating.

But if Polly at the churn was the beau-ideal of a dairy-maid, Bella, at the window, was the beau-ideal of a dairy queen, such as Marie Antoinette was when, with noble women for her handmaids, she ministered in the *crémerie* of the *Petit Trianon*. And something like them must every fit dairy woman be; for butter is a most sensitive touch-stone for detecting all unsweetness, however imponderable it may be; and whoever tastes the butter made in any country tests the very nature of its women in respect to neatness and skill.

"Perhaps he decides to accept that consulship they offered him, and will remain abroad for several years," remarked Bella, after a

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pause, looking fixedly at a knot in the trunk of a tree across the road.

"No, indeed, he will not; and I wish you wouldn't talk so, Bella, unless you want to make me cry."

"Then why didn't he write you of the day when he might be expected, so you could be ready to receive him? You wouldn't like very well to meet him in the plight you are in now." And she removed her eyes from the knot in the tree, and cast them, not upon Polly's dress, but upon her own, which was just like it.

"I wouldn't care if he did, now the butter has come."

"Oh, has it?" said Bella; "then let me work it." And taking her place at the low table on which the tray rested, while the other went to the house for hot water to scald the churn, her hands and arms were soon deep in the plastic Alderney gold, which she kneaded and rolled and patted with a will.

The surface of the milk in the pans that stood in the pool jarred into wrinkles at the sound of a steamer's whistle, which was soon followed by that of a bell. The noise of the whistle meant nothing, but the bell meant somebody was going to land at Stone House. Bella listened while she kneaded; then stopped kneading to listen. Polly did not return with the hot water. Bella grew anxious, and flushed up. "If that girl," she said, "leaves me out here without any warning of his coming, I'll never speak to her again as long as I live. That's her scream! He certainly has come. Good Heavens! what shall I do?"

Soon Polly's voice was again heard. It approached the dairy too; and with it were other voices. "Here she is," shouted Polly, as, running ahead, she reached the doorway; and the next moment her brother stood there too, looking into the little apartment, whose inmate, too proud to show mortification, and almost too proud to feel it, confronted him with dignity from the opposite side of the table, and affably received and returned his greeting without attempting to withdraw her hands from the butter-tray.

"I am very glad you have arrived in safety," she said. "You bring happiness to your home. Pray excuse my strange appearance. But perhaps it is well you should begin at once to get used to seeing your sister and me in what is our usual wear during work-hours; though really we ought to have been differently dressed to honor your return."

Now the traveler had seen some tolerable toilets within the last two years, in comparison with which the holiday attire of the two country girls might not have appeared very magnificent; but in their present costumes they had the whole troop of fashion at a disadvantage, and were as irresistible as they were incomparable. And even though he had brought with him tender memories of European beauty and grandeur, the sight of her who now stood within the little dairy, dressed *à la mode* Bella, would have wiped them from his tablets forever.

The newly arrived found much to wonder at and praise in the improved domestic arrangements of Stone House, both without and within. Evidently a refined taste had been served by a bold hand, and the respectable old farm-house been transformed into a genteel mansion. His greatest wonder, however, was that all should be the doing of the helpless and self-indulgent girl he had left there two years before; for all gave the credit to Bella. Nor could he help suspecting the whole was only a prolonged pleasantry, and that before long the actors in it would get tired of play that was so much like work, and surrender their duties into the hands of mercenaries.

"No, no," said Bella, when he ventured to suggest this. "I will not speak for Polly; but as to myself, I should be miserable if I gave up my work. Worse than that, I should fear I would go mad," she added, with a sad and bitter expression. "But don't think it is only for reasons peculiar to myself," she said, while a pleasant animation chased the clouds away, "that I would do as I am doing. The condition of a family which lives subject to the whims and vapors of coarse and violent women domesticated in it is so terrible that exemption is cheaply purchased with five or six hours daily of light and diversified labor performed for those one loves. There is peace in this house since the furies were chased out of it. Your dear mother there has grown five years younger, though doing with her own hands twice as much as ever before."

"I declare," said Polly, "if Bella don't talk like a book. I was reading yesterday in the 'Vicar of Wakefield' the conversation of the two city ladies, and it wasn't a bit better than hers."

"She has studied her subject," remarked Mr. Damarin. "For my part," he added, "I am willing the girls should give it up, and go back to the old plan, if the work is too hard for them, though I must say it will be a sorry day for me when they do so."

"They will have to do so when they get married," said his wife.

"Or go away," thought Bella.

"But why is it," said the general, "that when I commanded a brigade of twenty-five hundred men of all kinds, I was able to hold them in obedience and order? Or if you say that was because of martial law, then I recall that one winter, when I was not twenty years old, father put me over a gang of sixty men, whom he employed in clearing land, and that there was very little trouble in managing them. Hardly ever did any of

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them refuse to do what was required of them, or give me an offensive word. And the Irishmen were the most cheerful and pleasant workers of any. And yet two of the sisters of such men are too many for any mistress of a house to manage."

"You'd better try it," said his mother.

"Thanks to Mrs. Damarin's counsel," resumed Bella, "we have been able to so organize our work as to render it not disagreeable; on the contrary, we find it full of interest. Every day brings something to vary it, and generally our pleasantest morning thoughts on awaking are of the duties of the day. As to its being unrefined and unlady-like to help one's self—and that is about all doing house-work amounts to—it's nonsense to say so. I have read that whoever is his own lawyer has a fool for a client, and whoever is his own physician has a fool for a patient; but I insist that whoever is his own servant has a wise man for his master."

"*Doesn't* she talk like a book, brother?"

"Few books talk as well, Polly," said he.

Bella blushed a little, and reminded him that the tea-things had long been put away, and it was time he should fulfill his promise to tell them of his travels. But Mrs. Damarin insisted that Willy must be tired, and should go to bed. So Willy went to bed, fell asleep, and dreamed he was a Turk, and sat cross-legged on a divan, drinking coffee; that some of it went the wrong way, and suffocated him to death; that after his funeral was over he went to a place where beautiful girls waited on him, baking rolls and churning butter for him, and bringing him coffee that didn't go down the wrong way; that a voice said, "Here coffee never goes down the wrong way; but all are immortal. Here Bridget or Dinah can never enter; so all are happy." And looking in the faces of the houris, he saw that each of them was a Bella Johnston, and knew he was in Paradise.

The following evening, according to promise, the general began his story. All travelers like to tell their stories, but every body does not care to hear them. Especially do most of the stayers at home dislike to hear one just returned from a migration with the American herd through the easy highways of Europe talk to them out of hand-books. But the circle of listeners at Stone House were so ignorant of the actual condition of the great nations of civilization that news from there was to them news indeed. As Damarin had not written away what he saw in long, hard-to-read letters on thin paper, nor journalized it out of mind either, what he had learned inhered in memory, and was well arranged on its shelves. So when, on the second evening after his return, he began at the beginning, and proceeded to relate every thing in the order of its occurrence, he opened to his hearers a most agreeable book, and the evenings on the porch devoted to the entertainment were continued for a long while. Polly called them the Arabian Nights. Robert Hagan was never absent if he could help, and old Hector was a humble listener, from a seat on one of the steps.

Despite his modesty, the hero of the history could not keep out of it that he had been received into some very good society, which raised him not a little in the estimation of one, at least, of his hearers, who caught herself asking herself as she listened, and sometimes looked, whether, after all, he were not good enough gentleman for all practical purposes?

Ay, Bella; and why not?

Another question: Why should not you fall in love with that gentleman—fall deeply in, loving with heart and mind and truth and faith, conjugially and forever? Let all the world hear and answer, and if any know of just cause or impediment, why, etc., etc.

There were two that may be mentioned. One of them was her fixed idea that he was socially her inferior. But this idea was every day getting unfixed. It was vanishing before her growing common-sense. It, with other like fancies, was being worked off at the tips of her fingers—swept out like rubbish from the chambers of her brain—dusted away like cobwebs. The other was his recollection of the terrible fits of temper she used to be afflicted with. But this recollection was fading out in the sunshine of her present sweet and gentle deportment, and the temper itself was undergoing change, partly from the same causes that were moving the fixed idea, and partly from a healthier state of the nerves resulting from continued residence away from the fiery and enervating climate of her birth. Yes, climate does often thus control the moral through the physical organization. A Northern cow carried to the low country of South Carolina will give milk as usual during the first year. The second year she will give but half the quantity, and will kick over the pail. The third she will toss the milker on her horns, and dry up. Kill and dissect such an animal, and the seat of the trouble will be found not in a bad heart, but in a diseased liver.

It is very easy to fall in love, if one will only give her mind to it. In study, it is by bending your mind on the subject that you come to master it. In love, you bend your mind on the object, and it will be pretty sure to master you. The way you lean you will be apt to fall. But how if you lean the reverse way, as Bella did, who began by hating Damarin? Why, then the recoil will carry you back again, and farther, and aversion very soon become *penchant*. Now she, as if ignorant of the principles just laid

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"WHILE OUT OF THE SAME DARKNESS EMERGED A TALL MAN."—[SEE PAGE 727.]

down, or else quite regardless of the consequences, did give her mind to his narrative, and in doing so gave it to him. The tones of his voice had free access to her ear, and the varying expressions of his handsome face could not be, or were not, excluded from her eye. His own personal adventures, thoughts, and feelings, as he narrated them, became, through unavoidable sympathy, for the moment at least, her own. And the end of all this, in the case of any ordinary mortal, a fool might have foreseen. But this girl Bella was not an ordinary mortal, and no one might safely predict aught concerning her.

If, however, one should hazard a forecast of her case, and supposing she did really fall in love, it might be something in this way: at first there would be felt merely a gentle exaltation of the spirits, whose true cause being not yet recognized by the subject of it, would be attributed to this, that, and the other outward circumstance. The weather would be thought fairer than usual, the garden flowers more blooming and fragrant, companions pleasanter and kinder, duties more light and more interesting, the future more cheerful, and the past less sad. Following this a consciousness of happiness would supervene, deep-seated somewhere in the breast, so delightful to experience that, while half recognizing its true origin, she would dread to look into it lest some peril to its continuance be discovered: the present would seem so sufficient that both past and future would be purposely curtained — the sadness of the one no longer worth a regret, and the promised joys of the other scarcely worth a hope. Thirdly would come a stage wherein, the truth being fully disclosed, and the sweetness at the heart being felt to be in the nature of a bondage and a fate, there would be an access of perversity, in which she would become unmanageable even by the most skillful hand, and uncontrollable even by her own strong will. Pails would be kicked over, and milkers tossed sky-high!

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CHAPTER XV.

"Devotion wafts the mind above,
But heaven itself descends in love."

ALTHOUGH Robert Hagan had boasted to Hector that one man was as good as another, every day of his life he became more aware that William Damarin was greatly his superior. And as the knowledge came to him through observing the daily intercourse between Damarin and Bella, it brought no pleasant sensation. He had early habituated himself to consider her too exalted almost for his thoughts to reach. The conversations between her and her friend in the days when he was their bridle-boy had too fully apprised him how high she placed herself above the generality of her fellow-creatures for him to deem himself a fellow fit for a creature such as she. And however she had modified her notions since then, he was accustomed to regard his sentiments toward her only as a sort of adoration for a divinity. Yet lowly as he placed himself on the steps of her throne, it was hard to see her approached as an equal by one whose devotions were not worship—very hard.

Robert became melancholy. He withdrew very much within himself. He retired oftener to his room, and from the saddle-bags took the photograph and consulted it, as if for consolation. The eyes were always kind, looking out at him with even more than kindness, but never with love.

About that time, the natural revulsion from wickedness of all kinds, engendered by a long war, having produced a general awakening on the subject of religion through the country, the Rev. Mr. Adamsfall, the Presbyterian minister who has been named, felt it to be his duty to preach up a revival in his church. He was a mild and amiable man, and though holding severely to the Breckinridge theology, was loath to resort to the extreme measure of expounding it in its fullness save in extreme cases. But dancing and card-playing and gayety in other forms were becoming so alarmingly prevalent, something must be done. Besides, other congregations were enjoying revivals, and the members of his did not wish to be outdone.

Robert was in a fit state to be brought under those influences which prevail in a season of religious excitement. Little was needed to mature the despondency he already felt into that condition of ripe despair whose dark shadow extends into eternity, entitling the despairing soul to a place on the anxious seat, and whose reaction, properly directed, becomes the religious ecstasy. He was accordingly one of the very first to be influenced. Mr. and Mrs. Damarin were already in the church. Their son and Bella, though frequently attending on the preaching, did not seem to be touched by it. Probably they were neither gay enough nor sad enough to be affected as they should. But Polly was wheat ripe for the sickle, and with hanging head and weeping eyes made her way timidly to the front on the very evening when Robert rose and told his "experience." Promoted after this to be an assistant in the good work, it became his duty to question Polly all about her sins, their number and weight, promise consolation to her, stand by and kneel by her, sing and pray for her and with her. And as the attendance of the other members of the family gradually slackened toward the close of the excitement, he and Polly alone together went faithfully every evening to enjoy their newly gotten religion. Polly declared, with tears in her eyes, she had never known happiness before. She loved every step of the way to the church, and every inch of the way back; and the distance was two and a half miles.

Poor Polly! Pretty Polly!

His religion was a great consolation to Robert. It strengthened him too.

Much as Polly loved her religion, she did not forget other people. She was ready at every opportunity to be out of the way when her brother and Bella might be thereby left alone together. Bella did not like this, and reproved her friend for it, sometimes softly, but sometimes pretty sharply; though sometimes she did not appear to notice the slipping away at all, or forgot to reprove for it. Mr. and Mrs. Damarin did the same as their daughter. The truth is, they had all set their hearts on the match. But old Hector had not set his upon it; and old Hector was there, and could not be sent away. He was there in capacity of dragon. He was there and here and every where—popping up from under the edge of the river-bank, or stepping out from behind a tree in the orchard or road, or approaching the young people in the garden, to offer a flower or fruit, when neither fruit nor flower was wanted—bolting into the dairy and proposing to help his "young missis" churn, in the absence of Polly, who usually took turns with her, or when unseen in some near covert, whistling or singing or cleaning knives, to make his neighborhood known.

Poor Damarin! the task was sufficiently difficult to make his approaches to Bella's heart, and, supposing that gained, to her hand, without being hindered by the inopportune negro. Twenty times he was near coming to the interrogation point, but was as often baffled by the waywardness of the woman he loved, or the in-the-waywardness of the black man he hated.

At length the avowal came, and the proposal, and though clumsily enough done—a woman or a man not in love could have done ten times as well—must be met. They were riding home from church together at the time, and had just turned into the avenue.

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Bella remained silent. "Did you hear me?" he gasped, almost inaudibly. Bella was silent. With an apple twig, carried for a whip, she brushed a portion of her horse's mane the wrong way, then brushed it back again to the right side, then to the wrong side again. The cause seemed decided, and in favor of the suitor. "Speak!" he cried, gaining courage and voice; "do speak, Bella! for God's sake tell me yes!" She slowly lifted her head, that had bent over the mane as she combed it, and looked him full in the face with eyes full of unmistakable love, more of love than he had dreamed of before as dwelling in woman or angel. His accepted heart almost burst with joy. "No, no," he said, "do not speak a word. We know each other now, Bella. Thank you, and thank God!" And he put his arm about her waist and kissed her, which can be very well done on horseback, if the cavalier is adroit—that is to say, if he rides on the right side of his mistress—and she is willing. After this Bella gently detached his arm, and said, in a perfectly calm, though deep and strange voice, "But I *must* speak now, General Damarin." The voice was not Bella's, neither were the words she was about to speak. Utter them not! utter them not! It is folly, perversity, and bitter pride would use those beautiful lips, warm from their first touch of love. Bella! Bella! close them firmly until your spell of evil shall have passed over!

"Rain, come wet me; sun, come dry me;
Go 'way, white man, don' you come nigh me,"

chanted Hector from a broken hay-stack beside the avenue, on the top of which he was pretending to be at work arranging a "cap" to shed a coming rain, no signs of which were visible, though. He was handling the pitchfork in a frantic way, tossing the hay in every direction, while his eyes and lips stuck out, and his great nostrils dilated quite preternaturally. The moment after Bella, turning her head, caught sight of him, a mass of the hay, which he had flung perpendicularly upward, descended on his head and shoulders, covering them completely. Bella broke into a laugh, and whipped her horse till he galloped away from Damarin, who did not overtake her until the horse-block was reached. There, as she continued to laugh, while he could not for his life command a smile, the advantage remained with her, and she escaped into the house and got to her room without a further word.

Mrs. Damarin and Polly, who were on the look-out, and had seen the way she alighted, and her appearance as she passed swiftly by them and ascended the stairs, eagerly seized on the general and hurried him into the parlor, that they might hear his report and enjoy every word of it, for they felt sure he had succeeded. Nor did the story he had to tell, and which he was forced to give in all its details as the only way to make them comprehend the exact measure of his success, alter their opinion. Polly was about to fly to the arms of her friend, to welcome her as a sister; but her mother restrained her, saying, "You had better not go yet, my dear; she is not ready, perhaps, to talk with you on this subject. And, William, if you take my advice, you won't press the matter any more for a day or two, unless you observe the signs to be entirely favorable."

Meanwhile Hector had knocked at the locked door of Bella's chamber, and knocked several times without its being opened. At last he called to her, and when she found it was he, was admitted.

"Why, Hector, what do you want?" she inquired, with a most severe dignity.

"Oh, missis—Miss Bella!" he broke out, "it won't nebber do—it won't nebber do in dis world."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"My young missis mustn't marry no Yankee ablishun officer. Tink ob de 'spectability ob our family. Tink wot ole missis say, s'posin' she was a-libbin. Tink wot ole mossa say. Tink wot Mass Ned, dat's gone dead—tink wot him say; and den Mass Charles, he shoot um dead for true. Don't do um, Miss Bella, don't do um. Oh, Gorra mighty, don't do um!"

By this time the extravagance of his words and manner, despite their earnestness, made her begin to smile. "Why, my good old friend," she said, "if I understand what you are talking about, it is something about which I have not needed your advice. There! you needn't say any thing more on the subject. You may go now."

"I isn't a-gwine to go," he persisted. "I mus' talk, an' I's gwine to talk. Nobody cep'n Hector's here for min' hoonah, an' I no gwine for to let hoonah do no shish wrong ting. Dis yer family is berry good people. But dey isn't no fuss family. Dey's got land, but dey nebber hab nary nigger, no time. Dey's workin' people, dey is; dey isn't true an' true gentlemen an' ladies, like you' own. Dey nebber trabble wid coach-an'-fo' an' two footman an' six outrider, like you' ole gran'-fader b'longs* to. Dey nebber keep no race-hoss. Dey no put no tree tousand dollar silber plate on de table, like ole missis b'longs to. Dey nebber fight no duel. Dey dunno who is dere gran'fader. Dey isn't 'spectable, missis; dey's low people."

"Hector! stop talking in that way!" cried Bella, in anger. "Don't let me hear you say another word against my friends. They are as good as I am—yes, and as respectable as any body."

"Berry well, Miss Bella," he rejoined, in a solemn manner, as if closing one chapter

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and about opening another. "Now I tell hoonah dis one ting, an' den I go. Dat night when Mass Ned war shoot, Mass Charles sen' me yer to dis house for to min' hoonah. An' Mass Charles 'e say, 'Hector,' 'e say, 'dat ar dam Yankee ablishunist officer 'e no 'count. Mebby Miss Bella she want for marry um some day, den you tell Miss Bella, case she marry um, I nebber speak to she no mo'.' Dem berry word 'e say. Now hoonah kin do wot hoonah like. Ole Hector done talk." And shaking his head, he walked solemnly and sulkily out of the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Mount! mount! and to the road, my men,
Right southward is the way;
We'll follow to their farthest den
The robbers and their prey."

EARLY the next morning Robert and Hector, each with a sack of corn on his shoulder, started on their way across lots to the "out pasture," as a field remote from the house was called, to give the horses kept there their daily feed of grain.

"Hector," said Robert, as they went along, "you haven't told me yet what price I ought to ask for Major. If I sell him, now is as good a time as any; but I don't know that I could bear to part with him, even if any body should offer me five hundred dollars."

"Fibe hundred dollar!" exclaimed Hector, contemptuously. "Well, I's ready now for talk. Dat hoss he go in two-tirty-fibe tree time las' week. Wid a good weicle he kin go in two-tirty, dat's for sure. Hoonah no kin sell um for any shish price as a jockey kin, wot know how for cheat properly. But if dat ar hoss dunno fotch tree tousand dollar, don' sell um, dat's all—don' sell um."

"Three thousand dollars! Hector, you don't say three thousand dollars?"

"Tree tousand dollar; does you yeddy?"

Robert let his sack of corn slip to the ground, and, feeling his knees grow weak, sat down upon it.

"An' wot will hoonah buy wid de money?" asked the old man, enjoying the astonishment of the one whose good fortune he had just announced, and which he had in some sort himself created.

Robert needed to think before answering. He thought of a tour in Europe. He thought of buying an interest in a steamboat. He thought of studying for the ministry. He thought of putting up a distillery to make oil and unlimited wealth, as they were proposing to do at Flaming Rock. But whatever castle in the air he built, when he looked toward it to see if Bella was there, he only saw her enthroned above it, not within.

"Does you yeddy?" said Hector. "Wot will you do wid dat tree tousand dollar, s'posin' you git um?"

"I think I'll buy a little farm," Robert answered, not caring to expose to ridicule the plans and specifications of his castle-building.

"No, no; don' buy no little farm. Little farm for poor trash. Buy a shop, an' keep it. Wear store close ebry day, an' make you'self look dis zackly like a true an' true gentleman. Den all de ladies come to de shop for buy tings, an' fall in lub wid de good-lookin' shop-keeper. Den" (confidentially) "hoonah kin marry Miss Polly, an' hab big farm. Whah! whah! whah!" And he let his sack fall, and gave his whole body up to laughing, after the manner of his people.

The laughing accomplished, both of them resumed their burdens and approached the pasture fence, over the top of which the horses were already reaching their heads expectantly. Having distributed the corn in the several compartments of a long trough, giving to each just six ears, Hector and Robert both began to look for the three-thousand-dollar animal they had just been talking about.

Major was not there!

He was not in the field. He was gone! The old man was aghast, and the youth was stunned. His just discovered wealth, his long-loved pet, his pride, his hope, his tour in Europe, his steamboat, his oil-distillery, his pulpit, his shop, his castle in the air, had been stolen in the night. There was no doubt to hang a hope on. Major's well-known hoof-tracks through the gate-way into the road were easily discerned. The gate had been carefully closed on all the other inmates of the pasture, and *he*, the prince of them all, had alone been taken.

On their returning to the house and informing Mr. Damarin of the calamity, a council was held, which came to the conclusion that the thief was one of the famous Cavern County band, who never touched any but blooded animals, which they collected with enterprising research throughout a large portion of the West, and after secreting them till pursuit blew over, ran them off over the mountains to the New York market.

"And if one of them Cavern County boys is got the colt," remarked the Kentucky member of the council, with a feeling of State pride natural to Kentuckians, "you'd better not foller him very fur over the county line, or you'll never get back yourself."

"Dick is right," said Mr. Damarin; "if you go where you have to fight the gang, the odds will be against you. How far would it be safe to follow the trail, Dick? You have been all over that country, I believe."

"It's ten chances to one," said Dick, "that the gentleman that's taken the colt won't leave the river till he comes to a little road over the hill that takes up just back of the first log-house you come to after you pass

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Ledberry's Landing, and leads into the county road by one of the forks of Broken Jug Creek. If Bob kin get thar first—that is to say, if he kin get to go a piece on the county road afore the other gentleman turns into it, and find a good ambush, I reckon the colt may be captured with a surprise. That's the only chance I kin see, and I don't think much of *hit*."

Here the whistle of the packet sounded from down river.

"There's the boat coming!" exclaimed Mr. Damarin. "Has any thing passed up during the night?" Nobody had heard any thing except tow-boats. "Then, Robert, suppose you go right aboard the packet and get off at Ledberry's Landing. Since you tell me the hoof-prints were made after the white frost came, I'm sure the thief hasn't got more than two hours the start of you."

"But," interrupted the general, "two hours on Major's back are equal to four on a common horse."

"Don't you see? A thief that runs off a horse by daylight dare not ride at full speed, and must double about too. That fellow has crossed the river, or will cross it, back and forth several times between this and Ledberry's. Robert, if you want to pursue your property, take any of the horses you choose, and follow which course you choose; but I would advise you to go by the boat, and she will be here in ten minutes. I beg you will be cautious, my boy. Is any body going with you? Don't you want to go along, Dick?"

But Dick had left Kentucky for reasons which still remained valid and good in law, and pleaded rheumatism. Old Hector, however, volunteered. "Somebody must go," he said, "to fotch back Misser Robert, case him mout go too fur." And Hector also was provided with a good mount.

While the horses were being saddled, Polly drew near to her father with, "Father, it isn't safe, you know it isn't, for Robert to go among those dreadful people. Do—don't let him go; please don't."

"He must judge for himself, my dear. The poor fellow has his all at stake. That colt is worth a small farm; and if he's the man I take him to be, he won't give it up without a chase. I have a good deal of confidence in Hector's prudence. What a true friend that old darky is, eh?"

Polly, in a most embarrassing distress, which dared not declare itself, next went and expostulated with Robert. But he was desperate. "If I don't come back with that colt under me, Miss Polly," he said, "I don't want to come back at all."

The general offered Robert a revolver and ammunition, but he declined, saying he would rather be shot than shoot. Hector took them, however, remarking that he would "heap rudder shoot dan be shot." At the last moment, before they went on the boat, Polly came running down the bank with the saddle-bags, which she had taken from where they hung over Robert's bed, and filled to their utmost capacity with provisions for the journey. After thanking her for her kind providence, and attaching the bags to his saddle, the first thing Robert did was to ascertain that the miniature had received no hurt from having the half of a boiled ham thrust down upon it.

About three hours later the pursuers were put off at Ledberry's Landing, which was twenty-five miles above Stone House, and in one minute more were galloping with all possible speed on the county road, which led away from the river and toward the hills in a southeasterly direction. Hector was the better mounted of the two, which was fortunate, for otherwise he would have been left behind by his hotly impatient companion, who had been suffering perfect torment from the delays of the boat in making her half-dozen stoppages on the way up, and now whipped his horse furiously. In about three miles from the landing they came to where a bridle-path intersected the road, coming in on the left, and each leaped from his horse to examine the ground, and each immediately recognized the hoof-prints of poor Major.

"Too late, Misser Robert," said Hector. "Less go back."

"Go back if you want to, Hector; but I am going forward."

"Now, now, look yer, Misser Robert; way's de use? Major got de start o' we, an' sure's de Lord we nebber cotch um."

"We can catch him," cried Robert, already in the saddle, and trying to clear his bridle from Hector's double grip. "Before he got as far as this Major must have gone thirty miles, and that without any corn, while our horses haven't gone three. Then those tracks are as fresh as if made only a minute ago. Let go, I say!" And off he dashed, followed by the other, who found it hard work to overtake him. For two hours more they continued to press their steeds without either one saying a word to the other, though the negro would now and then mutter somewhat to himself in his Carolina *patois*. At the end of that time he recommended his companion to unbuckle one of the bags and eat "some o' Miss Polly's grub." "De Lord bless de sweet chile!" he added, as Robert, though far from being hungry himself, recognized in the request a suggestion that his companion was, and handed him a liberal supply, which he managed to eat while his horse galloped.

Up to this time but three travelers had been encountered; and though each of these was accosted and inquired of, from neither of them was any information obtained. One had been passed by a horseman going at a

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rapid trot, but the horse was a bay, and not a sorrel. Another had lately come into the road, and had seen nobody at all. The third, who had traveled a long distance at a slow rate, had met and been passed by so many, he could not recollect whether he had seen any thing answering to the description of Major or not. This one remarked that "them horse-thief gentlemen are sharp enough to dodge out of the way of folks they want to avoid; and that's right easy done in a woody country like this yer."

When Hector had entirely finished his dinner, in eating which he had fallen behind his companion to enjoy a decorous privacy, he wiped his mouth and cheeks, and recovered his place in the front. Then he began to look about him. The steep, rough hills among which they had entered soon after leaving Ledberry's Landing had gradually softened into others of more gentle ascent, and the clearings, no longer confined to the narrow creek bottoms, were scattered over slopes and summits as well. The road mounted and descended with an easier grade, and farms of considerable extent came into view. Having observed well the landmarks, the old man turned his attention to the features of Robert, to observe how far the long, hard ride had tempered him down to bear a serious expostulation; for the time had come for his friend to make a resolute effort to arrest the dangerous pursuit. Taking advantage of a long ascent which compelled them to walk the horses, he began by calling attention to their fatigued condition, then to the lateness of the hour (though it was not much past noon), then to the badness of the road (though it was really a good deal better that it had been). Finally, turning and looking Robert in the face, he abruptly asked, "Wha' for hoonah no shoot?"

"Because I will not shed blood—because I'm a Christian, and keep the commandments; and one of them forbids me to kill."

"Bless my eye! wot a difference dey is in people! When we git ober dis yer hill, I shows you a house 'bout tree mile furrer* on, way dey's an ole lady lib wot got seben chillen, an' dey's all ob 'em boys. Dey's from twenty year ole up to forty, and ebry one on 'em heap rudder shoot dan not. Nary one less dan six foot tree inch high, and when dey shoot, dey shoot to kill."

"Why, how came you to know that?" inquired Robert, astonished. "Have you ever been here before?"

"Oh yes; yer's way I jine Mass Ned an' Mass Charles arter we was 'blige for to retreat 'cross de riber. Mass Ned 'e ben sick tree week in de house I show hoonah presently. Berry nice ole lady lib dey; berry kin' to we."

* Further.

As this was said the top of the hill was attained, and Hector, dismounting quickly, and taking the rein of Robert's horse in a careless way, but with a firm grasp, pointed forward into the long, wide valley upon which the view opened, saying, "Dey's de house, dat frame one wid chimney on bote end; dey's way she lib wid she seben boy; dis 'bout tree mile from yer."

The building thus pointed out appeared to be a respectable farm-house, well painted and in good repair, as were all the out-buildings and fences. It was situated on the right side of the road and of the valley, and at the foot of a hill. Across the road from it flowed a stream, which at that place was always too deep to ford, and was of considerable width. On the hither side of the house was a large barn and stable, the stable being between the barn and hill, and its lower story being of stone, and half sunk into the hill-side, from which there projected a massive white ledge of rock that almost overhung the building.

"Well, well," says Robert, "what do I care for the old woman and her house! I must be moving." And he made an effort to do so. But Hector, without relaxing his hold on the bridle, approached nearer to the young man's side, and embraced one of his knees with the arm that was free, while, with an imploring look, he said, "Don' go no furrer, honey; don' go one step furrer, for Gorra mighty sake! Please God, you nebber come back. Dey shoot you for true—dey dat will. Less go home, honey; less go right 'way dis minute. De colt he gone for sure—leff um go; Miss Polly lub hoonah all de same. She tell me so befo' we come 'way—dat's de God's trute. An' she beg me for min' hoonah well, an' bring hoonah back safe to she, an' she lub me too, long's she lib and breave. Oh, less go, honey; less go!"

All this was uttered with a force of manner which, more than the words themselves, served to restrain Robert from acting on his impulse to forcibly free himself, and push on in the pursuit. It was while thus submitting to a parley, and while Hector was improving the opportunity by telling more of what he knew concerning the nice old lady and her interesting family, that a stranger, emerging from a wooded point of the hill on the right, appeared suddenly in the road before them. He saluted them politely, for he was a courteous man, that stranger, and a pleasant person to meet by the way. He was well mounted, well dressed, and, it may be added, well armed, for across his back was slung a tidy little cavalry carbine. His entire suit of clothes was of blue homespun jean. His linen was clean, his boots polished, and his military felt hat was pinched to the proper shape, and worn in the best style. His face was clean shaved, showing a peculiarly handsome mouth and chin; but

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when the handsome mouth closed, it closed firmly, and the handsome chin was backed by bull-dog jaws, broad as George Washington's. His rather florid complexion was as fair as the climate would permit. His brown hair was slightly touched with gray, and so was the blue of his eyes, just sufficiently to redeem them from effeminacy.

"Can you tell me, Sir," inquired Robert, after returning the "Good-day, Sir," of the stranger, "if you have met a person riding a young chestnut-sorrel with a star on his forehead?"

The stranger stopped, and, fixing a serious eye on Robert, whom he surveyed from head to foot, answered, "Yes, Sir. I have met such a horse, and that within half an hour, as I should reckon. He was ridden, too, by a person of the most dangerous character. Have you lost such an animal?"

"Let go of my horse's head, Hector!" cried Robert, forgetting his church membership and cursing. But the stranger placed his horse squarely across the road, and compelled the backslider to listen to what he had to say.

"Are you well armed, young gentleman?" he asked.

"I'm not armed at all; I don't believe in shooting; but I'm going after my horse, I don't care who's got him."

"Don't believe in shooting! Then you are in the very country and on the very road to get converted from that belief. My friend, let me advise you to return to your quiet home, and not think of invading Cavern County with less than a dozen resolute men, and they well armed. You are in a dangerous country, and come on a particularly dangerous business. The chief occupation of many of the people, about here especially, is raising horses off of other people's farms, and they don't like to be disturbed in their occupation. I know it is, strictly speaking, against law; but when public opinion is one way and law the other way, public opinion is pretty sure to prevail, you are aware."

"If you know where I would be likely to find my horse, in case I had friends to help me take him, please do tell me, Sir," implored Robert.

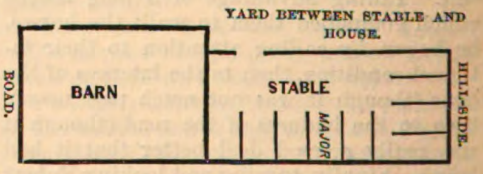
"I presume I hazard little in saying I do," replied the stranger, pointing toward the farm-house that has been mentioned, and which just then a gleam of sunshine from between gathering clouds revealed pleasantly reposing at the foot of the hill, seeming the very abode of innocence and rural felicity. "I presume your horse is at this moment in the stable of that house."

Here Hector vociferously seconded all the stranger had said; and Robert, seeming to yield, turned his horse about as if to return the way he came. But no sooner was he well clear of control than he turned again, and rode madly down the road toward the house of danger. Hector followed, quick as he could mount. The stranger remained looking after them, and reflecting. Then he turned back, and mounted the hill by the same way he had just before descended from it, and gaining the road that ran along its wooded ridge, and parallel to that by which the other two were speeding, he put spurs to his horse.

"I should never forgive myself if I didn't," he said, when he turned back.

The stranger was Sheriff Brown.

As has already been told, the stable to which the scene is about to shift was of stone at the end which touched, and was partly built into, the hill; and adjoining it was a barn, which extended to the road, on which it fronted. Robert, who in his reckless down-hill ride had far outstripped Hector, drew up in front of the barn door, which communicated with the road, where he was concealed from the sight of any one in the house. Leaping to the ground, he tried to open the door, hoping in that way to pass unobserved into the stable beyond it; but it was securely closed. Listening a moment, he heard the munching of a horse feeding on corn, and then a neigh, which was beyond doubt the voice of his own Major recognizing his approach. A survey made through cracks in the two buildings showed the plan of the barn and stable to be as will appear from this diagram.



The siding of the stable on the side next the yard had openings one and two inches wide, from shrinking of the planks. The end next the hill, though built of stone, as has been said, was for some reason tightly boarded with heavy oak planks on the inside.

Robert's first thought was to go in and lead Major out by the halter, without shifting the saddle and bridle until a place of safety could be reached, but the appearance of the horse he had been riding showed him to be on the verge of giving out. His nostrils were blood-red, and his quick panting and distressed eyes told he might drop dead any minute. So Robert quickly stripped him of saddle and bridle, and with the one on his shoulder and the other in his hand, moved round by that side of the building furthest from the house, and climbed in by the stable window. In one of the stalls on the side of the stable, namely, the second one from the window, was the object of his pursuit, up to whose side he stole and flung on the saddle as dextrously and stealthily as if he himself were a horse-thief. Major was not so quiet,

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but neighed joyously and loud. Robert thrust an ear of corn into his mouth; but the alarm had been given, and before the saddle-girths could be buckled a quick step was heard in the stable-yard, and a stern voice calling, "Who's there? What do you want?"

So familiar was the voice, it seemed it must be that of a friend, but turning to recognize the friend, Robert saw, through the openings between the boards, a roughly clad, mud-bespattered man approach, pistol in hand. The sight filled the seer with horror. His hair rose, his limbs lost power to move. It was Charles Johnston!

"Clear out, I say, or I'll shoot."

Robert fumbled for the girth-straps, but his fingers felt nothing and could do nothing. He averted his head. His senses left him. A pistol report and the whiz of a bullet recalled him to life. His fingers moved then, and in a trice the girths were buckled. And now for the headstall and bit! But another report comes, and another bullet; and as he turns desperately to face the danger, his assailant is seen changing his position for a better aim, at the same time exclaiming, "Be off with yourself, or the next shot will go through your head!"

A word from Robert then might have saved his life, but he couldn't speak it. The bit was in Major's mouth, and the headstall over his ears, and the speechless but resolute youth was about to spring into the saddle, and, without further buckling, run the gauntlet as best he could; but a third aim was covering a vital part of him, and before he could mount, the hammer a third time fell —and so did the hand that pulled it; for this time there were two reports heard, and two bullets that flew, the one entering the brain of the would-be murderer, and the other speeding at random. The effective bullet came from the direction of the knoll just above the great white limestone ledge that overhung the stable, and might have been fired from a cavalry carbine in the hands of a person who had reached the knoll by a path through the woods that led thither from the ridge road.

The double detonation had barely ceased to resound when a very different noise was heard close at hand—a noise of horses' feet on a hard surface, and of creaking bolts shoved back, and a heavy door moving on its hinges, which called Robert's attention toward one of the stalls at the end of the stable; and there he saw the back of the stall—the entire back, from floor to ceiling, with hay-rack, feed-trough, and all—recede into darkness, while out of the same darkness emerged a tall man carrying a lantern and leading a horse. The sight causing Robert to remain perfectly still, he was not observed by the man, who hurriedly set down the lantern, dropped the bridle, and strode past and out at the door, exclaiming as he went, "Why, what's all this shooting about?" much in the tone of one who asks the meaning of a dog's barking or a woman's scolding. Other voices were heard, and two other giants came running from the house, one of them with a rifle in his hand. Escape through the stable-yard there was plainly none for Robert. The window by which he had entered was close at his back, but the thought of abandoning his horse did not once occur to him. One refuge there was: the dark apartment still yawned close to where he stood, and into it, quickly as he could safely move, he led his horse, and closing the door, bolted it. But as he went he gave a look toward where the fallen man was, and saw him, partly resting on the ground, partly held up in the arms of old Hector, whose hand was even then moving to close the lids and veil the death-stare of eyes that still glared with the intent of a deadly aim; that faithful hand was there to fulfill the last request of the unhappy castaway on that black night when they separated on the frozen shore of the Ohio.

AUNT'S NEW HOUSE.

MOTHER always doubled my pleasure by the heartiness with which she entered into it, as when, just before the holidays, the welcome letter came from Aunt Dale claiming my usual visit, and inclosing the money for my traveling expenses. Any deficiency in my wardrobe which she noticed she always quietly supplied on my arrival. At first, father's sturdy independence rebelled a little at this, but she was so pained that "he, with so many children, should deny her the pleasure of once a year 'making believe' she had one," that he was obliged to let her have her own way. Aunt Dale always did have her own way with every body. So I used to go and spend six happy, restful weeks there, that were just one perfect dream of beauty and pleasure from beginning to end, and then come home to live on the memory of it for the rest of the year. For life was no summer holiday to me, as you may imagine—the oldest daughter in a family containing eight noisy boys, whose "chief end" was, as far as I could see, to keep the house and mother and me in a hurly-burly from morning till night. Such a little house too! For father is a minister, and we do not roll in wealth. Country ministers are not apt to.

At Aunt Dale's all was different and delightful. To begin with, she lived in New York. That, to my girlish imagination, meant every thing enchanting; it meant music and pictures and books and people, and opportunities for seeing and doing whatever is most worth seeing and doing on this side of the water. Then Uncle and Aunt Dale were a cheerful, kind-hearted, lovable

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couple, with little peculiarities that amused one but never offended, and a most comfortable way of living. There never seemed to be either hurry or worry in that house. Yet my uncle was by no means rich: only the confidential clerk of a wealthy firm, whom he had been with for years; but his salary was large, and enabled him to live just as he liked, being of quiet, unpretentious tastes. Their sunny, old-fashioned house was charming in its way, and had not in the least the prim look that houses usually have where there are no children. But that was because children had been there once, for it had belonged to Dr. Dale, uncle's father. He was a widower, and when his son married, he had insisted on his bringing his wife home, which he gladly did, and they had lived there ever since, without making any material change in any thing, though it was nearly a dozen years now since the father's death. I think it was really the air which the genial, artistic old physician had given to the place which made it the singularly attractive home it was. It was filled with odd and beautiful knickknacks which he had brought from abroad, and rare engravings, delightful old books, and contrivances for comfort. Not a chair in the house but it rested you to sit on, or a color in the carpets or furniture—though somewhat faded now—that was not rich and warm. The back parlor, which was also the dining-room—for the old doctor was fond of giving little dinner-parties, and could never say enough against the modern fashion of basement dining-rooms, or "going down cellar to eat," as he scornfully termed it—was my special delight. It had low window-seats with crimson cushions. I used to curl up in them to read, and when it grew too dark to see, and the room was lighted only by the rosy glow of the open fire glimmering on the tall dark mahogany bookcases and their white busts, on the pictures, on the handsome old furniture, with books, magazines, and newspapers lying about in pleasant disorder, and one window a bower with aunt's flowers and ivies—then I used to gaze round me with a sense of thorough enjoyment, as at a pleasant picture. And I thought, as girls always will, that if my hero, the "Prince Charming," of whom we all dream, and of whose appearance, at some not distant period, we are at eighteen quite certain, were only sitting there with me in that dreamy, picturesque fire-light, saying lovely things with his low, rich voice—his voice is always "low" and "rich"—why, then the room would be perfect. I had my wish, too, one night.

This isn't going to be a love-story. I give you fair warning of that now. So I may as well tell you at once about the affair which made my last visit in the dear old house memorable, and then have done with it. I shall give you only the outlines, leaving you to do all the shading and the filling in yourself.

One snowy afternoon, just before Christmas, I had agreed to meet my uncle at the Academy of Design. While waiting for him I devoted myself to the pictures, which I knew little about critically, only loved with a blind, unquestioning enthusiasm. Presently I discover that in my absorption I have dropped my water-proof somewhere. As I look about for it anxiously, a gentleman asks me, in a very kind, respectful way, if I have lost any thing, and when I tell him what, is sure he has seen it in one of the rooms. As he goes with me to find it, he throws out a remark about a lovely landscape—my favorite in the whole exhibition—which makes me look up at him, with a flash of surprise and pleasure in my eyes, because it is my own thought he has expressed, but far more cleverly, and going deeper than I could. I answer back with a brightening face, and in a way that pleases him, for there is a smile under his brown mustache. We fall into an animated discussion of the pictures. I express my opinions with great confidence and vivacity at first, but begin to grow silent and humble; for he is pointing out merits and faults I never dreamed of before, and unconsciously gives me a glimpse into a new world of ideas in art. Still, notwithstanding his superior culture, we are perfectly *en rapport*, for he is most magnetic and fascinating to me. I am having an enchanting time. Suddenly I remember that we are looking for my cloak! It is now storming furiously, and I can not go without it. Also, I have a vague sense that my most proper and circumspect aunt would be inexpressibly shocked if she could see me walking about in this joyous manner with an unknown young man! The water-proof is not to be seen, so the gentleman goes down to the desk to inquire for it. He is gone a long time, but at last makes his appearance holding up my cloak with a smile of triumph. Uncle Dale comes for me then. As he and I march cozily along under the umbrella, I tell him what a captivating talk I had. He smiles good-humoredly, but says, "You'd better not tell your aunt about it, dear." At Christmas there comes for me a superb bonbonnière, giver unknown; but one of the chocolate bonbons certainly resembles a cloak! Then tickets come by mail for the artists' reception. I have always been longing to go to one. Aunt puzzles her brains as to who could have sent them, but I keep my own counsel. We go. I spend an unheard-of time over my toilet, I remember. There is a great crowd, and it is very brilliant. I discover my friend in the distance, and he makes me a charming bow, so charming that aunt stares and says, quickly,

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"Who is that?" I stammer out, blushing, "I don't know." Thereupon she looks much displeased, while a young lady with us exclaims to me, enviously, "Why, do *you* know Mr. Van Neff, the painter whose pictures are so much sought after now by connoisseurs? Charming man too, they say; so exceedingly clever." I secretly echo the verdict of Mrs. Grundy, and watch him as he talks animatedly to a beautiful, distinguished-looking girl on his arm, and I wish I were beautiful and distinguished-looking, for I am having a very dull time. After a while I see him coming straight toward us with a friend of my uncle's. He is presented to us in due form, and the rest of the evening we are walking through the rooms together, and I am *not* having a dull time.

After that I see my new friend almost every day for a month. He brings me flowers, he lends me books, we go to see pictures together. Life is perfectly delightful to me, and New York just the new Garden of Eden. All at once, however, he ceases to come. I wonder and ponder as to the cause; think each morning when I wake, "To-day he will come," and go to bed disappointed each night. I see in the paper a little paragraph, "Mr. Van Neff, the distinguished young painter, is about going abroad." I hear also of his engagement to the beautiful girl he was with at the reception. I grow very homesick, and write mother that I am glad my visit is done. The night before I go I am sitting before the fire disconsolately, Aunt and Uncle Dale at church. I have turned the gas down, and am indulging in a little quiet cry, when Mr. Van Neff suddenly comes in. "He has been out of town," he is *not* engaged, and he is *not* going abroad until I will go with him as his wife. I can never spend a happier hour than that I spent with my lover before the fire that night, because a cup can not be *more* than full. Mr. Van Neff went home with me, father and mother consented, and we were engaged. We were not married, however, for various reasons, for more than a year.

If this visit was memorable, the next one was also, though in a very different way. In fact, it was to tell you about this, which was my last visit at Aunt Dale's, that I set out in the beginning. There is nothing in the least romantic or exciting about it, any more than in my engagement, beginning (of all things!) with a water-proof. But I had some hard, uncomfortable lessons beaten into me that winter that may possibly be of use to somebody else.

I was beginning already to look forward with redoubled eagerness to my New York visit when, in the fall, a startling letter came from Aunt Dale. They had had a fortune left them! One of the partners in the firm where uncle was clerk had died—an old bachelor without near relatives—and left his property, which was very large, entirely to Uncle Dale. The next letter did not surprise us so much, for we knew aunt's ambitious tendencies, which her want of means had hitherto kept in the background. They had sold their old house, and purchased a large and handsome one on Fifth Avenue. It was not finished yet, so they would board until it was ready for them. That would be in January. "You must come then, and make us your accustomed visit, dear Lucy" —so the letter ran—"for we shall want you to enjoy our beautiful new home with us. It is to have new furniture throughout, and every modern improvement. Your uncle has kindly given up the management of the whole thing to me."

"Of course he has!" said my father, with a laugh, in which we all joined, for Uncle Dale is—to tell the honest truth—decidedly under petticoat government. The contrast between them was comical. Uncle very short and very stout, being fond of good cheer, with the mildest of faces and of dispositions. Aunt more than a head taller, and rather imposing in figure, with a quick, imperious, energetic manner. She was devotedly fond of her husband; but, for all that, it was tacitly understood between them that her will was law. There never was the least clashing, though, for he had entire faith in her judgment and ability. "Your aunt is a very superior woman," he was fond of saying to me, admiringly.

Every letter from New York was now full of the delights of the new house, till I was myself quite dazzled at the thought of the luxury and the splendor that were before me. I was actually going to be for a while a denizen of Fifth Avenue—in one of those splendid houses at whose stately and impressive fronts I had so often gazed, wondering as to the festive, brilliant scenes that must be passing within. I am afraid I unconsciously held up my head a trifle higher the next time I walked up the narrow, uncarpeted aisles of our little church, forgetting that I had there renounced "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world." I would picture often to myself the elegant drawing-room, which was to be in the Louis Quatorze style; the library, rich and luxurious, where I should write all my letters home; the beautiful conservatory and pretty boudoir, cozy and sunny—these last two being wholly drawn from imagination, as aunt mentioned nothing of the kind—and so on up to the bedrooms, tasteful and full of every comfort; and then I would say to mother, "Oh, why, why doesn't somebody die and leave *us* a fortune!"

At last January came, and I went to New York. Uncle Dale, as usual, was at the dépôt to meet me with a hearty welcome. He looked a little care-worn, I thought.

"We have only been in the house a couple of weeks," said he. "You have no idea how

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the workmen and upholsterers have plagued us by putting us off. You'll find your aunt a little tired and nervous to-night, my dear. There's a world of care in such a house as ours; I see that already;" and what a sigh as he said this! "Oh, here we are!"

The carriage stopped before a large brown-stone mansion with wide steps and massive carved doors. It was in a handsome block.

"I've always 'dreamt I dwelt in marble halls,' but it's grand to really do it!" I exclaimed, joyously, to uncle, as we entered the spacious hall, with a beautiful tessellated floor and rich wainscoting. Still I was disappointed not to find Aunt Dale there, smiling her welcome as she used to; she was not even in the drawing-room, where I waited while uncle went to find her, and improved the time by looking around. My absurd fancy that drawing-rooms in Fifth Avenue were always gay and brilliant and fascinating underwent a grievous change at once. The superb glass chandeliers were not lighted, only a little side bracket, and by its dim light I saw an immense dreary apartment, elegantly upholstered, with draperies of blue satin and lace; furniture, shrouded in white coverings, standing like ghosts round the sides of the room, in a way that was meant to be stately, but was only stiff and forbidding. There were some costly bronzes ranged on the mantel, a few ornaments on the tables, and ormolu cabinets with a touch-me-not air; no books, no signs of life or occupancy; not a chair out of its appointed place; no individuality whatever about the whole room; nothing to suggest any idea of Uncle or Aunt Dale except their wealth—and their upholsterer! I was thinking this when in came Aunt Maria, out of breath, and arrayed in a de laine wrapper. She kissed me affectionately, while apologizing for her delay and her appearance.

"Positively, Lucy, I was too tired to dress myself, and I knew no one would call yet. Every thing in this house is so costly and rich that I feel that I must oversee every thing myself, and not trust to the servants, as I could in the other house. *There* two were enough, here it takes six; and I declare sometimes I think they will drive me wild with their carelessness."

As we went up stairs, she exhibited with undisguised satisfaction the various rooms, beautifully furnished, and all so spick-span new and nice that one felt almost afraid to look into them. My room was lovely; all was delicate blue, and matched to perfection. Aunt looked gratified when I cried,

"Oh, this is so exquisite, auntie! my favorite color too! It was kind of you to think of that!" I went round descanting on its various beauties. "And how delightful that it looks out on gay Fifth Avenue!" eagerly attempting to draw apart the lace curtains that fell gracefully to the floor.

"Oh, Lucy, don't, don't!" exclaimed my aunt, darting forward; "you will tear them. It makes them gape so to keep separating them, so I have pinned them together in the middle. Besides, on Fifth Avenue one mustn't be seen staring through the windows, you know."

I said nothing, but I sighed, because to watch this splendid living panorama from my windows had been one of the great pleasures that I had looked forward to in our dull country village.

Every thing seemed that first night to show me that this visit was not going to be "all that my fancy painted it." I was too disappointed to see the ludicrous side of it, as I do now. For one thing, dinner was a failure. This was touching my uncle on a tender point. Aunt tried to smooth it over. "You know the cook hasn't got used to the new range yet." I thought I heard something like "Confound that range!" from my uncle as we went up stairs, for the dining-room—oh, shade of Dr. Dale!—was below. The library, like all the other rooms, was formidably impressive, like a state apartment, somehow. I found myself thinking of the dear, jolly old sitting-room in the other house, where every body felt at ease, and the air was redolent of "good times," and I wondered that they had no cheerful open fire here to "glorify" the room, and make a focus that would draw us near to each other sociably. Moreover, it was cold, for the heat from the registers was not sufficient to keep us from positively shivering.

"Why in the world don't they keep up a better fire?" cried my aunt, giving the bell an angry pull.

"I'm afraid you are going to find that the furnace you selected is entirely too small. Suppose we have a fire made up in the grate, my dear," suggested Uncle Dale.

"Mr. Dale," said she, sharply, "you seem to forget that we did not propose, when that thousand-dollar mantel was put in, to ruin it with a fire. Just fancy, too, having coal brought over this delicate carpet, to say nothing about the dust on these books and costly ornaments!"

Of all things he hated a fuss, so he subsided into silence over his newspaper. As for me, I remembered no more that I was cold; for at that moment Mr. Van Neff's tall, square-shouldered form appeared in the door, with his brown, bearded face all lighted up with smiles, as I sprang toward him in a glow of delight that Greenland itself could not have chilled. Of course the rest of the evening to me, while my lover staid, was lovely. I wish I could say as much for the night. I had heard of gilded misery, but now I began to have a realizing sense of it, as ministers used to say. I fell asleep admiring my pretty blue bedroom, and listening to the distant roar of cars and omnibuses,

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thrilling me with the consciousness that I was in New York. But I awoke soon after midnight, half frozen with the cold breeze blowing over my head from the ventilator, which is very large. Aunt Maria had pointed it out with pride. "Every thing is according to the most modern ideals, you see." I like to be modern too, but as my teeth are chattering, I get up to close it. I discover that it can't be done, for the cord and tassels have been forgotten. I stare up at it in despair, entertain a wild project of climbing up on the mantel, decide that I should break my neck—and the vases—and go back to bed. I am too cold to sleep. Presently a low, piercing, fearful sound is heard through the house. I start up, trembling with terror, for it ceases not for a moment, but grows louder and shriller. I dart out into the hall. Aunt Dale's portly form looms up white in the darkness, while my uncle and the servants are rushing down the stairs.

"It is the steam-whistle of the furnace! We are all going to be blown up!" aunt calls to them frantically, while I cling to her massive shoulders. Then follows a moment of terrible suspense, till James, who takes care of the furnace—the house is heated by steam—flies into the cellar and regulates the valves. The warning whistle ceases, we find there was no real danger, and at last silence reigns through the halls. As I have not slept a wink since midnight, I am thankful when it is time to rise and dress.

There is a beautiful dressing-room connected with my room, which had rejoiced my eyes last night with its toilet and bathing conveniences when I contrasted it with my little pine wash-stand and earthen pitcher at home. "A warm bath is *so* refreshing when one has not slept," I said to myself, springing eagerly out of bed for the purpose. How I jumped! for I felt something cold on my feet. A stream was trickling across the floor from under the dressing-room door. I opened it, and beheld my best boots, my traveling-bag—yes, even my new morning dress, which had slipped off the hook—afloat in a little pond of water which was pouring from the marble basin! In a moment every thing in the room would be ruined; so, with a most rueful countenance, I just fished up my dress, which looked now like any wet rag—I had spent ten days in making it—then rushed to my aunt's door, only to find her in the same consternation. Something had choked up the waste-pipe, and the water used in the rooms above, deprived of other outlet, had gushed up through our basins and overflowed. You can imagine the cheerful scene that followed—the spoiled carpets, servants running about with pails and mops, plumbers ripping up the floors, and Aunt Maria in despair.

Oh, the annoyances, the disasters, great and small, the general discomfort of that winter! I positively doubt if any Irish family in a miserable tenement-house were more wretched than we. There were the servants! One stole the spoons, another broke the dishes, a third had "followers" who smoked clay pipes in the kitchen, and every chamber-maid we had *would* flirt with the coachman. Aunt divided her time about equally between the intelligence-office and holding Irish receptions at home when she advertised. Not a cook would stay more than a week on account of "that new-fangled range;" so it was taken out at last, and another put in, a dreadful job, that for two days converted aunt's beautiful kitchen into a horrible chaos of bricks and mortar, from which it never quite recovered. Uncle's state of mind may be imagined when I state that he had to take his meals at a restaurant during these changes. After this it seemed a mere bagatelle that the furnace must also be taken out and a larger one substituted. To be sure, we had been freezing all winter—an unusually severe one—and we were all tired, too, of the litter and the thumping and pounding of masons and carpenters. Also during the process we were fireless except in the little sewing-room up stairs, which had, thank Heaven! a plain mantel; but we had arrived at that state where we could stand any thing. A sublime despair was the habitual expression now on my uncle's once jolly, rosy face; and aunt grew nervous and thin and neuralgic. I should have been dreadfully homesick, which was an unheard-of thing for me at Aunt Dale's, if it had not been for Mr. Van Neff. His resources for diverting and interesting me seemed inexhaustible. At the same time, in spite of his sympathy with me, my accounts of our various misfortunes invariably seemed to touch his keen sense of the ludicrous. One evening in particular I almost got vexed with him because he would roar, when I thought it more a case for tears.

"But it's no laughing matter, Richard," said I, "when almost every day something splits or bursts, and there's no comfort any where. And you know how happy we were, and how free, in the other house. *Now* this is the way it is. Yesterday, as the whole house was cold and dreary, and Aunt Maria was out, I took refuge in my own room, determined to have a good time *there*. You know the drawing-room wasn't meant for the family to sit in, of course—I wonder what it was meant for, for aunt never gave a large party in her life, and never will!—neither, evidently, was the library, it is kept so dark; so I rolled up my shades, but didn't disturb those lace curtains; then I placed a rocking-chair right in the sun—the blessed sun, that doesn't dare to show his face in here for one moment!—and, with the 'Marble Faun,' I was in Rome, and happy, when in comes Aunt Maria. Richard, you should

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have seen her face! She never said one word at first, only marched straight to the windows and pulled the shades down with a jerk; then, in an impressive tone, that made me feel that I was a felon, she spoke: 'Lucy, this is not the old house, you know!' and left me."

Every day I saw more and more that, while many of our trials are always incident to a new house, the main trouble was that we were plain people, unused to wealth and its accessories. This great, costly, brownstone mansion was plainly going to be too much for my uncle and aunt Dale; just a dead weight on their shoulders, like the Old Man of the Sea on Sindbad's, destroying all their peace and comfort evermore. This it was that took away all look of real elegance and ease, and gave such a painfully new air, and oppressed one with a continual sense that one must be careful not to injure or displace any thing; and making the house, in spite of its tastefulness, seem parvenu, even vulgar. I felt this, and I hated it all.

The electric burglar-alarm finally brought things to a crisis, and ended my visit. Aunt Dale since living on Fifth Avenue had had a mania on the subject of burglars, with which Uncle Dale had ceased to sympathize. She had waked him so many times at dead of night, whispering fearfully that "somebody was getting into the house," that now he only answered, calmly, "*Who* do you suppose it is?" thereby exasperating her beyond endurance, while he turned over for another nap. But one night the house next door was entered, and a clean sweep made of all the silver; then the one opposite was attempted, but the "alarm" waked the inmates, and frightened off the thieves. After this my uncle could make no opposition to any plan of defense. So the burglar-alarm was put in; and invisible wires connecting doors and windows with the galvanic battery lay in ambush, ready to ring out their warning on the ear of night with the clash and clang of bells. The index of the wonderful machine, and the "alarm," were in aunt's room, near the bed. For a while all was "quiet along the Potomac," uncle sleeping in peace every night, and laughing at aunt every morning for her needless fears. There were little drawbacks from which *I* principally suffered. The alarm was generally set about ten, when uncle and aunt retired; then Mr. Van Neff and I had a quiet, cozy hour or so by ourselves in the library. He never staid late—I protest against any such idea; still it wasn't pleasant to have the exact moment of his departure proclaimed to the whole household, as it was by that ear-piercing din of the alarm the instant he opened the hall door. No more lingering farewells in the vestibule, or on the steps, if it was moonlight. On the contrary, our one idea came to be, how to keep the door open the shortest time possible, and so stop that horrible ringing. We reduced the thing to a science. When all our sweet, last words had been spoken, Richard, with hat and cane in his hand, stood close to the vestibule door. "Ready!" I would say, with my hand on the knob, then turn it quickly; instantly *clash! clash!* the bell was clanging in a perfect fury, while he, laughing, shot out, and I closed the door with a clap. My uncle used to rub his hands and chuckle with merriment when I narrated these annoyances of the alarm at the breakfast-table, while aunt demurely said she thought it "was a very good thing, that alarm—answered for more purposes than one!"

"Mr. Van Neff is the only person it ever will catch, in my opinion," remarks my uncle, with twinkling eyes.

However, my aunt's hour of triumph came at last. Uncle Dale went to Boston on business. I slept with her. About two o'clock we were both awaked by the violent ringing of the alarm. We started up and looked at each other, with beating hearts. Then she got up bravely, and touched the indicator. It was the scuttle door that gave the warning.

"They always get in over the roofs," whispered my aunt, and snatched my uncle's pistol from a drawer. She knew it wasn't loaded, and she didn't know how to fire it if it had been, but I think it was splendid in her, all the same. All the while the bell was going louder and faster, with an incessant, importunate, penetrating clamor, as if it would drive us to madness. There were sounds of hurrying feet and voices up stairs. Aunt dashed out, with the pistol in her hand, like a hero, I after her, like a coward, expecting to run against the burglars in the hall. "Up to the scuttle!" she cries, daringly, while I and the maid-servants follow, like a pack of hounds, and James takes the lead. Still that bell rings on. We find the scuttle door open, but not the scuttle itself, and no signs of a burglar. So we grow bolder, and investigate; so does the cat, who is rubbing against us. We go searching the whole house; every thing is right, and we are forced to the ignominious conclusion that the door had been left unfastened, and the cat pushed it open. Aunt Maria, as we all go trooping down stairs again, laughing, says she is relieved. In reality I think she is disappointed that it was not a burglar, for she knows how Uncle Dale will crow when he hears the story. As the servants grow more careless, such alarms become quite frequent, till my uncle becomes furious; for whenever they occur his wife always insists upon his getting out of bed and tramping through the house, from garret to cellar, pistol in hand. He declares that if such a thing happens again he will discharge the servant who is to blame on the spot.

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It does happen the very next night. As I hear the alarm, I laugh, thinking of uncle's wrath. He, "determined not to be made a fool of again," refuses to stir; so aunt goes to her door, and calls to the servants "to see that that scuttle door is closed *instantly!*" and the bell ceases its ringing. As I go off to sleep again I wonder which one will get a dismissal for the fault. But in the morning, when the servants come down, there is a great excitement, and we discover that the silver is gone, the house ransacked, all valuables of small size taken! We all gaze at the havoc they have made, horror-struck; my uncle in particular, I notice, is speechless when we discover that the burglars had secreted themselves in the house in the daytime, and we had disregarded the alarm when they fled with their booty at night. Aunt Dale was, alas! the very one who suffered most in the end by this calamity. Hastily roused by the servants in the early, chill morning, she had only stopped to throw on her dressing-gown and slippers, and so, in going through the various rooms, took a severe cold, which, as her system was quite run down by the wear and tear of the winter, ended in a long and terrible fever. When she recovered, she was but the shadow of herself. Her physician was imperative. "Nothing but rest and travel will restore her," he said. It was decided that the house should be closed, and that uncle should take her to Europe. I doubt if they ever occupy the Fifth Avenue mansion again. Uncle Dale hates it with a bitter hatred, and, before they sailed, confided to me that he had entered into negotiations for their old home, when they return. I think even aunt herself will be glad to go back to it. I staid with them till they left the house in May, for I could be of great service during aunt's sickness, and I was happy to be able to repay some of her kindness to me. Then I went home, glad enough to see father and mother, and even "those staring boys," again. In June Richard and I were married, and went to Italy. I remember well a little talk we had—he and I—the day I left Aunt Dale's. We were sitting comfortably on the library carpet, which was rolled up preparatory to taking away. The room was dismantled, furniture piled up, curtains down, and the sun streaming cheerily in on the bare floor.

"Richard," said I, "do you know of any body who will be likely to die and leave you a fortune, and tempt you into having a great, splendid house you don't need? Because if you do, I won't marry you."

He laughed. "There's not the faintest probability of it, Lucy." Then, as he gave a glance at the drawing-room, looking larger and drearier than ever now, "I've been thinking the same thing as you. What a wretched failure as a home this house has been! It was sham that did it; it spoils every thing it gets into. A picture has no more charm for you when you perceive that the figures are not really doing what they pretend, but are only posing for effect; and it is the same with a house. When it is built, not for what it pretends to be—*a home*, to work and rest and be happy in—but for display of any sort, its charm is gone, and its value as a home, and you will never cheat any one into believing in it." Then he put his arms round me, and drew me nearer to him on the carpet. "There shall be no shams in our house—shall there, Lucy?"

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

EXACTLY a century ago Anglo-Saxon sense of right for the first time encountered the grossest anomaly of modern civilization before the seat of justice, and their contest ended in the declaration that slaves can not live in England. But it was long before that which was law at home within the four seas grew to any force beyond a rhetorical flourish in the remote regions under the rule of the same race. In slowly working out its logical conclusion, that truth needed to quicken dead morality, to destroy powerful interests, and to shame while it convinced the nation. Granville Sharp, the advocate of Somerset before the twelve judges in 1772, labored for fifteen years before he kindled the dry principle of law with a flame of religious zeal in the formation, under his presidency, of the Society for the Abolition of the Slave-Trade. Twenty years longer he and his associates struggled, until they succeeded in crushing the barbarous traffic by legislation, and he died in 1813 with his passionate hope for emancipation yet unfulfilled. The difficult work consumed the lives of two generations of workers. Among them all, despised at first, but famous now so long as philanthropy is honored, no one is more illustrious than William Wilberforce. He was not wholly of the stuff from which reformers are made, but for this peculiar reform nature and circumstance seemed to single him out. Too feeble to guide the fiery sweep of a crusade, too gentle to move the earthquake that should overthrow a religion, he yet had force and courage enough to utter the still small voice that called a race out of perdition.

By birth Wilberforce belonged to that soundest and purest division of English society, the great commoners, inferior to the peers only in titular dignity, but their equals as a class in character, influence, and wealth. His father was a partner in a mercantile house engaged in the Baltic trade at Hull, in Yorkshire. His ancestors for six centuries had been settled in the county, deriving their earlier consequence, with their name, from

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the township of Wilberfoss. Inheriting while young a large landed estate from his uncle, his ample fortune, joined to a taste for more liberal pursuits, led him to devote himself to public affairs rather than to business. Slight in figure and delicate in health, he was remarkable even in his school-days for elocution, as well as excellence in composition. At the university his liveliness and wit, with his kindly disposition, expressed in hospitable habits, won great popularity; but his quickness in classical studies making the routine examinations unfortunately easy, he was more inclined to amusement than to hard reading, and paid for the neglect of early discipline by a certain want of mental regularity in later years.

At Cambridge he formed an acquaintance with William Pitt, his senior by three months, which grew into intimacy while they were both preparing themselves for a public career after having left the university. Their attachment continued warm and confidential through life, with only brief occasional interruptions caused by political disagreement. In the constancy and the public notoriety of this friendship, intimate yet independent, with the great minister, Wilberforce found a strong and steady support for his philanthropic plans.

Had he chosen the easier path of politics, no doubt his brilliant services, under the lead of a statesman with whom for the most part he heartily agreed, would have won all the preferment his ambition could ask. His Parliamentary career began a few months earlier than Pitt's. The latter, failing in his first contest for the representation of Cambridge University, took his seat for a pocket borough. Wilberforce, then only twenty, confident in his personal popularity, through his connections in his native town, presented himself as a candidate in opposition both to the nominee of the most powerful nobleman in the county and to the sitting member, a rich and respected resident, gaining the brilliant success of an election as representative for Hull by a vote outnumbering that given to his two opponents together. The attention drawn to him by this conspicuous entrance into public life was fixed by the independent position he took and steadily maintained, refusing to sacrifice it even to his friendship for Pitt. Although elected as the opponent of Lord North's administration, especially of the war with America, he gave his first vote in support of the premier upon another question, and he again sided with the government, soon after, in defeating a measure proposed by Pitt. He wisely devoted the first session to gaining an insight into the routine of public business. "Let speaking take care of itself," was his later advice to one of his successors. "I never go out of the way to speak, but make myself acquainted with business, and then, if the debate passes my door, I step out and join it." The next session brought him into greater prominence. A speech against the policy of the government as to the war, which contributed to the downfall of Lord North's ministry, won him praise, with offers of advancement, from the new administration. Even when Pitt, soon after, took office as Chancellor of the Exchequer under Shelburne, and when, a year later, he achieved the marvelous greatness of attaining the premiership at the age of twenty-four, Wilberforce supported him in no partisan spirit: only so far as his judgment approved his policy. Still less did he cultivate the growing statesman's closest intimacy and share his daily counsels with any thought of profiting for himself by the splendid fortunes of his friend. He was a rare exception among the legislators of the time, in firmly holding his resolution never to take place, nor pension, nor peerage. Of the forty members, bound together with him by that pledge, in a club of Independents, all but two did in a few years become peers, or pensioners, or placemen. Indeed, with his broad and high views of political action, his generous ardor, and his facile eloquence, he could hardly have resisted the fascination of a party career in that brilliant and changeful period of the nation's history, were it not for the control of a higher principle, to which he early surrendered his life.

If there was any one thing more out of fashion in England at that day than another, it was religion. Not its state formalities, for they were guarded with strictest observance of test oaths, and Catholic disabilities, and contempt for dissent. But among the higher ranks the form was all—the spirit only a name. It was quite in keeping with the temper of the time that the serious feeling which began to influence Wilberforce even in his twelfth year should have so alarmed his family as to cause his removal from the danger of incipient Methodism to the distractions of gay society. In London, at the opening of his Parliamentary life, he was immersed in politics and fashion, a member of five clubs, and, like all the young men—and old ones too—of the day, possessed with a strong taste for play. At their favorite resort Pitt suddenly gave up cards, alarmed by the intense earnestness into which gambling beguiled him, setting an example which Wilberforce soon followed. After gaining a still more distinguished position in Parliament by his election, at the age of twenty-five, as member for the county of York, he made a short tour in Europe with the rough philosopher Isaac Milner, which gave an opportunity for much speculative discussion on religious subjects. The following year they renewed their travels and their reasonings, reading the Greek Testament together, while examining its doctrines

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carefully, with such effect that on his return to England Wilberforce became sincerely and thoroughly a religious man in belief and practice. Serious conversations with his friends among the clergy deepened his impressions, until he made the usual open profession of his faith, continuing thenceforward earnestly and avowedly to guide his life in accordance with the dictates of the highest duty.

His position in the world of gayety and business naturally directed Wilberforce's zeal at first toward the correction of that dissoluteness of morals which shocked his newly awakened conscience by its general prevalence. He believed "that God had set before him as his object the reformation of his country's manners." In this narrower sphere he set himself actively at work to prepare those combinations and organize that correspondence which were destined afterward to minister so signally to the success of a grander design. Using his influence as a legislator to obtain the issue of a royal proclamation against vice and immorality, he availed himself, too, of his social popularity and winning address to engage the interest of the better classes for his plans. Visiting most of the bishops, besides many influential laymen, he prevailed upon a number of them to become members of a society formed by him for the reformation of manners, which long continued in actively useful operation, directing legislation with much effect in checking the spread of immoral principles and irreligious publications.

At a later period, while the contest over the great object of his life was most vehement, Wilberforce found time and occasion to render another important service to the cause of religion distinctively. Before the year 1803 the difficulty of obtaining Bibles for both home and foreign circulation had been complained of in vain. The subject was quite out of the range of the government's duties; nor could the Church, to which the work properly belonged, find either funds or energy for its discharge. Wilberforce once more applied the plan of combining the scattered energies of Christian men in an association. Little aid for such an undertaking could be expected from his worldly political friends at any time—least of all while Pitt was out of office during his disagreement with the king on Catholic emancipation, and while the preservation of the hollow peace with France engrossed the thoughts of all statesmen. But Wilberforce's connections and influence extended far beyond the mere political sphere. He called all sects and parties, merchants, missionaries, men of rank, Churchmen and Dissenters, to help in so catholic a plan. The result was the formation, in 1804, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the parent of many organizations with the same object, which became a mighty and fruitful instrument for the diffusion of religious truth.

Neither these nor any minor reforms could fill the measure of Wilberforce's large charity. The morals of his own nation might require amendment, the spiritual welfare of Europe might demand the Scriptures, but there was a whole race whose moral, spiritual, and physical ruin fixed a blot on civilization and a peculiar guilt on free England. In his early days he had shared with all men of large views the oppressive sense that no greater wrong than slavery existed in modern times; yet, regarding it from a worldly point of view, he had believed with most statesmen that its cure was almost beyond hope. In his boyhood he had written on the subject for the daily journals. Soon after entering Parliament he knew and sympathized with Ramsay, the earliest writer—as he was also the first victim—in the cause of abolition. But, by his own confession, he cared more at that time for distinction as a legislator than for duty. He might have been pardoned for adopting the views of Burke, whose broad philosophy impelled him as early as 1780 to prepare a plan for the suppression of the slave-trade, which his partisanship and dread of ruinous unpopularity frightened him into abandoning. No politician dared to attack an evil so deeply rooted that it claimed to be a part of the nation's life. No statesman could find a practical way of destroying its power while preserving his own. But Wilberforce had caught an inspiration higher than human wisdom or courage. He had chosen religious principle as his rule of action, and it was with an avowed belief in Divine guidance that he chose the abolition of slavery as his cause.

If we would understand the tremendous difficulties of the work he took up, we must drop from recollection all the advance of mankind in morals and intelligence during the last hundred years. We must assist in thought at the opening of those discussions on the rights of men in the state, and their duties as individuals, which were to shake and renew the world. Unless we can measure the chasm in thought that separates woman suffrage and the positive philosophy from talk of a "*contrat social*," and dogmas of Divine right in kings and priests, we can not take in the political and moral theories that sustained slavery. To comprehend its material foundations we must recall the time when freedom of commerce and ready intercourse among the nations did not exist. Wilberforce talked with Franklin at the court of Louis Seize; and that was when the encyclopedists' questions were amusing the salons, and our Declaration of Independence had just established itself as a fact. Lord Macartney had not yet explained to the Chinese where England was, and no one knew any

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thing of the East Indies but what the great company chose to tell. A nearer El Dorado lay in Jamaica and Trinidad, so rich that it paid four millions of revenue to the mother country through the hands of planters who lived like princes, and merchants each worth his plum. No wonder that England, just shorn of her noblest colonies, clung desperately to those that remained. Her treasury wanted their tribute; her ministers could not dispense with the votes controlled by their wealth; her traders felt that prosperity hung on the products their slave labor poured out. What voice, prating generalities about virtue and wrong, could charm them into loosening their hold on such tangible and splendid profits? What plea of abstract right could confute the half sense of justice that protected vested interests? It was not that the politicians and the merchants were duller or harder than their generation. The generation was not keen-sighted to truth, nor sensitive in conscience. Universal apathy as to subjects not outward and material weighed on the land. The Church was torpid—the clergy largely leavened with latitudinarian views; the upper classes looked with the contempt of well-bred formalism on a serious life as Methodistical. The manufacturing populace multiplied in crowded towns without spiritual oversight. In the country the abuse of non-residence among the clergy, and the want of church accommodation and schools, kept the lower people ignorant of morality or religion. "Our population," Southey wrote, "is in a deplorable state, both as to law and Gospel. The clergy are marrying and christening machines, and the manners of the people are dreadfully worsened during their long sleep." In many districts, indeed, both the marrying and the christening were dispensed with. John Wesley had begun to preach the Gospel to the poor, but no one had yet arisen to touch the conscience of the richer orders in England with the conviction that they owed a duty to humanity, upon which their daily ways of money-getting were an outrage. It was that moral paralysis of the nations toward the end of the eighteenth century, so soon to be terribly convulsed into life, and so hard to render intelligible to us who suffer at this day, in the opposite extreme, from a St. Vitus's dance of moral sentimentalism.

Parliament contained no one so ready nor so fit to take up the cause of the African as Wilberforce. When the subject was mentioned to Pitt, recognizing it as one suited to the character and talents of his friend, he encouraged him to conduct the reform. He could rely upon the premier's great and increasing influence in his favor so far as his personal views, which were sincerely favorable to the cause, were not controlled by the necessities of party management. His popularity in his own county was unbounded, sustaining him sometimes by the affection, against the prejudices, of his constituents with a constancy that justified Fox's saying, "Yorkshire and Middlesex between them make all England." This political strength, resting upon the favor of one-tenth of the voting population of England, which Yorkshire then contained, was reinforced by his intimacy with the leaders of the religious classes throughout the kingdom. His important connections in the higher ranks were made subservient to the grand object through the charm of his manner, his wonderful social tact, and the personal magnetism that attracted even strangers. Added to this, his conspicuous independence compelled at least a respectful hearing from those among his opponents who refused to be touched by his lofty appeals, or melted by the mellow tones of his fervid eloquence. Whether in Parliament or out of it, no one could be named who held so close relations to so great a variety of leading minds, nor any one of so peculiar a power to weld these scattered influences into a weapon of celestial temper for the attack upon wrong.

In the Commons he could count upon the support of Burke, Fox, and Pitt, each a host in himself, though only twelve members besides at first declared themselves friends of immediate abolition. Although Burke had shrunk from carrying out his own convictions, embodied in the plan already mentioned, he gave an ardent support to those of Wilberforce. If at times too dreamily philosophical, and often speaking above his audience, he hoped too well for humanity not to lend the aid of his splendid imagination and vast stores of knowledge to its relief. Fox, usually a political opponent of Wilberforce, was always generous and warm in his fidelity to abolition. And however Pitt may have been hampered in action by the restraints of party, he often poured out in defense of his friend's measures that extraordinary eloquence which seemed to be inspired. Such men, devoted to such a cause, would have been classed by Napoleon among his "idealogues," as, indeed, they incurred in England the equivalent reproach of cherishing fanatical and impracticable designs. But both conscience and prescience guided their efforts, that relaxed under no discouragement, though none of them, except Wilberforce, lived to see the first stage of reform attained in the prohibition of the slave-trade. In the Upper House greater hostility was to be feared. The royal family, represented by the future sovereign, the Duke of Clarence, opposed a reform that threatened the exchequer. The votes of the bishops, who could not conscientiously attack it, were often lost through a want of zeal that permitted their absence. The bar was warmly hostile to interference with estab-

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WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

lished trade and vested rights of capital. Thurlow, false and noisy, found here a welcome vent for his interested insolence, and a set speech against the reform once trembled even on the lips of Erskine, withheld only by Fox's persuasion. But the Parliament of that day represented quite imperfectly the interests and not at all the convictions of the nation. Outside its walls the hardest work was to be done, and the real success gained. And in that field Wilberforce's tact showed supreme in directing the business management, which had for its object to condense religious zeal and sharpen moral resolve into an incalculable, irresistible force.

The first practical step, preparatory to action in the legislature, was taken by the formation of a committee to procure information and collect funds for the general expenses of the movement. In May, 1787, twelve resolute men, all but two of them Quakers, met in London for this purpose, choosing Sharp as their chairman. Wilberforce, though not enrolled among them, directed their action by his experience in similar concerted plans. He had gained much knowledge upon the subject the previous year, by diligent inquiry among African traders and travelers; but, as the importance of the obstacles developed, it became apparent that a great body of facts must be collected to lay the foundation for attack. They accordingly prevailed on Pitt to direct that the Privy Council should examine, as a board of trade, into the commerce with Africa. The first check was encountered in the presence, before the board, of witnesses sent by the merchants to prove

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the necessity and humanity of the traffic. The pretense was too cynically gross. It gave occasion for a strong and palpable argument, striking the eye as well as the ear, addressed to the common understanding, and fit to arouse the torpid feeling of the public. Thomas Clarkson—a name as famous in the history of abolition as Wilberforce's—had written a prize essay at Cambridge on the lawfulness of making men slaves against their will. With a large edition of this for free circulation, he now published an engraving of the interior of a slave-ship, with its pens, gratings, and shackles. The horror and indignation it excited were electric. Pitt, who had pledged himself to take charge of the interests of abolition during Wilberforce's absence from London by reason of dangerous illness, moved a resolution binding the House to consider the slave-trade in the following session. The merchants had in vain painted the hold of a slaver as a scene of delights, fragrant with frankincense, and echoing with happy songs—a floating island of the Hesperides, bearing its freight of grateful Africans out of barbarism to refinement and Christianity. A slave-ship was then fitting out in the Thames. Some members of the Commons brought back from their visit to her so moving a description of the appalling cruelties preparing for infliction that the House, in shame and pity, at once passed a bill mitigating the barbarity of the middle passage, which became a law during the summer.

At length, on the 12th of May, 1789, the proposition to abolish the slave-trade was formally introduced into Parliament, and the long, fierce legislative battle of nearly eighteen years began. Wilberforce presented the case of abolition in twelve resolutions, enforcing them by a speech of three hours and a half, in which, to use the words of Burke, "the principles were so well laid down, and supported with so much force and order, in a manner the most masterly, impressive, and eloquent, that it equaled any thing he had heard in modern times." The tactics of opposition turned the debate into a lingering trial by witnesses for the rest of the session. It would need a volume to trace the fluctuations of triumph and discouragement that attended thenceforward the efforts of the friends of humanity. Session after session, petitions, pamphlets, and public meetings prepared the way, and reports of committees supplied the material, for angry debate. The slave interest, thoroughly alarmed, consolidated the power and wealth of the merchants and planters, extended its influence throughout the aristocracy, and pressed even literature and fashion into its service. Three times the bill abolishing the trade passed the Lower House, and was rejected by the coldness or obstinacy of the Lords. A modification of the bill, providing for the suspension of the trade for a few years, or its cessation at some future date, which was intended to soften the opposition, only had the effect of relaxing the public interest, and detaching some moderate supporters. No real concession of principle could be made, and nothing less would be accepted by the banded interests, which grew more desperate as light and reason encroached on their position. The darkest hour for the cause was, perhaps, the period after its defeat in the session of 1795, at a time when the influence of French intrigues in the colonies was greatly feared, and the excesses of the revolution deterred thoughtful men from risking the beginning of any change. Its promise again grew brighter in 1804, when Pitt's return to office replaced a cabinet almost wholly hostile with one containing many of its warm friends. But the minister's reputation suffered grave reproach from his long delay to issue a royal proclamation, freely promised by him, checking the great impulse given to the trade by the new markets opened in the colonies conquered from France.

The struggle was prolonged three years more with growing encouragement. Incessant argument had brought over many converts from conviction, and persevering appeals to the conscience of the nation had aroused fastidious lukewarmness into fervor. Some of the West Indian body even offered to accept a three years' suspension of the trade. On Pitt's death, in 1806, the inheritance of his power was divided among the followers of Fox, and the new government entered warmly into the reformers' views. The next year the last grand debate on the subject occurred in Parliament, closed by a speech from Wilberforce distinguished by splendor of eloquence and force of argument. The bill for the suppression of the slave-trade passed the Commons, by a vote of 283 against only 16 negatives, on the 23d of February, and after going through the Lords the month after, was signed and became a law on the 25th of March, 1807.

Among the congratulations upon his success in the great labor of his life now pouring in from all quarters, Wilberforce, with characteristic modesty and piety, attributed to Divine guidance and aid both the idea of the reform and the mingled energy and tact that won its triumph. The necessary conclusion of complete emancipation was sure though slow to follow this beginning. Wilberforce still felt his work to be incomplete, and though he left much of the Parliamentary labor to his successors, among whom Brougham was conspicuous, he never relaxed in his efforts to direct public opinion in its favor both at home and abroad. He seized the opportunity given in 1814 by the Con-

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gress of Vienna to attempt a general abolition of the slave-trade. Eight hundred petitions for that object, with near a million signatures, were presented by him as the father of the great cause. It gained more by Bonaparte's sudden return from Elba breaking up the Congress, followed by the proclamation of the immediate abolition of the French slave-trade. In 1823 he opened the movement for the complete freedom of the negroes by publishing a warm and moving appeal, and presenting in the House a petition for emancipation from the Quakers. His last words in Parliament were uttered in the same cause the following year. His last public appearance was in 1830, when he presided at a great meeting of the Antislavery Society in London, being then nearly seventy years old; and the last information upon public affairs which he received was that the bill for the abolition of slavery had passed its second reading in the House of Commons in July, 1833, three days before his death.

Among other philanthropic undertakings, Wilberforce took part in the foundation of the colony of Sierra Leone in 1791, acting for some time as one of the company's directors. Nor did he limit his interest in the welfare of the race to one hemisphere. His zeal and charity pleaded as fervently, if less effectually, for the East Indian subjects of England as for her Caribbean slaves. In 1793, after diligent study of the subject, he proposed in the legislature certain resolutions for improving the religious condition of the Asiatics under British rule. But the overwhelming influence of the East India Company defeated his plans, and remitted twenty millions of people in Hindostan to the providential care of Brahma. The Indian mutiny of 1857, fostered by a superstition that might have been eradicated through Wilberforce's project, visited the nation as a punishment for the company's want of conscience.

In Parliament Wilberforce made a party for himself—the party of humanity. He was the servant of no other, and accepted from none the preferment each would gladly have given to win him. His pure and independent character and powerful eloquence would have made him courted as an ally, even without his weighty political influence. For twenty-eight years, by six successive elections, he represented the great constituency of Yorkshire. Romilly esteemed him the most efficient speaker in the House, and Canning confessed that no one understood better how to manage it. Pitt declared he had the greatest natural eloquence of all the men he ever knew, and Madame De Staël pronounced him the best converser and the wittiest man in England. His zeal for the overthrow of unrighteous power never made him an innovator, nor weakened his respect for constitutional authority. He was neither a liberal nor a believer in peace at any price. He justified the seizure of the Danish fleet, nor could his love for Pitt blind him to the weakness of that statesman's military policy. His conservatism did not shrink from advocating moderate representative reform when it was talked of in 1810, and his Churchmanship endured the thought of restoring civil rights to Romanists. Whether criticising Franklin's character apropos of his signing the peace of Paris "in his old spotted velvet coat," or penetrating Lafayette's affected republican austerity, or founding schools with Hannah More, or rebuking Pitt for his duel with Tierney, or hesitating to dine with the Regent at the Pavilion, or mediating between George the Fourth and the queen, he was always sincere in opinion, firm in principle, and kindly in action. Far above any public honors he prized the domestic happiness which such a character deserved and won. Unlike that of many philanthropists, his private life copied in its unfailing charity and helpfulness his public benevolence. A grave and statue in Westminster Abbey, a column at Hull to his memory, and an asylum for the blind founded as his memorial at York, are the honors with which England rewarded him. The judgment of posterity sanctions the tribute paid him by Mackintosh, "that a short period of the short life of one man, well and wisely directed, was sufficient to remedy the miseries of millions for ages, and to win a renown that can only perish with the world."

THE ANSWER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GEIBEL.

Darling child, you ask me why,
While I sing, I still must sigh—
What can grieve me so?
Fair spring was mine, but it would not stay;
Bright youth was mine, and I dreamed it away;
True love came to me one golden day—
Smiling, I let it go.

The morning hour was sweet and cool;
I had no thirst when my cup brimmed full—
Careless, I put it by.
Laden boughs were over my head—
Clusters golden, purple, and red;
Summer's glories all round me spread;
Yet nothing held my eye.

But when the sun sank to his rest,
Crimson glories curtained the west—
What bitter thirst was mine!
I seek in vain through hours of night
What came to me with the morning light;
Long, long weeping has blinded my sight—
I mourn my lost sunshine.

My heart is withered and cold and dead;
Snows of winter are on my head;
I travel my weary way.
Fair and sweet were my spring-time flowers;
Rich and full were my summer hours;
Laden with gold my autumn bowers—
I have nothing left to-day!

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THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.



CHAPTER VI.

THE world seemed very hard to Marie Bromar when she was left alone. Though there were many who loved her, of whose real affection she had no doubt, there was no one to whom she could go for assistance. Her uncle in this matter was her enemy, and her aunt was completely under her uncle's guidance. Madame Voss spoke to her often in these days of the coming of Adrian Urmand, but the manner of her speaking was such that no comfort could be taken from it. Madame Voss would risk an opinion as to the room which the young man ought to occupy, and the manner in which he should be fed and entertained. For it was thoroughly understood that he was coming on this occasion as a lover, and not as a trader, and that he was coming as the guest of Michel Voss, and not as a customer to the inn. "I suppose he can take his supper like the other people," Marie said to her aunt. And again, when the question of wine was mooted, she was almost saucy. "If he's thirsty," she said, "what did for him last week will do for him next week; and if he's not thirsty, he had better leave it alone." But girls are always allowed to be saucy about their lovers, and Madame Voss did not count this for much.

Marie was always thinking of those last words which had been spoken between her and George, and of the kiss that he had given her. "We used to be friends," he had said, and then he had declared that he had never forgotten old days. Marie was quick, intelligent, and ready to perceive at half a glance—to understand at half a word—as is the way with clever women. A thrill had gone through her as she heard the tone of the young man's voice, and she had half told herself all the truth. He had not quite ceased to think of her. Then he went, without saying the other one word that would have been needful, without even looking the truth into her face. He had gone, and had plainly given her to understand that he acceded to this marriage with Adrian Urmand. How was she to read it all? Was there more than one way in which a wounded woman, so sore at heart, could read it? He had told her that though he loved her still, it did not suit him to trouble himself with her as a wife; and that he would throw upon her head the guilt of having been false to their old vows. Though she loved him better than all the world, she despised him for his thoughtful treachery. In her eyes it was treachery. He must have known the truth. What right had he to suppose that she would be false to him—he, who had never known her to lie to him? And was it not his business, as a man, to speak some word, to ask some question, by which, if he doubted, the truth might be made known to him? She, a woman, could ask no question. She could speak no word. She could not renew her assurances to him till he should have asked her to renew them. He was either false, or a traitor, or a coward. She was very angry with him—so angry that she was almost driven by her anger to throw herself into Adrian's arms. She was the more angry because she was full sure that he had not forgotten his old love—that his heart was not altogether changed. Had it appeared to her that the sweet words of former days had vanished from his memory, though they had clung to hers—that he had, in truth, learned to look upon his Granpere experiences as the simple doings of his boyhood—her pride would have been hurt, but she would have been angry with herself rather than with him. But it had not been so. The respectful silence of his sojourn in the house had told her that it was not so. The tremor in his voice, as he reminded her that they once had been friends, had plainly told her that it was not so. He had acknowledged that they had been betrothed, and that the plight between them was still strong; but, wishing to be quit of it, he had thrown the burden of breaking it upon her.

She was very wretched, but she did not go about the house with downcast eyes or humble looks, or sit idle in a corner with her

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hands before her. She was quick and eager in the performance of her work, speaking sharply to those who came in contact with her. Peter Veque, her chief minister, had but a poor time of it in these days; and she spoke an angry word or two to Edmond Greisse. She had, in truth, spoken no words to Edmond Greisse that were not angry since that ill-starred communication of which he had only given her the half. To her aunt she was brusque and almost ill-mannered.

"What is the matter with you, Marie?" Madame Voss said to her one morning, when she had been snubbed rather rudely by her niece. Marie in answer shook her head and shrugged her shoulders. "If you can not put on a better look before M. Urmand comes, I think he will hardly hold to his bargain," said Madame Voss, who was angry.

"Who wants him to hold to his bargain?" said Marie, sharply. Then, feeling ill inclined to discuss the matter with her aunt, she left the room. Madame Voss, who had been assured by her husband that Marie had no real objection to Adrian Urmand, did not understand it all.

"I am sure Marie is unhappy," she said to her husband when he came in at noon that day.

"Yes," said he. "It seems strange, but it is so, I fancy, with the best of our young women. Her feeling of modesty—of bashfulness, if you will—is outraged by being told that she is to admit this man as her lover. She won't make the worse wife on that account when he gets her home." Madame Voss was not quite sure that her husband was right. She had not before observed young women to be made savage in their daily work by the outrage to their modesty of an acknowledged lover. But, as usual, she submitted to her husband. Had she not done so, there would have come that glance from the corner of his eye, and that curl in his lip, and that gentle breath from his nostril which had become to her the expression of imperious marital authority. Nothing could be kinder, more truly affectionate, than was the heart of her husband toward her niece. Therefore Madame Voss yielded, and comforted herself by an assurance that, as the best was being done for Marie, she need not subject herself to her husband's displeasure by contradiction or interference.

Michel Voss himself said little or nothing to his niece at this time. She had yielded to him, making him a promise that she would endeavor to accede to his wishes, and he felt that he was bound in honor not to trouble her further, unless she should show herself to be disobedient when the moment of trial came. He was not himself at ease, he was not comfortable at heart, because he knew that Marie was avoiding him. Though she would still stand behind his chair at supper—when for a moment she would be still—she did not put her hands upon his head, nor did she speak to him more than the nature of her service required. Twice he tried to induce her to sit with them at table, as though to show that her position was altered now that she was about to become a bride; but he was altogether powerless to effect any such change as this. No words that could have been spoken would have induced Marie to seat herself at the table, so well did she understand all that such a change in her habits would have seemed to imply. There was now hardly one person in the supper-room of the hotel who did not instinctively understand the reason which made Michel Voss anxious that his niece should sit down, and that other reason which made her sternly refuse to comply with his request. So day followed day, and there was but little said between the uncle and the niece, though heretofore—up to a time still within a fortnight of the present day—the whole business of the house had been managed by little whispered conferences between them. "I think we'll do so and so, uncle;" or, "Just you manage it yourself, Marie." Such and such like words had passed every morning and evening, with an understanding between them full and complete. Now each was afraid of the other, and every thing was astray.

But Marie was still gentle with the children; when she could be with them for half an hour, she would sit with them on her lap, or clustering round, kissing them and saying soft words to them—even softer in her affection than had been her wont. They understood as well as every body else that something was wrong; that there was to be some change as to Marie which perhaps would not be a change for the better; that there was cause for melancholy, for close kissing as though such kissing were in preparation for parting, and for soft strokings with their little hands as though Marie were to be pitied for that which was about to come upon her. "Isn't somebody coming to take you away?" little Michel asked her, when they were quite alone. Marie had not known how to answer him. She had therefore embraced him closely, and a tear fell upon his face. "Ah," he said, "I know somebody is coming to take you away. Will not papa help you?" She had not spoken; but for the moment she had taken courage, and had resolved that she would help herself.

At length the day was there on which Adrian Urmand was to come. It was his purpose to travel by Mulhouse and Remiremont, and Michel Voss drove over to the latter town to fetch him. It was felt by every one—it could not be but felt—that there was something special in his coming. His arrival now was not like the arrival of

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any one else. Marie, with all her resolution that it should be like usual arrivals at the inn, could not avoid the making of some difference herself. A better supper was prepared than usual; and at the last moment she herself assisted in preparing it. The young men clustered round the door of the hotel earlier than usual to welcome the newcomer. M. le Curé was there with a clean white collar, and with his best hat. Madame Voss had changed her gown, and appeared in her own little room before her husband returned almost in her Sunday apparel. She had said a doubtful word to Marie, suggesting a clean ribbon or an altered frill. Marie had replied only by a look. She would not have changed a pin for Urmand's coming had all Granpere come round her to tell her that it was needful. If the man wanted more to eat than was customary, let him have it. It was not for her to measure her uncle's hospitality. But her ribbons and her pins were her own.

The carriage was driving up to the door, and Michel with his young friend descended among the circle of expectant admirers. Urmand was rich, always well dressed, and now he was to be successful in love. He had about him a look as of a successful, prosperous lover, as he jumped out of the little carriage with his portmanteau in his hand, and his great-coat with its silk linings open at the breast. There was a consciousness in him and in every one there that he had not come now to buy linen. He made his way into the little room where Madame Voss was standing up waiting for him, and was taken by the hand by her. Michel Voss soon followed them. "And where is Marie?" Michel asked. An answer came from some one that Marie was up stairs. Supper would soon be ready, and Marie was busy. Then Michel sent up an order by Peter that Marie should come down. But Marie did not come down. "She had gone to her own room," Peter said. Then there came a frown on Michel's brow. Marie had promised to try, and this was not trying. He said no more till they went up to supper. There was Marie standing as usual at the soup tureen. Urmand walked up to her, and they touched each other's hand; but Marie said never a word. The frown on Michel's brow was very black, but Marie went on dispensing her soup.

CHAPTER VII.

ADRIAN URMAND, in spite of his white hands and his well-combed locks and the silk lining to his coat, had so much of the spirit of a man that he was minded to hold his head well up before the girl whom he wished to make his wife. Michel, during that drive from Remiremont, had told him that he might probably prevail. Michel had said a thousand things in favor of his niece, and not a word to her prejudice; but he had so spoken, or had endeavored so to speak, as to make Urmand understand that Marie could only be won with difficulty, and that she was perhaps unaccountably averse to the idea of matrimony. "She is like a young filly, you know, that starts and plunges when she is touched," he had said. "You think there is nobody else?" Urmand had asked. Then Michel Voss had answered with confidence, "I am sure there is nobody else." Urmand had listened and said very little; but when at supper he saw that the uncle was ruffled in his temper, and sat silent with a black brow, that Madame Voss was troubled in spirit, and that Marie dispensed her soup without vouchsafing a look to any one, he felt that it behooved him to do his best, and he did it. He talked freely to Madame Voss, telling her the news from Basle: how at length he thought the French trade was reviving, and how all the Swiss authorities were still opposed to the German occupation of Alsace, and how flax was likely to be dearer than ever he had seen it, and how the traveling English were fewer this year than usual, to the great detriment of the innkeepers. Every now and then he would say a word to Marie herself as she passed near him, speaking in a cheery tone, and striving his best to dispel a black silence which on the present occasion would have been specially lugubrious. Upon the whole, he did his work well, and Michel Voss was aware of it; but Marie Bromar entertained no gentle thought respecting him. He was not wanted there, and he ought not to have come. She had given him an answer, and he ought to have taken it. Nothing, she declared to herself, was meaner than a man who would go to a girl's parents or guardians for support when the girl herself had told him that she wished to have nothing to do with him. Marie had promised that she would try, but every feeling of her heart was against the struggle.

After supper Michel with his young friend sat some time at the table, for the innkeeper had brought forth a bottle of his best Burgundy in honor of the occasion. When they had eaten their fruit, Madame Voss left the room, and Michel and Adrian were soon alone together. "Say nothing to her till to-morrow," said Michel, in a low voice.

"I will not," said Adrian. "I do not wonder that she should be put out of face if she knows why I have come."

"Of course she knows. Give her to-night and to-morrow, and we will see how it is to be."

At this time Marie was up stairs with the children, resolute that nothing should induce her to go down till she should be sure that their visitor had gone to his chamber. There

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were many things about the house which it was her custom to see in their place before she went to her rest, and nobody should say that she neglected her work because of this dressed-up doll; but she would wait till she was sure of him—till she was sure of her uncle also. In her present frame of mind she could not have spoken to the doll with ordinary courtesy. What she feared was that her uncle should seek her up stairs.

But Michel had some idea that her part in the play was not an easy one, and was minded to spare her for that night. But she had promised to try, and she must be reminded of her promise. Hitherto she certainly had not tried. Hitherto she had been ill-tempered, petulant, and almost rude. He would not see her himself this evening, but he would send a message to her by his wife. "Tell her from me that I shall expect to see smiles on her face to-morrow," said Michel Voss. And as he spoke there certainly were no smiles on his own.

"I suppose she is flurried," said Madame Voss.

"Ah, flurried! That may do for to-night. I have been very good to her. Had she been my own, I could not have been kinder. I have loved her just as if she were my own. Of course I look now for the obedience of a child."

"She does not mean to be undutiful, Michel."

"I do not know about meaning. I like reality, and I will have it, too. I consulted herself, and was more forbearing than most fathers would be. I talked to her about it, and she promised me that she would do her best to entertain the man. Now she receives him and me with an old frock and a sulky face. Who pays for her clothes? She has every thing she wants, just as a daughter, and she would not take the trouble to change her dress to grace my friend—as you did, as any daughter would! I am angry with her."

"Do not be angry with her. I think I can understand why she did not put on another frock."

"So can I understand. I can understand well enough. I am not a fool. What is it she wants, I wonder? What is it she expects? Does she think some count from Paris is to come and fetch her?"

"Nay, Michel, I think she expects nothing of that sort."

"Then let her behave like any other young woman, and do as she is bid. He is not old or ugly, or a sot or a gambler. Upon my word and honor, I can't conceive what it is that she wants. I can't indeed." It was perhaps the fault of Michel Voss that he could not understand that a young woman should live in the same house with him and have a want which he did not conceive. Poor Marie! All that she wanted now, at this moment, was to be let alone!

Madame Voss, in obedience to her husband's commands, went up to Marie, and found her sitting in the children's room, leaning with her head on her hand and her elbow on the table, while the children were asleep around her. She was waiting till the house should be quiet, so that she could go down and complete her work. "Oh, is it you, Aunt Josey?" she said. "I am waiting till uncle and M. Urmand are gone, that I may go down and put away the wine and the fruit."

"Never mind that to-night, Marie."

"Oh yes, I will go down presently. I should not be happy if the things were not put straight. Every thing is about the house every where. We need not, I suppose, become like pigs because M. Urmand has come from Basle."

"No; we need not be like pigs," said Madame Voss. "Come into my room a moment, Marie. I want to speak to you. Your uncle won't be up yet." Then she led the way, and Marie followed her. "Your uncle is becoming angry, Marie, because—"

"Because why? Have I done any thing to make him angry?"

"Why are you so cross to this young man?"

"I am not cross, Aunt Josey. I went on just the same as I always do. If Uncle Michel wants any thing else, that is his fault—not mine."

"Of course you know what he wants, and I must say that you ought to obey him. You gave him a sort of a promise, and now he thinks that you are breaking it."

"I gave him no promise," said Marie, stoutly.

"He says that you told him that you would, at any rate, be civil to M. Urmand."

"And I have been civil," said Marie.

"You did not speak to him."

"I never do speak to any body," said Marie. "I have got something to think of instead of talking to the people. How would the things go if I took to talking to the people, and left every thing to that little goose, Peter? Uncle Michel is unreasonable—and unkind."

"He means to do the best by you in his power. He wants to treat you just as though you were his daughter."

"Then let him leave me alone. I don't want any thing to be done. If I were his daughter he would not grudge me permission to stop at home in his house. I don't want any thing else. I have never complained."

"But, my dear, it is time that you should be settled in the world."

"I am settled. I don't want any other settlement—if they will only let me alone."

"Marie," said Madame Voss, after a short pause, "I sometimes think that you still have got George Voss in your head."

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"Is it that, Aunt Josey, that makes my uncle go on like this?" asked Marie.

"You do not answer me, child."

"I do not know what answer you want. When George was here I hardly spoke to him. If Uncle Michel is afraid of me, I will give him my solemn promise never to marry any one without his permission."

"George Voss will never come back for you," said Madame Voss.

"He will come when I ask him," said Marie, flashing round upon her aunt with all the fire of her bright eyes. "Does any one say that I have done any thing to bring him to me? If so, it is false, whoever says it. I have done nothing. He has gone away, and let him stay. I shall not send for him. Uncle Michel need not be afraid of me because of George."

By this time Marie was speaking almost in a fury of passion, and her aunt was almost subdued by her. "Nobody is afraid of you, Marie," she said.

"Nobody need be. If they will let me alone, I will do no harm to any one."

"But, Marie, you would wish to be married some day."

"Why should I wish to be married? If I liked him I would take him; but I don't. Oh, Aunt Josey, I thought you would be my friend!"

"I can not be your friend, Marie, if you oppose your uncle. He has done every thing for you, and he must know best what is good for you. There can be no reason against M. Urmand, and if you persist in being so unruly, he will only think that it is because you want George to come back for you."

"I care nothing for George," said Marie, as she left the room; "nothing at all—nothing."

About half an hour afterward, listening at her own door, she heard the sound of her uncle's feet as he went to his room, and knew that the house was quiet. Then she crept forth, and went about her business. Nobody should say that she neglected any thing because of this unhappiness. She brushed the crumbs from the long table, and smoothed the cloth for the next morning's breakfast; she put away bottles and dishes, and she locked up cupboards, and saw that the windows and the doors were fastened. Then she went down to her books in the little office below stairs. In the performance of her daily duty there were entries to be made and figures to be adjusted, which would have been done in the course of the evening had it not been that she had been driven up stairs by fear of her lover and her uncle. But by the time that she took herself up to bed nothing had been omitted. And after the book was closed she sat there, trying to resolve what she would do. Nothing had, perhaps, given her so sharp a pang as her aunt's assurance that George Voss would not come back to her, as her aunt's suspicion that she was looking for his return. It was not that she had been deserted, but that others should be able to taunt her with her desolation. She had never whispered the name of George to any one since he had left Granpere, and she thought that she might have been spared this indignity. "If he fancies I want to interfere with him," she said to herself, thinking of her uncle, and of her uncle's plans in reference to his son, "he will find that he is mistaken." Then it occurred to her that she would be driven to accept Adrian Urmand to prove that she was heart-whole in regard to George Voss.

She sat there, thinking of it, till the night was half spent, and when she crept up cold to bed she had almost made up her mind that it would be best for her to do as her uncle wished. As for loving the man, that was out of the question. But then would it not be better to do without love altogether?

CHAPTER VIII.

"How is it to be?" said Michel to his niece the next morning. The question was asked down stairs in the little room, while Urmand was sitting at table in the chamber above, waiting for the landlord. Michel Voss had begun to feel that his visitor would be very heavy on hand, having come there as a visitor, and not as a man of business, unless he could be handed over to the womankind. But no such handing over would be possible unless Marie would acquiesce. "How is it to be?" Michel asked. He had so prepared himself that he was ready, in accordance with a word or a look from his niece, either to be very angry, thoroughly imperious, and resolute to have his way with the dependent girl, or else to be all smiles and kindness and confidence and affection. There was nothing she should not have if she would only be amenable to reason.

"How is what to be, Uncle Michel?" said Marie.

The landlord thought that he discovered an indication of concession in his niece's voice, and began immediately to adapt himself to the softer courses. "Well, Marie, you know what it is we all wish. I hope you understand that we love you well, and think so much of you that we would not intrust you to any one living who did not bear a high character and seem to deserve you." He was looking into Marie's face as he spoke, and saw that she was soft and thoughtful in her mood, not proud and scornful as she had been on the preceding evening. "You have grown up here with us, Marie, till it has almost come upon us with surprise that you are a beautiful young woman, instead of a great straggling girl."

"I wish I was a great straggling girl still."

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"Do not say that, my darling. We must all take the world as it is, you know. But here you are, and of course it is my duty and your aunt's duty"—it was always a sign of high good humor on the part of Michel Voss when he spoke of his wife as being any body in the household—"my duty and your aunt's duty to see and do the best for you."

"You have always done the best for me in letting me be here."

"Well, my dear, I hope so. You had to be here, and you fell into this way of life naturally. But sometimes, when I have seen you waiting on the people about the house, I've thought it wasn't quite right."

"I think it was quite right. Peter couldn't do it all, and he'd be sure to make a mess of it."

"We must have two Peters; that's all. But, as I was saying, that kind of thing was natural enough before you were grown up, and had become—what shall I say?—such a handsome young woman." Marie laughed and turned up her nose and shook her head, but it may be presumed that she received some comfort from her uncle's compliments. "And then I began to see, and your aunt began to see, that it wasn't right that you should spend your life handing soup to the young men here."

"It is Peter who always hands the soup to the young men."

"Well, well; but you are waiting upon them and upon us."

"I trust the day is never to come, uncle, when I'm to be ashamed of waiting upon you." When he heard this he put his arm round her and kissed her. Had he known at that moment what her feelings were in regard to his son, he would have recommended Adrian Urmand to go back to Basle. Had he known what were George's feelings, he would at once have sent for his son from Colmar.

"I hope you may give me my pipe and my cup of coffee when I'm such an old fellow that I can't get up to help myself. That's the sort of reward we look forward to from those we love and cherish. But, Marie, when we see you as you are now—your aunt and I—we feel that this kind of thing shouldn't go on. We want the world to know that you are a daughter to us, not a servant."

"Oh, the world—the world, uncle! Why should we care for the world?"

"We must care, my dear. And you yourself, my dear—if this went on for a few years longer—you yourself would become very tired of it. It isn't what we should like for you if you were our own daughter. Can't you understand that?"

"No, I can't."

"Yes, my dear, yes. I'm sure you do. Very well. Then there comes this young man. I am not a bit surprised that he should fall in love with you—because I should do it myself if I were not your uncle." Then she caressed his arm. How was she to keep herself from caressing him when he spoke so sweetly to her? "We were not a bit surprised when he came and told us how it was. Nobody could have behaved better. Every body must admit that. He spoke of you to me and to your aunt as though you were the highest lady in the land."

"I don't want any one to speak of me as though I were a high lady."

"I mean in the way of respect, my dear. Every young woman must wish to be treated with respect by any young man who comes after her. Well, he told us that it was the great wish of his life that you should be his wife. He's a man who has a right to look for a wife, because he can keep a wife. He has a house, and a business, and ready money."

"What's all that, uncle?"

"Nothing; nothing at all. No more than that"—saying which, Michel Voss threw his right hand and arm loosely abroad—"no more than that, if he were not himself well-behaved along with it. We want to see you married to him—your aunt and I—because we are sure that he will be a good husband to you."

"But if I don't love him, Uncle Michel?"

"Ah, my dear; that's where I think it is that you are dreaming, and will go on dreaming till you've lost yourself, unless your aunt and I interfere to prevent it. Love is all very well. Of course you must love your husband. But it doesn't do for young women to let themselves be run away with by romantic ideas; it doesn't indeed, my dear. I've heard of young women who've fallen in love with statues and men in armor out of poetry, and grand fellows that they put into books, and there they've been waiting, waiting, waiting till some man in armor should come for them. The man in armor doesn't come. But sometimes there comes somebody who looks like a man in armor, and that's the worst of all."

"I don't want a man in armor, Uncle Michel."

"No, I dare say not. But the truth is, you don't know what you want. The proper thing for a young woman is to get herself well settled, if she has the opportunity. There are people who think so much of money that they'd give a child almost to any body as long as he was rich. I shouldn't like to see you marry a man as old as myself."

"I shouldn't care how old he was if I loved him."

"Nor to a curmudgeon," continued Michel, not caring to notice the interruption, "nor to an ill-tempered fellow, or one who gambled, or one who would use bad words to

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you. But here is a young man who has no faults at all."

"I hate people who have no faults," said Marie.

"Now you must give him an answer to-day or to-morrow. You remember what you promised me when we were coming home the other day." Marie remembered her promise very well, and thought that a great deal more had been made of it than justice would have permitted. "I don't want to hurry you at all, only it makes me so sad at heart when my own girl won't come and say a kind word to me, and give me a kiss before we part at night. I thought so much of that last night, Marie—I couldn't sleep for thinking of it." On hearing this she flung her arms round his neck and kissed him on each cheek and on his lips. "I get to feel so, Marie, if there's any thing wrong between you and me, that I don't know what I'm doing. Will you do this for me, my dear? Come and sit at table with us this evening, and make one of us. At any rate, come and show that we don't want to make a servant of you. Then we'll put off the rest of it till to-morrow." When such a request was made to her in such words, how could she not accede to it? She had no alternative but to say that she would do in this respect as he would have her. She smiled, and nodded her head, and kissed him again. "And, Marie darling, put on a pretty frock—for my sake. I like to see you gay and pretty." Again she nodded her head, and again she kissed him. Such requests so made she felt that it would be impossible that she should refuse.

And yet when she came to think about it as she went about the house alone, the granting of such requests was, in fact, yielding in every thing. If she made herself smart for this young man, and sat next him, and smiled, and talked to him, conscious, as she would be—and he would be also—that she was so placed that she might become his wife, how afterward could she hold her ground? And if she were really resolute to hold her ground, would it not be much better that she should do so by giving up no point, even though her uncle's anger should rise hot against her? But now she had promised her uncle, and she knew that she could not go back from her word. It would be better for her, she told herself, to think no more about it. Things must arrange themselves. What did it matter whether she were wretched at Basle or wretched at Granpere? The only thing that could give a charm to her life was altogether out of her reach.

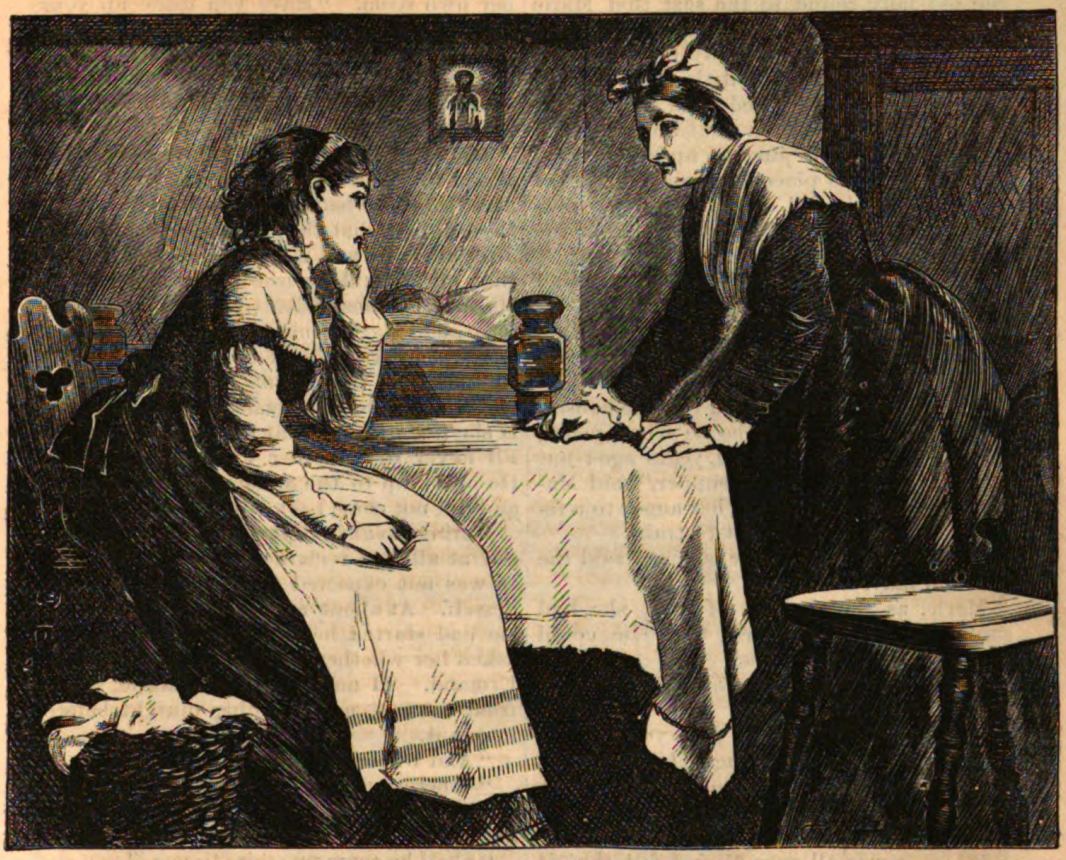
After this conversation Michel went up stairs to his young friend, and within a quarter of an hour had handed him over to his wife. It was, of course, understood now that Marie was not to be troubled till the time came for her to sit down at table with her smart frock. Michel explained to his wife the full amount of his success, and acknowledged that he felt that Marie was already pretty nearly overcome.

"She'll try to be pleasant for my sake this evening," he said, "and so she'll fall into the way of being intimate with him; and when he asks her to-morrow, she'll be forced to take him."

It never occurred to him, as he said this, that he was forming a plan for sacrificing the girl he loved. He imagined that he was doing his duty by his niece thoroughly, and was rather proud of his own generosity. In the afternoon Adrian Urmand was taken out for a drive to the ravine by Madame Voss. They both, no doubt, felt that this was very tedious; but they were by nature patient—quite unlike Michel Voss or Marie—and each of them was aware that there was a duty to be done. Adrian, therefore, was satisfied to potter about the ravine, and Madame Voss assured him at least a dozen times that it was the dearest wish of her heart to call him her nephew-in-law.

At last the time for supper came. Throughout the day Marie had said very little to any one after leaving her uncle. Ideas flitted across her mind of various modes of escape. What if she were to run away—to her cousin's house at Epinal; and write from thence to say that this proposed marriage was impossible? But her cousin at Epinal was a stranger to her, and her uncle had always been to her the same as a father. Then she thought of going to Colmar, of telling the whole truth to George, and of dying when he refused her—for refuse her he would. But this was a dream rather than a plan. Or how would it be if she went to her uncle now at once, while the young man was away at the ravine, and swear to him that nothing on earth should induce her to marry Adrian Urmand? But brave as Marie was, she was afraid to do this. He had told her how he suffered when they two did not stand well together, and she feared to be accused by him of unkindness and ingratitude. And how would it be with her if she did accept the man? She was sufficiently alive to the necessities of the world to know that it would be well to have a home of her own, and a husband, and children if God would send them. She understood quite as well as Michel Voss did that to be head waiter at the Lion d'Or was not a career in life of which she could have reason to be proud. As the afternoon went on she was in great doubt. She spread the cloth, and prepared the room for supper, somewhat earlier than usual, knowing that she should require some minutes for her toilet. It was necessary that she should explain to Peter that he must take upon himself some self-action upon this occasion, and it may be doubted whether she did this with perfect good humor. She was

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"HER AUNT STOOD FOR A MOMENT LOOKING AT HER."

angry when she had to look for him before she commenced her operations, and scolded him because he could not understand without being told why she went away and left him twenty minutes before the bell was rung.

As soon as the bell was heard through the house Michel Voss, who was waiting below with his wife in a quite unusual manner, marshaled the way up stairs. He had partly expected that Marie would join them below, and was becoming fidgety lest she should break away from her engagement. He went first, and then followed Adrian and Madame Voss together. The accustomed guests were all ready, because it had come to be generally understood that this supper was to be, as it were, a supper of betrothal. Madame Voss had on her black silk gown. Michel had changed his coat and his cravat. Adrian Urmand was exceedingly smart. The dullest intellect could perceive that there was something special in the wind. The two old ladies who were lodgers in the house came out from their rooms five minutes earlier than usual, and met the *cortége* from down stairs in the passage.

When Michel entered the room he at once looked round for Marie. There she was standing at the soup tureen with her back to the company. But he could see that there hung down some ribbon from her waist, that her frock was not the one she had worn in the morning, and that in the article of her attire she had kept her word with him. He was very awkward. When one of the old ladies was about to seat herself in the chair next to Adrian—in preparation for which it must be admitted that Marie had made certain wicked arrangements—Michel, first by signs and afterward with audible words, intended to be whispered, indicated to the lady that she was required to place herself elsewhere. This was hard upon the lady, as her own table napkin and a cup out of which she was wont to drink were placed at that spot. Marie, standing at the soup tureen, heard it all and became very spiteful. Then her uncle called to her:

"Marie, my dear, are you not coming?"

"Presently, uncle," replied Marie, in a clear voice, as she commenced to dispense the soup.

She ladled out all the soup without once turning her face toward the company, then stood for a few moments as if in doubt, and after that walked boldly up to her place. She had intended to sit next to her uncle, opposite to her lover, and there had been her chair. But Michel had insisted on bringing

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the old lady round to the seat that Marie had intended for herself, and so disarranging all her plans. The old lady had simpered and smiled and made a little speech to M. Urmand, which every body had heard. Marie, too, had heard it all. But the thing had to be done, and she plucked up her courage and did it. She placed herself next to her lover, and, as she did so, felt that it was necessary that she should say something at the moment:

"Here I am, Uncle Michel, but you'll find you'll miss me before supper is over."

"There is somebody would much rather have you than his supper," said the horrid old lady opposite.

Then there was a pause, a terrible pause.

"Perhaps it used to be so when young men came to sup with you, years ago; but nowadays men like their supper," said Marie, who was driven on by her anger to a ferocity which she could not restrain.

"I did not mean to give offense," said the poor old lady, meekly.

Marie, as she thought of what she had said, repented so bitterly that she could hardly refrain from tears.

"There is no offense at all," said Michel, angrily.

"Will you allow me to give you a little wine?" said Adrian, turning to his neighbor.

Marie bowed her head and held her glass, but the wine remained in it to the end of the supper, and there it was left.

When it was all over, Michel felt that it had not been a success. With the exception of her savage speech to the disagreeable old lady, Marie had behaved well. She was on her mettle, and very anxious to show that she could sit at table with Adrian Urmand and be at her ease. She was not at her ease, but she made a bold fight, which was more than was done by her uncle or her aunt. Michel was unable to speak in his ordinary voice or with his usual authority, and Madame Voss hardly uttered a word. Urmand, whose position was the hardest of all, struggled gallantly, but was quite unable to keep up any continued conversation. The old lady had been thoroughly silenced, and neither she nor her sister again opened their mouth. When Madame Voss rose from her chair, in order that they might all retire, the consciousness of relief was very great.

For that night Marie's duty to her uncle was done. So much had been understood. She was to dress herself and sit down to supper, and after that she was not to be disturbed again till the morrow. On the next morning she was to be subjected to the grand trial. She understood this so well that she went about the house fearless on that evening—fearless as regarded the moment, fearful only as regarded the morrow.

"May I ask one question, dear?" said her aunt, coming to her after she had gone to her own room. "Have you made up your mind?"

"No," said Marie; "I have not made up my mind."

Her aunt stood for a moment looking at her, and then crept out of the room.

In the morning Michel Voss was half inclined to release his niece, and to tell Urmand that he had better go back to Basle. He could see that the girl was suffering, and, after all, what was it that he wanted? Only that she should be prosperous and happy. His heart almost relented; and at one moment, had Marie come across him, he would have released her. "Let it go on," he said to himself, as he took up his hat and stick and went off to the woods. "Let it go on. If she finds to-day that she can't take him, I'll never say another word to press her." He went up to the woods after breakfast, and did not come back till the evening.

During breakfast Marie did not show herself at all, but remained with the children. It was not expected that she should show herself. At about noon, as soon as her uncle had started, her aunt came to her and asked her whether she was ready to see M. Urmand. "I am ready," said Marie, rising from her seat, and standing upright before her aunt.

"And where will you see him, dear?"

"Wherever he pleases," said Marie, with something that was again almost savage in her voice.

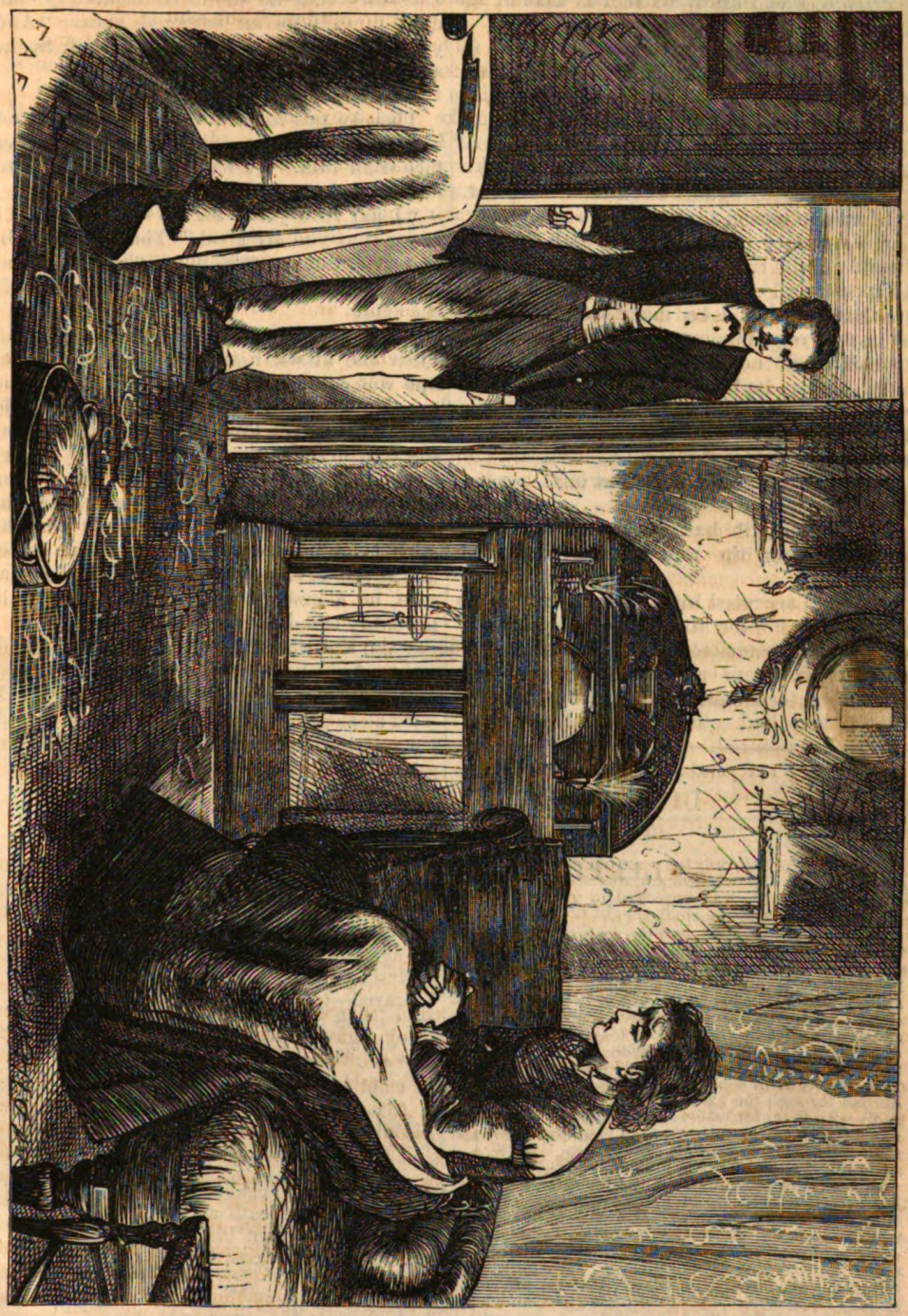
"Shall he come up stairs to you?"

"What, here?"

"No; he can not come here. You might go into the little sitting-room."

"Very well. I will go into the little sitting-room." Then without saying another word she got up, left the room, and went along the passage to the chamber in question. It was a small room, furnished, as they all thought at Granpere, with Parisian elegance, intended for such visitors to the hotel as might choose to pay for the charm and luxury of such an apartment. It was generally found that visitors to Granpere did not care to pay for the luxury of this Parisian elegance, and the room was almost always empty. Thither Marie went, and seated herself at once on the centre of the red, stuffy, velvet sofa. There she sat, perfectly motionless, till there came a knock at the door. Marie Bromar was a very handsome girl, but as she sat there, all alone, with her hands crossed on her lap, with a hard look about her mouth, with a frown on her brow, and scorn and disdain for all around her in her eyes, she was as little handsome as it was possible that she should make herself. She answered the knock, and Adrian Urmand entered the room. She did not rise, but waited till he had come close up to her. Then she was the first to speak. "Aunt Josey tells me that you want to see me," she said.

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"ADRIAN URMAND ENTERED THE ROOM."

Urmand's task was certainly not a pleasant one. Though his temper was excellent, he was already beginning to think that he was being ill used. Marie, no doubt, was a very fine girl; but the match that he offered her was one at which no young woman of her rank in all Lorraine or Alsace need have turned up her nose. He had been invited over to Granpere specially that he might spend his time in making love, and he had found the task before him very hard and disagreeable. He was afflicted with all the ponderous notoriety of an acknowledged suitor's position, but was consoled with none of the usual comforts. Had he not been pledged to make the attempt, he would probably have gone back to Basle; as it was, he was compelled to renew his offer. He was aware that he could not leave the house without doing so. But he was de-

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termined that one more refusal should be the last.

"Marie," said he, putting out his hand to her, "doubtless you know what it is that I would say."

"I suppose I do," she answered.

"I hope you do not doubt my true affection for you."

She paused a moment before she replied. "I have no reason to doubt it," she said.

"No indeed. I love you with all my heart. I do truly. Your uncle and aunt think it would be a good thing for both of us that we should be married. What answer will you make me, Marie?" Again she paused. She had allowed him to take her hand, and as he thus asked his question he was standing opposite to her, still holding it. "You have thought about it, Marie, since I was here last?"

"Yes; I have thought about it."

"Well, dearest?"

"I suppose it had better be so," said she, standing up and withdrawing her hand.

She had accepted him; and now it was no longer possible for him to go back to Basle except as a betrothed man. She had accepted him; but there came upon him a wretched feeling that none of the triumph of successful love had come to him. He was almost disappointed, or if not disappointed, was, at any rate, embarrassed. But it was necessary that he should immediately conduct himself as an engaged man. "And you will love me, Marie?" he said, as he again took her by the hand.

"I will do my best," she said.

Then he put his arm round her waist and kissed her, and she did not turn away her face from him. "I will do my best also to make you happy," he said.

"I am sure you will. I believe you. I know that you are good." There was another pause, during which he stood, still embracing her. "I may go now, may I not?" she said.

"You have not kissed me yet, Marie." Then she kissed him; but the touch of her lips was cold, and he felt that there was no love in them. He knew, though he could hardly define the knowledge to himself, that she had accepted him in obedience to her uncle. He was almost angry, but, being cautious and even-tempered by nature, he repressed the feeling. He knew that he must take her now, and that he had better make the best of it. She would, he was sure, be a good wife, and the love would probably come in time.

"We shall be together this evening, shall we not?" he asked.

"Oh yes," said Marie, "if you please." It was, as she knew, only reasonable now that they should be together. Then he let her go, and she walked off to her room.

LITTLE MARTIN CRAGHAN.

By ZADEL BARNES BUDDINGTON.

[Note.—The brave boy, only ten years old, whose fate is the subject of the following verses, was *murdered by the mining system*. He was employed in one of the Pittston mines. When the shaft caught fire he with a comrade sought to escape. Suddenly he remembered that some men who were busy in a further chamber of the mine must be unaware of their danger. There was but one outlet, but one chance. He left both to his little mate, and darted back into the mine. He hoped for time to warn the men and yet make good his own escape; but he knew well the frightful risk—and accepted it. He reached the men, warned them, and fled back to the shaft, to find that hope, only too slender before, was now absolutely gone. He turned and hurried through the galleries once more, that he might die with them for whom he gave his life. They had builded with desperate haste a wall between them and the deadly gases and vapors which rolled thickening toward them. Even then their chance of surviving was a slim one. To let him in was to admit certain death; so they refused his prayer. They heard him sob and walk falteringly away. He was afterward found quite dead, a little board beside him, on which, with a piece of chalk, he had, in dying, feebly written the names of loved ones!]

One reads to me Macaulay's "Lays,"
With fervid voice, intoning well;
The poet's fire, the vocal grace,
They hold me like a spell.
'Twere marvel if in human veins
Could beat a pulse so cold
It would not quicken to the strains,
The flying, fiery strains, that tell
How Romans "kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old."

The while I listened, till my blood,
Plunged in the poet's martial mood,
Rushed in my veins like wine,
I prayed—to One who hears—I wis,
"Give me one breath of power like this,
To sing of Pittston mine!"

* * * * * *

A child looks up the ragged shaft,
A boy whose meagre frame
Shrinks as he hears the roaring draught
That feeds the eager flame.

He has a single chance; the stakes
Of life show death at bay
One moment; then his comrade takes
The hope he casts away.

For while his trembling hand is raised,
And while his sweet eyes shine,
There swells above the love of life
The rush of love divine—
The thought of those unwarned, to whom
Death steals along the mine.

Oh, little Martin Craghan!
I reck not if you swore,
Like Porsena of Clusium,
By gods of mythic lore;
But well I ween as great a heart
Beat your small bosom sore,

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And that your bare brown feet scarce felt
The way they bounded o'er.
I know you were a hero then,
Whate'er you were before,
And in God's sight your flying feet
Made white the cavern floor.

The while he speeds that darksome way
Hope paints upon his fears
Soft visions of the light of day;
Faint songs of birds he hears;
In summer breeze his tangled curls
Are blown about his ears.

He sees the men; he warns; and now,
His duty bravely done,
Sweet hope may paint the fairest scene
That spreads beneath the sun.

Back to the burning shaft he flies;
There—bounding pulses fail;
The light forsakes his lifted eyes;
The glowing cheek is pale.

With wheeling, whirling, hungry flame
The seething shaft is rife;
Where solid chains drip liquid fire,
What chance for human life!

To die with those he hoped to save,
Back, back, through heat and gloom—
To find a wall! and Death and he
Shut in the larger tomb!

He pleaded to be taken in,
As closer rolled the smoke;
In deathful vapors they could hear
His piteous accents choke.
And they, with shaking voice, refused;
And then the young heart broke.

O love of life! God made it strong,
And knows how close it pressed;
And death to those who love life least
Is scarce a welcome guest.

One thought of the poor wife, whose head
Last night lay on his breast;
A quiver runs through lips that morn
By children's lips caressed.

These things—the sweet strong thoughts of home,
Though but a wretched place,
To which the sad-eyed miners come
With Labor's laggard pace—
Remembered in the cavern gloom,
Illume the haggard face.



"DEATH LEANED UPON HIM HEAVILY; BUT LOVE, MORE MIGHTY STILL—
SHE LENT HIM SLENDER LEASE OF LIFE TO WORK HER TENDER WILL."

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Illumed their faces, steeled each heart—
O God! what mysteries
Of brave and base make sum and part
Of human histories!
What will not thy poor creatures do
To buy an hour of breath!
Well for us all some souls are true
Above the fear of death!

He wept a little, for they heard
The sound of sobs, the sighs
That breathed of martyrdom complete
Unseen of mortal eyes;
And then, no longer swift, his feet
Passed down the galleries.

He crept and crouched beside his mule,
Led by its dying moan;
He touched it feebly with a hand
That shook like palsy's own.
God grant the touch had power to make
The child feel less alone!

Who knoweth every heart, He knows
What moved the boyish mind;
What longings grew to passion-throes
For dear ones left behind;
How hardly youth and youth's desires
Their hold of life resigned.

Perhaps the little fellow felt
As brave Horatius thought,
When for those dearer Roman lives
He held his own as naught.

For how could boy die better
Than facing fearful fires
To save poor women's husbands
And helpless children's sires?

Death leaned upon him heavily;
But Love, more mighty still—
She lent him slender lease of life
To work her tender will.

He felt with sightless, sentient hand
Along the wall and ground,
And there the rude and simple page
For his sweet purpose found.

O'erwritten with the names he loved,
Clasped to his little side,
Dim eyes the wooden record read
Hours after he had died.

Thus, from all knowledge of his kind,
In darkness lone and vast,
From life to death, from death to life,
The little hero passed.

And while they listened for the feet
That would return no more,
Far off they fell in music sweet
Upon another shore.

MUSIC, EMOTION, AND MORALS.*

IT would seem that we have only to take the Color and the Sound provided for us by Nature and transform them at once through the arts of Painting and Music into the interpreters of human thought and emotion. But, in reality, between music and painting there is fixed a great gulf of difference. Nature gives man the art of Painting, as it were, ready made. For him the sun sets and rises, and the summer glows, and the woods change so softly and slowly beneath his gaze that he has time to chronicle every tint before it has passed away. All forms of beauty, from the supreme outline of the human body to the filmy speck of the minutest insect, are constantly limning themselves upon the retina of his eye until his sensitive brain is supplied with objects of enchanting loveliness, which he is at liberty to reproduce and recombine at will. Nature not only provides the painter with fair forms and rich colors, but she also teaches him the magical art of selection and arrangement. But what has she done for the musician? She has given him sound, not music. Nowhere does there fall upon his ear, as he walks through the wide world, such an arrangement of consecutive sounds as can be called a musical subject, or theme, or melody. Far less does he find any thing which can be described as musical harmony. The thunder is not affecting because it is melodic, but because it is loud and elemental. The much-extolled note of the lark is only pleasant because associated with the little warbler, the "sightless song" in the depth of the blue sky; for when the lark's trill is so exactly imitated (as it can be with a whistle in a tumbler full of water) that it deceives the very birds themselves, it ceases to be in the least agreeable, just as the sound of the wind, which can also be well imitated by any one compressing his lips and moaning, ceases under such circumstances to be in the least romantic. The nightingale's song, when at its best, has the advantage of being a single and not unpleasantly loud whistle. That, too, can be imitated so as to defy detection. But once let the veil of night be withdrawn, and the human nightingale disclosed, and we shall probably all admit that his performance is dull, monotonous, and unmeaning. The cuckoo, who often sings a true third, and sometimes a sharp third or even a fourth, is

* *Music and Morals.* By the Rev. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A. New York: Harper and Brothers.

This work does for Music very much the same thing which Ruskin's writings have accomplished for Painting. It is divided into Four Books: the First *Philosophical*, on Music, Emotion, and Morals; the Second *Biographical*, giving sketches of the lives of the greatest Composers; the Third *Instrumental*, treating of Violins, Piano-fortes, and Bells; and the Fourth *Critical*, on Music in England.

In this paper we give an abstract of the author's principles as laid down in the First Book. In doing this we have confined ourselves to the author's own expressions.

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the nearest approach to music in nature. The cries of most large birds, such as the ostrich and peacock, are intolerably disagreeable. Nor are the voices of the animals, from the pig, the cat, and the donkey downward, any better. We need not go so far as Mr. Darwin's Gibbon monkey to find an animal that sings several notes and occasionally hits an octave, for the same can be said of the domestic cat; but in neither case is there such an arrangement of notes as can be called Melody, or such a combination of notes as can be called Harmony. Poets from time immemorial have tried to throw dust in the eyes of mankind whenever they have touched upon this subject, but it is high time the truth should be told. The Harmonies of Nature are purely metaphorical. There is no music in Nature, neither melody nor harmony. Music is the creation of man. He does not reproduce in music any combination of sounds he has ever heard or could possibly hear in the natural world, as the painter transfers to his canvas the forms and tints he sees around him. No; the musician seizes the rough element of sound and compels it to work his will, and having with infinite pains subjugated and tamed it, he is rewarded by discovering in it the most direct and perfect medium in all Nature for the expression of his emotions.

The Painter's art lies upon the surface of the world; its secrets are whispered by the yellow corn fields spotted with crimson fire, and the dappled purple of heather upon the hills; but the Musician's art lies beneath the surface. His rough material of Sound is like the dull diamond, earth-incrusted and buried in deep mines; it simply does not exist as a brilliant and a thing of priceless beauty until it has been refined and made luminous by deliberate arrangement of glittering facets, set in splendor of chaste gold.

And then—what then? it will be asked; what does all this manipulation of sound end in? what is the value or dignity of this art of Music? We easily recognize the foundation of other arts. The art of Sculpture rests upon the fact that when man awakens to a sense of the beauty, power, or even grotesqueness of form, he is impelled by a creative instinct to reproduce, select, and combine its various qualities—firstly, that he may perpetuate the forms of fleeting beauty that he sees around him; and secondly, that he may impart to the ideal conceptions of his imagination an outward and concrete existence. We are not ashamed to derive the keenest satisfaction from the Niobe or the Antinous, for we see in these a perennial and dignified expression of human grace and pathos. And even when we turn to such painful and distorted figures as the Laocoon, although we may call them "debased art," according to our canons of taste, yet neither these nor any other specimens, however corrupt or weak, can affect the real dignity of sculpture itself. Similarly, the art of Painting rests upon a rational impulse to select and combine colors chiefly in connection with intelligible forms and subjects of definite interest; and although painting is less definite in some respects, and less complete in others, than sculpture, yet its range is wider, its material infinitely more ductile, while its command of emotion through the vehicle of color, and of ideas through variety of outline, gives it an importance and dignity which it would be difficult to overestimate. Even such an art as Legerdemain is capable of a satisfactory explanation, for it is the outward realization in one department, however narrow, of certain excellent qualities of the eye and hand. A Phidian sculpture, a picture by Titian, even a conjuring trick by Professor Frikell, can be accounted for and justified in a few words; but when we come to a Symphony by Beethoven, philosophy is dumb, or rides off upon a quibble about the scientific structure of music or its technical qualities, all true and interesting, no doubt, but still leaving untouched the great Art problem of music—What is the rationale of its existence, and what the secret of its power over the soul?

Music, as distinguished from the various rude attempts of the past, is only about four hundred years old. Modern music, which is alone worthy of the name, is, in fact, the youngest of the arts, and stands at present in a correspondingly unfavorable position; for while it has been brought to the highest perfection, the secret of its power is almost wholly unexplored; and as long as this is the case music must continue to be ranked last among the fine arts. But the day is at hand when the veil of the prophetess will be lifted. Already in Germany, the land of thought, music has been adopted as the national art—as painting was once in Italy, and sculpture in Greece. Already the names of Beethoven and Mozart are whispered through the civilized world in the same breath with those of Phidias and Michael Angelo, and the time is not far distant when music will stand revealed perchance as the mightiest of the arts, certainly as the one art peculiarly representative of our modern world, with its intense life, complex civilization, and feverish self-consciousness.

It has often been said that music is the language of the emotions; but what there is in music to act upon emotion, or how it both expresses and excites it, sometimes compelling the mind to clothe the awakened emotion with definite ideas—at others dispensing with ideas altogether—this has never yet been explained. With the cautiousness and humility of one who feels himself upon untrodden ground I offer the following reflections as a contribution to the much-neglected study of Musical Psychology.

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We can not do better than start with the popular assertion that music is the language of the emotions. But before we attempt to show the points of contact between emotion and its art medium, and before we can understand how it is that music finds itself on the same plane of action with the emotions, and so fitted to become at one time their minister expressing them, at another their master commanding them, it will be necessary to form a clear and almost concrete conception of the emotions themselves. Of course we can no more get to the root of that aspect of life exhibited in emotion than we can get to the root of life itself in man, or beast, or vegetable. Life is only known by the sensations and appearances which accompany it—by its proximate, and not its ultimate causes. Speaking physically, then, what happens when a person is moved or excited? A certain quickening of the blood as it rushes through the heart, or what we call a hurried pulse, and a corresponding disarrangement of molecules in the brain. If it were not for these, acting through what we may call nerve-currents, we should not be capable, constituted as we are at present, of experiencing any emotion at all. The nature of our emotions may depend either upon the nature of external objects presented to the senses, or upon internal and unexplained processes connected with what we call our thoughts. Now what most people are alive to is the existence of emotions in their more intense forms. Once in the course of the day, or two or three times during the month, they have been greatly moved or excited pleasurably or otherwise. But what few people realize is that emotion is actually coextensive with consciousness. Physically this is the case, for there is no pause in the incessant disturbance and rearrangement of the cerebral molecules which are inseparably connected with the phenomena of human consciousness, and human consciousness itself is nothing but an uninterrupted concatenation of emotions, most of them so unimportant, so involved, and succeeding each other with such intense rapidity, that we take no note of them.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that definite images, or even thoughts, are indispensable to the existence of emotion. We may be tempted to think that emotions derive all their importance and dignity from the thoughts with which they happen to be associated. The very reverse of this, however, is the case. Emotion is often weakened by association with thought, whereas thoughts are always strengthened by emotion. Indeed, emotion is the very breath and life-blood of thought, which without it would remain but a pale and powerless shadow, incapable of asserting itself, or of exercising any kind of influence, good or bad. As the sun brings light and warmth to the visible world, as without it the whole realm of physical life would lie forlorn in one long midnight of cold paralysis, even so the solar orb of our emotions kindles each thought and endows each conception with fertile activity.

In order to show the ground of contact between music and emotion, it will be necessary to put emotion itself into the crucible of thought, and express its properties by symbols.

We shall then subject Sound, as manipulated by the art of music, to the same kind of analysis; and if we find that Sound contains exactly the same properties as emotion, we shall not only have established points of resemblance between the two, but we shall have actually reached the common ground, or kind of border-land, upon which internal emotion becomes wedded to external sound, and realizes for itself that kind of concrete existence which it is the proper function and glory of art to bestow upon human thought and feeling. If we now attempt to analyze a simple emotion, we shall find that it invariably possesses one or more of the following properties; complex emotions possess them all.

I. Elation and Depression.—When a man is suffering from intense thirst in a sandy desert, the emotional fount within him is at a low ebb, A; but, on catching sight of a pool of water not far off, he instantly becomes highly elated, and, forgetting his fatigue, he hastens forward upon a new platform of feeling, B. On arriving at the water he finds it too salt to drink, and his emotion, from the highest elation, sinks at once to the deepest depression, C.

II. Velocity.—At this crisis our traveler sees a man with a water-skin coming toward him, and his hopes instantly rise, D; and, running up to him, he relates how his hopes have been suddenly raised, and as suddenly cast down, at B and C respectively; but long before his words have expressed or even begun to express his meaning he has, in a moment of time, $\longleftarrow x$, in fact spontaneously, with the utmost mental velocity, repassed through the emotions of elation and depression, A, B, C, which may at first have lasted some time, but are now traversed in one sudden flash of reflex consciousness.

III. Intensity.—As he drinks the sparkling water, we may safely affirm that his emotion increases in intensity up to the point where his thirst becomes quenched, and that every drop that he takes after that is accompanied by less and less pungent or intense feeling.

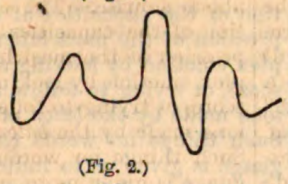
IV. Variety.—Up to this time his emotion has been comparatively simple; but a suffering companion now arrives, and as he hands to him the grateful cup, his emotion becomes complex, that is to say, he experiences a variety of emotions simultaneously.

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EMOTIONAL SYMBOLS.

(Fig. 1.)

I. Elation and Depression....

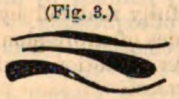


(Fig. 2.)

II. Velocity..... $\mathscr{X}$

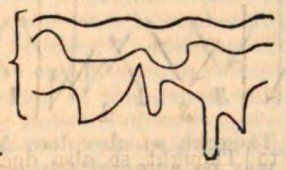
(Fig. 3.)

III. Intensity.....



(Fig. 4.)

IV. Variety.....



V. Form (See Fig. 5).

EMOTIONAL DIAGRAM OF THE MAN IN THE DESERT.

(Fig. 5.)



A. Thirst.
B. Expectation.
C. Disappointment.
$\mathscr{X}$. Mental repetition of A B C.
D. Satisfaction.
E. Complex feeling.

First, the emotion of contentment at having quenched his own thirst; second, gratitude to the man who supplied him with water—an emotion probably in abeyance until he had quenched his thirst; third, joy at seeing his friend participating in his own relief.

V. FORM.—If the reader will now glance over this simple narrative once more by the aid of the accompanying diagrams, he will see that both the simple and the complex emotions above described have what, for want of a better term, we may call *form*—*i. e.*, they succeed each other in one order rather than another, and are at length combined with a definite purpose in certain fixed proportions.

Now although I have, in order to lighten the burden of metaphysics, tacked on a story to the above emotional diagram, I wish to remind the reader that it needs none, and that it is capable of indicating the progression and the qualities of emotion without the aid of a single definite idea. It must also be observed that although I have expressed by symbols the properties of emotion, simple and complex, no art medium of emotion has as yet been arrived at; nothing but barren symbols are before us, incapable of awakening any feeling at all, however well they may suffice to indicate its nature and properties. We have now to discover some set of symbols capable of bringing these emotional properties into direct communication with sound, and Music will then emerge, like a new Venus from a sea of confused murmur, and announce herself as the royal Art-medium of Emotion.

The reader will perceive in a moment that musical notation is the symbolism required, for it is capable not only of indicating all the properties of emotion, but of connecting these with every variety and combination of sound. That every musical note corresponds to a fixed sound may be called a self-evident proposition. I hasten further to point out that the art of music is an arrangement or manipulation of sounds, which clearly reveals to us the fact that sound possesses all the properties of emotion, and is, for this reason, admirably calculated to provide it with its true and universal language.

In order to realize this, we had better at once compare our analysis of Emotion with the following brief analysis of Sound, as it comes before us in the art of musical notation.

I. ELATION AND DEPRESSION.—The modern musical scale consists of seven notes, or an octave of eight, with their accompanying semitones. The human voice, or a violin, will, in addition, express every gradation of sound between each note; thus from C to C, ascending or descending, we can get any possible degree of Elation or Depression.

II. VELOCITY.—This property is expressed by the employment of notes indicating the durations of the different sounds—*e. g.*, minims, quavers, crotchets, etc. Also by terms such as *adagio*, *allegro*, etc., which do not indicate any change in the relative value of the notes, but raise or lower the Velocity of the whole movement.

III. INTENSITY.—Between *ppp* and *fff* lie the various degrees of intensity which may be given to a single note. Intensity can also be produced by accumulating a multitude of notes simultaneously either in unisons, octaves, or concords, while the words *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, or certain marks, denote the gradual increase or decrease of Intensity.

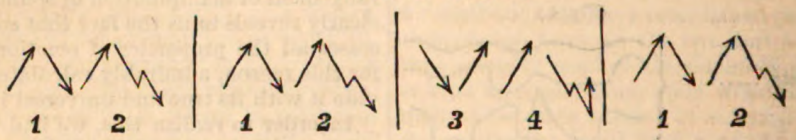
IV. VARIETY.—We have only to think of the simplest duet or trio to realize how perfectly music possesses this powerful property of complex emotion; and we have only to glance at a score of Beethoven's or Spohr's to see how almost any emotion, however complex, is susceptible of musical expression.

V. FORM.—Nothing is more common than to hear it said that Mozart is a great master of form; that Beethoven's form is at times obscure, and so forth. Of course what is meant is that in the arrangement and development of the musical phrases there is a

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greater or less fitness of proportion, producing an effect of unity or incoherence, as the case may be. But the idea of musical form can be made intelligible to any one who will take the trouble to glance at so simple a melody as the "Blue Bells of Scotland." That air consists of four phrases, each of which is divided into an elation and depression. The first two phrases are repeated; the third and fourth occur in the middle; and the first two phrases recur at the close. We might express the form numerically in this way:

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.



Thus music appears visibly to the eye to possess all the essential properties of emotion. May we not, therefore, say that the secret of its power consists in this, that it alone is capable of giving to the simplest, the subtlest, and the most complex emotions alike, that full and satisfactory expression through sound which hitherto it has been found impossible to give to many of them in any other way?

And here let me pause to say that I am perfectly aware of the objections that may be urged against my analysis of emotion and music into five properties. I shall be told that my explanation is inadequate; that it is impossible to analyze a great many emotions at all; that music is often in the same way incapable of being cut up into the above-named five properties. My answer is, that it is only possible to indicate very roughly by words and symbols the bare outlines and coarsest forms of the general laws and properties of emotion. At the bottom of some historical engraving containing the portraits of a number of eminent personages we may have sometimes noticed a row of heads in outline sketched, without color, shadow, or expression, yet docketed with the names of the eminent personages above; so we have sketched in the bare outlines of emotion. They lie before us dumb and passionless. They are no more than skeleton likenesses of what can not be given in mere black and white. But it would be possible to show by diagrams much more clearly the enormous detail and intricacy of musical phraseology covered in our diagram by one meagre line up and down, and expressed in such words as elation and depression. I might show that an elation can consist of any length, and might contain within itself an infinite number of subordinate elations and depressions, involving different measures of velocity and intensity, and as complicated in form and variety as those gossamer webs we meet with on misty commons about sunrise. The eye gathers some notion of the capacities of sound for the expression of the most labyrinthine and complex emotion by looking at a full orchestral score, or trying to follow the minute inflexions made by the *bâton* of a fine conductor. Such things no words can convey. Language is given us to indicate the existence of a vast number of truths which can only be fully realized by other and more subtile modes of expression.

As emotion exists independently of Thought, so also does Music. But Music may be appropriately wedded to Thought. It is a mistake to suppose that the music itself always gains by being associated with words, or definite ideas of any sort. The words often gain a good deal, but the music is just as good without them. I do not mean to deny that images and thoughts are capable of exciting the deepest emotions, but they are inadequate to express the emotions they excite. Music is more adequate, and hence will often seize an emotion that may have been excited by an image, and partially expressed by words—will deepen its expression, and, by so doing, will excite a still deeper emotion. That is how words gain by being set to music. But to set words to music—as in Oratorio or Opera, or any kind of song—is, in fact, to mix two arts together. On the whole, a striking effect may be produced, but, in reality, it is at the expense of the purity of each art. Poetry is a great art; so is music: but as a medium for emotion each is greater alone than in company, although various good ends are obtained by linking the two together, providing that the words are kept in subordination to the greater expression-medium of music. Even then they are apt to hinder the development of the music. What an amount of feeble recitative and incoherent choral writing do we not owe to the clumsy endeavors of even good composers to wed music to words! How often is the poet hampered by the composer, and the composer by the poet! And yet when we remember such operas as "Don Giovanni," and such oratorios as the "Elijah," and note how instinctively the composer has treated the leading emotions, without being hampered by the words and the sentences of the libretto, we are bound to admit that the objections to the mixed art may be to a great extent overcome, while its advantages are obvious. Words, situations, and ideas are

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very useful to the composer, and still more so to his audience; for a story, or the bare suggestion of some situation, provides a good skeleton form, and serves to awaken trains of emotion, which music is all-powerful to deepen; and while the words are being declaimed, the music has already passed into depths of feeling beyond the control of words.

MUSIC AND MORALS.

I must here ask the reader to give his assent to some general principles. I must induce him to admit, for instance, that moral health consists in a certain activity combined with the relative subordination of all his faculties—in a self-control not checking development, but assisting it; enabling him at once to prevent any disastrous violence through the rebellion of the senses, while giving fair play to these too often pampered menials. And, above all, I must ask him to condemn as immoral the deliberate cultivation of unbalanced emotions merely for the sake of producing pleasure. Our rough scheme of morals, or our general idea of right and wrong, will moreover insist upon the healthful activity of each individual *according to his special gifts and capacities*, directed in such a way as to respect and promote the healthful activity of society in general. This may be thought a sufficiently vague statement of morals, but it is quite definite enough for our present purpose, and will be found to cover most cases in point.

The man, for instance, whose art is chiefly devoted to the delineation of love under its most self-indulgent and least ennobling aspects must be called an immoral artist, not because he paints the soft side of love, which is legitimately entitled to have a soft side to it, but because he dwells exclusively and obtrusively, for the mere sake of producing pleasure, upon that side of love which, when unrestrained and exaggerated, is of all others most calculated to injure the moral health both of the individual and of society at large. No doubt every thing may be represented in art, and when once a subject has been chosen, nothing is gained by a timorous holding back of any thing which adds to its power as a faithful representation of the artist's conception. But the morality of the work must depend upon the way in which the conception, as presented, is calculated to affect the moral health of society. Now, in attempting to judge the ethical value of a work of art, we must, as I have said, have a general notion of what we mean by good and evil; then we shall have to look at the work itself, not with reference merely to the actual good and evil expressed by it, but to the proportions in which the two are mixed, and, above all, to the kind of sympathy with which they are intended to be viewed.

In some of the Gothic cathedrals we may have noticed strange figures hiding in nooks and corners, or obtrusively claiming attention as water-spouts. Some of them are revolting enough, but they are not to be severed from their connection with the whole building. *That* is the work of art; these are but the details, and only some of the details. How many statues are there in all those niches?—let us say a thousand. You shall find seventy pure Virgins praying in long robes, and forty Monks and Apostles and Bishops, and Angels in choirs, and Archangels standing high and alone upon lofty façade and pinnacle and tower; and round the corner of the roof shall be two devils prowling, or a hideous-looking villain in great pain, or (as in Chester Cathedral) there may be a proportion—a very small proportion—of obscene figures, hard and true and pitiless. "What scandalous subjects for church decoration!" some may exclaim; yet the whole impression produced is a profoundly moral one. The sculptor has given you the life he saw; but he has given it from a really high stand-point, and all is moral, because all is in healthy proportion. There is degradation, but there is also divine beauty; there is passionate and despairing sin, but there is also calmness and victory; there are devils, but they are infinitely outnumbered by angels; there lurks the blur of human depravity, but as we pass out beneath groups of long-robed saints in prayer, the thought of sin fades out before a dream of divine purity and peace. We can see what the artist loved and what he taught; that is the right test, and we may take any man's work as a whole, and apply that test fearlessly. If we would know whether a work of art is moral or not, let us ask such questions as these: Does the artist show that his sympathies lie with an unwholesome preponderance of horrible, degraded, or of simply pleasurable, as distinct from healthy, emotions? Is he for whipping the jaded senses to their work, or merely for rejoicing in the highest activity of their healthful exercise? Does he love what is good while acknowledging the existence of evil, or does he delight in what is evil, and merely introduce what is good for the vicious sake of trampling upon it?

The best art is like Shakspeare's art and Titian's art, always true to the great, glad, aboriginal instincts of our nature, severely faithful to its foibles, never representing disease in the guise of health, never rejoicing in the exercise of morbid fancy, many-sided without being unbalanced, tender without weakness, and forcible without ever losing the fine sense of proportion. Nothing can be falser than to suppose that morality is served by representing facts other than they are; no emasculated picture of life can be moral: it may be meaningless, and it is sure

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to be false. No; we must stand upon the holy hill with hands uplifted like those of Moses, and see the battle of Good against Evil with a deep and inexhaustible sympathy for righteousness, and a sense of triumph and victory in our hearts. The highest service that art can accomplish for man is to become at once the voice of his nobler aspirations, and the steady disciplinarian of his emotions, and it is with this mission, rather than with any æsthetic perfection, that we are at present concerned.

I proceed to ask how Music, which I have shown to be the special Art-medium of Emotion, is capable, in common with all the other arts, of exercising by itself moral and immoral functions.

It is quite impossible for any one who has thoughtfully and sympathetically studied the different schools of music not to feel that one style and conception of the art is nobler than another; that certain methods of using musical sound are affected, or extravagant, or fatiguing, or incoherent, while others are dignified, natural, or really pathetic, arranging and expressing the emotions in a true order, representing no vamped-up passion, but passion as it is, with its elations, depressions, intensities, velocities, varieties, and infinitely fine inflections of form. Between the spirit of the musical Sentimentalist and the musical Realist there is eternal war. The contest may rage under different captains. At one time it is the mighty Glück, who opposes the ballad-mongering Piccini; at another it is the giant Handel *versus* the melodramatic Bononcini; or it is Mozart against all France and Italy; or Beethoven against Rossini; or Wagner against the world. In each case the points at issue are, or are supposed by the belligerents to be, substantially the same. False emotion, or absurd emotion, or frivolous emotion *versus* true feeling, disciplined feeling, or sublime feeling. Musicians perhaps can not always explain how music is capable of the above radical distinctions: granted. I am concerned just now with this remarkable fact—the distinction exists in their minds. They arrange the German, the Italian, French, and the Franco-German schools in a certain order of musical merit and importance; there is a fair general agreement about what this order should be; and, perhaps without knowing why, an enlightened musician would no more compare Rossini to Beethoven, or Gounod to Mozart, than a literary critic would speak of Thomas Moore in the same breath with Shakspeare, or place Boucicault by the side of Schiller.

The reason of the superiority of the modern German school from Glück to Schumann over the French and Italian we believe to be a real and substantial one, although, owing to the extraordinary nature of the connection between sound and emotion, it is far more easy to feel than to explain the distinction between a noble and an ignoble school of music. This difference, however, we believe consists entirely in the view taken of the emotions, and the order and spirit in which they are evoked and manipulated by the composer's magical art. Toward the close of the seventeenth century, in Italy, music began to feel its great powers as an emotional medium. The great musical works were then nearly all of a sacred character, and devoted to the service of the Roman Catholic churches. The art was still firmly held in the trammels of strict fugue and severe counterpoint; the solemn and startling process of musical discovery was nevertheless in rapid progress. The composers seemed a little overawed by the novel effects they were daily producing, and the still powerful devotion to the Catholic religion hallowed their emotions, and gave to their Masses a severity and purity quite unknown to the Italian music of the nineteenth century. We can not now stop to inquire whether it was the rapid decline of the papal power, and consequently of the Roman Catholic faith, which caused the degradation of Italian music, or whether, when sound came to be understood as a most subtile and ravishing minister to pleasure, the temptation to use it simply as the slave of the senses proved too great for a politically degraded people, whose religion had become half an indolent superstition and half a still more indolent skepticism; certain it is that about the time of Giambattista Jesi (Pergolesi), who died in 1736, the high culture of music passed from Italy to Germany, which latter country was destined presently to see the rise and astonishing progress of Symphony and modern Oratorio, while Italy devoted itself henceforth to that brilliant pathos of art known as the "Italian Opera."

We can not deny to Italy the gift of sweet and enchanting melody. Rossini has also shown himself a master of the very limited effects of harmony which it suited his purpose to cultivate. Then why is not Rossini as good as Beethoven? Absurd as the question sounds to a musician, it is not an unreasonable one when coming from the general public, and the only answer we can find is this. Not to mention the enormous resources in the study and cultivation of harmony which the Italians, from want of inclination or ability, neglect, the German music is higher than the Italian because it is a truer expression, and a more disciplined expression, of the emotions. To follow a movement of Beethoven is, in the first place, a bracing exercise of the intellect. The emotions evoked, while assuming a double degree of importance by association with the analytic faculty, do not become enervated, because in the masterful grip of the great composer we are conducted through a

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cycle of naturally progressive feeling, which always ends by leaving the mind recreated, balanced, and ennobled by the exercise. In Beethoven all is restrained, nothing morbid which is not almost instantly corrected, nothing luxurious which is not finally raised into the clear atmosphere of wholesome and brisk activity, or some corrective mood of peaceful self-mastery, or even playfulness. And the emotions thus roused are not the vamped-up feelings of a jaded appetite, or the false, inconsequent spasms of the sentimentalist. They are such as we have experienced in high moods or passionately sad ones, or in the night, in summer-time, or by the sea; at all events, they are unfolded before us, not with the want of perspective, or violent frenzy of a bad dream, but with true gradations in natural succession, and tempered with all the middle tints that go to make up the truth of life. Hence the different nature of the emotional exercise gone through in listening to typical German and typical Italian music. The Italian makes us sentimentalize, the German makes us feel. The sentiment of the one gives the emotional conception of artificial suffering or joy, the natural feeling of the other gives us the emotional conception which belongs to real suffering or joy. The one is stagey —smells of the oil and the rouge-pot—the other is real, earnest, natural, and reproduces with irresistible force the deepest emotional experiences of our lives. It is not good to be constantly dissolved in a state of love-melancholy, full of the languor of passion without its real spirit—but that is what Italian music aims at. Again, the violent crises of emotion should come in their right places—like spots of primary color with wastes of gray between them. There are no middle tints in Italian music; the listeners are subjected to shock after shock of emotion—half a dozen smashing surprises, and twenty or thirty spasms and languors in each scene, until at last we become like children who thrust their hands again and again into water charged with electricity, just on purpose to feel the thrill and the relapse. But that is not healthy emotion—it does not recreate the feelings; it kindles artificial feelings, and makes reality tasteless.

Now whenever feeling is not disciplined, it becomes weak, diseased, and unnatural. It is because German music takes emotion fairly in hand, disciplines it, expresses its depressions in order to remove them, renders with terrible accuracy even its insanity and incoherence in order to give relief through such expression and restore calm, flinches not from the tender and the passionate, stoops to pity, and becomes a very angel in sorrow; it is because German music has probed the humanities and sounded the depths of our nature—taught us how to bring the emotional region not only into the highest activity, but also under the highest control—that we place German music in the first rank, and allow no names to stand before Glück, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and Schumann.

Let not the reader suppose that in the schools of music that take rank after the German School there is nothing worthy and beautiful to be found. Rossini, and even Verdi, are manifestly full of extraordinary merit; the veteran Auber was a real musical giant; and M. Gounod is surely a very remarkable genius. Nor must we forget that before the rise of German music there were in England such composers as Tallis, Gibbons, and Purcell. What I have said above on the three national Schools of European music applies to the general tendencies of each *as a School*, and is not intended to condemn in the productions of individual composers much that is, and that deserves to be, the admiration of the civilized world.

Let any one who doubts that music is really capable of pitching a high plane for the emotions to work in recall Beethoven's love-song "Adelaide." No modern Italian master could have written that song. No one can suppose the melody to be expressive of languid sentimentality. We are thrilled; we are not dissolved, we are moved, yet without losing our self-control; and we are too much in earnest to be the mere sport of our emotions. They sweep with flame and thunder through the soul, leaving its atmosphere purified and sweetened by the storm. Let us now think of any popular Italian love-song—*e. g.*, "Si fossi un Angelo del Paradiso non potere vivere di te diviso." Most of our readers may have heard this song by Marras, and it is a very typical one. The emotions are all upon a low plane. The kind of man who could so express his love is an artificial sentimentalist; his feeling is at once exaggerated and extravagant, but not deep; and we have a shrewd idea that the whole thing is poured out by a sham lover, in the presence of a person of a doubtful character, by the light of an artificial moon. Without doing absolute violence to the obvious intention of Beethoven, you can not sentimentalize "Adelaide," whereas it is impossible to do any thing else with such a song as "Si fossi un Angelo." If the reader admits the justice of the above remarks, he can hardly refuse to believe that music not only expresses the various qualities of emotion, but has also the power—subject, no doubt, to perturbing influences—of determining the level of emotion, or what may be termed the moral atmosphere of feeling.

And now it is a very noteworthy thing, as bearing upon the life of a nation, that whatever the spirit which pervades its music happens to be—whether that spirit be languid and erotic, as in Italy, or frivolous, graceful,

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noisy, and, at times, blustering, as in France —the music of patriotic tunes and national anthems is invariably earnest and dignified. The tune known as Garibaldi's Hymn, which raged like a fever throughout Italy during the revolution, is so fresh and buoyant and manly in its cheerful vigor and determination, that it fails to suggest a single characteristic of modern Italian music, save only that exemplary one of clear and facile melody. The time for Love-languor is past; the sun of Liberty has dawned, the breeze is on the mountain, the bugle sounds the *reveille*, and the youth of Italy, active, alert, hopeful, and confident, march cheerfully to the deliverance of their beautiful but enslaved country. In the Marseillaise there is an almost sombre severity, wholly unlike the frivolous superficial grace and sentimental pathos of the ordinary French school. The men who sing it are not playing at war, like fools; nor are they mere children, delighting in its outward pomp and circumstance. They trudge on, foot-sore and weary, knowing all the horror and the pain that is in store for them, and still willing to conquer and to die. That is the spirit of the Marseillaise; and in it, as in Garibaldi's Hymn, the seriousness of the crisis has called forth the finest qualities of both the French and Italian characters, and banished for a time what is languishing in the one and frivolous in the other.

Many a woman, though capable of so much, is frequently called upon in the best years of her life to do but little, but at all times society imposes upon her a strict reticence as to her real feelings. What is she to do with the weary hours, with the days full of the intolerable sunshine, and the nights full of the pitiless stars? Her village duties or town visits are done. Perchance neither have any attractions for her. She has read till her head aches; but all the reading leads to nothing. She has worked till her fingers ache; but what is the work good for when it is done? To set women to do the things which some people suppose are the only things fit for them to do is often like setting the steam-hammer to knock pins into a board. The skillful and ingenious operation leaves them dissatisfied or listless, or makes them, by a kind of reaction, frivolous, wicked, and exaggerated caricatures of what God intended them to be. Some outlet is wanted. Control is good, but at a certain point control becomes something very much like paralysis. The steam-hammer, as it contemplates the everlasting pin's head, can not help feeling that if some day, when the steam was on, it might give one good smashing blow, it would feel all the better for it. To women—and how many thousands are there in our placid modern drawing-rooms!—who feel like this, music comes with a power of relief and a gentle grace of ministration little short of supernatural.

That girl who sings to herself her favorite songs of Schubert, Mendelssohn, or Schumann sings more than a song: it is her own plaint of suffering floating away on the wings of melody. That poor lonely little sorrower, hardly more than a child, who sits dreaming at her piano, while her fingers, caressing the deliciously cool ivory keys, glide through a weird *nocturno* of Chopin, is playing no mere study or set piece. Ah, what heavy burden seems lifted up, and borne away in the dusk! Her eyes are half closed—her heart is far away; she dreams a dream as the long, yellow light fades in the west, and the wet vine leaves tremble outside to the nestling birds; the angel of music has come down; she has poured into his ear the tale which she will confide to no one else, and the "restless, unsatisfied longing" has passed; for one sweet moment the cup of life seems full—she raises it to her trembling lips. What if it is only a dream—a dream of comfort sent by music? Who will say she is not the better for it? She has been taken away from the commonplaceness and dullness of life—from the old books in the study, and the familiar faces in the school-room, and the people in the streets; she has been alone with herself, but not fretting or brooding—alone with herself and the minstrel spirit. Blessed recreation that brings back freshness to the tired life and buoyancy to the heavy heart! Happy rain of tears and stormy wind of sighs sweeping the sky clear, and showing once more the deep blue heaven of the soul beyond!

Let no one say that the moral effects of music are small or insignificant. That domestic and long-suffering instrument, the cottage piano, has probably done more to sweeten existence, and bring peace and happiness to families in general, and to young women in particular, than all the homilies on the domestic virtues ever yet penned.

THE LAST OF THE DE LAUNAYS.

THE April breeze was coming in at the open window in soft, unequal puffs. Mademoiselle Laure's eyes had gone off over the smooth swells and slopes of the green-growing spring landscape to where that breeze blew from—to the hills that cut the dim blue air sharply with masses of evergreens looking almost black in contrast with the tender budding foliage of beech and oak beneath. They bounded the horizon inexorably: beyond might have been nothing, for all that the sight could tell, but fancy, overleaping the barrier, had wandered leagues and leagues away. So fixed was the girl's reverie that she never turned her head, that was resting on her two hands, at the sound of the opening door.

The new-comer—a thin, straight old wom-

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an, with a high white cap setting off a face almost as brown as her short petticoat—spoke abruptly:

"The new superintendent is come, and is asking for mademoiselle."

The girl started up, her form as she turned showing slight and supple, like a young willow.

"What, the new old superintendent?" she said, with a laugh. "Where is he, Nanette?"

"In the little blue saloon. But, mademoiselle," after a pause, "he is not old—he is young."

"Young, Nanette?" turning round in surprise.

"He is young," repeated the old Nanette, with a sort of doggedness. "And handsome, mademoiselle."

"Ah, bah!" said Mademoiselle Laure, laughing mischievously up in the old woman's puckered face. "So much the better. I shall not keep him waiting, Nanette."

She ran lightly down the stairs, Nanette discontentedly following.

Through the open door of the room she saw the figure of a man standing, hat in hand, looking out of the window toward those same hills at which she had just been gazing. The sun touched into pale brightness the thick short clusters of his fair hair.

"*Ciel!* how he is blonde!" she said to herself; and at that moment he turned quickly round, and fixed on her a pair of intensely black eyes, which surveyed her with a cool, keen curiosity which somehow displeased her a little. She stopped short. He advanced a step.

"Pardon," he said, bowing low, "can I see Mademoiselle De Launay?"

"I am Mademoiselle De Launay," replied the young girl, now in her turn coming forward.

"Once more, pardon," said the stranger, biting his mustache, as she fancied, to conceal a smile. "It is, I think, an elder Mademoiselle De Launay I should see—mademoiselle's sister or aunt, perhaps?"

"I am the only Mademoiselle De Launay," she repeated, drawing herself up rather proudly.

"The last of the name," put in old Nanette's gloomy voice from behind.

"Ah!" said the young man, slowly. "Then I have the honor to be, literally, mademoiselle's most obedient servant, Eugène Savigny, the new superintendent," with another and still lower bow, which, perhaps, served to conceal a certain mockery in his eyes. "Might I beg some one to direct me to Monsieur Martin?"

"Without doubt," said Mademoiselle Laure. "Old Joseph shall. Ah, he is busy, of course—old Joseph is always busy, I think," with a little laugh. "It is nothing; I shall go myself." And not sorry to be called out into the sunny air, she caught up a hat, and, despite a murmur beginning from Nanette, prepared to act as guide. But on the threshold she stopped and raised her dark, brilliant blue eyes to her companion's face, which, it seemed to her, looked very pale.

"But pardon, Monsieur Savigny," she said, "you will take some refreshment first?"

"Many thanks, mademoiselle; I have already eaten—it is not yet two hours," he answered, looking down at her, as she stood close to him, with a steady regard that seemed taking note of every curve and dimple.

She looked at him once more, then silently led the way. Down the broad avenue, through one of the winding paths threading the shrubbery, whose angles were just beginning to round into leaf, round a wing of the old château, and through a little wicket across a tiny foot-bridge, she passed, and, skirting a fir grove, came out by the rushing stream and the tall chimney of the manufactory, whose great wheels all stood idle. Here she stopped short and turned to M. Savigny.

"Here is the manufactory, you see, and Monsieur Martin lives there," indicating a small building at one end. "Poor old Monsieur Martin," she went on, absently, her thoughts apparently with her fingers, which were unrolling a leaf-bud snatched on her way through the garden; "he is too ill to attend to the business, and he worries himself worse because there is no one to take his place. I am very glad you are come, for the sake of Monsieur Martin."

"Mademoiselle may be certain," replied M. Savigny, with another of his odd smiles, "I shall do my best, for the sake of—Monsieur Martin."

Mademoiselle Laure, once out of the house, was in no hurry to get back to it. When at last, tired with some two hours' wanderings, she threw herself down in a seat on the upper terrace, Nanette came to her with a drawn face.

"Mademoiselle has not been wasting her time with that snake?" she began, inquisitorially. Any body Nanette did not fancy was a snake.

"It is hours since I left the snake knocking on Monsieur Martin's door," answered Laure, laughing merrily. Then, more seriously: "Why do you call him a snake, Nanette? I like him; he is very handsome, and something better still, I think."

"I do not like him, I!" exclaimed Nanette, vigorously. "He is much too cool."

"Cool! and why not?" said the young girl, arching her large blue eyes in merry surprise. "Why should he not be cool, then, Nanette?"

"He has no right to be like that in mademoiselle's presence. And mademoiselle

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should not encourage him by demeaning herself to be his guide—she, a De Launay!"

"Truly!" said the young girl, mockingly, but with a rising color. "Does it demean a De Launay, then, to walk through her garden attended by one of her—her servants?"

"Ah, let mademoiselle only always remember that he *is* a servant, and then—"

"Yes, and then?" repeated Laure, coolly looking up at her.

"Why—holy saints! did I not say he was a snake?" muttered the old woman, as the subject of their conversation at this moment came round the corner of the terrace and stood before them.

After an instant's uneasy scrutiny, Laure decided that he could have heard nothing, or his look and voice would not have been so absolutely unmoved. In the most matter-of-fact manner he informed her that the superintendent's cottage was in need of very considerable repairs, and that M. Martin had encouraged him to suppose he might find quarters for the present somewhere in the château.

"But certainly," said Laure, quickly, anticipating the objections with which she knew old Nanette to be ready. "There is room enough in the old house"—looking up half fondly, half sadly, at the walls, towering gray and grim above her—"provided monsieur does not object to sharing it with bats and mice. We are very hospitable to them," she added, with a laugh, "for they are our only visitors—now."

"And better worth hospitality, perhaps, than many other visitors," responded the young man.

She looked curiously at him. "Monsieur does not care for people?"

"Not for all, certainly," he answered, laughing. "Do you?"

"Oh yes," she said, composedly. "They amuse me. But then they tire me," she added, simply, after a little pause.

"Exactly," said Savigny, laughing again; "and I do not find the game worth the candle. I am permitted, then, to introduce myself to messieurs the bats?"

Mademoiselle Laure had well said there was room enough in the old Château De Launay. It was a grand pile, that had once been magnificent. But the glory was departed now. Generation after generation had seen its splendors fade with their fading fortunes, till little more than the mere shadow of either remained for the last sole descendant of the luckless race. Little enough did that girlish representative care. She bloomed alone amidst ruins just as brightly as the red roses amidst the decay of the great neglected garden. At seventeen one possesses the whole earth and air, and out of her boundless realm of youth she seldom looked back regretfully to a lost inheritance. To be sure, there was no need; old Nanette more than fulfilled that task, chanting from morning till night, day after day, her doleful *Ilium fuit*, her legends of De Launay glories and De Launay greatness that had been and were not. And when the old woman ended, as she invariably did, by whispering that her little mademoiselle was to restore the vanished grandeur, Laure De Launay, letting her gaze wander from the corner that sheltered their small household over the massive quadrangles, the high carved doors and windows, to the great clock-tower at the end, where the clock that had not moved for years seemed hiding its battered face under a netted veil of ivy, would nod in answer, with a grave face but dilating eyes, that seemed to see wonderful, beautiful things in the future.

Laure's short life had been passed under Nanette's care, almost, it might be said, under her sole care; for, though she possessed a godmother, and up to the last few years a father also, neither had counted for much in her actual experience. The late Comte Laurent Hippolyte Alexis De Launay had been, ever since his young wife's early death, nothing more nor less than a professed *flâneur*, and in that capacity occupied himself with making an end of such fortune as his ancestors had left for him. He adored Paris and detested the country: as a consequence he was little more than a name to his daughter, and his death meant little more than a black frock instead of a colored one, and the reflection, duly inculcated by Nanette, that she was now the only De Launay living.

As for Madame De Cauzain, she was, indeed, somewhat less of a stranger, inasmuch as she never failed to remember Laure's birthday, made it a point to write to her twice a year, and came to pass a week with her sometimes in the summer. More she would have done if possible, for she was really fond of her god-daughter, but Madame De Cauzain was as occupied in her way as the late Comte De Launay in his. It was a very different way, however. Instead of a professed idler, she was a professed invalid, and there was scarcely a cure of any sort on the whole Continent that had not gathered from her a golden harvest. At present she was literally up to her eyes in mud-baths, somewhere near the Pyrenees, and watching eagerly from day to day for the improvement that was sure to follow. She was not really likely ever to be better, having spoiled an originally good constitution by too many nostrums and too much fussing.

That there had been business transactions between her godmother and M. De Launay Laure knew, but she was too young at the time of her father's death to be told any details, nor had she since learned any. She did not trouble her head much about it. It was from a romantic rather than a practical point of view that she regarded the great

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dilapidated château, the tangled garden, and stretch of wild waste land, which, besides the name, was all the dead-and-gone De Launays had left her. As for the manufactory—with *that* the dead-and-gone De Launays, farther back than the last generation, had had little enough to do; indeed, it was a wonder that their ashes could rest quiet under the shadow of such a monument of departed greatness, though it was all now that kept the old name from being a name and nothing more. M. Laurent De Launay, who, to do him justice, had few enough aristocratic scruples as to the source of his revenues, had been easily persuaded to take advantage of a fine water-power still existing on the estate, thanks to the impossibility of cutting it down and selling it like the noble timber. The profits, like the manufactory itself, were on a small scale, but they enabled M. De Launay to lead in Paris that *garçon* existence which was the only sort of life he found it possible to get through.

After his death the works had still gone on, in a listless sort of way, as if somehow connected with the bodily machinery of the white-haired superintendent, and affected by its increasing feebleness. For M. Martin was an old man now, and within the last year had become infirm to such a degree that he himself perceived the necessity of abandoning his post to some one better able to perform its duties. Accordingly he wrote to a firm in a certain large manufacturing town where he had dealings, the result of which application was M. Eugène Savigny.

The result, but not the object. The old superintendent had had in his mind's eye a person of considerably riper years. But when his wants were made known, M. Savigny had at once offered to temporarily supply the situation. Having overworked himself in the house's interest—and his own, for he had a share in the business—he had been ordered country air and country idleness. The busy man, disgusted with the prospect of doing absolutely nothing, persuaded himself that such a position was the happy medium that would reconcile his doctor's wishes and his own.

On seeing so young a man M. Martin was surprised, and, at first, by no means pleased. But observing how thoroughly the newcomer mastered his duties, he was speedily satisfied, and concluded there was no reason why he should not go to his own people without further delay. So he went away, rejoicing that the manufactory was once more busy, and likely to prosper in good hands.

But there was at least one member of the family at the château who did not share his confidence in the new inmate. That was Nanette. She had found fault sharply with his first appearance, and, being a prejudiced old woman, was prepared to detect that same objectionable coolness in all his later actions, even to the routine of his work and the discipline of his workmen. Naturally this continual outcry resulted exactly opposite to her intention, and enlisted Mademoiselle Laure in his favor. When Nanette ended a tirade by declaring, with a melancholy shake of the head, that this new-fangled superintendent was not in the least like old M. Martin, the young girl spoiled her ready assent by affirming that he was a great improvement; that he was so elegant and polished one might take him for a gentleman. At which Nanette would straighten up into silent stiffness, till she looked browner than ever with suppressed indignation. Then Laure would laugh; but, her thoughts still busying themselves with the subject, would wonder whether it was only a difference of age between her two superintendents, and if one ever had been, or ever could be, like the other. The mere idea seemed absurd, although she did not know that the young man was socially above his predecessor. But he puzzled and interested her, and, being under the same roof, altogether it happened that Mademoiselle De Launay saw a good deal more of M. Savigny than she had been used to do of old M. Martin. Nanette declared that mademoiselle was too condescending, considering he was only a servant; at which mademoiselle laughed outright, yet felt a half-acknowledged pleasure in thinking that it was true; that he was, after all, her servant, the servant of a little girl who had not one tithe of his education or experience; who had, indeed, almost nothing—except her name! With that the proud old blood would brighten eye and cheek, and she would arch her graceful throat, and unconsciously assume the prettiest little ways of authority, which Savigny always saw through, and received with as much inward amusement as outward deference—a deference which sometimes seemed to her exaggerated almost into mockery, and which provoked her to be more peremptory. But at length, on one of these occasions—

"Does mademoiselle ask or command me?" he said.

"Why?" she said, turning at his odd tone.

"Because, if she asks, I beg ten thousand pardons—and decline."

"And if I—do not ask?" said Laure.

"Of course, if mademoiselle commands, I have no choice but to obey," he said, smiling, yet looking extremely like a man who meant to have his own way.

"Ah! then I command!" she cried, lifting her head with a half-defiant motion, and opening her deep violet-blue eyes till the curved black lashes met the arched brows above. She looked at him saucily, simply, provokingly; he looked at her fixedly in return, but his eyes were harder to read than hers. At length, still gazing at her, he re-

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peated something in a low tone, as if to himself.

"Ah! what is it you say?" cried Laure, eagerly. "It is not French, I know."

"No, it is not French."

"And what, then?"

"Italian, mademoiselle."

"Italian!" exclaimed the ignorant little girl, regarding him with silent admiration. "Oh, monsieur is a great scholar, I am sure."

He hesitated a moment. "My mother was Italian," he said.

"And monsieur is like his mother: yes, I know it," she said, folding her hands and looking at him steadfastly.

"And how does mademoiselle know it, if I might ask?" said Savigny, amused and half touched by her childish gravity.

"Because I have heard marraine talk of Italian ladies with fair hair and dark eyes, like monsieur's. Ah, that is to envy," she sighed, with one of her rapid transitions of mood. "If I could carry my mother in my face, and so bring her back to my eyes!"

"Mademoiselle does not resemble her mother, then?"

"No, not in the least; I am entirely a De Launay; Nanette says a De Launay every inch," laughing again.

"The inches are not so many," remarked Savigny, coolly looking down at her.

"They are not so few," straightening herself indignantly. "I am glad to believe I am done growing, for I assure you, monsieur, I find myself tall to awkwardness."

"What must you find me, then? I tremble to think," he said, laughing.

"Ah, but monsieur is a man."

"And mademoiselle is a woman," said Savigny, giving her one of those strange looks which she could never make out. "Although a De Launay, still a woman. Both human beings! Has mademoiselle ever thought of that?"

"Of what? I do not understand you," said Laure, disturbed without knowing why, and returning quickly to the first subject. "But when Nanette and I do not agree, which sometimes happens"—demurely—"she tells me I have only my father's face, and all the willfulness and obstinacy of my mother's family behind it, for they were all alike, and there was never any turning them when their hearts were once set— But what can I have said, monsieur, to make you look like that?" she broke off short, as, looking up, she caught the light, mocking smile in the eyes bent on her.

"I am desolated," said he, "to have disturbed Mademoiselle De Launay, and disappointed my own curiosity on the verge of such an interesting discovery as the hearts of the noblesse. Continue, let me entreat."

Laure's eyes and cheeks flamed at first, then grew dim. *She* had a heart, at any rate, and it was wounded to the quick now.

"I have long seen," she said, in a voice that would falter a little, "that you do not believe in us—that you do not like us; *I* do not know why."

"You have said why," interposed Savigny, quickly. "I do not like the nobility, *because* I do not believe in it. In the past, bad as it was, it was possibly a necessary evil, and was at least strong and real. But the times have so far outgrown it that it is a mere pretense now, as hollow as that puff-ball," setting his heel on one, that crumbled at the touch into smoky fragments.

"And you want to stamp it out like that?" cried Laure, indignation once more blazing up in her eyes.

"No, mademoiselle; why should I waste my time in pushing at a tree that must soon fall of its own weakness? I can afford to indulge a milder feeling than hatred."

"Contempt, I suppose you mean!" said Laure, stung by his careless confidence. "I thank you, monsieur, in the name of my order, and assure you that when we fall we will at least ask no hand from below to help us!"

She had risen, and stood looking at him steadily, with a fixed glitter in her eyes. He came suddenly close to her.

"Ah, mademoiselle," he said, very softly, "and if, for the sweetness of its blossoms, some hands from below were stretched out to uphold the falling tree—even so, it is too late. You are doomed; you must come down to us."

"To *us!*" repeated Laure, with a curling lip. "Is monsieur's place, then, down in the mud too?"

Savigny's face changed curiously before answering. "Is it possible," said he, "that mademoiselle needs to ask such a question of her own—servant? I thank Heaven," he said, looking, as he said it, such a singular contradiction to his words, "that my place *is* down in the mud, with those who know and dare to use both hand and head! Believe me, oppressive luxury has had its day—a long one too!—and the day is coming for labor now."

"Truly!" cried Laure, stung beyond all self-command. "And when the day does come, I suppose you will murder us all, as you tried to do once before? *Bon!* But meantime, monsieur will please to remember that he is, as he just said, my—servant!"

"Certainly," replied Savigny, with perfect composure. "May I venture to hope that Mademoiselle De Launay has so far found me worth my wages?"

"I don't know," said Laure, again suddenly dejected, without lifting her eyes to those that were looking at her with any thing but softness now. "What does it matter, or any thing else in this world?"

And, as fully persuaded as the melancholy

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Dane of the thorough disjointedness of the times, the cynic of seventeen walked away without so much as a glance at the opponent whom she left master of the field. Yet it was almost a pity to lose the expression of the face that looked after her.

It may be supposed that after this there must needs be a settled state of war between these two contending powers. Not at all. A truce was speedily made, and if, from time to time, it was slightly infringed upon by one side or the other, it was patched up again without difficulty. Mademoiselle Laure even carried her complaisance toward the enemy so far as to ask him to teach her Italian. She was charmed with the language, and made rapid progress. Indeed, as bright as she was ill-informed, she was a scholar to delight the heart of any teacher more impressible than this crabbed old teacher of twenty-six.

He had promised she should choose the book they were to read together; and one morning, before going to his duties, he came to her with half a dozen volumes.

"I have brought all I have here," he said. "Now what will mademoiselle choose?"

Mademoiselle appeared to find choosing rather hard, taking up one after another, and turning over the leaves doubtfully. All at once she stopped. "It shall be this," she said, holding up one of the volumes.

Savigny took it from her and looked at it. It was a romance, written in a somewhat high-flown and intricate style.

"It is too difficult, and not as interesting as almost any of the others. I wonder why you selected this?"

To his surprise she changed color at the question, then looking up finally with childish frankness, she answered,

"It was because I thought I saw in it the words you said to me once—the first Italian words I ever heard."

"Ah!" he said; then, turning over the leaves rapidly, "Yes, the quotation is here. I had forgotten. But if you remember it, what need of the book?"

"I don't remember it, only the first two or three words, that I have somehow never forgotten the sound of; I suppose because they were the first."

"Did you understand it when you saw it here just now?"

"Oh no; I should have to study it for that!"

"And it is the very first thing you would study?" said Savigny, laughing. Mademoiselle Laure assented readily enough.

"You are very curious about it?" he went on, teasingly. "Yes? You confess? Then we must arrange it. So—permit me." And taking a pin from the little work-basket on the table beside her, he fastened together the two leaves containing the lines in question, and handed her the book. "There it is, mademoiselle. Read—study—wherever you will except on those two pages, which, I am certain, would not interest mademoiselle's critical taste, and which I have, therefore, prevented from tiring her."

Watching her, he saw the hands that held the book tremble a little, but she did not speak. Determined to provoke a reply, he went on:

"The leaves will not open of themselves, and I can trust Mademoiselle De Launay not to unfasten them."

She lifted her eyes at that, and looked at him with the very flash he had been trying to strike out.

"Monsieur jests, but he can safely trust Mademoiselle De Launay," she said, proudly.

"And why, then?"

"Because *noblesse oblige*—though monsieur does not believe that;" and the head went down again.

"What do I know?" said he, turning away with a shrug. "All the same, there is the book, and there are the forbidden pages, and there is the daughter of Madame Eve—a very remote ancestress of mademoiselle's!"

In another moment, with a most ceremonious salute, he was gone, leaving Madame Eve's poor little daughter alone with her temptation. It was a temptation, for Laure had plenty of curiosity. There was really nothing very wonderful in the lines—some declaration that if the lips could speak in vain, the eyes must enforce obedience; that was all. But Laure did not know that. Savigny's look and tone in speaking the words had impressed her at the time, and, of course, this mysterious prohibition doubly excited her imagination now, until it seemed to her that the only thing she really cared about in the world was to take out that wretched little pin and read what it kept from her. Yet she would sooner have blinded her eyes than suffered them to rest on the forbidden page, though she might easily have done so without risk of detection. But the breaking of a trust was a simple impossibility to Mademoiselle Laure, and the thought never seriously entered her mind.

She sat there with the book in her lap, not studying, only turning over the leaves rather listlessly, till she was disturbed by Nanette, who came in from the garden with a great bunch of dewy, sweet-smelling herbs, which she was going to offer up in some culinary sacrifice. Mademoiselle Laure got up then to go, but Nanette, coming near, sniffed audibly, not at the green things in her hands, but at the books on the table, which she guessed at once for what they were. She was no friend to these Italian studies, and she began to grumble now about outlandish gibberish that might mean the Evil One only knew what! Getting no answer, she went farther. Pretty works were going on! For her part, she thought it high time Madame De Cauzain was written to, and if it wasn't for

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the rheumatism in her old fingers—though not what she used to be with her pen (Nanette was still proud of the formless pot-hooks she had occasionally executed thirty years before)—she herself—

"Silence, Nanette!" here angrily interposed Laure, whose temper, already tried, was in no condition to brook such insinuations. "You forget yourself."

"It may be I do, when I remember mademoiselle," answered the old woman, who always became meek to the last degree when she meant to be particularly obstinate.

"I can remember myself," was the haughty reply. "I am a De Launay."

"Yes, but you are a woman too," muttered the old servant, discontentedly shaking her head at the closing door.

The very words M. Savigny had spoken on that day they had just been recalling! Although a De Launay, still a woman. His very words, which Nanette was now using in connection with him! The coincidence might have given Mademoiselle Laure something to think about, if she had caught that last speech. But she did not; the door had shut out Nanette's grumblings.

Taking her book up to her own room, she sat down to study by the open window. The place was unfortunately selected for the purpose. She read a few words, then looked up for her dictionary, and saw a great black and yellow butterfly vibrating between two clusters of deep red roses, in an airy delirium that looked very much like a sort of idealized drunkenness. She got through with another sentence, and somehow discovered that the little brown bird that had just been trilling so sweetly was now swinging in the loop of a vine that linked two trees just below her window. Some such interruption occurring with every line, it naturally ended in the student laying down her book and taking up her hat, and running into the garden with as light a step as if no impertinent Nanette, no provoking M. Savigny, existed.

The stream that furnished the water-power ran a short way through one corner of the garden, and after a while she found herself following it. It could not talk to her, certainly; but it could move with her; and that gave a sort of kindred and companionship she missed in the fast-rooted trees and paths. Coming out by the manufactory, she turned presently to go back by another entrance to the garden, when she saw a clump of pink blossoms serenely bowing and balancing to their own reflections in the water. Have them she needs must, for they were the first of their kind she had seen in bloom that year; but they grew on a little isolated mound of earth that she could not touch from the shore. After a great many useless efforts, it occurred to her they might be reached from a rude kind of narrow platform built out from the manufactory; so, slipping quietly in at a door, she slipped as quietly out of a window, and gathered the flowers with no great difficulty.

It was a part of the building unused except for storage. She had gone in, as she expected, without meeting any one, and was considerably surprised, on turning back, to see M. Savigny standing in the window that gave on the platform, leaning against the open casing, and watching her.

"This is better than dry books that never open at the interesting place," said he, almost, she thought, as if he had divined her thoughts over her studies. She laughed a guilty little laugh, and held up the flowers.

"There's nothing dry about these, at any rate," she said. "Aren't they pretty? I never saw any so pink."

"Are they pink?" said he.

"Are they! Why, Monsieur Savigny, are you color-blind?"

"Color-blinded, perhaps," looking at the brilliancy of her eyes and cheeks. Mademoiselle De Launay was already very beautiful, and perhaps her greatest beauty, certainly her most striking one, was her coloring; the bright black hair, the dark violet eyes, the color that varied from delicate to rich, made her at once remarkable.

She had not understood his words, had scarcely noticed them, indeed, occupied as she was in wondering how long he would forget that he was barring her passage.

"Will you please let me come in, Monsieur Savigny?" she said at length, as he made no sign of moving.

"But assuredly, mademoiselle," he replied, stepping aside with a polite alacrity which she understood on coming nearer. The getting out of the window had been an easy enough little jump, but the going back was quite another thing. It was altogether too high for her unaided powers.

She waited a bit, hoping that M. Savigny would offer to help her. But he did not come forward; she could not even see him: perhaps he had gone away, and what should she do then? She called his name hastily, whereupon he started back into his former position, with an affectation of extreme surprise at beholding her still there.

"It appears that mademoiselle is not yet come in," he said. "But perhaps the window is too high?"

"It is possible," said Laure, very dryly. "I can not get in alone."

"Ah," said Savigny, not at all taking the hint, "what a spectacle for poor philosophy, this powerless wealth! Behold mademoiselle, absolute queen so far as her eyes can reach, yet helpless as a child in the midst of her possessions! She is not the first to find riches a delusion and a snare."

Mademoiselle Laure certainly had a quick temper, but it must be admitted there was

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some excuse if the fire flew to her eyes and the blood to her cheeks now, when, instead of giving her the assistance any gentleman would have flown to offer, this young man, her own paid servant, kept her waiting without while he uttered philosophic reflections very much at his ease.

"Monsieur will help me in *at once*," she said, in a tone whose dignity was somewhat marred by the tremulousness of rage.

"If monsieur pleases," said Savigny, in a way which left it doubtful whether he was supplying her omission or speaking for himself.

"This moment—I command you!" with a little stamp that cost M. Savigny's blonde mustache dear in the effort to preserve his gravity.

"Let mademoiselle command, by all means, since it amuses her to do so," he said, very politely.

"You—you dare to refuse my *orders*?"

"Yes," he said, hanging his head as if in a sort of meek stubborness—"yes, mademoiselle, the worm has turned at last."

Mademoiselle De Launay had perhaps never been so angry in her life. She stood for a moment quite unable to move, then walked with a hurried step to the edge of the platform, where a narrow, slippery joist crossed the deep rush of the water to the bank beyond. It was the maddest undertaking, which nothing but the madness of her passion could have led her to. As it was, she took two steps without faltering; then, before she could fall—before she could cry out, or do more than feel blind and dizzy—she was caught up and whirled back into safety by the arm to which she had just vainly appealed. Savigny, to do him justice, had had not the slightest idea of her rage: until the very last he had thought it nothing but a childish vexation.

"How dared you—"

"Dared!" interrupted Laure, with a little lift of the head.

"How dared you," he said, sternly, "play with your life—with me—in that way?" He breathed quick, he spoke through his set teeth; there was an intensity of passion about him before which her own foolish outburst fell, weak and ashamed. She ventured one look up into the eyes that she had last seen all laughter and mockery, that were now all fire and pain; then she shrank away a little, and hung her head.

"You are very angry with me," she said, in a low voice, "but you should not have driven me to it. *Are* you very angry with me, Monsieur Savigny?"

"Ah, bah!" he said, with a sudden complete change of tone, "no man is very angry in these days. One does not waste emotion, mademoiselle. Will it please you to accept my assistance in returning?" All the old indifference was back in his eyes, the lightness in his voice, as he put this mocking question. But Laure did not resent it now; she walked silently toward the window, stopped there, and cast a dejected look back.

"My pretty pink flowers!" she said; "I have lost them, after all."

"Ah, the flowers!" said Savigny. "Let us see." He leaned over the edge of the platform, and, after peering about a little, swung himself down among the wet, decaying, unsteady timbers to where the flowers were lying, wedged in from the dash of the water. It was a rash venture at best—a dangerous one for a man not sure of eye and foot and nerve.

"Behold them, mademoiselle," he said, offering them to her, "as blooming as ever. Yes, I see now they are pink," with a glance at the cheeks which no longer rivaled them.

Laure's spirits were yet longer than her color in returning. Shame for the passion into which she had suffered herself to fall made her seem so subdued during the rest of the day that Nanette, alarmed, shot some of her keenest arrows with the benevolent purpose of raising a little wholesome irritation. It was in vain; and the old woman, quite at her wit's end, welcomed a letter which she hoped might be the means of rousing mademoiselle out of this unnatural quiet.

She brought it out on the terrace, where Laure had just finished a not very satisfactory Italian lesson. But M. Savigny offered no comment upon it, and both sat so still in the stillness about them that Laure quite started when Nanette bustled out announcing a letter "from madame la marraine," a statement for which she had no other ground than that Laure was little in the habit of receiving letters from any one but her godmother. Nanette was right, however: it was from Madame De Cauzain.

"How charming!" cried Laure, as she read; "marraine is coming next week, and—and—"

"And monsieur le baron, perhaps?" supplemented Nanette, with a toss that threatened to send her stiff white cap flying through space like a new kind of meteor. "Ah, *bon, bon!* that is something charming, if you like! Monsieur has never seen monsieur le Baron De St. Pré?"

"Never," answered Savigny, turning to bestow upon the old woman an ironical attention that a little disconcerted her. "Am I likely to have that pleasure now?"

"Ah! and a pleasure it is well named," answered Nanette, standing her ground with a shower of nods. "Monsieur le baron is the finest gentleman in France—it is I that say it," solemnly. "Ah, so handsome! ah, so rich! and a family—O Heavens!" clasping her hands and shutting her eyes tight in ecstasy: "it is an alliance worthy even of a De Launay—"

"Nanette," here interrupted her young mistress, starting up and cutting short these

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genealogical raptures, "you must come with me to marraine's rooms. Come—directly."

Nanette obeyed the peremptory tone, but grumblingly. "There is no such hurry," she muttered—"not if madame la marraine were a hundred invalids instead of one. But mademoiselle does not want monsieur to hear about monsieur le baron."

"I do not choose," answered Laure, with childish dignity, "that monsieur should fancy I am thinking about alliances and such things."

"And why should not mademoiselle think about such things at her age? or what is that ser-r-pent's opinion to any one? And mademoiselle knows as well as I do—"

Here the sounds, which, in the perfect stillness, had been more audible than the speakers had any idea of, died away indistinctly. M. Savigny, sitting where they had left him, looked up at the great pile darkling against the evening glow, then down at the book on his knee, where the pin disturbed the even pages, and smiled one of those peculiar smiles which had helped to gain him the complimentary title he had just overheard.

The next week brought Madame De Cauzain and her nephew, the Baron De St. Pré, who proved, if not the finest gentleman in France, at any rate a very fine gentleman indeed—handsome and agreeable into the bargain. He had too much good taste to talk of himself, otherwise he might have been a Gascon for his facility of speech. Laure, really fascinated by the winning tongue that knew how to be eloquent on any subject but himself, filled up his silence in that exception perhaps even better than he could have done.

Almost from her cradle there had been, in their respective families, a talk of marriage between these two. Hitherto it had been only talk, but now M. De St. Pré, finding the unformed child he had last seen developed into such singularly lovely girlhood, thought it high time to bring about some more definite understanding. One evening as Laure, closing the book from which she had been reading aloud, bent down to give her godmother the good-night kiss, the latter held the sweet face a moment between her hands, looking up in it with affectionate admiration.

"Good-night, and pleasant dreams to madame la baronne," she said. Then, as a flood of crimson rushed over the girl's cheeks, she added, in a mysterious whisper, "Adolphe has spoken to me to-day; it is all settled, and there need be no long delay."

"But, marraine—" said Laure, hastily.

"Hush, child," interposed Madame De Cauzain. "We will talk of it to-morrow. I am tired; the drive was too long, I think."

"You are not feeling worse to-night, marraine?" said Laure, anxiously, fancying her unusually pale.

"Worse, child! on the contrary, except for the fatigue, I feel better than I have done for years. I should not wonder if the disease were really to take a turn at last. Give me another kiss—there, there—till to-morrow! Go and dream of your trousseau."

Laure left the room, to think not about the trousseau, but the husband so confidently offered to her. This was the first she had heard of the affair, though she had seen the baron that very morning: but he understood his aunt's rigid old-school propriety too well not to make her the embassadress of his suit; so at the last it came upon Laure with the suddenness of a lightning flash. She went to her room and tried to think it all over calmly there, but, shut up between walls, she felt a sense of oppression, and a longing for cool air to clear her brain.

She went down stairs, and was making her way to the garden, when she heard a child's voice mingling with Nanette's rather crabbed tones. It was little Marie Fandeau, the child of one of the manufactory workmen. Nanette was putting up a basket of delicacies for the old grandmother, who had been ill since some weeks. Laure, not sorry for some distraction to her thoughts, told Marie she would go with her to see her grandmother. Nanette began an objection directly.

"Nonsense!" said Laure; "it is not at the world's end, and Marie shall come back with me. They will easily spare her from home to-night."

"But why should mademoiselle—"

"I wish it, Nanette; that is sufficient reason," answered her young mistress, with the air with which, on occasion, she could cut short importunity. "Come, *petite*."

Nanette, in high good humor at her snubbing, looked after them, muttering, "Yes, yes; she knows well enough how to keep down impertinent people; she will make a famous madame la baronne, that one can see," wagging her head complacently.

The sun had already set when Laure and her little attendant reached the Fandeau cottage, and it was quite twilight when they left it again. They had not gone far when there appeared in the distance a red spark, coming and going at irregular intervals, but always drawing nearer. Some evening promenader was smoking his cigar on the other side of the cedar row that bounded the path. Laure's heart gave a little leap. Was it—the baron? or was it M. Savigny?

The baron in reality was at that moment far enough away. Confident of having left his cause in good hands, he was snatching with a few congenial spirits the sweets of that bachelor existence which he intended very shortly to resign. Laure did not know this, but she soon saw it was not he, as Savigny, hearing the child's chatter, stepped out of the shadow, and throwing away the end of his cigar, approached.

"Well met, mademoiselle," he exclaimed,

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uncovering his head, with a low bow. "We have been strangers of late. You look like a wandering princess in this light, but your faithful page is extremely small. Is it permitted a common mortal like myself to offer an escort?"

Laure made a movement of assent, and they went on together.

The moon was rising, but as yet with a feeble beam. The young girl glanced around at the still line of cedars lengthening out of sight on one side, on the other the uneven ground stretching away to the low hills, over which in that uncertain light a confused shadow seemed trembling. She felt in the scene a strangeness that was like the embodiment of her own disturbed mind, and walked through it silently as in a dream.

"Mademoiselle has seen a wolf in these woods," said Savigny at last, "and lost her voice."

This failing to rouse her—"It appears the robber has stolen her eyes too," he continued, determined to make her speak or look at him. A fear of awaking his suspicions made her turn her head then slowly and meet his eyes; but she repented her rashness directly, as she felt that those keen eyes had read her secret in her confusion. The blood rushed over her face, and she turned away.

"So!" said Savigny, drawing a quick breath; "it is settled, then, finally?"

"No," said Laure, in a low tone, "nothing is settled—yet."

"*Yet!* That means a few hours' grace, I suppose, and then—"

"I don't know," hesitated Laure, whose intention it certainly had not been to discuss her matrimonial prospects with the superintendent of her manufactory, but who hardly knew how to resist his manner. "They have always said I was to make a great marriage, and have a grand establishment in Paris, and restore the old name."

"A noble object to live for, truly," said Savigny, "especially the fine Paris establishment! Will mademoiselle accept my congratulations—if obscurity like mine is permitted to have a voice on the subject?"

Laure did not remind him, as she might have done, that these delicate scruples were somewhat inconsistent with the freedom of speech in which he had all along been indulging.

"What is Paris like, monsieur?" she asked at last, abruptly, breaking a silence that had begun to be oppressive.

"Paris?" said Savigny, with a vehemence hardly warranted by so simple a question. "Like a volcano covered with flowers."

"Ah!" Then, after a pause, "But the flowers are there?"

"Yes—and the fire."

"Do you ever go to Paris, Monsieur Savigny?" she asked, after another pause.

"Sometimes."

"I wonder—if I shall see you there?"

"It is to be hoped not, mademoiselle."

"Truly, that is complimentary! And why, then, is it to be hoped not?"

"Because it could only be if the fire caught the flowers. What but a social convulsion could bring us two together? Unless, indeed," he added, very deliberately, "monsieur le baron should think me worthy to be his valet."

"Monsieur Savigny," cried Laure, lifting her head quickly, "I forbid you to speak like that!" He did not turn his face, but gave her a mutinous glance from under his half-dropped eyelids. Her look fell to the ground again, but she repeated, assuming a jesting tone, "Yes, do you hear? I forbid you, and you know you owe me obedience."

"Man owes obedience to woman, a Frenchman to a French lady, and Eugène Savigny to his mistress, Mademoiselle De Launay."

Laure recognized the faint mockery in tone and manner, and laughed. "You make a very good monsieur le baron," she said, "when one does not look at you."

He stopped short. "Can mademoiselle really fancy me for a moment in monsieur le baron's place?"

"How bright the moon has grown!" remarked Laure, not very appositely, and with a little catching of the breath. "This is not really to-night, only the ghost of to-day. Ah, why do you look down on the ground instead of at that beautiful sky?" she cried, impatiently, for Savigny, with head bent down, was turning over and over a stone his foot had dislodged. When she spoke he lifted his eyes and looked over the stretch of broken ground bounded by the low hill line.

"Is this a part of your estate?" he asked, picking up the stone, and beginning to examine it more nearly.

"Oh yes," she said; "all this waste land that would hardly pasture a goat I am still the proud owner of."

She laughed as she spoke. Savigny dropped the stone and put his hand inside his coat as if in search of something.

"Would mademoiselle like to be rich—very rich?" he asked, quietly.

"But what a question!" she said, very much puzzled. "Monsieur has Aladdin's lamp in his pocket, perhaps?"

"Its first cousin," answered Savigny, taking out a small hammer, with which he began knocking about fragments of stone and upturned earth, Laure watching him in wonder. When he rose his black eyes were sparkling, though he spoke as quietly as ever.

"I have the pleasure of informing mademoiselle that there is every reason to believe her the possessor of a coal mine."

Laure looked interested, but appeared

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scarcely to comprehend. "*Eh bien!*" said she. "And what then?"

"You do not see?" said Savigny. "It is money—money that lies literally only waiting to be picked up. When the new railroad is built mademoiselle will find her coal mine almost as precious as a gold mine. She will be richer than any of her ancestors—she will be a little queen at Paris—"

"That I will not!" interrupted Laure, who had listened, with her eyes on his face, in eager interest until his last half-mocking words. "If the coal is there, it may lie there; I will not have it touched."

Savigny arched his eyebrows in incredulous surprise.

"No, I will not," she repeated, petulantly. "Am I a gnome, to want to be digging in the ground? The estate is my own, and I say not a foot of it shall be disturbed—so you may as well put Monsieur Aladdin in your pocket again, or I shall toss him into the brook."

"I think it very possible," began Savigny, dryly, "that monsieur le baron will find means to persuade—"

"Oh yes; you sneer at the baron, of course," interrupted Laure, whose excitement seemed to have worked itself up to a sort of trembling anger. "Yes, you despise him, I know."

"I do not despise him," muttered Savigny between his set teeth: "I hate and envy him!"

"You envy him—*you*? And why?" And Laure turned round and looked with eyes wide open into his.

Such a look as he gave her! It was as if a fire that could be felt leaped out of his eyes and scorched her cheeks. She stood confounded, paralyzed.

At this moment the little Marie, who had run on before while they talked, came back, frightened. Something was the matter. They were calling mademoiselle. Hark! And even as the child spoke Laure heard her own name shouted in tones of alarm, and a servant came hurrying up telling a breathless, incoherent story: how madame's bell had suddenly rung violently, and madame's own maid had run up to the room, and had shrieked out for Nanette, and old Joseph had been sent off directly for the doctor, and he himself for mademoiselle. What it was he did not know, but something had happened.

Yes, something had happened; and that something was—Death. The enemy at whose shadow Madame De Cauzain had trembled for so many years had come upon her now at the one moment when she had forgotten to fear; had stolen upon her like a thief in the night, so suddenly that all was over before Laure could reach the house.

There being no relationship between Mademoiselle De Launay and Madame De Cauzain, the death of the latter was not necessarily a hinderance to the Baron De St. Pré's suit, perhaps rather the contrary, as it left Laure quite alone in the world, and thus in need of a protector. So it was not very long before he made her a formal offer of his hand and heart.

To his surprise, almost as much as to his dismay, the Baron De St. Pré's hand and heart were definitely rejected.

He was so totally unprepared for this that for a considerable time he refused to accept such an answer. When it became evident that there was no room for doubt, he abandoned the field—for the time. But not the cause: by no means. Under these circumstances the baron proceeded to show what metal he was made of, and the result was at least surprising.

M. Adolphe De St. Pré was a young man of very many gifts, balanced, possibly overbalanced, by the failing of thorough selfishness. He was charmingly good-tempered, agreeable, even kind, so long as he had his own way; but let any strong wish be crossed, and he could be overbearing, cruel, and, within certain limits, unscrupulous. He had really fallen in love with Laure, and her wholly unexpected opposition only made him the more desirous and the more determined to marry her. Soft means failing, he would try hard ones; and unfortunately these were in his power.

Mention has been made of former business transactions between Madame De Cauzain and M. De Launay, of which Laure, as a child, knew little. She was doomed now to learn that they had been very extensive indeed. Madame De Cauzain's will—founded upon the anticipated marriage—had left every thing to her nephew, and among her papers appeared a mortgage of all that remained of the De Launay estate, executed about a year before M. le comte's death, and having now but a few weeks to run. This pleasant information reached Laure through St. Pré's business man, who politely regretted the necessity of communicating such intelligence, and hoped that some arrangement might be made to obviate any disagreeable procedures. Nothing could have been more discreetly managed; St. Pré was not in the least implicated; but Laure understood very well the nature of that arrangement so obscurely indicated. Her lip curled as she took up another letter received at the same time, a missive from the enamored swain himself, all devotion and humility, all protestations of love and entreaties against her cruelty. Of course no shadow of an allusion was made to the other communication, but for all that the connection was not far to seek. The baron was to play the part of adoring wooer, unable to think of any thing but his love, while skillful hands managed in his aid the machinery of the law.

If the baron could but have seen Made-

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moiselle De Launay's face while she read his love-letter! She had scarcely patience to get to the end; she tore it right through one of the most ardent sentences, and threw it down on the floor in a passion of scorn and anger. Then she dropped into a chair, and began to think over her condition. It was hopeless enough: she had no means, she knew, of redeeming the mortgage; in a few weeks she would be absolutely a beggar, without a foot of ground to stand upon, without a roof to shelter her head. Her heart swelled chokingly; she started up in affright, with a childish impulse to run from the trouble hanging over her.

On the terrace she met M. Savigny, who looked at her, surprised at her evident agitation. Since the night her godmother died he had been very kind and considerate, without any return of that moody, sometimes almost fierce, manner which had bewildered and disturbed her. She thought now, as she met his anxious, questioning gaze, what if she were to tell him her distress? It could surely do no harm, and she had no one else to go to. Acting on the impulse, she spoke some hurried words, and gave him the lawyer's letter to read.

"But," said he, knitting his brows as he finished it, "he evidently writes in ignorance of the arrangement already made."

"It is not made—it never will be!" said Laure, turning away her eyes toward some white and purple pigeons walking on the edge of the terrace, cooing and glistening in the sun.

"Indeed!" said M. Savigny, his eyes following hers. Both were silent for a little. "But," he said again, looking back at the letter, "Monsieur De St. Pré surely knows nothing of this?"

"I have reason to believe that he does," answered Laure, in a low but distinct voice, while she blushed and paled by turns; then, pressing her lips together—"I would sooner die than speak a word to him about it!"

Savigny silently studied her face, whose agitation, together with the concluding hint of the letter, gave his keen perceptions some glimpse of the truth.

"And that is a lover!" he said at last. "I make my compliments to monsieur le Baron De St. Pré," he added, ironically, uncovering his head. "Truly, *noblesse oblige!*"

Mademoiselle De Launay grew crimson, but did not speak a word.

But M. Savigny returned at once to the subject in hand. He asked a number of questions about it, promising to think what could be done, and requesting to keep the lawyer's letter.

A week later he came to her. "What will mademoiselle give for my news about—what we were talking of the other day?"

"What! has it come—already?" cried Laure, opening her eyes in alarm.

"No, no, not that," he hastened to reassure her. "Mademoiselle has no longer any thing whatever to fear from Monsieur De St. Pré."

"And how can that be?" asked Laure, looking at him incredulously. "I know I have no money. Pardon, monsieur, but it is impossible."

"Is it?" said Savigny. "Will you look at this, then, and convince yourself?" and he gave her a paper which, after involving herself in some perplexities of law phrase, she made out to be the mortgage itself. As the peacock just then came stalking solemnly round the corner of the terrace, she threw it at him in a transport of delight; but this mood changed directly.

"But how can it be possible," she said again, "since I have no money? Where did you find me money, then, monsieur?"

But Savigny had picked up the paper, and was too busy studying it to notice her question. She looked at the bent head and lips a little compressed, and a sudden thought struck her; she colored, and came close to him.

"Monsieur Savigny, it was *your* money!" She touched his arm lightly; he started and looked up, and as their eyes met she knew she had guessed aright.

"Then—but no! no! it is *not* the same. Since I am to lose it, I would sooner it should be yours—oh, a thousand times!" She stopped and bit her lip. "You can dig up the coal now," she said, between laughing and crying.

"Can I?" said Savigny, who did not look particularly delighted.

"And oh, monsieur," she cried, clasping her hands, "if it proves as precious as you said, you can restore the dear old château to what it was. Ah! that will make me happy—yes, even though I am not here to see it!"

"Mademoiselle De Launay," said Savigny, turning round with a quick, fierce impatience, "if your prejudice will let you, be a little more just toward me. I am not of your class, it is true; but I am a man, at any rate, with my own poor idea of—of—" His eyes flashed, he held out the paper and tore it in two. "So the estate goes back to the old name."

Mademoiselle De Launay gave a little cry at this. She sprang forward, then stopped and regarded Savigny.

"Monsieur is very rich?" she said, wonderingly.

Savigny smiled ironically.

"Or, perhaps," she continued, "he cares as little for money as I do?"

"I am not such a philosopher," said he.

"Ah," said Laure, very softly, her whole face glowing as she looked at him, "*noblesse oblige!*"

"It is kind of mademoiselle to make a

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mock of me," said Savigny, who had not seen her expression.

Laure's eyes flashed through her tears. "*I* make a mock of you!" she cried. "It is cruel, it is wicked, to say such things. I will not stay to hear them. I thank monsieur for—for his great kindness"—her voice trembled—"and I will leave his house; yes, for it is his house, not mine."

Savigny started up as she turned. "If you leave the house for me, Mademoiselle De Launay, I will burn it to the ground the moment you are beyond the gates. I mean it." He spoke quietly, but looking in his face, she saw that he did mean it, and stopped short in trouble and perplexity. There was a long silence.

"It is I that will go," he said at last. "It is time this was ended."

Laure came nearer and looked down at him where he stood on the terrace steps, his head bent moodily forward. "Why should either of us go?" she said, almost in a whisper. "We were contented enough before."

"Were we?" said Savigny. "Well, I am tired of wishing for what I never can have."

"Why can't you have it?" said she.

"Why can't I reach the tree that is too high for me?"

"Monsieur said once that if one waited, the tree would fall of itself," said Laure, simply.

All this while Savigny had not looked at her; but on hearing these words he raised his eyes with a start, and fixed them incredulously on her face, where the blood began to burn redder and redder at the look that made her realize the full meaning of what she had said. Savigny grew pale.

"*Will* the tree fall?" he said, with his whole passionate heart in his voice.

"Perhaps you can reach it," said Laure at last, faintly, just glancing at him with eyes half laughing, half frightened.

It appeared like it the next moment. He put his arm about her and lifted her lightly down beside him; and as they stood together there, so young, so happy, under the shadow of the dark old walls, not even that reminder of greatness that had been could give Mademoiselle Laure a twinge of conscience that she was going to forfeit her proud and ancient name for an alliance which Nanette could not declare "worthy of a De Launay."

Editor's Easy Chair.

"YOU had better keep your coats on," said the good-humored policeman to the Learned Counsel and the Easy Chair as they entered the cloak-room at the White House. And certainly the advice seemed to be very reasonable. The room was thronged with a crowd not less good-natured than the officer, which, in one corner, seemed to drive against an open door and almost to curl backward, like high water plunging against a pier and forced upward. The door was the opening to the hat and coat closet, and scores of our fellow-citizens were crushing impetuously to exchange their garments for a piece of card, apparently entirely reckless of the means of recovering them. As it seemed impossible that a hat could be of any particular form after reaching the door through the pressure, there was no reason for a serious struggle in that direction. The Learned Counsel surveyed the scene with composure, and then, gently smiling, disappeared behind a window-curtain. In a few moments he emerged, ready for the drawing-room. The Easy Chair peered curiously behind the curtain, but could see no coat. "'Tis perfectly safe," said the Counsel, stating in an under-tone where it was. But the secret shall remain as safe as the coat. If it should be printed here, it would no longer be serviceable to any one.

The visitors then turned their attention to another part of the room, and to another door, through which the great living current was setting. But although the rapidly arriving newcomers were drops that swiftly swelled the mass, the current moved very sluggishly. Indeed, the crowd increased so fast that the Learned Counsel truly remarked that "all out-doors seems to be coming in." Nor was it a mean spectacle. The spacious house was the People's Palace. Whoever came to the door, if he or she were orderly and decent, could freely enter. There were no cards of invitation, but the whole population of the country was bidden—and was apparently at hand. There was, however, an air of the propriety which springs from self-respect, and there was, perhaps, a feeling of pardonable pride that the spectacle was unique. The pope passing up St. Peter's on certain days among his guards will receive petitions; kings in state have done the same; and the old poems celebrate the ruler who listens to his people. But the king is always the patron, and his sacred person is carefully protected. Here were we, as many of us as chose, squeezing in to shake the hand of our Chief Magistrate, who was yesterday one of us, and who would presently change places with—with—with—why, Learned Counsel, why not with some one in this very throng? The room was very warm, and the pressure was great, so that it is not surprising that there was a flush of acquiescence upon the learned cheeks.

The squeezing was very pronounced as we came nearer to the door. Then there was a lurch, like the lift of a huge wave, and we shot through the door-way into a cross-sea of a crowd. Not that the crowd was cross, but by a felicitous ill arrangement, for which the house and not its occupants was responsible, the ladies' cloak-room was directly opposite the door through which we had struggled, and consequently the crowd at that point was composed of those who,

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without ladies, were pushing on, and those who, waiting for ladies, were sternly stationary, and could not move without peril of being swept on and out of sight before the ladies were prepared to join them. This confusion made a cross and chopping sea, and the struggle became more strenuous. Indeed, the situation recalled the popular problem of our old mathematical professor—"Young gentlemen, we will now proceed, if you please, to consider the consequences of an irresistible body meeting an immovable body." The cavaliers who espied across the hopeless hedge of masculine shoulders the ladies intrusted to their charge smiled, or frowned, or wore that calm look of death rather than surrender which is so familiar in such arduous fields.

The result of the situation was that nobody stirred—nobody except one mature lady, who appeared vigorously buffeting the solid mass, and seeking to press through. It is, perhaps, an unhandsome impulse of human nature to close up the line more firmly under such circumstances. But such certainly seemed to be the result. The mature lady, however, spared no effort. A policeman remonstrated that she was going the wrong way, and warned her that it would be impossible to squeeze through against the general direction of the throng. But the more discouraging his words and the facts of the situation, the more intrepid were her endeavors. "Impossible?" said the mature lady—"impossible? What do you mean by impossible? I *must* get out there. My son-in-law is there." A grim smile passed across all the resolute faces in the crowd. But there was something touching in the words. For it was a strange lady, probably—a mother who had come to see the capital and its life, and now at evening, in a wilderness of strangers, had lost her guide and friend. There was a grim laugh, but no relaxation of the pressure. Did the throng of men forget their own mothers? No; but it was impossible to yield. The rear rank of the population of the United States pressing us on from the cloak-room had not heard of the lost son-in-law, and their hearts were not softened.

The Learned Counsel by a movement of his eyes drew the Easy Chair's attention to the fact that a neighbor had thoughtlessly raised his arm for some purpose, and could not readily put it down again. The crowd pressed against his body so closely that he had, so to speak, lost control of his elbow, and it punched and pierced his neighbors at random, while he smiled apologetically, and by struggling to restore its normal position seemed to be proceeding to actual belligerence, which provoked reprisals. It is certainly disagreeable to cease to be morally responsible for your own elbows, without a general recognition of the fact; and, to placate the hostility of a cavalier whom the elbow had nudged severely, the neighbor made some lightsome remark. But the cavalier was trying to protect a Dulcinea, and evidently thought her threatened by the buccaneering elbow. Instead, therefore, of offering a friendly reception to the gay form of words from the neighbor, the cavalier frowned, and, addressing himself to space and mankind in general, remarked that he should think there might be some consideration of the ladies. In itself the proposition was harmless; but, under the circumstances, it was a criticism upon the apparently responsible agent of the elbow, who observed sententiously that he had tried to be civil, but that some people evidently did not understand what civility was. But much, certainly, was to be pardoned to the cavalier, as to the mother-in-law. Theoretically he was the defender of Dulcinea. But practically he saw her hustled by the throng, and in what plight of toilet she would emerge from it who could tell? Yet he could do nothing. Human nature, therefore, in his case, could not be expected to tolerate with equanimity the nudges of a wholly irresponsible elbow. Yet, on the whole, the cavalier would doubtless agree that in the crush of entering a levee at the White House it is wiser to smile than to frown.

If the Easy Chair should declare that to be the lesson of a levee, it would be accused of moralizing at a pleasure-party. For there are frowns of more than one kind. Some, indeed, have the appearance of smiles; but smiles without sweetness or sympathy are the worst kind of frowns. When those of us who think the blood in our veins is a little bluer than it is in the veins of the gentleman yonder in linsey-woolsey, and the lady in a dark stuff gown upon his arm, smile with gentle superiority at such queer people, is it a good-natured smile? If we look closely enough in any social assembly of the kind, it is, perhaps, not difficult to see those who think it necessary to apologize for being found in company with the linsey-woolsey profoundly deferential and even obsequious to the mere purple velvet. Professor Teufelsdröckh showed his intimate acquaintance with his time when he composed his famous treatise upon the Philosophy of Clothes.

But whoever sees the East Room on the night of a levee is justly proud. It is a room of many associations. There Mrs. John Adams hung her Monday's wash to dry; there Abraham Lincoln, in the midst of the war, accepted his second nomination, and there his dead body lay. Indeed, some friendly Asmodeus could fill many pages with the story of that room. But it is never more interesting than when it is full of people who are, in a sense, their own guests, and who behave accordingly. The European courtier takes his American friend with pride to the royal palace and its choice circle of blazing beauties and decorated statesmen. Let the American friend not fear to take the Condé or the Medina-Sidonia to the People's Palace at a levee, and leave their own sagacity to teach them a memorable lesson.

Yet, naturally proud as we are of our country and of our own institutions, as you glance around the spacious and brilliant East Room, and see the stars and the orders of the representatives of other states, possibly you wonder what the mind behind those observing foreign eyes is saying. New York, doubtless, thinks its civilization to be perfect; and when it invites the Chinese embassy to dinner it is conscious of its own superior blue blood, and smiles patronizingly upon the yellow barbarians. And is your emperor the brother of the sun and moon, and the great-grandfather of the fixed stars? And do you pinch your poor women's feet into deformity that they may more truly symbolize your idea of their souls? And do your excellencies and mandarins of the unspeakable button actually eat birds' nests and think it decent food? All

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these questions were in the tone of our welcome to the Celestial embassy when it came. Yet if the almond-eyed "people of importance" had been at one of the matinées, or Germans, or thés dansants, or balls, or any of the characteristic festivities of our highest social civilization, as they watched the golden youth and graceful maids circling and gliding in the dance, however courteous their acquiescence may have been, the question behind their almond eyes would have been, "Why do you not let your servants do that for you?"

Is there any such question behind the observing foreign eyes in the spacious East Room? Are those diplomatic minds lost in admiration of republican simplicity, and the essential superiority of manners in a democratic country? There, you see, is the envoy from Patagonia talking with the embassador of Monaco. Do you not hear him saying, as he looks around the room: "It is a kind fate, your Excellency, which brings us to the United States of Arcadia. Do you observe what lofty disdain of blue blood and rank every where prevails? They have a free press, and properly pity us unfortunates who have not. And do you remark that these distinguished public men—these Senators and Representatives and others of the truly great—never flatter the press, nor fawn upon it in its representatives? Do you also see, *mon cher*, as I do with admiration, that those fair maids are all for love, and not for what they call an establishment? Innocent, pastoral world! which knows nothing of the abuses of the effete monarchies from which, unhappily, we come! There is no scramble for place; politics are pure; only the will of the people is sought, and the people's will is law. See! there is Governor Corydon, who shears his gentle flock in—in—what is the name of his pasture? Honesty, sobriety, refinement, order, moderation, and economy in living—behold them all, my dear embassador! They are symbolically gathered around us here in the East Room, and to-morrow you may see them in the lobbies of the Capitol."

We look with pity and curiosity upon the poor embassadors who come from countries which have not the happiness to be Arcadia, as our own beloved country is. But how do they look at us? Is it, probably, with less wonder and pity? Is it, perhaps, with a superb skepticism of the republican experiment? As the Turk picks his way through driving sleet, drenched in chilly storm, is he thinking, perhaps, of the soft air of the Ægean, the summer of the Golden Horn? As the Spaniard looks from his window upon the plain palace of the people, does he remember the Escorial, and ask why a nation's elected chief should be housed less splendidly than a hereditary king? As the German reads that in one State alone there are more than two hundred thousand persons of teachable age who can not read or write, does he curl his proud mustache and think of the German army from the schools? As the Italian beholds the bald streets, and contemplates the prancing effigy of Jackson, does he recall the Vatican and the galleries, the Uffizi and the Medicean chapel? Perhaps behind those courteous foreign eyes the busy brain is asking what we could not well answer. Possibly, while we pity the effete monarchies, they have the inexpressible hardihood to pity us! Perhaps, after all, we in this corner are no more the blue blood of nations than of our own society! What is the significance of that old text, "He has made of one blood all the nations of the earth?" Is not that Christian doctrine the very truth which the German Goethe sings, the pagan poet, as he is so often felt to be? Let us hum it, Learned Counsel, as we go out into the night. Let us hum it as we walk about by day:

"Gottes ist der Orient;
Gottes ist der Occident:
Nord und Südliches Gelände
Ruht im frieden Seiner Hände."

And you who understand the language will perhaps thrust it into English:

"Not the East and not the West
God the Father loveth best:
North and South and every land
Peaceful lie within his hand."

"WHY is it that the round people so often get in the square holes, and *vice versa*; that the chance seldom comes of doing our very best until too late, and we lay down the load at the end of life with a terrible consciousness of the world's injustice?" The friend who asks the question proposes an old text to the Easy Chair as if it were a bishop who could solve the sad questions of human life *ex cathedrâ*. But if it were a real bishop going into an actual pulpit to preach upon the general subject which is involved in the question, it would begin by saying to its beloved brethren that its text was taken from the parable of the prodigal son: "And when he came to himself." Certainly not in the Bible, nor out of it, is there a more striking testimony to the dignity of human nature, which, dear brethren, is so often derided and denied. When he was fain to eat husks with the swine, or when wallowing with wantons, the prodigal was the victim of a foul enchantment. The glamour of sin—for that is the lesson—was like a spell of Circe, revolting but resistless. But when he put down Satan under his feet, when he listened to what is called his better nature, "he came to himself." His better and not his worse nature was then the man himself. Is not this a truth which some of the Easy Chair's brethren upon the Episcopal bench are sometimes wont to forget?

The kind correspondent who sends the letter which suggests this little sermon is troubled with a fascinating but Mephistophelian friend, who insists that the failures and half failures in life, and endeavor of every kind, are all necessary to "the grand plan." Now there is no harm in saying that whatever is is right; for that is the substance of the opinion of the fascinating Mephistopheles. The difficulty lies in the attempt to show *how* it is right. The essence of faith is reliance upon an inscrutable goodness every where and at every moment. But it is inscrutable. It can not be seen, nor measured, nor comprehended. A child is crushed in the street by a carelessly driven wagon. The mother becomes insane. The father is heart-broken. The happiness of a home is apparently needlessly ruined. Whatever is is right, says the airy Mephistopheles, who did not know the mother, and who is himself unmarried. It is right, he says, because the balance of things, and so forth. Whatever is is right, murmurs faith, heart-broken, but with-

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out a curse or a sneer; faith with no knowledge and no theory; faith which sighs,

> "'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all."

Indeed, no fine theory of the universe is sufficient to answer the question of the text. It is answered by temperament and by character, if it be answered at all. The doctrine of square holes and round people arises often from a false conception of success, from a kind of disappointed vanity. A woman's fancy, perhaps, is kindled by some story of romantic characters and fine society, the fairy realm of the novelist, in which women of lofty beauty and superb manners captivate men of heroic mould and of every gift of attraction. Fresh from the book, and fired by its spirit, she plays the part of a lofty beauty superbly mannered—a part to which, unfortunately, all the essential conditions are wanting. She shrinks, without knowing it, into the French *femme incomprise*. She revenges herself upon her own folly by assuming to be an uncomprehended woman, when in fact, dear sisters and brethren, she is only a very silly woman. The square holes into which so many round people are trying to fit themselves are only their own foolish fancies of what they are fit for. A graceless woman insists upon dancing. A shallow man sets up for a wit. A dull man assumes profundity. These are instances as common as they are obvious.

Who can be sure, then, that he will choose wisely? and because of that doubt shall I refuse to choose at all? This is the question which the correspondent next asks. But if I must ask no questions, yet have this strong curiosity, am I not the very round person in the square hole of which I spoke? Is not the contradiction between my instinct and the conditions of my existence the very dilemma I mean? When I propose to do something, says the friend of the Easy Chair who supplies the text of the present discourse, I am met by the remark that I am a woman, and that my sphere is domestic. But why should this friend or any other person in the world be troubled by the theory of a sphere? The famous English Foreign Secretary, George Canning, said that belligerency was a fact, not a theory. And every fair secretary for the home department may truly say the same of what is called the sphere of a man or of a woman. If a woman offers to do this or that, Mephistopheles, fascinating or feeble as may happen, shakes his reproving head and decides that it is not her sphere. That is to say, it is not according to his theory of her sphere; and such is the ascendency of fascination that he will often persuade her that he is right, and that the very suggestion is unwomanly.

But why should an intelligent woman accept the current theory of her "sphere" to-day as more unalterable than that of two thousand years ago? It was the theory of Greece that ignorance was the "sphere" of woman. It is the theory of the modern drawing-room of Christendom that a highly ornamental and elaborately toileted timidity and helplessness are the "sphere" of woman. The older theory has been seriously modified. Why should the later be considered inexorable? In Egypt, dear madame—whom Bishop Easy Chair beholds in the pew below him superbly dressed for dinner at the Abyssinian embassador's when the present solemn services are concluded—in Egypt, dear madame, it is considered unwomanly and immodest for a lady to show more of her face than one eye through a veil. But the bishop observes at this moment, as he looks at you, that in America it is considered womanly and modest to unveil the whole face very much below the chin. As thus there are various views of what is womanly and modest, there are differing theories of the sphere of woman. Yet we are not much exercised about the sphere of man. And since both men and women are human beings, may we not safely say that the sphere of any human being is that range of morally innocent action for which God may have given the instinct and the power?

It is a sorry waste of life to be theorizing and wrangling about spheres. For if it be pertinaciously insisted that the sphere of woman is the affections, and consequently the home, what then? If that be so, is she likely to leave it? The sphere of man, the learned tell us, is active life. Very well, are men likely, then, to retire to the nursery? Do we exclude them from the nursery by law? And is the disposition of women to break out of the nursery so much more positive than that of men to break in that they must be bound in strait-jackets? What we all want, men and women equally, is, like the prodigal, to come to ourselves—to escape both the glamour of mere theory and the gyves of arbitrary restriction. No direct nor indirect permission will cause one woman to be less womanly, nor one man less manly and noble. It is not by mere permission of law or custom that men or women fall from real manhood and real womanhood. Yet none of us will deny the annoying force of a false theory. But the true answer to those who ask in dismay about the square pegs and the round holes is the verse of the poet, "My mind to me a kingdom is." No round man or woman—that is, no one who is complete by mastery of himself—need be vexed by the question. Those whose success is inward and spiritual, who find it in habitual elevation of mind, in devotion to the obvious duty, in perfect hospitality to every generous thought, in sympathy with every aspiration and effort for "soul liberty," in converse with good books and music and pictures, in the faith of a soul of goodness in things evil—no longer waste their substance in riotous living, but have come to themselves, and for them the father lights up the palace and summons the neighbors to feast and rejoice, for he that was dead is alive again, and—for it is not a parable of sex—she that was lost is found.

"Since you won't go to balls, so that I can send you a bouquet to carry, will you not accept this open valentine and put it upon your table?" It was the note of a youth to a home-keeping maid on the eve of St. Valentine's, the pleasant day which, of all days in the year, is not likely to be forgotten, but which Elia freshened in the regard of all the English-speaking races. The maid's answer to the youth was not written, but he saw upon her table the flowers he had sent, and as he perceived their fragrance, and thought of her sitting alone in the room with them, he wondered if that perfume pleaded with her a suit he did not dare to urge with other breath. Privately, doubtless, he paid his vows to the canon-

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ized bishop, the good St. Valentine, to make the maid propitious. What confidences that saint must have! Of all father confessors surely he is the chief! And of all secular saints, so to speak, is there any whose feast is so faithfully observed?

A few years since, the post-offices in the towns and cities were full of the fluttering notes of the birds of St. Valentine. There were mountains of notes, Sierras of love-letters, Andes of verses. The newspapers culled all the lines from the poets, and told the traditions of English customs of the day—a kind of reading which makes us feel as if England were all "merrie" in that vague remoter time; as if young women and young men were always dancing about May-poles, and conning fortunes in candle wicks and tea leaves, throwing apple peel over their shoulders, and counting the mystic seven in the ring. But on St. Valentine's Day what was not done! Indeed, there is a dextrous way of treating the rustic superstitions and customs of the old times in England which results in a picture as idyllic as one of Claude's landscapes.

But the ardor of a few years since has passed. In the shops, about the middle of February, you may see now only a few signs of the happy day; some extravagant figures of hearts and darts, of sparrows and arrows. The literature is very gilt-edged, and its sentiment, if monotonous, is unmistakable.

"Oh, sweet Jane Ann,
I have began
Long since to love ye:
There is no prize
Beneath the skies
I place above ye."

We smile, but if the object of words upon St. Valentine's Day be to convey ideas, how can we quarrel with the simple Muse? Or here, again:

"Dear Isabella,
I am a feller
Who dares to hope
Your eyes to ope
Unto the smart
Of his poor heart;
Who vows to you
He will be true
Till he is meller,
Dear Isabella."

It was doubtful, upon a first reading of this poem, to what the word "meller" referred. But, upon reflection, it seemed to be evidently an allusion to the mellowness of ripe old age, and it was the poet's turn of the old phrase, "till death us do part." In the same pile the Easy Chair found more treasures.

"No other girl charms can have more
No other man can more adore:
Beloved girl, if you are she,
Behold the man—for I am he."

The Muse here shows a bold confidence in the intelligence of the lady, and an equally bold transposition of words to suit the exigencies of rhyme, which every candid critic will applaud.

"In a melancholy mood,
Sitting pensive in a wood,
Underneath a chestnut-tree
St. Valentine appeared to me,
Saying, 'Sluggard! up! away!
Lo! it is my feast to-day.
And She waits the word to say
Which is the converse of nay.'"

Is it not pleasant to think what happiness such lines can convey? For every Villikins there is a Dinah. For every son whom the Muse inspires there is a waiting and an appreciative daughter.

And that daughter had evidently not forgotten that this year is leap-year. It was curious to see among the Cupid's cages and the usual sugar-plum lyrics under the gilt lappet, the vigorous use of the privileges of the year by Dinah herself. Thus a striking picture of a beautiful lady kneeling at the feet of a cruel scorner, of the baser sex, had this legend:

"I kneel a suppliant on my knee;
I kneel in my love's need to thee:
Hard-hearted man, I love thee so,
If thou lov'st not 'twill work me woe."

There seems often to be difficulty in bringing the poem to a sufficiently pointed conclusion. But, perhaps, the purport of the verses is evident. And so in these:

"One year in four I claim the right
Of bidding thee to nuptial rite;
And I will hope, couldst thou be won,
Four years of love to crowd in one."

Plainly in the literature of St. Valentine the critic must not be hypercritical, or he might here complain of the rhymes and of some obscurity in the sentiment. But, again, it was probably sufficiently clear to the blushing swain who received the valentine that he was sought in lawful wedlock. That point is certainly clear in the following, which was under a lappet representing an Amazon capturing a hostile prince:

"Casting my maiden fears aside,
I offer thee to be thy bride;
To share thy fortune and thy life,
And be thy sweet and gentle wife."

This also, like the note of the youth to the home-keeping maid, was an open valentine. And see the caprice of human nature! Those flowers of penetrating perfume were sent to say, in the subtilest whisper, "I love you;" and the youth would have been the happiest of mortals could he have perceived, ever so faintly, ever so vaguely, and by the remotest implication, the answering thought, "I am yours." Yet had that bashful maid returned to him the quatrain just quoted, although it would have said to him distinctly what it would have been bliss timidly to surmise, although it would have said what it is the dearest hope of that youth one day to hear, he would probably have turned and fled affrighted. His conviction would have been that he had been fatally deceived. It would have been as if the lady of his love had proved a Lamia.

For how much of his love is the pursuit? He might not dare to say.

"High-born Helen, round thy dwelling
These thirty years I've paced in vain;"

but if she descended to the door and asked him in, would he wish to enter? Is it her love or the doubtful pursuit of it that allures him? It is the flying Daphne that draws Apollo on. Some day hereafter, when the open valentine has long since breathed its message, and the answer, which to-day seems to that youth to hold the secret of life, has been whispered to his heart; some distant day when the sweet feast of St. Valentine comes and goes unheeded; when he speaks no more in flowers, and the home-keeping maid has long been wife and mother—will he too say:

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"She was heaven while I pursued her as a star. Can she be heaven if she stoops to me?" Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" is a sad story, one of the saddest ever told. But there is nothing in it—no selfishness, no wickedness, no ruin—sadder than the last words in which, after the unselfish devotion of a life, Dobbin marries Emmy—and feels the melancholy question which the brave heart does not ask.

But such thoughts are not for St. Valentine's Day. It is the feast of spring and hope and youth, and of all hearts in which, at whatever age, these still survive. It is the day of lovers paired or yet to pair. Nor let the young birds think the day to be theirs exclusively. For Philemon, a grandfather, sent these verses with a basket of flowers to Grandmother Baucis on the last St. Valentine's Day; and no granddaughter was happier that day.

"TO BAUCIS: WITH SOME FLOWERS.

"If you should ask, 'Whence come these flowers,
These roses and this trailing vine,
These sweet estrays of summer bowers?'—
St. Valentine.

"If you should wonder what they say,
These tints that perfectly combine,
Bethink you of the happy day—
St. Valentine.

"If, as you muse, a finer hue
Than theirs upon your cheek should shine,
To whom would that rare bloom be due?—
St. Valentine.

"Enough for me if vine and rose
But reach your tender hands from mine;
My secret he will not disclose—
St. Valentine."

Editor's Literary Record.

PHILOSOPHY.

"A THEOLOGICAL and Philosophical Library" is announced by Drs. HENRY B. SMITH and PHILIP SCHAFF. It is to consist of a "series of text-books, original and translated, for colleges and theological seminaries," to be published by Charles Scribner and Co., and to embrace a complete series of treatises on mental and moral philosophy and logic, and on biblical, historical, systematic, and practical theology. The first volume in this series, Vol. I. of *Ueberweg's History of Philosophy*, is before us. In manner of treatment and in elaborate and minute scholarship it resembles Hagenbach's "History of Doctrines." The book will be of very great value to those who make the study of philosophy a specialty. But it is at once too elaborate, too minute, and too thoroughly German to be of the best service for a college text-book, while its involved style will deter any ordinary reader with whom metaphysics is not a passion. We should, for example, far sooner send the untrained student to a good translation of Plato to learn what Plato taught than to such a definition as this: "The Platonic idea is the pure archetypal essence, in which those things which are together subsumed under the same concepts participate." The present volume contains the history of ancient and medieval philosophy. A second volume will give the history of modern philosophy.

The spirit in which Dr. MANNING criticises modern forms of unbelief is indicated in the somewhat enigmatical title of his work, *Half Truths and The Truth* (Lee and Shepard). "I regard," he says, "many forms of infidelity as half truths, at least, in their origin." This spirit of candor and of charity characterizes his whole work, which is peculiarly free from that dogmatism and crimination which have done so much to render odious theological and philosophical controversy. He regards all opposition to Christianity as arising from one of two sources, pantheism or positivism. On the one side is that class of thinkers who start with their own consciousness as the basis of philosophy, and out of it evolve a system whose logical consummation is that there is but one universal Being, so that, as Emerson has it, "God reappears with all his parts in every moss and cobweb." On the other side is that class of thinkers who start with the material and outward world, who hold that all knowledge comes through the senses, and who reach as a logical result the conclusion that nothing is within the scope of our knowledge except the external world, and in it nothing except the relations of its varied phenomena. Deism, theism, skepticism, rationalism, and naturalism are, according to Dr. Manning, only intermediate positions between Christianity on the one side and these extreme negations, pantheism and positivism, on the other. In the volume before us Dr. Manning treats only of pantheism and those forms of belief which are related to it, embracing in this general school as belonging to it logically, though not always professedly, Goethe, Carlyle, Emerson, and Theodore Parker. His survey of this branch of philosophical unbelief is admirable both for the clearness of his style and the impartiality of his statement, and we trust may be followed before long by another similar volume on the other branch of philosophy, the positivist, which has at the present time a greater interest, because a stronger hold upon the public mind.

It is impossible to speak too highly of Professor JOWETT'S translation of *The Dialogues of Plato* (Charles Scribner and Co.). Metaphysics proverbially constitutes hard reading. The difficulty is partly in the subject, but even more in the treatment it ordinarily receives; and the dialogues of Plato, while they are among the profoundest of all metaphysical works, also sparkle with a vivacity which modern metaphysics rarely or never possesses. It is the charm of Professor Jowett's translation that he has preserved in the English that incomparable life which has been generally lost by preceding translators. For he is equally a master of the Greek and of the English tongue. He has not hesitated to sacrifice the letter to the spirit. It is an English Socrates who speaks to us. The book is thoroughly modern. One might almost read it through without suspecting from any thing in the style that it was a translation. And there are very few Greek scholars who could gain from

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a perusal of the original so good an idea of the spirit and character of Plato as they would gain from this English version. Of Plato himself this Literary Recorder has nothing here to say, except that there is no modern critic of materialism whose work is likely to prove so effective in counteracting the sensational philosophy of the day as the works of this father of metaphysical philosophy.

Two contributions toward the as yet unformed science of comparative religion are afforded by Dr. JAMES C. MOFFAT'S *Comparative History of Religions* (Dodd and Mead) and MAX MÜLLER'S *Science of Religion* (C. Scribner and Co.). The latter is misnamed, and there was no possible propriety in adding to the four lectures on comparative religion the translation of "Buddha's Dhammapada; or, Path of Virtue," which takes up half the book. The four lectures on comparative religion do nothing more, really, than open the subject, and indicate that there is a field to be explored. They do not explore it. It is shown very satisfactorily that the old division into heathen and Christian religions, or into natural and revealed religion, is inadequate as a basis for a true and comprehensive science of comparative religions, but the true basis appears to us not to be indicated in the three classes specified in the third lecture, which embrace only the Asiatic religions, and make little or no account of Greek, Roman, and Norse mythology, and none at all of the religion of the American aborigines. In a word, Max Müller's four lectures are not a treatise, they are only a "study for a treatise;" they do not expound a new science, they only constitute a guide-board which points the way toward its exposition. — Dr. Moffat's book is fuller, and yet far from complete. It is, indeed, ostensibly only the First Part, and treats only of those forms of religion which possess sacred writings; that is, again, the Asiatic. Though fuller, it is less suggestive than Max Müller's work. It contains more information, but less thought. It gives more material, but exhibits less constructive skill. Dr. Moffat, laying aside the later writings of all religions, and comparing the book of Genesis, the Rig-Veda, and the Shooking—the earliest Scriptures of the Hebrews, Hindoos, and the Chinese respectively—finds in them all evidences of a primitive belief in the oneness of the Divine Being, in the sinfulness of man, in the necessity of prayer, confession, and sacrifice, and thus leads us to infer that the foundation elements of religion, as needed by the human soul in every age and in every condition, consist in these elemental acts and experiences. Both books are well worth study, though neither is adequate as an exposition of what promises before long to take the place of medieval theology, a thoroughly organized science of religion, built on a careful study of the religious phenomena of the world, and a careful and impartial comparison of our Divine Christianity with other systems.

The Sciences of Nature versus The Science of Man, by Professor NOAH PORTER (Dodd and Mead), is in form an elaboration of a college address; in title a plea "for the science of man;" in substance a critique on the four systems of materialistic philosophy, of which Comte, Mill, Bayne, and Spencer are taken as representatives. As an essay it is rendered interesting by its clear and even popular style; but as a criticism its brevity renders it unsatisfactory. These four systems can not be expounded, much less adjudged, in a space equivalent to five magazine pages. — We have never yet found any two critics or two disciples of positivism to agree in their definition of the philosophy so entitled. We shall not, therefore, undertake to say whether *A Positivist Primer* (David Wesley and Co.) is an adequate interpretation of what the author calls "the much misunderstood religion of humanity." The writer, however, possesses two unmistakable merits—courage and clearness. He is not afraid of outraging public sentiment by declaring that "the only Supreme Being man can ever know" is "the great but imperfect god Humanity;" nor does he becloud with glittering generalities the equally radical doctrine, underlying the most extreme communist notions of government, that individuals "live for the community, the community does not exist for them." Whether Mr. DAVID is authorized to speak for the positivists or not we do not know, but there is no possible mistaking his interpretation of positivism.

THEOLOGY.

WE are very glad to put on our library shelves the fourth volume of M'CLINTOCK and STRONG'S *Cyclopedia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature* (Harper and Brothers). A half loaf is said to be better than no bread, but half a dictionary is a trial to the student's patience; and this half-completed cyclopedia has been so much the more a vexation to us that we find so much that is almost indispensable in the volumes already published. We are thankful, therefore, for this additional installment, but we beg the editors not to try the patience of the student too much by protracting any longer than is absolutely necessary the completion of a work which promises, when complete, to be without a peer in its department. It is, indeed, a library, and though it will be, in seeming, an expensive work, it will probably afford more information on the general subjects of which it treats than could be obtained by any other library on biblical, theological, and ecclesiastical subjects which should cost five times the money. As a biblical dictionary it is, on the whole, superior to its only competitor, Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible" (American Edition). For the editors have had not only free access to that work, but also equal access to Kitto's "Biblical Cyclopedia," and Fairbairn's "Imperial Bible Dictionary;" and while neither of these surpasses, or perhaps equals, as a whole, Smith's larger work, both of them are superior in special articles. In a word, in M'Clintock and Strong's cyclopedia the student has practically the opportunity of consulting the three English rivals—an opportunity sometimes very important. For example, in the article Jephthah, Smith's dictionary declares dogmatically in favor of the conclusion that Jephthah's daughter was literally offered up as a sacrifice, and though he hints at the arguments for the opposite view, he does so apparently only for the purpose of answering them. In M'Clintock and Strong both positions are given fully, with the reasons by which their respective advocates maintain them, and thus the reader may investigate the question and judge for himself. It is this characteristic

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which gives to this cyclopedia its peculiar value. It is not a dictionary of opinions, but of information. And on all, or nearly all, disputed points it affords not a dogmatic solution, but the material for the reader's own investigation and determination of the problem. The same quality of judicial impartiality characterizes and gives peculiar value to the theological and ecclesiastical articles. In this respect it differs characteristically from preceding works of an avowedly similar character. For example, the article on the Jesuits, in Buck's "Theological Dictionary," is a newspaper invective against that society. It is quite possible that it may be just, but it is certainly a very different thing from the calm, unimpassioned, and impartial history of the order which we find in this cyclopedia, and which even closes by defending it from certain unjust aspersions sometimes cast upon it.

Dr. VAN OOSTERZEE'S *Theology of the New Testament* (Dodd and Mead) is an attempt to investigate the New Testament, and from it deduce the system of truth which therein is taught confessedly in fragmentary forms. It is not, however, an original investigation by one ignorant of or, at least, free from the influence of previous theological teachers, as "Ecce Homo" was in some sense; nor is it even in form a fresh survey of the teachings of the New Testament, as Dr. Thompson's "Theology of Christ" is a fresh survey of the Gospels. It is rather useful as a hand-book of the orthodox interpretation of the New Testament theology than as a new contribution to its elucidation, or even as a new and fresh survey of old and familiar truths.—The fourth (Old Testament) volume of *Lange's Commentary* (C. Scribner and Co.) contains notes, critical, doctrinal, and homiletical, on Joshua, Judges, and Ruth. The only fault with this elaborate work, which, when completed, will be an exegetical library on the whole Bible, is that it is too elaborate, and contains too much. The erudite editors lack the rare virtue of self-denial. They know not how to omit, and their work is injured, for the great mass of students, by its very copiousness and richness.—*Modern Skepticism* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.) consists of lectures delivered in England at the request of the Christian Evidence Society by various dignitaries in the Church of England, and embraces a discussion of a number of the prominent points at issue in the present age between Christianity and unbelief. The work is well worth the careful study of those interested in an investigation of modern skepticism.—We shall leave the theologians to estimate and determine the value of Dr. HODGE'S *Systematic Theology* (C. Scribner and Co.), of which the second volume, on Anthropology, lies before us. We content ourselves with noting the fact that Dr. Hodge does not confine his discussion to medieval doctrines, but opens his treatise with a consideration of the modern theories of the origin of man, including those of Darwin.—It is not often that we find space in these pages to mention the volumes of sermons issued in increasing numbers, but which rarely have any great interest except for the personal friends of the preacher. Dr. MACDUFF'S *St. Paul in Rome* (Robert Carter and Brothers) possesses a peculiar interest in the fact that the discourses so entitled were delivered in the city of Rome, and yet more in the fact that the introduction, which constitutes the first third of the volume, gives in a brief compass an admirable survey of the localities in that city which ecclesiastical legends connect with the author of the Epistle to the Romans.—In *Unity in Variety* (Whittaker and Co.) the author, G. W. WELDON, undertakes to show, from a consideration of the physical creation, the constitution of the human mind, and from the history of the Jewish and Apostolic churches that the true unity of the church consists not in uniformity of creeds and organizations, but in a unity of spirit in variety of form.—*Dr. Deems's Sermons* (J. J. Little) are not great sermons. They are not free from some serious rhetorical blemishes. But they are characteristically simple and helpful: they are the words of a man who feels the wants of humanity, and speaks only that he may help his fellowmen, and so they are effective. They remind us strongly of the story of the old minister who told his son, whenever Sunday morning came and he had no sermon ready, to just go in the pulpit and "talk religion."—In *Political Romanism* (Carlton and Lanahan) G. W. HUGHEY undertakes to demonstrate that the Roman Catholic Church claims supreme political power over all rulers and governments, as well as supreme spiritual power over the hearts and consciences of all mankind. He succeeds in showing very conclusively that this authority is claimed for the Church by a considerable party in it, but falls into the common error of most Protestant writers in assuming the unity of the Romish Church on this subject, whereas, in fact, the Romish Church is even less one than the Protestant Church: its divisions are more fundamental, and its intestine quarrels more bitter. There was less in common between Pascal and Loyola than between Calvin and Arminius.

FICTION.

OUR first feeling on laying down Mr. FARJEON'S last novel, *Blade-o'-Grass* (Harper and Brothers), was one of profound dissatisfaction at its unfinished close. But on tracing the effect of its incompleteness on our own mind we were led to admire as heartily the artistic skill which left its completion to the imagination of the reader as that which gave to it its striking title and its original plot. Two sisters (twins) are born in Stoney Alley—one of those wretched regions whose existence in the very centres of modern civilization is at once its greatest problem and its greatest disgrace. The mother dies, the husband has already deserted his wife, and one of the orphaned babes is adopted by a kindly Christian household, who are, however, ignorant of the existence of the other. The story traces the stream of these two lives. Ruth grows up surrounded by pleasant and helpful influences, with a happy life ending in a happy marriage. Blade-o'-Grass grows up in Stoney Alley, with no other friend than a certain vagabond, Tom, who ripens into a professional thief. She is left at the close of the story (her sole protector, vagabond Tom, having disappeared) in the streets, where the snow is falling heavily, pressing her babe to her bosom, and listening to the music of happy voices that floats out to her from the cheery house which is the home of her unknown sister. And so the story ends, weighing us down with the unsolved problem, What shall we do

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with Blade-o'-Grass? In his hearty sympathy with the wretched and the poor, in his appreciation of their condition and their needs, and in his dramatic power in portraying that life of which most of us know so little, and which is yet so vital, or rather so deadly, in its influence on the community, Mr. Farjeon is scarcely inferior to Dickens himself. But he lacks the humor with which Dickens enlivened the scenes which, painted by Mr. Farjeon's pencil, are painfully dark.

In WILKIE COLLINS two characteristics, irreconcilable, appear to struggle for the mastery. He has, when he chooses to exercise it, great power of dramatic characterization. But he also has a genius—we were about to say a fatal genius—for the construction of a mysterious plot, and he is continually tempted to make the higher literary qualities subservient to the creation and elucidation of a mystery. In "Man and Wife" he resisted this temptation; his plot served his characters, and the purpose of his story made it something more than a mere romance. In *Poor Miss Finch* (Harper and Brothers) he has yielded to his besetting temptation; his characters serve his plot, and violate the simplest principles of human nature in order to entangle themselves in an inextricable maze, that Mr. Collins may depict his skill in extricating them therefrom. It is hardly necessary to say that the plot is original, for Wilkie Collins never conceives one that is commonplace. Poor Miss Finch is blind, and the mystery of the story turns upon her consequent confusion between two lovers (twin brothers), whose resemblance is so great that the unaccepted lover succeeds in palming himself off as his brother. The most strongly marked character in the book is Madame Pratolungo, who narrates the story. There is some attempt at character-drawing also in the two brothers, Nugent and Oscar, but not even the epileptic fits of the latter are adequate to render natural his crazy folly; for he acts as no sane young man could be expected to act even for the sake of conveniently accommodating such a novel-writer as Wilkie Collins with a plot.

In the title of her novel, *Can the Old Love?* (J. R. Osgood and Co.), Mrs. ZADEL B. BUDDINGTON immediately awakens the interest of readers. To say, however, that the moral of the story is simply that "old hearts need not be cold ones" would imply a narrow estimate of the author's purpose, for this novel is a plea not only for the immortality of love, but also for its purity, wisdom, and beneficence. Granted true manhood and true womanhood, and their perfect recognition of each other, and love has its conditions irrespective of age or circumstance: it is a growth in the heart, following out, like all growth, its own natural and inherent laws; it is a part of the universal harmony, and in sympathy with all goodness, beauty, and truth. The moral of the story is that love is to be cherished and respected, and to not be feared. Upon a casual perusal this novel appears disjointed in its plot, but the careful reader will see, through all its changes of scene, situation, and character, its perfect unity of design. The story covers three generations, represented to us in succession by three heroines—Lily, Lucie, and Aimée. The plot is in every sense novel and original, but it is not inharmonious, and it is a characteristic of true genius in the writer that its harmony is one of purpose, not of accident. Considered simply as a story, Mrs. Buddington's novel will absorb the reader, and it is invested with a peculiar charm by the author's style, for she has proved by her work that she is not simply a story-writer, but also a poet. We have alluded to the three heroines of the story; but to us the most interesting female character introduced—the one most beautifully illustrating love's patient devotion—is that of Lady Hope. Is the pathetic element—the pity of love—too prominent in the novel? But how is it in life? One of the most striking features of this story is the fact that its men and women meet upon a plane of perfect equality.

We do not think that the author of "Gwendoline's Harvest" was ever accused of writing a stupid or commonplace novel. Certainly *Cecil's Tryst* (Harper and Brothers) is neither. It is characterized by the same intense dramatic action, the same skillful plot, the same development of unnatural, almost diabolical passion—where we least expect it, too, in a woman—and the same unnatural and unimagined crime which enters into the preceding stories by the same author. Yet of all this author's novels which we have read we count this the best. The characters are more attractive; none of them are repulsively odious. Jane reverses the famous apothegm concerning the devil, and proves at the last blacker than she is painted. The double crime on which the interest of the story turns is kept skillfully in the background. And the plot is so ingeniously managed that even an old novel-reader would hardly guess the true solution of the mystery which attends the reappearance of the false Cecil until that solution is afforded to him at the close of the story by the discovery of the body of the unfortunate. There is less of the madcap gallop of incident in the book, and greater pains taken in the elaboration of details—some of the incidents, as the trial of poor Batty, being exceedingly well described. In a word, the plot, while thoroughly original, has not mastered the author; the author has controlled the plot; and while the story loses nothing in sensational interest by this fact, it gains in other elements.—*The Doctor's Daughter*, by SOPHIE MAY (Lee and Shepard), occupies that middle ground between a juvenile and a novel which Miss Alcott's books also occupy. It is a very entertaining story, quite as much entitled to high prize for the older "young folks" as are the "Prudy Stories" and the "Doty Dimple" stories for the little ones.—Miss MULOCK continues her admirable series of "Books for Girls" with *Twenty Years Ago* (Harper and Brothers), which scarcely ought to be included among books of fiction, since we have the editor's assurance that it is "the *bona fide* journal of a girl in her teens, kept by her during a short residence in Paris twenty years ago."—*The Walking Doll*, by ORPHEUS C. KERR (F. B. Felt and Co.), is a very clever burlesque on modern novels, albeit so long as to grow wearisome. The author shows some power of catching and transferring to his canvas the common scenes of American city life; power that might be advantageously employed in writing a genuine American novel.—*John Thompson, Blockhead* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), gives its title to a

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collection of short stories of which it is the first, and which, without any remarkable genius, may be fitly characterized by the word "clever."—Harper and Brothers commence the republication in this country of the *Household Edition of Charles Dickens's Novels* with "Oliver Twist." The broad page, clear type, handsome paper, and spirited illustrations, coupled with the price put upon it, fairly entitle this edition to its name. To characterize it fitly we must borrow the language of the advertisements; for it is really a "marvel of cheapness and beauty."—Hoyt and Williams introduce to the American public a new novel-writer, EMILE GABORIAU, in a translation from the French of one of his novels, *The Mystery of Orcival*. The story, which opens with the discovery of the dead body of a murdered countess, traces the process by which a famous French detective unravels the mystery of her death, and detects and captures the assassin. While it is a tale of horrible crimes, the author has the artistic skill to keep them in the background. They are perpetrated behind the scenes, and our interest is aroused, not, as in some of the modern English sensational novels, to trace the development of crime, but to unravel the mystery which enshrouds it, and to bring the criminal to justice. Of its class of romance—the French sensational—this is a remarkable and unique specimen.—If a preacher wished to show how terribly impossible it is to wipe out the sin of a moment by a life of unwearied atoning for it, he could hardly do better than tell the story of *The High Mills* (Lippincott and Co.). The author, KATHERINE SAUNDERS, has developed strong characters, and although there may be some exaggeration in the details, the passions are thoroughly human.—*Seed-Time and Harvest* (Lippincott and Co.) is a translation of one of Reuter's novels. It requires the careful reading that most German novels do, and repays one better than do many of them. Its chief merit consists in its graphic pictures of German life and character.—*Patty* (Harper and Brothers) is a poor English girl, to whom an unexpected fortune proves a curse. It feeds an inordinate ambition, and she leads a false though brilliant life. Coming finally, through sad experiences, to a knowledge of what happiness she might have had, she strives to become a good and faithful wife. The story is painful, but does not lack in power.—*The New-Year's Bargain* (Roberts Brothers) exhibits not only a good deal of ingenuity in its general structure, but a great deal of real genius in the poetry which pervades it. The scene is laid in the Black Forest, and the whole structure of the story is in turn wild, weird, and charmingly grotesque, as befits its scene and characters.—*Wilfrid Cumbermede* (Charles Scribner and Co.) is a remarkable novel, both for the subtile passion which pervades it, and its strong though not altogether healthy religious character. But as a story it is seriously defective, especially in its close, where the simplicity of the early narrative is exchanged for the mysteries of an unnatural if not an impossible plot.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IN the *Land of the Veda*, by Rev. WILLIAM BUTLER (Carlton and Lanahan) the author has produced an interesting and valuable book, which the publishers have rendered attractive by the beauty of its typographical attire and its accompanying illustrations. We have so often to condemn works of this character for want of a map, the lack of which often renders the letterpress but half intelligible, that we note with pleasure as a feature of this work that it contains a large and apparently excellent map of India. Mr. Butler is not a book-maker. This work constitutes one of those valuable additions to our stock of information concerning heathen civilization which is not the least of the important services which foreign missionaries have rendered incidentally to their own country. Mr. Butler went out to India in 1857 as one of the pioneers of the Methodist Board. The field allotted to him and the time of his arrival in India placed him in the midst of the fearful scenes which characterized the Sepoy rebellion, and his work is not less interesting as an account of that wonderful historical episode than it is valuable as a description of the manners, customs, and religious characteristics—in a word, of the civilization—of that land for which is claimed a literature and a religious life which antedates the days of Moses.—We can not commend too highly the healthful moral tone, as well as the intellectual ability and historic scholarship, which pervades all of Mr. SAMUEL SMILES's writings. There is in many homes a want felt, if not expressed, for books of useful information, and helpful in their influence in the building up of manhood, especially designed for boys and young men. Just such a book is *Character* (Harper and Brothers), which is equally admirable for the truths it inculcates and for the historical incidents and anecdotes of which it is brimful, and which at once bring out the moral principles of the writer in clear because concrete forms, and store the mind of the reader with useful historical information.

There are few American writers who could make an entertaining book by describing certain ordinary traits of American life and well-known and easily accessible points in American scenery, but Mr. W. D. HOWELLS has done it in *Their Wedding Journey* (J. R. Osgood and Co.). A journey from Boston to Niagara, and thence back again by the way of the St. Lawrence and Montreal, is about as commonplace a theme as one could well imagine out of which to construct a volume of 300 pages; but the charm of Mr. Howells's style prevents his book from being in any sense commonplace, and we read it with wonder at the eyes which see so much to entertain and to amuse where ordinary eyes see little or nothing.—In *The Land of Desolation* (Harper and Brothers) Dr. ISAAC I. HAYES gives a graphic and entertaining account of the visit made to Greenland, in the summer of 1869, in the steam-yacht of Mr. William Bradford, whose paintings have contributed to give to this arctic expedition peculiar interest and peculiar celebrity. The volume is elaborately illustrated.—*Forty Years' Fight with the Drink Demon* (National Temperance Society) is the somewhat sensational title which Dr. CHARLES JEWETT gives to his history of the temperance reform. If there is here and there a little egotism in the narrative, it does not detract from its interest, and the chapter in which he discusses the relation which the churches and the clergy bear to the temperance movement and temperance societies is one which we

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wish the modern temperance reformers would read with care.—*Behind the Bars* (Lee and Shepard) is a powerful assault upon modern insane asylums, which derives considerable force from the fact that it is written by one who has apparently herself been "behind the bars"—a fact which gives significance to the treatise, but also renders it necessary to take the statements it contains with some allowance.—Our readers have already had some insight into Mr. RANDOLPH B. MARCY'S *Border Reminiscences* (Harper and Brothers). Together with a great deal of somewhat broad humor, there is afforded a graphic and—we take the author's word for it—not exaggerated portraiture of military life in the far West.—*Cues from all Quarters* (Roberts Brothers) is a book of literary musings, essays on nothing in particular, which belong to a past age, and which most readers in this age of sensationalism will be content to leave there. Let us add, however, that the age would be better if it had a better appetite for just such musings as these.

Editor's Scientific Record.

DESTRUCTION OF INFECTED GERMS IN COTTON.

MR. CRACE CALVERT continues his valuable researches upon protoplasmic life, and presents the results in the *London Chemical News*. We have already referred to his announcement that protoplasmic life, so far from being generally destroyed by the heat of boiling water, in reality requires from 300° F. to 400° F. for this end, thus affecting very materially in many instances the soundness of the reasoning in regard to spontaneous generation. In his last paper he discusses the disinfectant effect upon germs by cotton fabrics baking in heated stoves for sanitary and hygienic purposes. The conclusions arrived at are essentially the same as those previously indicated—namely, that germ life, in cotton fabrics exposed to a stove heat of 300° F., is not completely destroyed, although it is at 400° F. At this latter temperature, however, the fabric is frequently either materially injured or destroyed. He concludes, therefore, that no beneficial result can be obtained by the employment of public stoves as a means of destroying germ life and contagion. We hope that the next step of Professor Calvert will be to show us some process which, without injuring or destroying the cloth, will have the effect of depriving the infection germs of their vitality.

A hint in this direction may perhaps be furnished by a communication to the *Chemical News* on the part of Mr. Richard Weaver, who, while agreeing in general with Professor Calvert's conclusions, remarks that the public disinfecting chamber in his town has the furnace within it, and as coke is the material employed, the whole place, with the articles under treatment, is impregnated strongly with sulphurous acid, that probably has a destructive action upon the germs. He thinks, however, that a more satisfactory result will be obtained by thoroughly impregnating infected materials with the vapor of phenol at a moderate temperature, and in the presence of steam.

CANADA OIL FOR EXTRACTING FATS.

Dr. Vohl, of Cologne, continues to discuss the virtues of a form of petroleum which he calls Canadol (Canada oil) which he considers especially adapted to the extraction of fats of any kind from their original sources, and their conversion into articles for the table or for industrial purposes. The advantages of his method over that of cold and warm pressure he finds to consist both in the much greater yield, and in the vastly improved quality, the residuum not being at all injured for use in other ways. The sulphide of carbon has frequently been employed by perfumers and others for extracting oily substances; but Dr. Vohl considers its use so greatly inferior to that of Canada oil as not really to come in competition with it. The butter can be extracted from the cacao-bean by this substance, thereby greatly improving the quality of the prepared cocoa.

Another application of the Canada oil is to the removal of the fat from bones, leaving them as white as if bleached for a long time, and perfectly adapted for use. Even the ivory of the elephant, the narwhal, and the walrus can be greatly improved in quality by this application. Glue made from bones thus prepared is also a very superior article. An important application of this substance, if all that is claimed for it by Dr. Vohl be true, will be in the hands of the anatomist in preparing bones for skeletons. This, as is well known, generally involves the use of ether or other expensive agencies in removing the grease. The special application of the process, and the method of extracting oil from seeds, with the apparatus required, is given at length in a recent number of Dingler's *Polytechnic Journal*.

SILVERING OF GLASS PLATES AND GLOBES.

According to Krippendorf, the silvering of glass plates may be readily accomplished by the use of the following substances: 1. Sodio-potassic tartrate; 2. A two per cent. solution of this salt; 3. Caustic ammonia; 4. Solution of silver nitrate, 1:8 (old silver bath will serve). From these the silvering and reducing liquids are prepared.

The reducing liquid is prepared by taking 900 cubic centimeters of distilled water, and 90 cubic centimeters of the solution of the tartrate, and, after mixing, boiling strongly together, and while the steam is issuing violently from the flask, dropping in 20 cubic centimeters of the silver solution, and boiling for another ten minutes. This solution not only keeps, but seems to improve by age. The liquid is to be filtered from the precipitated silver as it is wanted.

The silvering solution is prepared by taking 900 cubic centimeters of distilled water, and adding 80 cubic centimeters of the silver solution and 100 drops of the ammonia solution, and filtering if necessary.

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For silvering, equal volumes of the two solutions are to be carefully and separately filtered, and poured together into a flat glass dish to such a depth that the thoroughly cleansed plate shall be covered by a layer of at least one-tenth of an inch. Decomposition of the mixture takes place in ten minutes, and pure metallic silver is deposited on the plate, which is then washed, dried, and varnished. For the purpose of silvering the interior of glass globes, etc., it is sufficient to pour in successive small quantities of the mixture, turning the vessel continually, so as to keep the whole surface wet uniformly.

VOGEL ON THE SPECTRA OF THE PLANETS.

Herr Vogel, a director of the private observatory of Von Bülow, near Kiel, who has been making an elaborate series of experiments upon the spectra of various planets, has lately announced some of his results, as follows: The spectrum of Mercury was observed on the 14th of April last, and exhibited the lines C, D, E, b, and F, between which other faint lines were detected. The red part of the spectrum was remarkably intense, while the blue and violet were very faint. Venus was observed on the 14th of April, the 15th of June, and the 7th of August. The spectrum was throughout bright, clear, and beautiful, so that about thirty lines could be actually measured in it, agreeing exactly with the lines of the solar spectrum. The light of Venus was sufficiently strong to be observed by day, and thus to permit a direct comparison of its lines with those of the spectrum of the sky. On the 15th of June and 7th of August, by means of a magnifying power of nine diameters, a variation of the position of the air lines with regard to those of the spectrum of Venus was readily detected. The lines in the latter spectrum appeared slightly displaced toward the violet, corresponding to the not inconsiderable velocity with which Venus, at the time of the observation, was moving toward our earth. The difference between the spectrum of Venus and that of the sun seems to be, essentially, that many of the lines appear stronger than in the solar spectrum. The sodium lines are remarkably distinct, and under a high magnifying power look broad and swollen, this being most striking with the one situated nearest the blue. This remarkable widening of the sodium lines can not have been produced by our atmosphere, since, in April, Mercury was much nearer the horizon than Venus, and yet showed the sodium lines very faint and delicate. It is, therefore, unquestionable that this variation is due to the atmosphere of Venus. The magnesium lines also appear to be more distinct than in the solar spectrum, and the spectrum differs from that of Mercury in showing the blue and violet very distinct, while the red is very faint.

Mars was observed on the 28th of February and the 8th of April. About twenty of the principal lines of the solar spectrum were observed in the spectrum of this planet. It differed from the solar spectrum in having a remarkably dark band in the red, with a wave length of 695.2 millionths of a millimeter.

The spectrum of Jupiter was found quite to resemble that of the solar spectrum, about thirty lines being determinable by measurement. Some dark lines visible in the red were ascribed to the very powerful absorption of the atmosphere of Jupiter, and are similar to the dark bands seen in the solar spectrum when the sun is near the horizon, and supposed to be produced by absorption in our atmosphere.

The spectrum of Uranus was the most remarkable of all, and was characterized by being traversed by peculiar absorption bands. The middle of a dark band corresponds very accurately with the F line of the solar spectrum; and the coincidence of this dark line in the spectrum of Uranus with the bright line Hβ of a Geissler tube filled with hydrogen was established. The broad band, whose wave length is from 578 to 565 millionths of a millimeter, and also the broad but faint band beyond F, the middle of which has a wave length of 475 millionths of a millimeter, coincide quite accurately with absorption bands produced by our atmosphere, and observable when the sun is low. The possibility that there might exist in the atmosphere of Uranus some of the lower combinations of oxygen with nitrogen induced Dr. Vogel to determine more accurately the position of the absorption bands produced by such combinations. These, however, exhibited no satisfactory agreement with the bands in the spectrum of Uranus.

ACTION OF ANÆSTHETICS ON THE NERVOUS CENTRES.

M. Prevost, in the course of some experiments in reference to the mode of action of anæsthetics and chloroform upon the nervous centres, has reached conclusions quite different from those of Claude Bernard. This physiologist asserts that chloroform, in acting upon the brain, causes anæsthesia not only in this organ, but acts also at a distance upon the spinal marrow, without being in contact with it.

M. Prevost has repeated the principal experiments of Bernard, which consisted in stopping the circulation of the blood in frogs by a ligature beneath the axillæ, then injecting chloroformed water—in some beneath the skin of the anterior portion of the trunk, and in others beneath the skin of the posterior portion. By varying the position of the frogs in these experiments, Prevost found, contrary to the opinion of Bernard, that chloroform introduced into the hind quarters produced anæsthesia in the anterior when the frog is placed with the posterior limbs in the air; while chloroform introduced into the fore quarters does not produce anæsthesia in the hinder if care has been taken to place the frog with the head downward. He thinks, therefore, that M. Bernard has not been sufficiently guarded against the filtration of chloroform across the tissues.

Upon applying pure chloroform upon the denuded brain of a frog, the aorta of which had been tied, and the animal placed in the position indicated above, M. Prevost has produced anæsthesia in the head of the animal alone, leaving the functions of the spinal marrow unaffected. But upon subsequently untying the aorta, the frog returned to the normal condition, which proves that the chloroform in this experiment has acted only as a simple anæsthetic, and not as a caustic, which destroys the brain, leaving the frog in the condition of a decapitated animal. M. Prevost, therefore, thinks he is entitled to conclude from his experiments that chloroform

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produces anæsthesia in the nervous centres only in the portions with which it is directly in contact, and that it does not act at a distance, as M. Bernard supposed.

NEW REDUCING AGENT.

If an aqueous solution of sulphurous acid be allowed to act upon fine zinc dust, the zinc is dissolved without the development of gas, the solution assuming for a time a decided yellow color. This liquid now possesses the peculiarity in a very high degree of rapidly decolorizing indigo, a fact well known to chemists. Schützenberger, who has lately been investigating this subject anew, ascertained that this decolorizing of the indigo is by no means the result of oxidation, but, on the contrary, is a reduction; and this power of reduction in the liquid is so extraordinarily great that it will reduce, with heat, the salts of copper, silver, and mercury to their metals. The liquid is not related to hydrosulphuric acid, and is exceedingly unstable in its free condition; but if a concentrated solution of bisulphite of soda be allowed to act upon the zinc filings, we shall obtain a soda salt of the new acid which has as great an affinity for oxygen as the free acid, and can, therefore, be kept for any length of time if completely excluded from the air.

INDICATIONS OF STOPPING-PLACES IN RAILWAY TRAINS.

The need is continually felt in railway trains of some systematic indication in all the cars of the name of the station at which the train is next to stop; and although numerous attempts have been made to meet this desideratum, none have proved satisfactory. We now learn from the *Mechanic's Magazine* that a patent has lately been taken out in England by Mr. Hodson by which this information is given through indicators in each car, which are worked by compressed air contained in a reservoir forward, in such a manner that the indication of a particular name may be reproduced simultaneously and invariably in every car of the train.

MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS OF LOWER ANIMALS.

Dr. W. Lauder Lindsay, an eminent physician, in charge of the Royal Insane Institution at Perth, has lately published some interesting articles upon the mental characteristics of the lower animals, in which, as the result of long-continued investigations prosecuted by him, he takes the ground, first, that certain of the lower animals possess minds of the same nature as that of man; second, that there is no essential mental distinction between man and other animals; third, that many of the influences which are the causes of insanity in man operate frequently in the same way, and to the same degree, on the mind of animals; fourth, that man and other animals are alike subject to certain diseases, including especially those of the brain and general nervous system; fifth, that the same sudden and marked changes of character or disposition that in man so commonly constitute the prodromata of insanity occur equally in animals; sixth, that in animals, as in man, there is hereditary transmission of predisposition to disease, of qualities acquired by education, of deformities accidentally produced, and of morbid lesions artificially created; seventh, that the diseases common to man and other animals are frequently, at least, due to similar causes; eighth, that the lower animals are liable to the same kind of mental disorders as man; ninth, that in comparing the mental or other diseases of animals with those of man due allowance must be made for *ordinal*, *generic*, and *specific*—for anatomical, physiological, and therefore, also, pathological—*differences*, as well as for *individual idiosyncrasies* or predispositions.

In support of these propositions Dr. Lindsay adduces numerous instances, drawn partly from his own experience and partly from the testimony of others, and certainly makes out a very strong case. He promises a series of articles, first, upon the *physiology of mind* of the lower animals; and second, upon the *pathology*. Under the first head he proposes to inquire into the differences, real or apparent, between animality and humanity, and into comparative psychology; and under the second to discuss, first, madness in animals, and second, insanity in animals. The last of these subjects has been treated by him in the *Journal of Mental Science*, and in the *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review*.

MINERAL COTTON.

The Journal of the Franklin Institute reports the exhibition at one of its meetings, by Mr. Coleman Sellers, of a material which it is thought may be capable of useful applications in the arts. The substance possesses a general resemblance to cotton, for which it may in some cases probably be used to advantage. It is really, however, a form of spun glass, produced by allowing a jet of steam to escape through a stream of liquid slag, by which it is blown into the finest threads, sometimes two or three feet in length. These threads, though somewhat elastic, readily break up into much smaller ones, and the color of the substance being white, the appearance of a compacted mass of it makes the name of mineral cotton, under which it has been described, a very appropriate one. The admirable non-conducting property of the material for heat, as well as the great quantity of air it retains in its interstices, would seem to fit it very well for a non-conducting casing to steam boilers and pipes, an application for which it is being tested.

PROTEST OF LONDON PHYSICIANS AGAINST PRESCRIBING ALCOHOL.

A considerable degree of stir has been produced in London by the circulation of a declaration, from a large number of the most eminent physicians of that city, in regard to alcohol, in which they state that, believing the inconsiderate prescription of large quantities of alcoholic liquids by medical men to have given rise, in many instances, to the foundation of intemperate habits, they are of opinion that no medical practitioner should prescribe them without a grave sense of responsibility. They believe that alcohol, in whatever form, should be prescribed with as much care as any powerful drug, and that the directions should be accompanied by the understanding that its use is not to be interpreted as a sanction for excess, or for the continuance of its use when the occasion is past. They also state that many people immensely exaggerate

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the value of alcohol as an article of diet; and hold that every practitioner is bound to exert his utmost influence to inculcate great moderation in the use of alcoholic liquids. Being also firmly convinced that the large amount of alcohol drinking is one of the greatest evils of the day, they urge the utmost caution against doing any thing, either in their character as physicians or citizens, to extend its use.

The list of subscribers to the declaration embraces men of the highest position in the profession, including such names as Dr. Busk, Dr. Paget, Dr. Watson, Sir Henry Holland, Dr. Quain, etc., in all numbering more than two hundred and fifty.

SECCHI ON SOLAR PROTUBERANCES.

The Italian astronomer Père Secchi has published in the *Atti dell' Academia Pontificia de Nuovi Lincei* his papers "Sulle Protuberanze Solari e le Facole" and "Sulla Distribuzione delle Protuberanze intorno al Disco Solare," in which the conclusions arrived at are summed up thus: 1. The southern hemisphere of the sun is at present richer in protuberances than the northern hemisphere. 2. In general terms, the protuberances are numerous in those regions where the faculæ are numerous. 3. The protuberances are highest in the regions where they are the most numerous.

DYEING ALPACA WITH IODINE GREEN.

This is effected as follows: The material is first placed moist in a bath of iodine green (a quarter of a pound of the powder to ten pounds of the cloth), spirit of sal ammoniac (about a quarter of a pound), a little sulphuric acid, and a quarter of a pound of soda water-glass, or silicate of soda. They are to be kept in this a short time, and then drawn quickly through a hot solution of tannin, brought back again into the first bath, and then placed in a tolerably strong acid bath.

PREPARATION OF FUEL FROM FINE COAL.

Mr. E. Loiseau, of Philadelphia, lately submitted to the Franklin Institute specimens to illustrate his proposed new method of utilizing coal dust. This consists in thoroughly mixing about seven per cent. of clay with the fine coal, and forming the mass into balls, and then dipping these into a bath of benzine containing some resin in solution; the object of this operation being to render them impervious to moisture. The solution penetrates the lumps to the extent of about one-fourth of an inch, and after the evaporation of the benzine, which takes place rapidly upon exposure to a current of air, a film of resin is left behind, which so effectually stops up all crevices that, in the experiments made by the Franklin Institute Committee on Science and Arts, while investigating the process, masses which had lain in water for twelve hours were found to have lost none of their compactness, and to be still dry in the interior. The consumption of the artificial fuel took place very satisfactorily, all the specimens burning till completely ashed.

The committee found that the heating power of the material was somewhat below the average of solid coal, but that the compactness of the substance will probably allow its transportation with as little loss from breakage as is suffered by many kinds of coal now brought to market. The conclusion arrived at was that the plan is one of the most practicable yet submitted to the public for utilizing this waste product, the slight cost of its production being one great point in its favor.

IS THERE A RESISTING MEDIUM IN SPACE?

Professor Asaph Hall, at a late meeting of the Philosophical Society of Washington, presented a communication (since published in *Silliman's Journal*) on the astronomical proof of a resisting medium in space. In this he referred to the opportunities offered by the return of Encke's comet, during the present year, for determining the accuracy of Professor Encke's views as to the causes of the successive retardation of the periods of this comet. It may be known to some of our readers that in comparing the observations of 1819 upon this comet with those of 1786, 1795, and 1805, the periodic times were found to be diminished by an appreciable fraction of a day; this being due, as supposed, to the existence of a resisting medium in space, assuming the fact of retardation to be established. Professor Hall now thinks it likely that an error may have been made by Encke in his computations, especially as corrections in the calculation respecting Faye's comet, supposed to be subjected to a similar retardation, as the observations lately made by Professor Möller prove, are satisfied within the limits of their probable error by a strict adherence to the law of gravitation, and without any extraordinary hypothesis. At the present time, then, it is only the Encke comet of which the movements are in doubt. Indeed, as far as the motions of comets have been determined, the evidence, according to Professor Hall, is against the theory of a resisting medium in space; and he sums up the whole case by saying that thus far observations of the planets lead to the conclusion that their motions are in strict accordance with the law of gravitation, and that it is quite possible that Encke's comet, when its movements are properly understood, will be found to be no exception to these conclusions.

EUROPEAN EXPOSITIONS OF 1872.

The London International Exhibition of 1871 was closed on the 1st of October, and completed the first of the series of expositions in that city which it is proposed to continue year by year. The second of these exhibitions will open on the 1st of May, 1872, and is intended to embrace works of art, properly speaking, such as painting, sculpture, etc., as well as material products connected with art; second, illustrations of the great cotton industry, with the exemplifications of its material products; third, the industry of jewelry and ornament; fourth, musical instruments; fifth, apparatus relating to acoustics and the production of sound; sixth, the paper industry, with the materials and implements. It will also include scientific inventions and recent discoveries, as well as special experiments in horticulture and the cultivation of fruits and rare plants.

An exposition is also to be opened at Copenhagen from the 1st of June to the 30th of October, 1872. It was originally intended to include only the productions of Scandinavian origin, but

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it has been concluded to admit every thing that has any bearing upon Scandinavian interests, such as, first, machines and machinery newly invented; second, fabrics and new products, or those produced by new methods; third, manufactured articles, wherever produced, if unknown throughout the Scandinavian country.

SUGGESTION FOR DISPENSING WITH SMOKE-STACKS.

Rev. Mr. Gibsone proposes a method for dispensing with smoke-stacks—namely, by having a downward flue terminating in the water-drains. He maintains that if the drains of any district are connected with a ventilating furnace having a lofty ornamental shaft, there would be at once obtained the motive current of air, and a means of destroying the noxious gases of our underground system, while the central furnace would supply warm air or water, or even gas, to all the contiguous dwellings, and the heavy fuliginous matters would be condensed chiefly in the sewers. The result would be, first, absence of smoke in a city atmosphere; second, diminution of cost in construction of various chimney-stacks; third, absence of architectural disfigurements, such as zinc cowls and red cylindric pots; fourth, saving of fuel by total consumption of the smoke in the grate, the fire burning downward instead of upward; fifth, greater ease in cleansing the flues from soot, and in the removal of ashes; sixth, steadiness and irreversibility of air draughts, and power of thoroughly ventilating a room even when unfurnished with a fire.

To this the editor of the *Chemical News* rejoins that the idea is not a novel one, the same thing having occurred many years ago to Mr. Spence, of Manchester, but the difficulty of getting sufficient draught was so great that it could not be carried out. A tower of an impracticable diameter would have to be erected, and the leakages into the sewers would be so numerous that, at a distance of 100 yards from the tower, no appreciable effect would be produced.

USE OF SULPHITES IN DISEASE.

Professor Polli, of Milan, renews his recommendation for the administration of the sulphites in zymotic diseases, and states that in the hospital and general practice of Italy they have proved of the utmost value. He claims that by their means the course of eruptive fevers is entirely under control, mild cases being rapidly cured, and aggravated ones being rendered mild. In intermittent fevers the same results were obtained, especially in Lombardy, where the amount of malaria produced by the extent of the marshy lands causes fevers of the most virulent type; and, indeed, he prefers the sulphites entirely to quinine, as patients treated with them are less liable to relapse. Typhoid and choleraic fevers are also beneficially affected by these remedies.

For internal administration, in a curative point of view, Professor Polli recommends sulphite of magnesia, both as containing more sulphurous acid and as being pleasanter to take. As a prophylactic he recommends the hyposulphite of soda, when it is not to act as a purgative; and for external use he advises the use of the sulphites and bisulphites of soda, which are more soluble than the magnesian salts. He concludes by stating that these salts do not act as poisons toward the several morbific ferments which he considers the cause of zymotic disease; they do not kill directly the living germs of the organic poisons, but modify the aggregation of the material components of our own organism, rendering it by their presence incapable of being acted upon by these catalytic germs.

DANK'S PUDDLING MACHINE.

A committee of the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain, whose mission to this country we mentioned some time ago, for the purpose of reporting upon Dank's puddling machine, telegraphed back a short time since that the furnace was successful, and would squeeze or hammer a single ball of ten hundred-weight; and that the quality and economy were satisfactory.

SAFETY-MATCHES.

Casualties are continually occurring from fires caused by ignition from the still burning ends of lighted matches thrown carelessly aside; and it may be of interest to learn that a mode of preparation has lately been devised by which such a result may be entirely prevented. The principle of the new match consists in impregnating the wood of which it is made with a chemical solution which prevents the carbon from remaining a fiery mass for a single instant, as in the case of ordinary matches, so that as soon as it is blown out it may be thrown with perfect safety upon inflammable or explosive substances. The manufacture is said to be no more expensive than of those now in use.

NEW DISCOVERIES OF THE MAMMOTH IN SIBERIA.

Great interest was excited by the announcement many years ago of the discovery in Siberia by Mr. Adams, a merchant in St. Petersburg, of the carcass of a mammoth, which had been melted or washed out from the frozen soil, and which for a long time had served as food for the dogs of the nomad tribes. When visited by Mr. Adams, however, only the skeleton remained, together with a small portion of the skin and of the hair, all of which are now preserved in the museum of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg. More recently several additional discoveries of a somewhat similar character have taken place, although, unfortunately, none of them were made public in time to be utilized in the interest of science.

The latest discovery of the kind is one mentioned by Dr. Von Schrenck, in the form of a communication to the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg, in which he gives the history of the steps—detailed in a letter to him from Mr. Maydell, dated February, 1869—to secure such a specimen. It seems that certain persons in Mr. Maydell's employ reported to him that the foot of a mammoth was found protruding from the frozen soil in a locality between Indighirka and Alaseja, on the route to Nishne-Kolinsk. An agent was sent to this locality, who reported that little else could be detected than the original leg; and on visiting this same place himself Mr. Maydell found portions of skin and hair, but was led to conclude that what was found was broken off from the carcass, of which the greater part had been carried away by one of the floods of the country.

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In the course of this research on the part of Mr. Maydell he obtained information of two other similar cases, but he was not more successful in his search for these than for the first. Dr. Von Schrenck, in his communication, gives a full account of all the steps taken in connection with these discoveries, and discusses at length the methods by which the inhumation of such gigantic animals might have taken place.

CLASSIFICATION OF ODORS.

Dr. Ludwig, of Jena, presented to the convention of pharmaceutists, lately assembled at that city, a classification of odors, which he proposed for the purpose of fixing the ideas of persons engaged in chemical investigations. Of these he enumerated twenty-two kinds, some of them with subdivisions, as follows:

1. The *garlic* odor, as manifested by combination of arsenic and phosphorus. The colorless vapor of arsenious acid does not exhibit this characteristic; but if this be thrown on deoxidizing bodies, such as burning coals, it will be immediately indicated. Numerous plants are mentioned, besides garlic, as possessing this same odor. 2. The odor of *burning antimony*. This, according to most authors, is to be compared to nitric acid. 3. The *tin* odor. This is perceived when tin is rubbed with the naked hand. It is generally known as the metallic odor. 4. The odor of the *radish*. This is exhaled when selenium is oxydized by combustion, so as to form selenic acid, the fiftieth part of a grain of the former being sufficient to fill a room with the odor. 5. The odor of the *horse-radish*, or mustard, found in numerous bodies. 6. Of *sulphur* and *sulphurous acid*. 7. Of *rotten fish*, found in phosphureted hydrogen. 8. Of *ozone*, or that which is diffused by an electric machine when set in operation. 9. Of *nitrous acid*. 10. Of *chlorine* and *chlorinous* bodies. 11. Of *osmic acid*. 12. Of *bromine*. 13. Of *iodine*. 14. Of *hydrocyanic acid*, or *bitter almond*. 15. Of the *acids*, such as—*a*, the purely acid; *b*, the pungently acid; *c*, sulphurous acid; *d*, nitric and nitrous acid; and *e*, carbonic acid. 16. The *alkaline* odor, such as ammonia. These are divided into—*a*, pure ammoniacal; *b*, impure ammoniacal; *c*, herring or fish-like (as methylomine); *d*, the hemlock odor; *e*, the tobacco odor; and *f*, narcotic odor. 17. The odor of *tar* and *smoke*, as in creosote, carbolic acid, benzole, etc. 18. Of *petroleum* and *mineral oils*. 19. Of *volatile oil*, or *aromatic oil*. 20. Of the *purely ethereal oils*, such as the acetic, or the odor of wine, the apple, pear, etc. 21. Of *alcohol*, pure and fusel-like. 22. The *musky* odor.

REGISTERING APPARATUS FOR PASSENGER CARS.

Numerous attempts have been made to devise a self-registering apparatus to number the passengers entering omnibuses or street railway cars; some of them very complicated, and few answering the purpose. One recently invented, which may perhaps be better than its predecessors, consists in having each seat in the car supported on springs, so that it is depressed when sat upon. By this depression a spiked wheel attached to it is made to bear against and impress a traveling sheet of paper, led over elastic covered rollers, and caused to travel past the spiked wheel, whenever the carriage is moving, by means of a wheel running on the ground, which may be either one of the ordinary bearing wheels of the vehicle or another provided for the purpose; the revolution, in either case, regulating the speed of the traveling sheet of paper to an approximate measure of the distance. A separate spiked wheel is connected with each seat (inside and outside), so that the perforation on the paper shows the specific number of seats, and distance each has been occupied on the journey. The adoption of this system by railway companies would have one good effect by making it necessary to furnish a seat for each passenger, since no record could be kept of those obliged to stand from inability to secure a separate seat.

INFLUENCE OF SCARCITY OF FOOD ON WOMAN'S MILK.

M. Decaisne, of Paris, has lately communicated to the Academy of Sciences of that city an important paper on the modification which woman's milk undergoes in consequence of insufficient food, having unfortunately too good opportunities for such determination during the starvation period of the siege of Paris. After detailing the particulars of his experiments, he sums up the results in the following conclusions:

1. That the effect of insufficient food on the composition of woman's milk presents great analogy with that observed in the case of animals. 2. That these effects vary according to constitution, age, hygienic conditions, etc. 3. That insufficient food always gives rise, within varying proportions, to a diminution in the amount of butter, caseine, sugar, and salts, while it generally augments that of albumen. 4. That in three-fourths of the cases observed the proportion of the albumen is in inverse ratio to that of the caseine, under an insufficient diet. 5. That the modifications in the composition of the milk due to a reparative diet always manifest themselves in a striking manner by the end of four or five days.

PRESERVATION OF JELLY-FISH.

All marine zoologists are aware of the difficulty experienced in preserving certain forms of marine animals, the jelly-fishes especially, so as to exhibit them in their natural shapes and relationships; and it may interest them to learn of the experiences of Professor Van Beneden in solving this problem. He not long since exhibited before the Academy of Sciences of Belgium preparations of specimens of various kinds of *Medusæ*, *Ctenophoræ*, etc., which had been prepared for several weeks, and were remarkable for the excellence of their condition. Two different substances were made use of for the purpose in question; one a weak solution of osmic acid, and the other a solution of picric acid. Osmic acid has of late come into extensive use in histological investigations. It has the property of hardening the tissues of the more delicate organs, so as to allow very thin sections to be made for microscopical purposes. It has also the valuable peculiarity of coloring, first brown and then black, the fatty matters in general, particularly myeline. It tinges the epithelial cellules brown, as well as the muscular elements. It brings out distinctly the

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fibrillium of the cylinder of the axes of the nervous fibres, showing the isolated nervous fibrils, and generally defining the limits of the cellules, and showing their different characteristics. To use this osmic acid in preparing *Medusæ* and *Ctenophoræ*, so as to keep them from the destructive agency of alcohol, they are to be treated in a feeble solution of the osmic acid (one-sixth to one-tenth per cent. to one hundred of water) for a period varying, according to the nature of the objects, from fifteen to twenty-five minutes. After this lapse of time the animals assume a very slight brownish tinge, the cellules of the endoderm and the organs formed at the expense of the endodermic sheet alone becoming colored; the other tissues preserve their primitive transparency. Thanks to this property, the endodermic cellules and the extra vascular canals become admirably defined, while the cirrhi are more distinct than in the living medusa. At the same time all the tissues become hardened, and the objects can then be removed from the acid solution; and after being carefully washed, they are to be placed in strong alcohol, without any danger of their ultimately losing either their elegance or the transparency of their tissues. Indeed, the organization and structure of these delicate objects can be studied weeks after, and perhaps even months, as well as if they were living under the eye.

Another method which Professor Van Beneden has employed with success consists in the use of a concentrated solution of picric acid. He preserved in this way, for about six weeks, some small medusæ, and, on exhibiting them to the Academy, they presented all the clearness of their forms, and, to a great degree, all their tissues. The only change was in certain smaller medusæ, which became slightly opaque. The *Noctilucæ* he was able to study, thus prepared, as well as though living before him.

LABELS ON BOTTLES.

It often happens that written labels on bottles are wetted by the contained liquid, and the ink is thus caused to run, rendering the inscription illegible, and producing an unsightly appearance. It is stated that if, after the label is completely dry, it be rubbed over with a piece of paraffine, so as to impart a slight coating of this material to it, it will resist the action of acids, alkalies, water, and other substances. The paraffine should be well laid on, and when applied, the surface of the paper may be smoothed by rubbing with an ivory paper-cutter.

CHARACTERISTICS OF HIGHER GROUPS OF MAMMALS.

In a memoir on the characteristics of the primary groups of mammals, Professor Gill has given detailed descriptions of all the orders and more comprehensive groups of the class in question. He has accepted the division into three sub-classes now generally recognized; and the orders of the sub-class of placental mammals—which embraces the bulk of the class—are combined into two larger groups named super-orders, which are distinguished by modifications of the brain, and especially by differences in the development of the *corpus callosum*, or great transverse commissure of the cerebrum. The orders are distinguished by characteristics of the osseous and nervous systems chiefly, and are as follows:

SUB-CLASS MONODELPHIA.

SUPER-ORDER EDUCABILIA.

Fourfooted Educabilia.

1. *Primates* (man, monkeys, and lemurs).
2. *Feræ* (carnivores, as cats, dogs, etc., and seals).
3. *Ungulates* (ordinary hoofed animals, or cattle, camels, horses, etc.).
4. *Toxodonts* (extinct).
5. *Hyracoids* (the "cony" of the Bible).
6. *Proboscideans* (elephants and mastodons).

Swimming Educabilia.

7. *Sirenians* (manatus, dugong, etc.).
8. *Cetaceans* (whales, porpoises, etc.).

SUPER-ORDER INEDUCABILIA.

9. *Chiropters* (bats).
10. *Insectivores* (shrews, moles, hedgehogs, etc.).
11. *Glires*, or gnawers (mice, rabbits, etc.).
12. *Bruta*, or edentates (ant-eaters, sloths, armadillos, etc.).

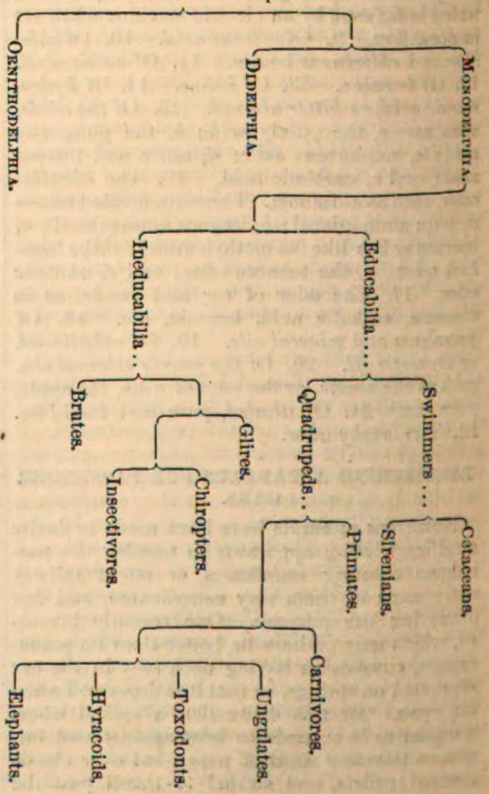
SUB-CLASS DIDELPHIA.

13. *Marsupialia* (opossums, kangaroos, etc.).

SUB-CLASS ORNITHODELPHIA.

14. *Monotremata* (ornithorhynchus, or water-mole, and spiny ant-eater of Australia).

The supposed relations of these orders are attempted to be expressed in a graphic manner, like the genealogical trees which are employed to represent the lineage of human families, and which are now considerably used by naturalists. Such a mode of representation, it may be remarked, is equally useful in conveying an idea of relations of various forms for those who disbelieve in evolution as for those who accept that doctrine; but for the latter they serve also as true genealogical tables. We reproduce the table referred to as an example:



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FAYE'S VIEW OF THE PHYSICAL CONDITION OF THE SUN.

The *Mechanic's Magazine* gives a summary of an interesting paper by Mr. Faye upon the physical condition of the sun, deduced from the observation of the solar spots made by Carrington. This is expressed in the following propositions:

1. That Zöllner's theory, which views the sun as a solid body covered with a layer of incandescent liquid, is entirely improbable, and, indeed, impossible. 2. The speed of rotation of any point whatever on the sun's surface is always expressed by one and the same formula. 3. There do not exist on the sun's surface any sensible currents which are at all analogous to the "trade-winds." 4. The absolute absence of currents is only explicable by the presence every where of ascending currents of great intensity, proceeding from the sun's centre to its surface. 5. The existence of such currents is an imperative proof that the body of the sun must be in a gaseous state, and is an immense sphere of aeriform matter of an enormous temperature, but which is continually cooling by the action of the ascending currents. 6. The sun is absolutely spherical.

NEW FOSSIL SIRENIAN IN BELGIUM.

Professor Van Beneden announces the occurrence in Belgium of the remains of a new genus of fossil animals allied to the manatee and dugong. The extinct genus *Halitherium*, belonging to the same order, has been known in Belgium for some considerable time, and has excited much interest from the fact that, although entirely extinct at present, bones of the animal have been found which had been apparently pierced by an arrow or some similar weapon. To the new form has been assigned the name of *Crassitherium robustum*, in allusion to the thick walls of the skull, in which respect it is very different from any of its allies, but more like the *Rhytina* or sea-cow of Steller from Behring Island. This latter animal, unlike the *Halitherium*, has been exterminated within the historic period, although it is more than one hundred years since it has been seen alive by any one. According to Professor Van Beneden, there have been found in the Antwerp Sands four genera of seals, one of Zeuglodons, and the form just referred to.

CROTON CHLORAL, A NEW HYPNOTIC.

Dr. Liebreich, of Berlin, to whom we owe the discovery of hydrate of chloral, has lately been investigating the physiological properties of a new organic compound formed by the action of chlorine upon allylene, and which he calls croton chloral. When administered to animals a peculiar effect is produced, the head being to a great extent rendered insensible to feeling, while the rest of the body remains comparatively sensible. If the inhalation is prolonged, the spinal cord loses its function, and reflex excitability is every where extinguished. During that stage both pulse and respiration remain unchanged. The third stage, which is induced by large doses, is characterized by paralysis of the medulla oblongata, and death. Animals may, however, be kept alive by artificial respiration, because the action of the heart is not interfered with, while the ultimate effect of hydrate of chloral is to paralyze the heart. Croton chloral, therefore, promises to produce all the good effects of hydrate of chloral, without any drawback being attached to its judicious use.

EGGS OF THE MOA.

The Colonial Museum of Wellington, New Zealand, has lately distributed casts of several specimens of eggs of the moa belonging to its collection, sending a series to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. These eggs are of great interest from their enormous size, being inferior only to those of the *Æpyornis* of Madagascar. The largest of three eggs was found in the Kaikoras peninsula, between the legs of a human skeleton which had been buried in a sitting posture, and which was supposed to be of great antiquity, not only from the accompaniment of the egg, but also from the body having been placed in a sitting position, a posture very unusual among the Maoris.

ARTIFICIAL EPILEPSY.

M. Brown Sequard succeeded in producing epileptic symptoms in guinea-pigs by means of a hemi-section of the spinal marrow, or by the section of the sciatic nerve; and Dr. Prevost has observed the same phenomena in amputating the thigh of these animals. To produce a nervous attack it is only necessary to excite the so-called epileptic zone, which includes the half of the face corresponding to the member amputated, when the animal immediately falls into convulsions. The excitability of this zone is enfeebled after a time, and it becomes always more and more difficult to provoke a new crisis. It is suggested that the study of this artificial epilepsy will doubtless throw some light on the genesis and nature of this disease.

DARWINIAN IDEA OF THE ORIGIN OF INSECTS.

At a meeting of the Linnæan Society of London, on November 2, Sir John Lubbock, Bart., F.R.S., read a paper on the origin of insects, which has always presented one of the most difficult problems to the Darwinian theory of evolution. There is great difficulty in conceiving by what process of natural selection an insect with a suctorial mouth, like that of a gnat or butterfly (Diptera or Lepidoptera), could be developed from a powerful mandibulate type like the Orthoptera, or even the Neuroptera. M. Brauer has recently suggested that the interesting genus *Cambodea* is, of all known existing forms, that which most nearly resembles the parent insect stock, from which are descended not only the most closely allied *Thysanura*, but all the other great orders of insects. In these insects we have a type of animal closely resembling certain larvæ, which occur in both the mandibulate and suctorial series of insects, and which possess a mouth neither distinctly mandibulate nor distinctly suctorial, but constituted according to a peculiar type capable of modification in either direction by gradual changes, without loss of utility. The complete metamorphosis of the Lepidoptera, Coleoptera, and Diptera will then be the result of adaptive changes brought about through a long series of generations.

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Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 24th of February.—The most important measure before Congress during the month was the Amnesty bill, which was discussed early in February in the Senate, with especial reference to Mr. Sumner's Civil Rights amendment. On the 9th, after considerable debate, Mr. Sumner's amendment was adopted; but the bill thus amended, being put to the vote, was lost.

The Apportionment bill was passed by the Senate January 29, with a section recognizing the Fourteenth Amendment. The number and distribution of Representatives remain as fixed by the House. The House passed the bill, as amended, January 30.

In the House, January 24, Mr. Butler presented a memorial signed by 35,000 women, asking Congress to pass a law declaratory of woman's right to vote under the constitutional amendments.

The following measures have been passed by the Senate: January 26, a resolution to finally adjourn on May 29; January 30, a bill setting aside a portion of the Yellow Stone Valley as a national park; January 31, a bill defining the meaning of the Internal Revenue act of 1870, and directing the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to remit or refund the taxes assessed and levied or paid on dividends of earnings, etc., of banks, trust companies, savings-banks, insurance companies, and canal-navigation companies during the last five months of that year; February 15, the Naval Appropriation bill, setting apart $17,943,347. The appropriation for last year was $19,784,717. A clause was inserted instructing the Secretary of the Navy to sell all useless vessels or material by public auction.

The joint select committee of Congress appointed to investigate the condition of affairs in the South reported February 19. The inquiry related chiefly to the Ku-Klux outrages and the causes thereof. The majority report declared the existence of organizations throughout the South for intimidating and murdering negro voters. These organizations, says the committee, were known as Ku-Klux Klans, Knights of the White Camellia, and Democratic clubs of various names, existing in all the late insurrectionary States and in Kentucky. The committee maintained that redress against the outrages committed by members of these organizations was almost impossible, owing to the difficulty of identifying the perpetrators, and to intimidation. After stating that the law of 1871 has been effective in suppressing, to a great extent, these outrages in North Carolina, the majority report counsels patience and forbearance on the part of the North, and appeals to the good sense of Southern men to refrain from further violence if they would win the negro vote. In conclusion it is recommended that the power conferred on the President to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* be extended until the end of the next session of Congress; that such an increase of the judiciary of the United States in districts and circuits in the States shown to be affected by these disorders shall be made as in the judgment of Congress will secure speedy and certain justice to be administered, and leave no hope of impunity to criminals by the law's delay; and that a law be passed removing political disabilities, except among great criminals distinguished above all others for the part they took in opposition to the government. The minority of the committee report that five at least of the eleven Southern States—to wit, Virginia, Tennessee, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas—are free from even the suspicion of lawlessness on the part of the people, whatever may be the fact as to their rulers. These five States embrace largely more than half the territory, and nearly half the population of the eleven Southern States, and it is hard to conceive why, if political or other combinations existed for any general purpose, they should be left out while the other six States, or part of them, were in combination for any such general objects. It is not denied that bodies of disguised men have in several States of the South been guilty of the most flagrant crimes—crimes which the minority seek neither to palliate nor excuse, for the commission of which the wrong-doers should suffer speedy and condign punishment. But it is denied that these bodies have any general organization or any political significance, or that their conduct is indorsed by any respectable number of white people in any State.

In the House of Representatives, January 23, Mr. Perce, from the Committee on Education and Labor, reported a bill which provides as follows: That the proceeds of the public lands shall form a perpetual fund, to be called the "National Education Fund," to be composed of half the revenue derived each year from the land sales, and invested in five per cent. United States bonds—the interest of this fund and half the proceeds of the land sales of the previous year to be distributed among the States and Territories on the basis of population between the ages of four and twenty-one, but during the first ten years the distribution to be made in the ratio of the illiteracy of the various populations; that the local Legislatures must first pledge themselves, before receiving their share, to provide free education for their children between the ages of six and sixteen, and to apply all money received under the act in accordance with its conditions; that fifty per cent. of the amount received the first year, and ten per cent. during subsequent years, may be devoted to the establishment of normal schools; and that each State and Territory shall be entitled to every apportionment after the first which shall have made the above provision for the education of its children, shall have applied the money already received in the prescribed manner, and shall have made a full report of the number of its schools, teachers, and schoolhouses owned and hired, the daily attendance at its schools, and the amounts appropriated for free schools by its Legislature.

The bill was passed, February 8, substantially as it came from the committee. All the amendments were rejected save that of Mr. Goodrich, of New York, providing that the funds derived from the sale of lands should be distributed among the States according to the ratio of illiteracy.

Among the important measures adopted by

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the House were the following: January 26, the Civil Appropriation bill, setting apart $1,700,000, and the Pension bill, appropriating $30,480,000; a resolution, February 1, indorsing Secretary Boutwell's syndicate policy by a vote of 110 to 86; and a resolution instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to report a bill repealing the duties on tea and coffee. The committee reported such a bill, which was passed February 19.

Mr. Willard, from the House select committee on the Civil Service, reported a bill, which was made the special order for March 20. This bill makes it unlawful for any member of either House, verbally or in writing, directly or indirectly, or by any agent or third person, to solicit or recommend the nomination or appointment to, or the removal of any person from, office or employment in the civil service, except called upon in writing by the President or head of a department; in which case he may give his advice or opinion in writing, which shall be official and at all times open to inspection, and may be communicated to either House when called for. The violation of the act is to be a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of not less than $100 nor more than $1000.

The Senate, January 26, confirmed the nomination of James F. Legate to be Governor of Washington Territory.

Mr. Charles Hale, of Massachusetts, was confirmed by the Senate, February 19, as Assistant Secretary of State, in the place of J. C. Bancroft Davis, resigned.

In the House Committee of Ways and Means, February 19, Mr. Roberts, of New York, offered a resolution repealing the income tax, which was lost—yeas 4, nays 5, as follows: yeas, Messrs. Dawes, Kelley, Roberts, Brooks; nays, Messrs. Maynard, Finkelnburg, Burchard, Kerr, Beck.

The note of Lord Granville to General Schenck touching the *Alabama* claims reached Washington, by special messenger, February 22.

The Missouri Liberal Republican Mass Convention met in Jefferson City, Missouri, January 24. Judge Dehalt, of Grundy County, presided. Resolutions were passed demanding equal suffrage for all, tariff reforms, reformation of the public service, and finally, calling for a national mass convention, to be held in Cincinnati on the first Monday of May next.

The Missouri State Republican Convention met at Jefferson City February 22.

The Connecticut Democratic State Convention was held in New Haven February 6. Richard D. Hubbard was nominated for Governor. The platform contained eleven resolutions, the first of which is the most important, namely:

"*Resolved*, That the Democrats of Connecticut regard emancipation, equality of civil rights, and enfranchisement as established facts now embodied in the Constitution, and deserving the support of good citizens of all parties."

The second, third, and fourth, demanding equal suffrage, complete amnesty, tariff reforms, and thorough improvement of the public service, were identical with the resolutions adopted by the Liberal Republicans of Missouri.

The Indiana State Republican Convention, February 22, nominated W. W. Curry for Secretary of State; A. Wildman, Auditor; John B. Glover, Treasurer; Joseph C. Denny, Attorney-General.

The National Labor Convention met at Columbus, Ohio, February 22, and nominated for President of the United States David Davis, of Illinois, and for Vice-President Joel Parker, of New Jersey. The following is the substance of the platform adopted:

The first resolution declares that it is a duty to establish a just standard of distribution of capital and labor by providing a purely national circulating medium, based on the faith and resources of the nation, issued directly to the people without the intervention of any banking corporations, which money shall be legal tender in the payment of all debts, public and private, interchangeable at the option of the holder for government bonds bearing a small rate of interest, not exceeding 3.65 per cent., subject to future legislation by Congress.

The second resolution favors the payment of the national debt according to the original contract.

The third declares the exemption of government bonds from taxation a violation of all the just principles of the revenue laws.

The fourth opposes the sale of public lands to individuals or corporations, and favors the holding of them for the benefit of landless settlers.

The fifth favors the admission free of duty of articles in common use not produced here, and a revenue upon articles of luxury, and also such duty upon articles of manufacture as, we having the raw materials in abundance, will assist in further developing the resources of the country.

The sixth advocates the prohibition of the importation of the Chinese by legislation.

The seventh favors the Eight-hour law.

The eighth demands the abolition of the contract labor in prisons.

The ninth favors assessing and collecting of war taxes during the progress of the war, instead of leaving the debt to posterity.

The tenth calls for Congressional legislation to prevent the exorbitant charges by railroads and telegraphs.

The eleventh favors the one-term principle.

The twelfth favors general amnesty and equality of rights and privileges to all.

The Committee on Platform reported additional resolutions, the first of which demands the subjection of the military to the civil power, and the confinement of its operations to national purposes alone; the second asks for a revision of the Patent Laws so as to give labor more fully the benefit of its own ideas on inventions; third, that fitness, and not political or personal considerations, should be the only recommendation to any public office.

The National Prohibition Convention met at Columbus, Ohio, February 22, and nominated for President of the United States James Black, of Pennsylvania, and for Vice-President John Russell, of Michigan.

General Matthew W. Ransom, a Democrat, was elected to the United States Senate from North Carolina January 30. The Republicans did not make any nomination and did not vote.

Colonel J. W. Forney resigned the collectorship of the port of Philadelphia February 10.

In thirty-five months the national debt has been reduced $287,258,310, or at the rate of $8,207,380 per month.

In the New York State Legislature a reform charter for New York city, drafted by the Committee of Seventy, was introduced January 23. Another charter from the Citizens' Association was presented February 2.—In the Assembly, February 2, a memorial was presented from the Bar Association of New York praying for the investigation of charges of corruption against Judges Barnard and Cardozo, of New York. The Judiciary Committee was instructed to make the investigation.

In Utah Territory, January 31, Chief Justice M'Kean refused to release eleven alleged murderers on bail, although recommended to do so by District Attorney Bates. The act is com-

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mended by the Gentiles and condemned by the Mormons.

The elections held at Salt Lake City, Utah, February 12, are reported to have been fraudulent to a degree without precedent. Aliens and women and children deposited their ballots in spite of the challengers. The object of casting so large a vote is said to have been to show an immense population, and thus induce Congress to admit Utah as a State.

The Utah convention to consider the admission of Utah as a State, February 23, agreed to the terms prescribed by Congress as a condition precedent thereto. There was great excitement, and many of the Mormons were indignant over the sacrifice of their favorite doctrine. Prophet Fitch and Elder Cannon, who advocated the measure, are denounced as having been influenced by mercenary motives.

Reports recently made to the Bureau of Statistics at Washington show that during the last quarter of 1871 there arrived at the port of New York 50,948 immigrants, of whom 28,583 were males and 22,365 females. Of these 10,137 came from Germany, 5634 from Great Britain, and 4363 from Ireland.

The Buffalo Board of Trade, February 23, passed resolutions setting forth to Congress that the Western fishery industry under the Treaty of Washington is threatened with additional burdens, and promises to be utterly ruined, urging Congress to extend immediate relief to Western fishermen, and requesting Western members to favor such adjustment of the fishery question as will give lake fishermen all the rights, privileges, and drawbacks extended to the fishermen of other sections.

A mass meeting in favor of prison reforms was held at Steinway Hall, New York, January 26, the object being to promote the cause of the International Prison Congress, which is to meet in London in July next. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Wines, United States Commissioner to the Congress, Rev. Dr. Prime, ex-Governor Seymour, Professor Lieber, General Pillsbury, and others. Letters were read from President Grant, Governor Hoffman, Archbishop M'Closkey, and other eminent persons. Resolutions were passed commending various points of reformation in prison discipline.

The Japanese embassy continues its tour of the United States in company with Minister De Long. The mission is composed of twenty-six members, besides interpreters, clerks, etc. The chief embassador is Iwakura, late Chief Minister for Foreign Affairs, and of the rank of Unodaijin—the highest now in the empire. Then there are four vice-embassadors, of the rank of Sangi—privy councilors. These five really constitute the chief diplomatic part of the mission. Next come eight chief secretaries, representing the following eight departments, which are to be the objects of their careful investigation, and which are named in the order of precedence—Religion, Foreign Affairs, Finance, Education, Public Works, War, Navy, Agriculture. A banquet was given the embassy in San Francisco, January 23, on which occasion Prince Iwakura made a very friendly speech. They went to Sacramento January 31, where they were received by the Legislature, and entertained at a banquet. On February 4 they reached Salt Lake City, where they were banqueted February 12. A farewell dinner was given by the embassy and Minister De Long to the citizens February 16.

A fierce snow-storm broke upon the Western Territories on January 23. The thermometer fell forty degrees during the night, and the next day was ten below zero at Denver, twenty below at Central City, and twelve below at Colorado Springs. The railroad tracks were soon covered by deep drifts of snow, and no trains could pass either way. At one time ten passenger trains and one thousand freight-cars were blockaded on the Union Pacific Railroad. Eight westward-bound trains got through to Ogden, February 17, after a detention of twenty-eight days in the snow-drifts. During that time one death and two births occurred on the cars, and several persons were injured by collisions. The passengers lived chiefly on crackers and cheese. The blockade was raised by February 19.

The following is the number of lives lost and persons injured in the mines of six anthracite counties of Pennsylvania during the year 1871:

	Killed.	Injured.
Lackawanna district	64	91
Wyoming district	52	86
Lehigh district	28	36
Northumberland County	20	54
Dauphin County	6	14
Columbia County	1	2
Schuylkill County	101	339
Total	272	622

These unfortunate men left, on a close estimate, 220 widows, and between 500 and 600 orphan children. About one-third of the whole number of the killed met their death on account of the neglect of operators to make second openings to their mines; another third were killed by the explosion of gases, which would have been averted if the law requiring every mine to be examined by an experienced miner with a safety-lamp before the workmen enter it had been complied with; about one-sixth lost their lives through their mere negligence in not paying sufficient attention to the roof of the mines and otherwise; while the remaining one-sixth of the whole number were killed by really unforeseen and unavoidable accidents.

DISASTERS.

A terrible accident occurred on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, between Mud Run and Lockport, February 1. Two of the passenger-cars of the Buffalo express train going east were thrown from the track by a broken rail, and falling down an embankment forty feet in height, were completely wrecked and afterward burned. Eight persons were killed and sixteen wounded.

Five powder-mills belonging to the Miami Powder Company, of Ohio, and located between Xenia and Yellow Springs, on the Little Miami Railroad, exploded February 5, killing five men and seriously injuring several others. The company's loss was about $25,000.

The tender, baggage-car, and three passenger-cars of the Washington accommodation train on the Missouri Pacific Railroad were thrown from the track by a displaced rail, February 5, and tumbled down an embankment three miles west of Meramec. Sixty passengers were on the train, about half of whom were more or less injured, but none fatally.

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A fire-damp explosion occurred in the Mitchell Colliery, about five miles from Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, February 6, killing three men and wounding another. The cause of the disaster was carelessness on the part of the person having charge of the work, if it be true, as is alleged, that he took no precautions to learn the state of the atmosphere in the mine, and permitted the men to enter the gangway with lamps unprotected.

A passenger train going to St. Louis on the Rockford, Rock Island, and St. Louis Railroad, February 7, when about three-quarters of a mile below Upper Alton station, Illinois, came in collision with a freight train going north. The baggage-car and first coach were "telescoped," and then almost instantly took fire. Seven persons were killed and thirteen wounded.

A locomotive exploded on the Erie Railroad, near Susquehanna dépôt, February 13, killing one man and severely wounding several others.

A passenger train on the Cincinnati and Louisville Short Line fell through a bridge into Ten Mile Creek, thirty miles from Covington, Kentucky, February 23. Two persons were killed and sixty wounded.

Dispatches from South America bring tidings of the burning of the steamer *America* on her passage from Buenos Ayres to Montevideo, December 23. More than sixty lives were lost.

The steamer *Colorado*, which sailed from Liverpool for New York February 7, was run into by the steamer *Arabian* near the mouth of the Mersey. The former was run ashore, where she soon broke in pieces. Five of her steerage passengers were drowned. The other vessel was scarcely injured.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Eliza Davis, widow of Hon. John Davis and sister of Hon. George Bancroft, died at Worcester, Massachusetts, January 24, aged eighty years.

The Most Reverend John Spalding, Primate of the Catholic Church in the United States and Archbishop of the Diocese of Baltimore, died in Baltimore February 7, aged sixty-two years. He was buried beneath the cathedral of that city February 12.

Ex-Senator James W. Grimes, of Iowa, died at Burlington, in that State, February 7.

CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.

The Mexican revolutionists have gained decided advantages during the month. A large portion of the States of Puebla and Vera Cruz are in their possession, and they have governments established in Nuovo Leon, Durango, Zacatecas, and Sinaloa. The town of Piedras Negras was besieged by the rebels January 23, and on the same day ex-Governor Felix Diaz was killed in battle. Three thousand revolutionists under General Donato Guerra routed the same number of government troops under General Neri at Matapulgas, January 29, taking four hundred prisoners and all the artillery. The victors then pushed on and captured Zacatecas without opposition. General Neri, of the Juarez forces, was taken prisoner, and General Herria, his second in command, was wounded and captured. Camargo was surrendered by the government to General Quiroga February 3, and on the same day a party of forty rebel raiders under Colonel Uripte was captured near Matamoras. The officers were hanged and the remainder of the company imprisoned. Generals Guerra and Naranjo, with 8000 revolutionists, attacked the city of San Luis Potosi February 16, driving the government forces within their barricades and cutting off reinforcements and supplies. A conducta with $1,500,000 reached the frontier near Camargo February 19, guarded by 500 revolutionists. This is the first specie which has arrived out since the commencement of the revolution, four months ago.

The Cuban authorities, February 10, issued additional orders regarding the Chinese in that island. For the present all applications of Chinese for permits to change their places of residence or become Spanish subjects will not be entertained. The government also refuses to grant passports to free Chinamen who may be desirous of leaving the country. Chinamen found without police documents, from whatever cause, will be sent to the government yards or depositories, and then be compelled to work at forced labor. Two thousand Spanish soldiers left Cadiz for Havana February 7. Captain-General Valmaseda returned to Havana February 13. General Requelme, the new Spanish commander of the Eastern Department, reached that city February 2.

Official statements declare that since June, 1847, when the first consignment of coolies reached Havana, there have been introduced 109,000 Asiatics, at an average cost to the purchaser of $340 each, representing a disbursement of upward of $37,000,000, or $1,500,000 annually.

The work of laying the Jamaica and Porto Rico cable was completed February 14.

The mails reaching Madrid February 11, brought the news of the slaughter of thirty-six foreigners in the town of Gundel, in the Argentine States, during an outbreak of fanaticism.

EUROPE.

The British Parliament was opened on February 6. The Queen's speech was read by Lord Chancellor Hatherley. Its chief feature was the relations of her Majesty's government with the United States on the question of the *Alabama* claims. Touching this the Queen remarked that the Cases of both parties had been laid before the Geneva Conference, and added: "In the Case so submitted by the United States large claims are included which are understood on my part not to be within the province of the arbitrators. On this subject I have caused a friendly communication to be made to the government of the United States." In the House of Commons Mr. Disraeli declared the royal speech singularly unsatisfactory. The American claims were greater, he said, than those which would follow a total conquest, and if admitted would be fatal to the power and honor of England. Mr. Gladstone, in reply, defended the government, and remarked that the American demands were such as no people in the last extremity of war would submit to. Mr. Ralph Osborne said that the astute American lawyers had outwitted the novices who represented England in the Commission. The Case of the British government was laid before Parliament February 16. The argument is divided into ten parts, and concludes as fol-

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lows: "While England regrets the departure of rebel cruisers from her ports, she can not acknowledge the justice of the claims against her for pecuniary damages for their acts. The United States must solidly establish the fact of England's negligence. England is ready to accept the award of the Tribunal of Arbitration, whether favorable or unfavorable. She desires only that it shall be just."

The Right Hon. John Evelyn Denison resigned the Speakership of the British House of Commons February 7, owing to ill health. The Right Hon. Henry Bouverie Brand was elected to succeed him February 9. Mr. Denison was subsequently gazetted as Viscount Ossington.

Lady Franklin has offered a reward of £2000 for the recovery of the records of the Franklin exploring vessels *Erebus* and *Terror*, supposed to have been deposited in King William's Island.

A meeting was held at the Mansion House, London, January 30, under call of the Lord Mayor, in aid of an expedition of search for Dr. Livingstone. Three thousand pounds were subscribed.

The trustees of the Peabody Fund have let out 500 houses, with planted grounds attached, at Brixton, to small families, in accordance with the directions of the late Mr. Peabody.

Information reached London, February 10, of a collision which occurred between the steamer *Electra* and the ship *Dholeran*, off Dungeness, in the English Channel. The steamer was instantly sunk, and her captain—Bruce—with seventeen of the crew perished.

Messrs. Cushing, Evarts, and Waite, counsel for the United States at the Geneva Conference, were presented to President Thiers on February 16.

The Count de Chambord, January 29, issued a manifesto to the French people, declaring that he would never abdicate his right to the throne of France. He will ever uphold the flag of France and aid in restoring the ancient prestige of her armies, but will never consent to become a revolutionist, he says, where he is the legitimate king.

General Cissy, French Minister of War, stated to a committee of the Assembly, January 30, that of the Communists captured by the government 19,222 had been liberated, 3473 banished, and 12,045 were still confined in the hulks.

In the French Assembly a motion that the government and Assembly return to Paris was voted down by 377 to 318 on February 2.

President Thiers was shot at February 5, but the ball missed its aim. The assassin escaped.

Minister Casimir-Perier resigned February 5. M. Le Franc was appointed his successor on the following day, and M. Goulard in turn succeeded him as Minister of Commerce.

M. Rouher, formerly Minister of State under Napoleon, was elected to the French Assembly from Corsica February 12.

The Franco-German postal convention was signed February 13.

The King of Spain, January 24, dissolved the Cortes by decree, following the defeat of Señor Herrera for President of the Lower House, and the offer of Señor Sagasta's resignation of the ministry, which the King refused. Elections were ordered for members of the Cortes, to be held April 21, and the new body was convoked to meet April 24. A stormy scene occurred in the Senate January 26, when the decree was read, Señor Arbazuga declaring the King a traitor, and calling for the barricades. At the height of the tumult the sitting was declared at an end. There was great excitement also among the people, and the troops were called upon to prevent outbreaks of violence. The ministry resigned February 18, consequent upon Admiral Topete's opposition to certain army promotions, and his demand for the dismissal of Señor Gaminde from the cabinet. The King, February 20, delivered the chief port-folio of state to Señor Sagasta, thus confiding to him the task of forming a new ministry. The following is the constitution of the new cabinet as organized by Señor Sagasta: Señor Sagasta, President of the Council and Minister of the Interior; Admiral Malcampo, Minister of the Marine; Señor De Blas, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Señor Gamacho, Minister of Finance; General Del Rey, Minister of War; Señor Robledo, Minister of Public Works; Señor Herrera, Minister of the Colonies; Señor Colmenares, Minister of Justice. The five members of the ministry whose names are mentioned last in the order of the above list belong to the Unionist party.

The Austrian Reichsrath, by a two-thirds majority, February 20, passed a compulsory electoral bill, which makes important changes in the political system of the provinces, and is intended to bind their inhabitants more closely to Austria.

A bill was presented in the German Federal Council, February 17, declaring that the German shall be the official language in the conquered French provinces of Alsace and Lorraine.

A man who had announced his intention to kill Prince Bismarck was arrested in Berlin February 21. A pistol was found in his pocket.

Another barbarous attack was made upon the Jews in Ismail, on the Roumanian frontier, February 2. Several Israelites were killed, and many fled from the place.

The Czar of Russia has decreed the compulsory use of the Russian language in the primary schools of Poland.

The town of Shamaka, in Asiatic Russia, was totally destroyed by an earthquake January 29, and many lives were lost.

The Baron von Offenburg, late consul-general at Bucharest, has been appointed to succeed M. Catacazy as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of Russia to the United States.

Madame Ristori, the distinguished tragedienne, was severely injured by a railway accident near Perugia, Italy, February 5. In addition to flesh bruises, she sustained a violent fracture of the knee-pan.

ASIA.

Lord Mayo, for the past four years Governor-General of India, was killed by a convict at Port Blair prison, Andaman Islands, February 8. The assassin was immediately arrested, tried, and sentenced to be hanged.

Dispatches received at Madrid, February 2, announce an attempt at revolution in the Philippine Islands by the native soldiers. The rebels were all killed by the regular troops.

The British expedition operating against the Looshais, in Northeastern India, attacked the enemy January 26, and inflicted heavy loss upon them. The British general, Bourchier, was wounded, and several of his men were killed.

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Editor's Drawer.

THE Rev. Dr. Robinson, one of the leading Presbyterians of the West, was recently ill of small-pox, so low that the physicians found it necessary to resort to the transfusion of blood in order to save his life. This extraordinary surgical operation was much talked of by friends, who supposed his life had by it been almost miraculously saved. Every body wanted to learn the particulars—how it was done, and by whom—and one gentleman pressed the matter so far as to ask a Presbyterian not in sympathy with Dr. Robinson, "What animal did they take the blood from?"

"From a mule, of course," was the reply.

The joke will not need explanation for those who know Dr. Robinson's reputation for downright stubbornness.

It is said that Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge, on his death-bed, only a short time before Dr. Robinson was taken ill, said that "two things are necessary for the good of the Presbyterian Church in Kentucky and the South—first, that the Lord take me to heaven; and second, that He take Dr. Robinson back to Ireland, and keep him there."

THERE has just been published in England the first volume of a work entitled "Monuments and Monumental Inscriptions in Scotland," from which a little amusement and instruction may be gained. The reader will learn from it that two of Scotland's worthies, Knox and Buchanan, have not been honored with a memorial stone. Buchanan, indeed, had a "flat stone" over his grave, but it was economically applied to cover the last resting-place of a sexton. His skull, however, has been honored with a place in the College Library of the University of Edinburgh. Another interesting part of the work relates to the Wallace idolatry. Wallace was, we learn from one inscription,

Above all pain, all passion, and all pride.

But he left in three English counties "nothing but blood and ashes." Among the most vigorous inscriptions we can find are these:

Here lies John Smith,
Whom Death slew, for all his pith;
The starkest man in Aberlady—
God prepare and make us ready.

Here in a lonely spot the bones repose
Of one who murdered rhyme and slaughtered prose;
Sense he defied, and grammar set at naught,
Yet some have read his books and even bought.

* * * * * * *

Where'er he went he found an open door;
The folks all liked him, and the bard was poor;
A ream of paper, and a pound of snuff,
Pens, and his "specs," and Edward had enough.
Along life's road he jogged at easy pace,
Dismounted here, and found a resting-place.

THE Hon. John A. Campbell, formerly one of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, is noted for two things—a memory which enables him to refer, for a decision or authority, to the number of volume and page in books he has not handled for years; and to his wit, which is not so genial or playful as it is sarcastic. Being asked on one occasion by a young lawyer of New Orleans, who was not particularly bright, whether he (Judge C.) had any objection to his joining in a great case at that time conducted by Judge Campbell and other eminent lawyers, he answered, "Most certainly not, my dear Sir—*provided you do not appear on my side.*"

AMONG the quaint characters who have appeared of late years in the Senate of the United States may be mentioned Mr. Nesmith, of Oregon. He was born in Maine, and went to Oregon about thirty years ago, when there wasn't much Oregon. There was then no San Francisco, no Pacific steamers nor railways, no gas, nor any of the modern conveniences. After he was elected to the Senate, and came to San Francisco on his way to Washington, in 1861, he expressed his wonder at the gigantic strides that had been made in the twenty years past. He wondered at the steamers, the public buildings, the enterprise of the people; and as he neared the capital his amazement increased. Some two years after he had taken his seat he was recounting to Senator Wade this wonder of his, and especially the still greater wonder that he should have been honored by being elected a member of so august a body.

"Well," said Senator Wade, "you have been here a couple of years; what do you think of it now?"

"Think!" replied Nesmith; "why, the wonder to me now is how *you* and so many other fellows ever managed to get here!"

PROMINENT among the first ministers of the Free-will Baptist denomination in New Hampshire were several of one family by the name of Buzzell, rough, strong men, of great mental vigor—just the men to be pioneers in a new religious movement, where the prejudices of the masses were to be incited against the old doctrines of the more exclusive. At one time old Governor Plummer was reviewing a regiment in a town where one of the Buzzells lived. According to the custom of the time, he, being the only resident minister, was invited to mount his horse, take his place on the Governor's staff, and offer prayer on the muster-field. After the review, when riding off the field, the Governor made some pleasant, complimentary remark to the chaplain about his prayer. Elder Buzzell, much pleased, made the following ingenuous answer: "I could ev done a good deal better, Guvnor, ef I hadn't been so *squat* for time."

A LADY of this city, of French parentage, bright, witty, and good, became the wife of a gentleman whose business called him regularly every summer to Paris. In his youth his pace had been rapid, and the lady's relatives gave many shakes of the head when talking of the marriage. He told her very frankly that he had been of naughty habits, but promised to be proper. And he made a very good husband. On each return from Paris he brought her some nice little present—sometimes a bonnet, sometimes a dozen of Alexandre's, sometimes a dress. But on this, his eighth return, he surprised her by placing in her hands a magnificent lace shawl, the cost of which could not have been less than seven or eight hun-

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dred dollars. Well might her bright eyes sparkle, as they did, over the exquisite gossamer-like gift. Putting an arm tenderly around his neck and giving him a soft, sweet kiss, she said: "Ah, what a good, kind husband you are, to bring me such a beautiful present! but, Charley dear" (with a roguish smile), "*how bad you must have been in Paris this last time!*" She knew him!

We are indebted to an official at Washington for the following copy of an indorsement on the back of a citation in a contested land case from Sacramento, California, now on file in the General Land-office:

> Leon Brandouchel dead. Cited to appear before his Maker on lands unsurveyed by mortals. Served by leaving a copy on his grave. (Signed) O. R.

A clergyman—a Boston man, of course—in giving reminiscences of his parochial life, furnishes an epitaph written by one of his flock, and designed as a sort of posthumous revenge. A man—call him Gammon—married a widow with quite a property. She had one son, who very naturally and lawfully claimed to be the heir. After trying in various ways to get the property into his own possession, Gammon referred the property question to various of his neighbors, arguing the point with them; but they generally expressed themselves favorably to the son, much to Gammon's dissatisfaction, who came to regard such neighbors as his enemies. His spirit was so much stirred as to make him express himself as being without friends even to give him a decent burial in case of death, much less to furnish him with a grave-stone to mark the place of his burial, and consequently he actually ordered a set of stones, and had them prepared and lettered, leaving the age and date of his death blank, with the following epitaph:

> Beneath this stone lies the body of one
> Shamefully treated in life
> By his wife's son and Dr. Thom
> And Daniel Seavey's wife.

If there is any one thing for which Ohio statesmen are noted, it is gallantry to ladies traveling by rail. It is related of a member of the State Legislature that a few days since, on taking the cars to return to Columbus, he espied a seat only partly filled by a well-dressed lady. It is fair to suppose that the legislator was not sorry to see the one empty sitting, for he at once marched to the seat, and in his most winning way asked if he might trouble the lady so much as to occupy a part of the seat. The lady, seeing a man near her, answered the question by moving over, and down sat the gentleman. The gentleman found the lady to be possessed of a comely face, and at once commenced a conversation with her. He talked of woman's wrongs, and, without asking her opinion, kept on talking about this, that, and the other at such a rate of speed as to give the lady no chance to reply, even if she had desired to reply. After talking for some time he looked toward the lady, and was surprised to notice that she was not paying the slightest attention to his conversation, but was gazing abstractedly out of the car window. The member didn't like this turn of affairs, and was silent for a moment; but after repeating something about wasting sweetness on desert air, began his conversation again, and finally asked a leading question in an ordinary tone. The lady did not answer. Oho! thought the Solon, the lady is hard of hearing. He repeated his question in a sonorous voice, and still no answer. Thinking he had offended the lady in some way, he began to apologize, and kept it up until some one occupying a seat in front of him, who had been a silent observer of the scene, interrupted the apologizer by saying, "Excuse me, Sir, but that lady you have been talking to so earnestly for some time past *is deaf and dumb, and has been so since her birth.*" This thing leaked out, and on the member's appearing in his seat next day, some one proposed that he should be added to the Committee on Deaf and Dumb Asylums.

Since the leasing of the Camden and Amboy Railroad to the Pennsylvania Central, some of the employés of the former have felt a hatred to the latter on account of a reduction of wages and delay in receiving their pay. A German brakeman, recounting their misfortunes, said they had the advantage of the company for the month of February, as it contained only twenty-eight days; but on being told that this year, being leap-year, it contained twenty-nine, said, "If it *has* dwendy-nine days dis year, it's some of dat tam Bennsylvania Central's work—dey are always makin' de bay smaller and de months longer."

How thoughtless was that sleeping stranger who, on being nudged by a Bridgewater deacon with the contribution-box, awoke to acknowledge the attention, but went off again, saying that he "didn't smoke!"

The following lines, written fifty years ago, and now first published on this side of the Atlantic, are as applicable now as then:

WANTED, A MAID TO MAKE HERSELF GENERALLY USEFUL.

The person I hired would first be required
On me as my maid to attend;
Then my measure to take, and my mantuas to make,
And those of the Colonel to mend.

My new bombazine she must wash very clean,
With my muslins and fine what-d'ye-call-its;
My silk hose in a tub she must lather and scrub,
And when she's done mine, Colonel P——'s.

* * * * * * *

There's a housekeeper's room, but she must not presume
To pop her pert visage within it;
If strange servants are there, and will hand her a chair,
She may then just sit down for a minute.

If for this she engages, besides her year's wages
(Though no stipulation I make it),
If the winter prove hard, an old gown's her reward—
In summer she'll chiefly go naked.

"An old minister" has been contributing to a Boston contemporary several reminiscences illustrative of the close-fisted meanness of certain rural congregations in dealing with their ministers. To Parson B—— they had agreed to pay the munificent salary of $400, yet they fell short $75, and when reminded of the deficiency, suggested that "ministers should not be greedy of filthy lucre."

"Why, we *voted* at the parish meeting to pay

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him $275 in money, and six cords of hard wood, which was worth at least three dollars and a half a cord, which, with the presents made him at the donation-party, made it up to abaouet what the parish voted."

"Did the parish pay him all the money they voted?" asked the minister.

"*Wa'al, perhaps not quite; as you know, there are some who allers fall a leetle short, and then there is the Beetle family, who signed two dollars and a half, and they have moved off out into Connecticut and didn't pay nothin', and so we kinder run behindhand; and Parson B—— said he couldn't stay if the people didn't pay his salary, and that made him unpopular with the people, and of course he lost his influence, and the folks didn't come to meetin' as they do to hear you*, and so he asked for a dismission, and the caounceel which was called thought he better leave, and so he went away owing the store-keeper some *thirty dollars*, and, of course, *that* prejudiced some agin ministers who don't pay their debts and live within their means."

"Did Mr. B—— incur that debt at the store with the expectation that the parish would pay him his salary, small as it was?" asked his successor. "If so, then the parish should take the blame to themselves, and the people should feel ashamed of their niggardly spirit."

"Ah! ministers have an easy time on it, I think," said the treasurer, as he excused himself to look after the interests of his farm.

Finally the parson grew old, infirm, unable to do clerical duty; so, after having defrauded him of his poor salary, they took him to the almshouse, where he yielded up his life.

FROM a new English edition of Dean Ramsay's charming "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character" we cull a few anecdotes that are sure to be relished by our friends of the clergy:

A neighboring minister was to assist Mr. Allardice, and arrived at the manse on Saturday, where he was to sleep, and take the duty on Sunday following. He was a frothy declaimer, and anxious to make a sensation. After dinner he strolled out into the church-yard and encountered John, the beadle and parish oracle, engaged in digging a grave—and much of a humorist in his way, moreover a formidable critic of the theological soundness of the neighboring ministers. Our young divine supposed himself to be personally unknown to John, and accordingly began to pump him as to the brethren around. To query after query John gave out his unvarying oracular response, "Na, Sir, we dinna like him; he's nae soun'," and "We dinna ken him aither; *he's* nae soun'," clinching every decision with the "yerk" of a spadeful of earth on the grave's brink. At last the reverend pumper, having exhausted the circle of his brethren of the Presbytery, and secretly gratified, no doubt, with this summary and unqualified testimony against them, anxious to hear what was thought in the country-side about himself, where he thought he was creating a sensation, and trusting to his incognito (though John was perfectly aware who his colloquist was), ventured to ask,

"Well, now, the parish of —— has got a famous preacher, the Rev. Mr. ——; what do you think of *him*? Is *he* 'soun'?'"

"Od, Sir," replied John, with a sly twinkle, and resting for a moment on his spade, "I hinna heard him mysel'; but folk that hae say *he's a' soun'*."

John recommenced digging with redoubled diligence, and exit the reverend querist, feeling, we may fancy, rather small.

A POPULAR Anglican Non-conformist minister was residing with a family in Glasgow while on a visit to that city, whither he had gone on a deputation from the Wesleyan Missionary Society. After dinner, in reply to an invitation to partake of some fine fruit, he mentioned to the family a curious circumstance concerning himself—viz., that he had never in his life tasted an apple, pear, grape, or, indeed, any kind of green fruit. This fact seemed to evoke considerable surprise from the company; but a cautious Scotchman, of a practical, matter-of-fact turn of mind, who had listened with much unconcern, dryly remarked, "It's a peety but ye had been in Paradise, and there micht na hae been ony fa'."

AN old man named George Lyon, when on his death-bed, and his end near at hand, was thus addressed by his wife, "Willie, Willie, as lang as ye can speak, tell us are ye for your burial baps round or *square?*" Willie, having responded to this inquiry, was next asked if the *murners* were to have *glooes* (gloves) or mittens; and Willie having also answered this question, was allowed to depart in peace.

AN old lady being asked about the children of a person who lived close by, replied, "They're no hame yet—gaed awa' to the English kirk to get a *clap o' the heid.*" It was the day of *confirmation.* This definition of the "outward and visible sign" would look rather odd in the catechism.

OF the wise and shrewd judgment of the Scottish character the following is related by the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod. During one of the late revivals in Scotland, a small farmer went about preaching with much fluency and zeal the doctrine of a "full assurance" of faith, and expressed his belief of it for himself in such extravagant terms as few men would venture upon who were humble and cautious against presumption. The preacher, being personally rather remarkable as a man of greedy and selfish views in life, excited some suspicion in the breast of an old sagacious countryman and neighbor of Dr. Macleod's, who asked what *he* thought of John as a preacher, and of his doctrine. Scratching his head as if in some doubt, he replied, "I'm no vera sure o' Jock. I never ken't a man *sae sure o' heaven, and sae sweert* [reluctant] *to be gaeing tae't.*"

THAT was a cool Scottish "aside" of an old dealer, who, when exhorting his son to practice honesty in his dealings, on the ground of its being the "best policy," quietly added, "*I hae tried baith.*"

WE have this instance also of the cautious spirit that pervaded the conduct of a Scottish architect who was called upon to erect a building in

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England upon the long-lease system so common with Anglican proprietors, but quite new to our Scottish friend. When he found the proposal was to build upon the tenure of 999 years, he quietly suggested, "Could ye no mak' it a *thousand?* 999 years 'll be slippin' awa'."

THE following is a good specimen of the same humor:

A minister had been preaching against covetousness and the love of money, and had frequently repeated how "love of money was the root of all evil." Two old bodies walking home from church—one said, "An' wasna the minister strang upo' the money?"

"Nae doubt," said the other, rather hesitatingly; and added, "ay, but it's grand to hae the wee bit siller in your haund when ye gang an errand."

A CERTAIN Aberdeenshire laird, who kept a very good poultry-yard, could not command a fresh egg for his breakfast, and felt much aggrieved by the want. One day, however, he met his grieve's wife with a nice basket, and very suspiciously going toward the market. On passing and speaking a word he was enabled to discover that her basket was full of beautiful white eggs. Next time he talked with his grieve he said to him, "James, I like you very well, and I think you serve me faithfully, but I can not say I admire your wife."

To which the cool reply was, "Oh, 'deed, Sir, I'm no surprised at that, for I dinna muckle admire her mysel'."

THE following amusing anecdote illustrates how deeply long-tried associations were mixed up with the habits of life in the older generation. A junior minister having to assist at a church in a remote part of Aberdeenshire, the parochial minister (one of the old school) promised his young friend a good glass of whisky-toddy after all was over, adding, slyly and very significantly, "and gude *smuggled* whusky." His Southron guest thought it incumbent to say, "Ah, minister, that's wrong, is it not? You know it is contrary to act of Parliament." The old Aberdonian could not so easily give up his fine whisky to what he considered an unjust interference; so he quietly said, "Oh, acts o' Parliament lose their breath before they get to Aberdeenshire."

A CLERGYMAN (a bachelor) had a faithful "minister's man," who had been in his service for many years, and was engaged, at the time, to be married to the younger of the minister's two female servants. Johnnie went up stairs one evening to arrange details with the old gentleman, who immediately said to him,

"Ou, Johnnie, man, is this you? Fat's this you're come about the nicht? Sit doun an' tell me."

"Weel, Sir, I jist cam to tell you that I'm gaun to be married, an' I wint to settle fat day'll be convenient for you."

"Vera weel, Johnnie, man, but wha is't that you are takin'?"

"Ou," says Johnnie, "I'm no gaun far for a wife, for I'm jist takin' the lassie doun in your kitchen, an' we're gaun to be proclaimed upo' *Sabbath;* an' we'll gie you as little trouble as we can, an' jist come up the stairs ony evenin' convenient for you, Sir, an' get it a' dune here by yoursel', Sir."

"Weel, weel, Johnnie, I shall be *rale gled* to settle some nicht neist week wi' you baith. An' I'm rale happy to hear o' this, for," added the good old bachelor, at this time above *fourscore* years old, "in *my* opinion, Johnnie, marriage is a *vera harmless amusement.*"

A LADY, writing to her father, described the loss of a favorite cow as follows:

"Yesterday poor Dolly strayed from the pasture, and unfortunately selecting the railroad track for the route of her luckless liberty, was caught by the late afternoon train from the north, and left in nearly equal portions on either side the track."

To which the father promptly and succinctly replied:

"Apropos of your cow, see Genesis, xv. 17."

Consulting Genesis according to this direction, she read: "And it came to pass, that, *when the sun went down*, and it was dark, behold a *smoking furnace* and a *burning lamp* that passed between *those pieces.*"

ONE of the sprightliest of our evening contemporaries, the *Mail*, has for its London correspondent Mr. Justin M'Carthy, a gentleman whose contributions to this magazine are always read with pleasure. In a recent letter he tells us one or two good things said apropos of the Tichborne case, which are attributed to Lord Westbury, who was Lord Chancellor a few years ago. He is one of the profoundest lawyers in England, with a tongue twice and a half as bitter as that of Wendell Phillips, combined with a manner of the most exquisite and sanctimonious blandness. The judge who is trying the case, Sir William Bovill, a dull, fussy Tory lawyer, is not thought to have thus far conducted the judicial business of the cause with remarkable ability. At a dinner-party lately somebody—so runs the story—asked Lord Westbury what he thought of Sir William Bovill. Lord Westbury half closed his eyes, as is his wont when he has something pleasant to say, and sweetly observed, in his bland and subdued tones: "Bovill? Ah, well, I think that, judging by the Tichborne case, Bovill fairly promises, with a little more experience, to become the worst judge we ever had!" Sir John Coleridge, the Attorney-General (one of the family of the poet), is thought to have greatly weakened his reputation as a lawyer by his lengthy, ineffective, and even bungling cross-examination of the claimant. The story goes that in Lord Westbury's company one evening Sir John was very warm and outspoken as to the character and pretensions of the claimant. The opinion of Lord Westbury was sought. "I have read Sir John Coleridge's cross-examination," was the direct reply, "and I am convinced that it has thoroughly exposed an impostor!" Fancy the feelings of the listeners, who knew only too well, as Westbury's large blue eyes looked benignly round on the Attorney-General, what the kindly meaning of the ex-Lord Chancellor was! There is a story told, too, of a worthy farmer from one of the southern counties, who came up to London specially to have a look at the self-styled Sir Roger Tichborne. He could not get

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into the court, but he was told that after the day's sitting the claimant was always the first man to come out through a certain door, and he received a general description of his appearance. He waited and waited, and at last there came forth, not the claimant, but the Chief Justice, Sir William Bovill. Now Sir William is not remarkably elegant in appearance or intellectual in expression. Our rustic surveyed him closely, believing that he gazed upon the plaintiff, and then exclaimed, in a voice that was fully heard by the judge and the crowd, "Well, he *do* look like a butcher, surely! He *can't* be a gentleman!"

THE following touching ballad, as sung by an American gentleman on board an ocean steamer, is communicated for the exhilaration of readers of the Drawer:

As I was passing over London Bridge
One morning very early,
'Twas there I spied a lady gay
Lamenting for her Charley.

Come bridle unto me a milk-white steed,
And saddle him so gayly,
And away we'll ride to the king's high court,
And plead for the life of Charley.

And when we came to the king's high court,
She lookéd very sorry:
"King George, I have but one request,
And that's the life of Charley."

The king looked over his right shoulder,
And thus he said to Mary:
"Oh, my dear lady, you have come too late,
For Charley is condemned already!"

The king looked over his left shoulder,
And thus he said to Charley:
"By your own confession die you must,
And the Lord have mercy on you!"

Charley never rose at the king's high court;
But one morning very early
He stole sixteen of the king's white steeds,
And sold them in Virginia.

They never caught him, and the milk-white steeds became the property of a livery-stable man.

WE have recently passed through New Jersey —not for pleasure—and can testify to the healthful appearance of the people who still remain there. We are not disposed to regard the State with other than feelings of "respectful tenderness," as Mr. Toodles remarks; and are, therefore, prepared to sustain the venerable party who, in the following dialogue, which occurred recently on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, had the courage to stand up for that State:

"Now, Sir, in the eastern portion of New Jersey, where I have the honor to reside, they—"

Before the sentence was completed an old man, apparently seventy years of age, sprang to his feet, and exclaimed,

"See here, stranger, did I understand you to say that you reside in New Jersey?"

"You did, Sir."

"And before all this company you are willing to acknowledge it?"

"Yes, Sir, and proud to do so."

"God bless you! Give me your hand, stranger. I'm now an old man, but never in all my travels have I ever before came across a man who was willing to publicly acknowledge that he came from the State of New Jersey! Never! Hurrah! Three cheers for General Washington, Trenton, Princeton, Monmouth, Assunpink, Frelinghuysen, Young Hyson, Old Hyson, and little Jersey in particular!"

THERE are numberless good and, on the whole, healthy people who are laboring under the ailment described in the following squib from the London *Fun:*

I bear about by day and night
The most acute of maladies;
To picture it in black and white
The object of this ballad is.
Permit me, gentle reader, please,
To breathe in your auricular—
I suffer from the fell disease
Called nothing in particular.

To render it the more intense,
And nearly unendurable,
My doctor says, in confidence,
'Tis totally incurable.
My mind has threatened ere to-day
To lose its perpendicular,
And fall a melancholy prey
To nothing in particular.

NEVER let it be said that the Indiana lawyer is insensible to the charms of poesy, or that even in dry, legal papers he spurns the Muse when poetry can come to the rescue. In the Clerk's Office at Vincennes, in that State, is filed an application for divorce from a man whose wife had "run away and gone to Pike County." He had many times entreated her to return; but she did not see it. The document thus concludes:

He further says and represents to your Honor that he has written many affectionate letters to her, in which he has endeavored to soften her heart toward him; and one time he wrote her a letter, of which he here appends a copy:

"My dearest Harriet, why have you left me,
Sighing, weeping, all alone?
With none to talk to or caress me—
My wretched fate I much bemoan.

"My eyes are swollen big with weeping,
My nose is red and swollen too;
I have in all respects the poorest keeping
Of any man who tries his duty for to do."

And your petitioner says and further represents to your Honor that, in response to all his offers and entreaties, she has refused with scorn and contempt to return to his home.

Wherefore he prays your Honor will hear his prayer herein, and forever divorce him from the said Harriet.

—— & ——, for Petitioner.

A ST. LOUIS correspondent tells us that "Jinks got married the other night." Jinks is a clerk in a store for the sale of laces and things. One day a young and pretty customer tendered to him, in exchange for some lace, a much worn and patched fifty-cent stamp. Jinks looked at it dubiously. It was against the rules to take such. His face was so grave and his manner so hesitating that the pretty face said, in the sweetest of tones,

"Would you like a *better* half?"

"Well," stammered Jinks, his heart in his mouth and his face crimson, "I wouldn't object, provided, miss, the—the—right person w-would accept me."

The pretty face blushed too; but three months later the twain became one flesh, as above stated.

IN Leicester, Massachusetts, a venerable gentleman, Mr. ——, was questioned by one of his more devout neighbors as to why he did not attend church. He replied, "When you go there, look at the first two lines of the first hymn, and

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you will know." The questioner went away, puzzled to know what he meant; but on the next Sunday he understood when he read,

Blest is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet!

EPITAPH on a young son of a Mr. Amos Tute, in the grave-yard at Vernon, Vermont:

Here lies, cut down, like unripe fruit,
A son of Mr. Amos Tute
And Mrs. Jemima Tute, his wife,
Called Jonathan, of whose frail life
The days all summed—how short the account!—
Scarcely to fourteen years amount.
Born on the twentieth of May was he,
In seventeen hundred and sixty-three;
To death he fell a helpless prey
April the five-and-twentieth day,
In seventeen hundred and sixty-seven,
Leaving this world, we hope, for heaven:
But though his spirit's fled on high,
His body mouldering here must lie.
Behold the amazing alteration
Effected by inoculation—
The means employed his life to save
Hurried him headlong to the grave!

"A MIGHTY hunter before the Lord" was Nimrod, great-grandson of Noah; and such is a superintendent of a Sunday-school whom a missionary of the American Sunday-school Union recently found in a log-hut, in the depths of a forest in Minnesota. He says of him:

"This man is a noted hunter. Within the past three weeks he has killed thirty-seven deer—seven in one day and a half. In one week he had killed eight of the bears that infest those woods. On a Sunday morning he was called to a neighbor's to assist in driving a bear from the barn-yard; but not until Bruin had killed two calves did they succeed in dispatching him. This man had been wild, reckless, and unsubdued, but now was transformed by the Divine Spirit, and, like Mary, 'sat at Jesus' feet to hear his words.' Next morning I visited the Sunday-school of which he is superintendent, happy to behold the great change among the people. A year ago nothing higher was thought of than frolic and fun; now they were interested in the Bible and the salvation of souls."

A LADY was asked by her Biddy about the nature of the next world, and whether it would be just like this. The lady being blessed with a happy family of eleven children, has a skeleton in the house in the shape of a stocking-basket that never gets empty, and at whose side she has spent many a weary midnight hour in darning for her darlings. With this spectre before her eyes, she replied to the girl playfully, saying,

"I don't think we shall be required to darn stockings after midnight."

"Sure and that's thrue for you, mum," was Biddy's reply, "*for all the pictures of angels I have ever seen were barefooted.*"

DURING the last political campaign in this State a Mr. G——, of this city, had the honor to address the freemen of Niagara County. He was not only a good speaker, but he knew he was. At the close of a meeting held at T—— a tall countryman arose and said: "Mr. Chairman, I move you that a vote of thanks be given to the speaker"—here Mr. G—— bowed his head, and the mover added—"*for the beautiful stories he has told us this evening!*"

At St. L—— a large meeting was held, and the services of the brass band were secured. During the interval between the speeches there was music. Mr. G—— held forth for over an hour, and was listened to with attention. The people of the town, instead of boisterously applauding, sit on a speaker like so many jurymen. At the close of the meeting a lumberman from the mill arose, and moved that "a vote of thanks be given *to the St. L—— brass band for the tunes they had heard!*"

Perhaps Mr. G—— agrees with a recent remark made by Bismarck, that there is no such thing as gratitude from a people.

SPEAKING of penmanship, the latest and one of the best anecdotes of our friend Mr. Greeley shows how desirable it is at times to be able to write one's name legibly. Soon after arriving and entering his name on the register of a hotel in the town where he was to deliver a lecture, an elderly countryman came into the office, and, after examining the register, asked if Dr. B—— was in.

"No such person here," said the clerk.

"No such person here?"

"No, Sir."

"Young man," said the elderly one, with solemn tone, "don't lie to me. It won't do. You can't fool old Gill Parks. Dr. B—— *has* been here, sure, and pretty drunk too, I reckon, for he's left one of them air Latin prescriptions of his on the register!"

And he looked down again at H. G.'s autograph.

AMEN.

THIS word, which brings to a conclusion so many of our invocations, is of Hebrew origin, and properly signifies "firmness." Hence, in ending this April number of the Drawer, its readers are exhorted to remain loyal to its honest efforts to give them the best of the current humor of the time, and to bear in mind that each successive number can not always be the best.

Saith a chronicler: "In many churches of England the word Amen is pronounced aloud by the people: this was the ancient practice of the Christian world; and St. Jerome relates that when the congregated people at Rome pronounced Amen, the sound was like that of a clap of thunder. They possibly attributed great efficacy to the loudness of their voices, after the example of the Jews, who imagined that this word, shouted forth with great force, had power to open the gates of heaven."

That the genial things which the Drawer conscientiously and industriously endeavors to cull for what Macbeth calls

The general joy of the whole company

may always be read with a quiet and kindly smile of approval is the fervent aspiration of the writer, who for five-and-thirty years has had the felicity of numbering among his most cherished friends "each and every" of those who first gave to the world the imprint of Harper and Brothers, and whose relations with their sons and grandsons (the latter now "fellow-citizens" and tax-payers) are among the pleasantest things left for thought and for chat to an old gray-beard.

AMEN!

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXIV.—MAY, 1872.—Vol. XLIV.

THE MOUNTAINS.—II.

ILLUSTRATED BY PORTE CRAYON.



THE YOUNG MOUNTAINEER.

"MONTANI semper liberi" is the motto of a new State, in accordance with the popular and poetic belief that Liberty finds her favorite abode in mountainous countries, although history would seem to teach us that civil liberty has been generally better understood and maintained by the educated and enlightened populations of great commercial cities.

Nevertheless, as man always absorbs and

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reflects (chameleon-like) somewhat of the local color of his surroundings, we may readily perceive in the sights, sounds, and very smells of this rugged wilderness suggestions of a rude, instinctive independence, an individuality fiercely impatient of external control.

See how the mountains rear their bristling backs against the tyranny of plows and harrows—how their free torrents leap and foam in their rocky channels, shouting defiance to the fetters of dikes and dams, equally scornful of the burdens of commerce and the base drudgery of manufactures!

Here the arrowy trout flashes through transparent waters, leaping for his morning and evening meal, and sleeps at noonday in deep, shadowy pools, unvexed by hooks or nets. The wild turkey displays his green and golden plumage, strutting and gobbling in conceited majesty, unadmired except by silly hens, unscared but by the subtle fox. The red doe, with tender wildness, leads her speckled fawns through forests whose echoes have never been startled by the woodman's axe. From unshorn thickets the brindled wolf glares and watches, still preferring starvation to servitude.

Then how fresh and cooling come the earthy odors from damp beds of moss and springs trickling through fern-shaded rocks! How invigorating the aroma of crushed mint and pennyroyal by the way-side, fragrant hickory buds and spicy walnuts plucked from overhanging boughs! How royally refreshing the smell of cedar woods, hemlocks, and pines! And how balmy sweet the wild grapes blossom—a bouquet for a wood-nymph!

Amidst such surroundings the mountaineer is born and nurtured in poverty and seclusion. He has no set pattern to grow up by, with none of the slop-shops of civilization at hand to furnish him ready-made clothing, manners, or opinions. Rugged paths harden his baby feet; the chase of rabbits and ground-squirrels toughens his boyish sinews. Human nature, family traditions, and some hints from his fellow-denizens of the woods form the basis of his moral education, while his mother makes his breeches.

Simple but strong, uncouth but sincere, the man of the mountains knows nothing of the luxury and refinements of cities, and is equally protected from most of their attendant vices and miseries.

> "A rifle for the red deer's speed,
> A rugged hand to cast the seed—
> With these their teeming huts they feed."

Without rivalry, he knows little either of envy or ambition; with nothing, he is rich in the independence arising from few and simple wants. Ignorant of Latin grammar, in his life he realizes the wisdom of Seneca:

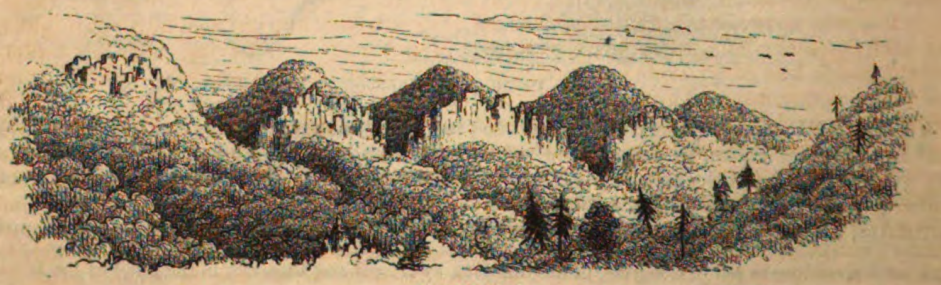
> "Si ad naturam vivas, nunquam eris pauper;
> Si ad opinionem, nunquam dives."

At an early hour our mountaineering adventurers took leave of Meadlands, with promises to take care of themselves and to return as speedily as possible. In honor of our departure, all the ladies had appeared at breakfast except Rhoda, who had a headache—possibly feigned, as she showed herself at the chamber window, and waved a smiling salute to our cavalcade passing through the big gate.

The major was evidently annoyed at her non-appearance, and lingered until the last moment in vain. She I suspected of absenting herself expressly to avoid the embarrassing effusions of leave-taking; and then, to prevent misunderstanding, as Dick Rattlebrain observed, fired a long-range smile at the flock.

But as the four horsemen cantered rapidly up the Petersburg Grade toward the grand mountain gate-way at the upper end of the valley, all regrets and discontents were forgotten in the present interest of the journey. We were all well mounted and equipped with fire-arms and fishing tackle, and on the stretch to take advantage of any sport or adventure which might offer. At a point six miles up we turned aside, opening a rail-fence, and riding through fields for half a mile or more to obtain a closer view of some curious rocks which attracted our attention from the road.

Inclosing one side of a pretty meadow rise a succession of conical hills or spurs, five in number, and of no great height, but each adorned with a Gothic façade, half detached, and formed by masses of stratified rocks



BAKER'S ROW.

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standing perpendicularly on end, and exhibiting the most singular and fantastic outlines —a scene more easily described by pencil than by words.

Returning to the main road, we saw a large hawk sitting upon the branch of a dead tree overlooking a field of undergrowth.

"That fellow," said the major, "is watching for a rabbit or a partridge; and as he is a vile pot-hunter, who would not hesitate to snatch a hen off her nest, we should give him a shot."

Augustus, who was nervously ambitious to mend his reputation as a sportsman, asked permission to try his hand on so fair a mark. As his fowling-piece was too light for such game, I proposed to lend him my rifle. With considerable difficulty he disentangled himself from the load of bags, pouches, knapsacks, pistols, fishing-rods, bear-skin, and old quilt he had strapped on his saddle. At length dismounted, he accepted my piece, and, under Dick's friendly but rather officious supervision, crept along the fence to get a convenient shot at the hawk.



THE FOX.

The pony which Mr. Meadows had politely furnished him for the expedition was a spirited black, well trained to stand fire or any of the ordinary incidents of sporting life; but he was evidently not altogether satisfied with his present rider or the mountain of unusual trumpery upon his back, rolling his eyes suspiciously, and snorting at it from time to time.

Meanwhile the rifle cracked. The hawk darted from his perch, then sailed away majestically over the hills: from the direction of his recent perch a single feather was seen floating on the breeze. Augustus raised a shout of triumph. "Hurrah! I hit him! I hit him!" and throwing down the rifle, he ran with all his might across the field in pursuit of the feather. The pony, who had betaken himself to grazing, at this outcry raised his head, and in doing so caught a glimpse of some frightful shape, black and hairy, hanging over his side. He gave a succession of violent snorts and kicks, and then started at full speed down the road toward Moorfield, followed by a cloud of dust, and at every jump kicking some article of poor Cockney's equipage to the winds.

Dick, who witnessed the escapade, and appreciated the possible vexatious results to the company, immediately mounted and dashed off in pursuit. Being a bold rider, and having the fleetest horse, he soon overtook the runaway, and led him back by a remnant of the bridle, naked, foaming, and his eyes rolling like Toodles's in the play.

Augustus had come running in with the hawk's plume in his hat, and ready to vaunt his exploit, when he saw the wreck of all his cares and hopes—the tag end of a single rein being all that remained of his outfit.

As he looked ruefully from one to the other, his comrades restrained their laughter, and kindly set about assisting him to repair damages. One of the major's double reins was fitted to the headstall, still available, and the black again had a bridle. Dick very good-naturedly searched the fence corners and thickets which bordered the road for a mile back, and gathering up a stirrup here, a pad there, and a jagged girth hanging on a bush, was ingenious enough to fit up an imitation of a saddle therewith. Gus also recovered a pistol, his fishing-rod case, with one or two joints missing, and an extra coat, with a horseshoe mark cut through the back. For the rest, the major declared he was luckily delivered from his superfluous impedimenta, and would travel lighter for the loss. This *contre-temps* rather subdued Mr. Cockney's hilarity, but did not quite extinguish his gratification at having made his bullet-mark upon the hawk, and won his first trophy of the chase.

Again in motion, we forded the South Branch at a point where the stream makes its way through the tremendous jaws of the Petersburg Gap. The scenery here is grand and impressive in a high degree; but as it may be considered only a modest gate-way to an extensive exhibition of greater sublimities, we must reserve our canvas and our ex-

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"MUSTN'T GRAB."

clamation points. Yet we risk giving great offense to the neighborhood should we omit to mention the singular resemblance of a fox "courant" painted on the face of a cliff by the plastic hand of nature.

From the pass toward Petersburg we look over an open and cultivated country, and the straggling dwellings of the cheerful little village, fascinated by the gloomy and massive grandeur of the mountains towering beyond.

Arriving at Petersburg about noon, and finding the house of entertainment more comfortable than we anticipated, we concluded to remain until the following morning, which delay would afford our unlucky companion the opportunity of refitting and repairing.

The mistress of our hostelry was a buxom dame, somewhat fussy and pretentious, but comely withal, and mother of a group of hearty children, whose faces were washed every morning, and whose manners were especially regulated at meals. Between times they wiped their noses on the guests' coat tails, and followed around, chirping, "Gimme a cent; gimme a cent."

Petersburg is located on the main South Branch, eleven miles southwest of Moorfield, and on the graded road to Franklin, the county seat of Pendleton County. Like many other little towns in these parts, there seems to be no adequate reason for its existence; but we suppose it accumulated for neighborhood convenience around a blacksmith shop and a mill, developing in the course of time a tavern, a meeting-house, a couple of stores, a hundred or two of inhabitants, and finally a post-office.

After dinner, as one picks his teeth on the tavern porch, he feels as if he had drifted out of the current of life into one of those little eddies where the waters have an opportunity to settle, leaving the chips and bubbles on the surface floating round and round in slow circles, moving but never advancing.

In the great world people have no time to think. He who stops to think is jostled into the gutter or crushed by the locomotive. Somebody gets the office he thought of applying for, or buys the property he was thinking might be a good speculation, or marries the girl he was dreaming of so fondly, or gets a patent for the invention he has perfected at leisure.

Here people have ample time to think profoundly, to study, scheme, plan, and do nothing, which they generally accomplish. It was doubtless an ancient pedagogue in one of these little eddying pools who first set the copy which we have been transcribing from time immemorial, "Still waters are commonly deepest." Now the fact is, streams are deepest where the strong, active current scoops out a channel and keeps it clear, while the placid eddies, profoundly reflecting the stars and clouds, are filled up with mud—disappointingly shallow. Throw out your conversational angle, and if you get a nibble strong enough to sink your cork, your catch will be only a "triton among the minnows."

To while away the afternoon I lounged over to the nearest store, and bought some trifling article to excuse the visit. As business did not appear to be very brisk, I asked the clerk some questions concerning the route to the Big Plains, which we proposed to visit next day. He knew nothing about it; but a thin, seedy-looking customer, with a pragmatical air, volunteered the required information, and showed a willingness to engage in general conversation.

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THE SCHOOL-MASTER.

He commenced by delicately ruffling the surface of political questions several years of age; hinted his own doubts as to the constitutionality of certain governmental measures which had been repealed and forgotten. He then mounted Napoleon Bonaparte, who was evidently his hobby, and rode him through his whole career, making queer work with the pronunciation of European proper names. He then indicated his acquaintance with current British literature by quoting Walter Scott, Shakspeare, Pope, and Goldsmith. The ancients were introduced in their turn, and the speaker inveighed bitterly against the cattle-dealers, and even certain stuck-up professional men, for their neglect of literary merit and want of appreciation of scholarship, pointing his remarks by a sarcastic quotation from a well-known classic author, "Dum gallus vertit stercorem, invenit gemmam," etc. He repeated the whole fable like a school-boy saying his lesson, and concluded with a conceited wink and, *sotto voce* to myself, "We educated gentlemen understand these things," then a contemptuous toss of his head toward the clerk signifying the reverse.

Wishing to close the conversation in a friendly manner, I requested the clerk to set out his bottle, which he did civilly, only winking and flinging out a curt re-

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mark in passing, of which I caught but the one word, "Blatherskite"—a painful proof of the lack of appreciation complained of by the jewel. After drinks, with a profusion of stately bows, I took leave, under the impression that I had been talking with a country school-master.

Returning to our inn, I found Cockney in jolly spirits. The village saddler had renovated his equipment thoroughly and substantially, and a drover, coming up by the Moorfield Grade, had gathered up and returned to him a pair of gauntlets, the bear-skin housing, and several items of his lost baggage. He considered himself the luckiest fellow in the world, and proffered a reward of double the value of the restored goods, which the drover civilly declined.

Dick had got hold of an old cracked fiddle, and, at the expense of a dime each, hired three or four little negroes to dance to his obstreperous music. Half a dozen dogs were howling gratuitously.

The major presented me to Doctor Didiwick, a red-headed, stuttering, eccentric individual, who was going up toward Yeokem's on a professional tour, and would ride with us. This was fortunate, as the road we contemplated traveling was very obscure and difficult, and the country not an agreeable one to get lost in.

The doctor also counseled us to provide against all contingencies on to-morrow's journey; so we ordered our hostess to have prepared a ham, a sack of biscuit, and some bottles of cold tea—this last, by-the-way, a most excellent beverage for wayfaring people.

After supper, hearing a mighty and continuous thumping in the direction of the kitchen, I thought it advisable to look in and give some special directions about the biscuit, which should be well beaten and thoroughly baked to prevent their getting mouldy.

Opening a door, I stepped out on the back porch, and, to my astonishment, caught the doctor pelting and pounding at a batch of dough. The dough looked rather dark, to be sure, and the doctor slightly embarrassed; but, not to be ceremonious, I said,

"Really, doctor, this is very considerate in you to make the biscuit for us yourself."

"What b-b-b-biscuit?" he stuttered, surprised and offended. "Go to the c-c-c-cook. I'm making blue-pills for my patients to-morrow."

"In the name of Æsculapius, how many do you make at a time?"

"Oh," said he, "a p-p-p-peck, more or less. Practice in these mountains is different from your city practice. I make my rounds only once a month, and it takes a week's riding to get through, so that I have to provision a whole district to last until I come again."

In the morning we were on the road betimes, all in fine spirits except Cockney, who was a little sore from yesterday's ride, but did his best not to mind it.

The country was wild and rugged enough, but more populous than we had imagined. The doctor called at every house, and at his familiar halloo all the inmates, from the hobbling centenarian to the toddling yearling, flocked out to greet him. He inquired after their welfare, physical and moral, in a most kind and fatherly manner, naming such as had been ailing at his last visit. Having audited all their complaints, he would leave one or two tea-cupfuls of pills and ride on. Sometimes he took the trouble to dismount and enter the cabin of some bedridden patient; at others he would simply inquire concerning a family living far back in the woods, and leave a measure of pills to be sent over next Sunday. Occasionally he had the luck to meet a customer on the road, and delivered his monthly allowance on the spot. The doctor was evidently honored and beloved by the whole country, and consulted on all questions that arose, in law, agriculture, or politics. He was a sturdy Democrat, and dispensed gratuitous opinions on this subject as freely as he did his blue-pills. He stuttered sarcastically against medical quacks, and thought the laws were not sufficiently severe against them. Some years ago a so-called herb doctor came poaching upon his domain, and was a great grief of mind to him. The fellow was civil and wouldn't quarrel, but secretly undermined the regular practitioner, was getting all his patients, and ruining the health of the district.

The interloper had two weaknesses—he was fond of backgammon, and hated snakes. Didiwick cared no more for snakes than he did for fishing worms, so he took all opportunities to bedevil his rival with practical jokes in which serpents played a leading part.

One day he challenged the herb doctor to a game of backgammon. Pleased with the unusual civility, he accepted, and seated himself at the table where the box lay closed before him. The tavern loungers, aware that something was up, gathered round to witness the game.

"Set the board, doctor," said Didiwick, "while I go to order two juleps."

The doctor opened the board, and a six-foot black-snake leaped out into his face. He fled, and returned no more.

"And so I got rid of the cussed humbug before he killed off my whole district."

"I say, Hezekiah, how's your mammy by this time?"

"Wa'al, I dunno, doctor. She's jist peakin' around jist about the same, and don't git no better—ah."

"Well, just take her this handful of pills that I'm leaving on the flat end of this fence-rail, and tell her to take two three times a week until I come round again."

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GAMMONED.

"Yes, doctor, I'll tell her: three two times a week—ah."

"Yes, that's right. Be sure you mind what I tell you."

At Roby's we halted, and lunched on our own provisions, with the addition of some butter and bonny-clabber furnished by the house.

Here the doctor took leave of us to follow his regular beat. As he rode off Dick held out his cup, and shouted after him, "Halloo, doctor, can't you spare us a pint or so of your pills? If we get sick, and have nothing to depend on but these mountain herbs, it might go hard with us."

The doctor hallooed back, "Young man, I'll insure your life without medicine. You're too useful an agent for your best friend to be prematurely removed."

After an hour's rest we mounted, and pushed on toward Yeokem's. There was some very imposing scenery by the way, which we disregarded in our anxiety to reach our destination before nightfall.

By steady riding we succeeded, and just as the last roseate tint had faded from the sky we heard the welcome baying of the hounds, and saw the lights in the mountain cabins. The sentinel dogs having alarmed the garrison, half a dozen of Yeokem's boys met us at the gate, took our horses, and escorted us to the house, upon the threshold of which the patriarch stood to welcome us.

He was a tall, gaunt figure, with a compact head, curled and grizzled, with a slight stoop in the shoulders, sinewy and weather-beaten, but still in the prime of manhood. His dress was the pioneer woodman's hunting-shirt of tawny jeans, with belt, cape, and fringes complete, and pantaloons to match. His address was cheerful, bordering on the facetious, yet not without a touch of proprietary dignity. He had expected our coming, and was glad to see us—wanted us to know there were mountaineers rougher in their manners than he was, and would take pleasure in introducing us to his nearest neighbors, the bucks and bears, and hoped we would like each other's society.

At this he laughed, the boys laughed, the women listening at the kitchen door laughed, and, in brief, we all laughed, and felt very much at home. He then presented a guest with whom he had just supped—a cattle-dealer from the South Branch, who had come up to make purchases.

It was warm even in the mountains, so we sat outside in front of the house, with no light but the moon and the stars, and talked pleasantly until supper was announced. We were then ushered into the kitchen, where a substantial meal smoked upon the board.

The host asked a blessing, and we engaged without further ceremony.

When country folks go to New York, and have the luck to get an invitation to dine at Delmonico's or the Grand Central, they take care to send home a bill of fare, that their fellow-rustics may see how magnificently they are enjoying themselves. In return we will describe our mountain supper, that city gourmands may lick their chops.

Old apple-jack, sweetened with honey or maple-sugar, was served as an appetizer to those who needed or imagined they needed it. The meats were fried chicken, fried mutton bones, fried ham-and-eggs. The breads, all piping hot, biscuits, corn pone, and heavy



HEZEKIAH.

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cake. Milk in various forms abounded, including cheese, curds, buttermilk, and sweet milk, with butter fresh, firm, and fragrant. Better was never churned.

Then came the inevitable sauces and sweetenings. Apple-butter, pear-butter, plum-butter, and wild-grape-butter — this latter the most piquant of all the mountain sauces used with meats or on hot bread-and-butter. Maple-molasses and honey, with coffee sweetened therewith, closes the list. No shams, but every thing true to name, except perhaps the last-named beverage.

After supper we returned to our open-air seats, where we had pipes and conversation, and discussed the character and resources of the country. In the twenty and odd miles we had traveled that day we had counted five meeting-houses and one camp-meeting ground.

The inhabitants of this region were, indeed, rude and unlettered, but generally thrifty, independent, and devout frequenters of Sunday meetings. Their isolation from the world and each other had nurtured a strong individualism, which made them unmanageable in matters of faith, and there was a great variety of sects, schismatics, and eccentrics among them.



A SCHISMATIC.

There is noble timber in the country, which, on account of its distance from market, is a hinderance rather than an advantage. The soil, where in an arable location, is very strong, and where cleared produces native timothy. The tastes and occupations of the people are consequently all pastoral, like the lowlanders, and some of them, like our entertainer, comparatively wealthy. We suggested the advantage of railroads in opening up the resources of the country and increasing the value of lands.

The patriarch became excited, and somewhat disgusted. Railroads, he thought, were an invention of the arch enemy; they would ruin the price of land, and, in consequence, people couldn't buy any more when they wanted it. They would also double the taxes, which were high enough already. They killed and stampeded people's cattle, and would ruin a man in fences to keep his flocks and herds inclosed. They induced folks to travel too much, when they had better be at home minding their business. In fine, they introduced all manner of new-fangled deviltries, which were clearly agin Scripter.

We hastened to relieve his mind by showing that the nature of his locality effectually excluded the possibility of his ever being disturbed, but prophesied that the South Branch Valley (of which he was rather jealous) would one day suffer under the accumulated afflictions he had described. This roused the lowlander, who declared when that day came he would sell out and leave the valley. This was satisfactory, and we all went to bed.

Next morning was fresh and bracing, and we walked about to view the premises.

The locality was as fine as could be imagined for a patriarchal domain — a broad and fertile plateau or highland meadow, two thousand feet or more above the sea-level, and five miles from the nearest neighbor. The open ground sloped gradually to the southeast, in front a sparkling trout stream running through an extensive and stately grove of sugar-maples. Behind rose the primeval forest, massive and gloomy, and above it, grinning in savage majesty, the bare, rocky face of the Alleghany Ridge.

In the midst of a grassy inclosure of several acres in extent stood the patriarch's dwelling, with its numerous supplementary buildings forming a grand semicircle.

The main house consisted of two rude cabins of logs, chinked and daubed, united by a boarded room, which served as the entrance and vestibule, and also contained a ladder-way to the lofts, all of which were the lodging apartments. The line of huts on the right contained the kitchen, meat-house, wash-house, dairy, and spring-house, poultry-house, pig-pens, and stables. On the left a similar line was occupied by the various workshops—a spinning and weaving room, a tannery, saddlery, and shoe shop, a smithy, a cider-press and apple-jack distillery, a carpenter and wagon-maker's shop, a saw-mill outside the inclosure, on the stream, and a grist-mill a little below. A hut containing a family of negro servants stood modestly in the rear of the main building, and the grain and cattle barn in an adjoining field.

In the fields the cereals were growing prosperously; there were grass and hay in the meadows, a fruitful apple orchard stood behind the house, and a well-cultivated kitchen-garden in front. The maple grove was a sugar camp, and the wild forests furnished abundance of chestnuts, hickory nuts,

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and walnuts, and berries in their season. There were beeves in the pastures, sheep on the hills, pigs and poultry of all sorts roaming at large, bee-hives on a stand in the garden, wild game in the woods, and fish in the stream.

Six stout sons did the father's bidding, and among them possessed sufficient skill in mechanics to run all the shops and mills. One buxom, black-eyed daughter, with hirelings and dependents, managed the domestic departments, including butter and cheese making, spinning, weaving, sewing, and knitting.

In short, this primitive establishment embraced within itself not only all the facilities and conveniences for domestic living, but all the natural products and essential arts and manufactures (except an iron furnace) to insure wealth and independence either to a family or a state.



THE PATRIARCH'S DAUGHTER.

As the natural result of full barns and larders, combined with sweet woman's softening influences, the germs of taste for flowers and ornamentation were also visible, all the more touching for the quaint and artless manner of the exhibition. In front of the cabin and garden fence were ranged a number of long logs, scooped out and elevated on legs, originally used as feeding troughs for cattle, now filled with rich wood-earths, and planted with trailing vines and gay-colored flowers. The window-sills and unsightly stumps in the yard were also decorated with flower vases, made of rude boxes, segments of hollow trees, and broken crocks and pitchers.

Yeokem, apologizing somewhat loftily for the delay of breakfast, informed us that lately his "old woman had drapped off onexpectedly, and left things rather upside down."

The patriarch's only daughter, who served at table with a singular mingling of wild shyness and laughing assurance, a dash of attractive petulance and humorous repartee —showing the spoiled child newly invested with domestic authority—upsetting the skillet and spilling the coffee, laughing thereat, and slapping pappy on the back when he looked dignified—she was evidently the motive and mistress of these flowers.

At breakfast Yeokem politely informed us that he would be engaged all day looking after cattle with his South Branch visitor, but his son John would do the honors of the mountain.

John, a merry, keen-eyed fellow of about twenty, undertook the duty with great alacrity. He promptly got the horses out, had a lunch packed, shouldered his rifle, and mounted, ready for the road.

At this point Mr. Cockney, who had been silent and malingering all morning, frankly acknowledged his inability to travel, and proposed to stay behind and rest until we returned. He was kindly excused, and Dick, with his usual forwardness, commended him to the special care of the young lady. She replied, smartly, that Dick himself looked as if he wasn't used to being away from home, and needed some one to wash his face and comb his head.

As Richard had been remiss at his toilet that morning the joke hit, and slightly nettled him. He retorted by saying she deserved a kiss for her smartness. "And,"

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said she, "mister, you deserve a hug for your impudence, and I wish you may git one from the biggest bear on the plains." Seeing our champion was getting the worst of it, we withdrew him, and rode off laughing.

After a rough ride of several miles through dense forests, and climbing steep and rocky paths scarcely practicable for horses, we at length reached the base of a naked precipice of considerable height, which seemed to bar our progress absolutely. Dismounting, however, at the instance of our guide, we followed him, leading our horses, up a path like a stairway cut in the face of the cliff.

With much difficulty and some risk we reached the top, and found ourselves on the Big Plains of the Alleghany, the goal of our journey from Petersburg. We had frequently heard this locality alluded to in Moorfield as a good hunting-ground for bears, and well worth visiting otherwise, but all attempts at description had so entirely failed to convey any adequate idea of its aspect that, on looking around, we were thrilled with a novel emotion.

After remaining silent for an unusual space, Dick Rattlebrain expressed the result of his observations in three words, "Devilish queer place."

Recovering from my astonishment, I endeavored to note its peculiarities more methodically. Here the main ridge, or backbone, of the Alleghany Mountains, looking eastwardly, presents a singularly uniform and unbroken rampart of rocky precipices of several hundred feet in height, and extending in either direction as far as the eye can reach.

This summit is estimated at between three and four thousand feet above the ocean tides, and your first astonishment is in recognizing the fact that you are overlooking all the region through which you have traveled—your long and toilsome days' journeys measured by the eye like distances on a map; the imposing mountain heights, which, viewed from below, awed by their immensity, now grovel at your feet, mere subordinate ridges and projecting spurs, scarcely breaking the uniformity of the geographical landscape. This is the look-out eastward.

Now we turn to view the plains themselves—a vast level summit many miles in length, and sloping gradually back from the sharp eastern edge. At a distance of one, two, or three miles it is terminated by dark, massive forests of fir and hemlock. The surface reminds one of an old-fashioned cobble-stone pavement, but the boulders with which it is laid are cyclopean, of coarse conglomerate, their weight estimated by the ton. The interstices are partially filled in with springy mattresses of moss, and a stunted growth of huckleberry bushes bearing fruit by handfuls, of extraordinary size, and the especial delight of bears. The bleak monotony of the scene is pointed by an occasional stack of boulders, and a few straggling, skeleton-like firs, with their meagre limbs all pointing east and south toward the sun, as if frantically beseeching his aid against the tyrannical nor'wester which sweeps the plains with blasting power.

Measurements of distance by the eye we found as unreliable here as on the plains of ocean. The stalk of a dead huckleberry bush was sometimes mistaken for a tall fir-tree in perspective, while objects that seemed near were miles and miles away.

Thus looking over the plains toward the gloomy hemlock bordering on the west, we espied a diminutive black object creeping like a caterpillar over the boulders, alternately rising to view and disappearing with the inequalities of the surface. It might have been an insect; but, allowing for ocular deception, one guessed it might be a mink; another supposed it a little dog. John Yeokem, however, having considered the moving object for several minutes, exclaimed, with a bounce, "Hit's a bar!"

In spite of the guide's warning, we immediately rushed for our horses, handled our arms, and started in the direction of the game. But before the foremost man had made the eighth of a mile we had concluded this was no country for fast horses. At every step the animals stumbled and slid over the rounded rocks, sometimes sinking to their girths in the treacherous intervals concealed by moss and bushes; every movement involved both horse and rider in a joint risk of life or limb. We gave it up, dismounted, and listened to John Yeokem.

He advised we should hitch our horses where they stood, and take it afoot. He would slip around to the Stack Rocks—a pile of boulders overlooking the plain, and from thence make signals to direct our movements. Meanwhile we might lie low, or advance cautiously, showing ourselves as little as possible, lest the bear should see us and turn back. There was no risk of alarm by sounds or scent, as the driving wind was directly in our faces.

The tremor being over, we speedily arranged the plan of battle. Major Martial, with the coolness of a veteran and the courtesy of a gentleman, had yielded the first shot, and even offered me the advantage of his heavy rifle. But we both knew the major was an experienced sportsman; I was painfully subject to the buck ague; and Dick's solicitude to secure the game for our party overcame his usual forwardness. So Major Martial must take the lead, while Rattlebrain and myself would follow at about fifty paces distance. Should his shot fail, or only disable the enemy, I was to deliver my fire, while Dick volunteered to "*slither*" the beast with his bowie-knife if he showed fight, and we couldn't kill him with our guns.

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THE STACK ROCKS, BIG PLAINS OF ALLEGHANY.

The half-creeping march was slow and fatiguing enough, but the stimulus of expectancy kept us bravely up to our work. The excitement increased as we saw our guide appear on the Stack Rocks and point forward with a rapid and significant gesture. Not long before we had been shivering with cold; now I was in a swelter, and observed the beads of perspiration dropping from my comrade's face.

We could see the major methodically picking his way among the rocks and bushes, sometimes glancing toward the signal-post, then closely scanning his limited horizon of boulders. Suddenly he halted, leveled his piece, and instantly there was a puff of white smoke whiffed away by the wind, accompanied by a light report like the bursting of a cap. I thought his piece had missed fire, until I saw Yeokem drop from his perch and come skipping like a grasshopper over the rough pavement.

I then rushed forward, with my rifle cocked and my nerves strung up to perfect coolness. Rattlebrain made an unlucky start, and, pitching head-foremost, disappeared in a grove of huckleberry bushes.

I found the major standing coolly reloading his piece. He pointed to a boulder about forty paces distant, stained with some spots

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of blood, while the bushes behind it were shaking violently.

"No nonsense, Mr. Laureate; you should wait until I load; no nonsense. Halt!" he cried, in a voice of command.

But my blood was up, and I rushed forward and mounted the rock. Immediately behind it was a huge bear, wallowing in the agonies of death, with a ball through his brain. I had quickly leveled my rifle, but reserved my fire for an emergency. The major stood beside me with his gun half loaded.

"You were rash," said he; "but I compliment you on your coolness. You didn't waste your fire."

By this time Dick was up, his face red and bleeding, his rifle broken, and his bowie-knife flashing in his hand. "Where is he? where is he?" he exclaimed, fiercely.

"What has happened?" said the major; "you look as if you had had a bout with something already, and got the worst of it."

Here Rattlebrain vented his vehement impatience by blasting all the rocks on the mountains.

The major replied, quaintly, "You waste your time trying to blast these boulders; they will neither bore nor split."

"I wish the devil had them!" cried Dick; "they've split my head." But casting his eyes on the body of the bear, his maledictory resolved into a round of cheering, hearty and triumphant.

"Major," said John Yeokem, "you done that thing middlin' smart. Hit's went in jist atwixt his two eyes, hit did."

The bear was dead, but the disposal of such a piece of game requires consideration. So our guide went back to the horses, and returning with the tin lunch-bucket, conducted us to a spot where we found a stream of delicious water issuing from an extensive cranberry thicket, and flowing westward.

This was one of the sources of the Ohio, but, unmindful of its mighty destiny, we unceremoniously straddled it while laving our chafed hands and heated brows. Then we sat down to lunch. For ever and for evermore the supreme hour of human existence is at the feast which follows the successful chase—the wassail after the victory.

After dinner, the major, Dick, and the mountaineer went to look after the bear, while I wandered alone over to the Stack Rocks, where, seated on the sunny side, protected from the wind, I endeavored to study more closely the peculiar æsthetic characteristics of the place. The air was genially tonic—so rarefied that all sounds seemed piping. Even the voice of the driving nor'-wester was diminished to a thin whistle.

The trees and shrubs had an emaciated look, and all objects, far and near, were defined with a sharpness of outline which gave a hard-hearted character to the scene. Snow and ice would have added dramatic brilliancy, but could not have equaled the effect of the cold, cruel, gray desolation. The sense of altitude was also pervading. The horizons in every direction cut sharp and clear against the clouds which floated high over the world beneath. There was nothing above us—nothing except the blue-black firmament, into whose limitless profundity it was frightful to look. The sense of loneliness and isolation was oppressive. Had Dante but seen these awful plains, he would have added a new horror to his "Inferno," and dedicated them to the selfish souls of the ambitious.

Happier he whose lot is staked out in some warm and pleasant valley, with limited horizons. Ah, sweet Rhoda—

"Halloo! come and help us to carry the bear!"

The idea was sociable and agreeable, so I joined the hunters and laid hold of one of Bruin's paws. They had disemboweled him to lighten weight, and concluded to carry him home whole. The character of the road made him a heavy drag, but having reached the edge, the body was packed on Yeokem's horse, who carried it safely down, and thence homeward the route was comparatively easy.

We arrived about sunset, and great was the jollification over our prize. The major's trophy, the hide, was neatly taken off and stretched in the tannery, to be finished and sent to him at Moorfield.

Miss Betsy, observing Dick's scratched and scarred face, mischievously inquired if he hadn't got that hug she recommended. He took the joke as a challenge, and offered to kiss her, in lieu of which he got a box which recalled his collision with the boulder. But rough jokes are current in the mountains, and every thing passed off good-humoredly.

Cockney was desolated at having missed the hunt, but elated generally at the success. He had had his own especial adventures during the day, and related them without reserve, as he wanted both counsel and encouragement.

Feeling a little squeamish about dinner-time, he had modestly requested to have some tea prepared. The women stared at each other and then fell a giggling.

"The man wants tea! What sort of tea, mister? Boneset or sassafrac?"

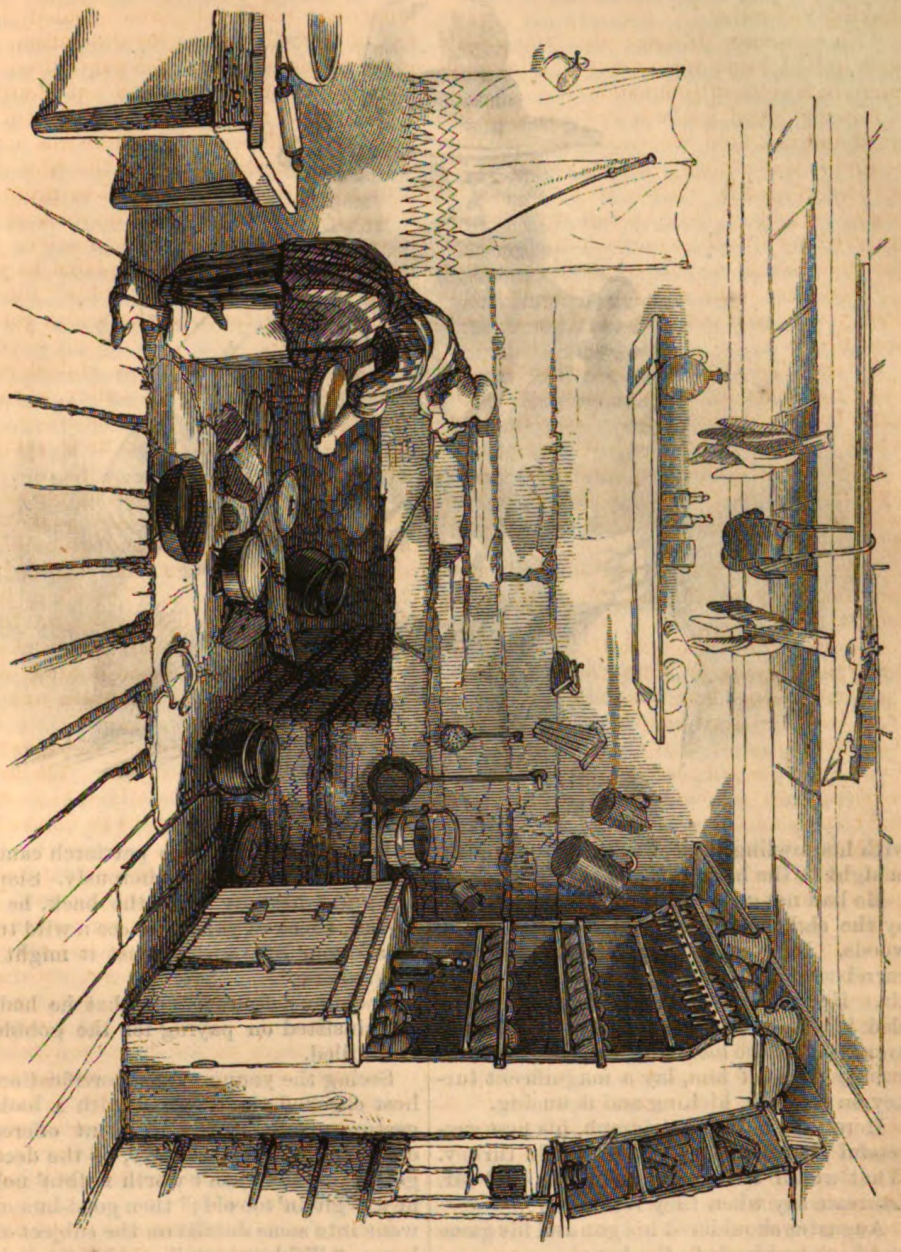
Augustus was bewildered at these unwonted names, and replied, "Oh, nothing but a cup of plain green tea."

"Oh! then you want sage or wintergreen?"

Augustus was not enlightened. Well, green or black—either would do; he wasn't particular.

The women were at their wits' end, and consulted the patriarch. They didn't know whether he had a sore throat—then sage

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AN INTERIOR.

and honey were good; but if he wanted a sweat, it was boneset certain.

"Oh, git out with your sweats and your sore throats," said Yeokem, contemptuously. "The man wants store tea." So he rose and fumbled between the logs of the cabin wall, soliloquizing, "I certainly did fetch some up from Moorfield when the old woman first begin to git shaky; but she had no stomach for the stuff, so I put it away."

Presently he pulled out a paper and opened it.

"Oh, these is pumpkin seeds!"

Another contained rifle powder, a third trout hooks, a fourth Glauber's-salt. After trying a dozen papers, more or less, he finally opened one containing about a tea-spoonful of dried green leaves.

"Look here, gals. Ain't this hit?"

They didn't know, and Augustus was called to give an opinion.

"Oh yes!" he exclaimed, joyfully; "that's it; very fine too. So you'll be kind enough to make me a cup."

"Certainly, as many as you like;" and at dinner a portion of the tea was served in a gallon coffee-pot filled.

Feeling refreshed by his favorite beverage, Mr. Cockney thought he would beguile the afternoon by walking out a short distance

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OLD APPLE-JACK.

with his fowling-piece, taking care to keep in sight of the highway.

He had not gone far before he was flurried by the sight of a flock of turkeys in the woods. He was so excited that his first barrel was inadvertently discharged in the air. He cocked the second, however, leveled his piece, shut both eyes, and blazed away. When he looked again, there, within twenty paces of him, lay a magnificent turkey on its back, kicking and flouncing.

Here was indeed a triumph, his first successful shot, and the prize a noble turkey. What would the major and Dick and Mr. Laureate say when they returned?

Augustus shouldered his gun and his game and hastened back to the house.

When he presented himself at the kitchen door with his wild turkey, there was a general gathering of the women, boys, and dependents, a staring at each other and lifting up of hands in mute astonishment, then a shrill voice exclaiming, "Well, if the man hain't shot our old yaller gobbler!"

Overwhelmed with confusion, Augustus began to apologize and explain. He had found the turkeys running in the woods, far away from the house, and mistook them for wild ones.

The explanation excited a hurrah of laughter. "A wild turkey! Why, man, he's yaller!"

In the midst of it the patriarch came out and joined the laugh vociferously. Slapping his guest heartily upon the back, he said, "Well, I reckon you never see a wild turkey in all your life, mister, least it might be a roasted one."

Cockney acknowledged that he had not, and insisted on paying for the gobbler he had killed.

Seeing the young man's mortification, the host checked the giggling with a look and gesture, declined the payment offered by observing, contemptuously, of the deceased gobbler, "He wasn't worth nothin' nohow; he was gittin' too old;" then good-humoredly went into some details on the subject of turkeys. "Wild turkeys," said he, "are always of a rusty black, and don't show any white about 'em. They are, moreover, a monstrous shy bird, and you seldom git a nigh shot at 'em except by chance. Now if we was to breed the dark brown kind, hit would be mighty hard to tell 'em apart, specially in the brush; so, to prevent our neighbors and our own selves from makin' mistakes, we mountain folks mostly breed the white and yaller colored, so as to know 'em at first sight. But hit's of no account whatsomever, mister." And so Augustus was at the same time consoled and instructed.

There was a drizzling rain next day, and being somewhat fatigued with our adventure

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on the plains, the company agreed to lay over and rest.

The time passed pleasantly, talking woodcraft and mountaineering with our host and his boys, and an occasional neighbor who dropped in to visit them or transact some business.

Indeed, the accumulation of conveniences in one locality made it a common resort for the country from ten miles around. One called to get his horse shod; a second had broken his plow or wagon; a third wanted a roll of leather, some gearing repaired, and his wife's shoes, a fourth rode in upon an empty bag for flour or meal; a fifth desired some clapboards to roof his cabin; a sixth to drive a bargain for a calf or steer; and so on to the end of the catalogue. I was, however, struck with the singularity of the fact that nobody came for apple-jack, yet nobody departed without a well-filled jug.

Yeokem and all his house had a peculiar gift for entertaining agreeably. Unsuspicious, intelligent, amiable, full of jokes and waggery, they had nothing of that shyness which mars the social enjoyment of those who live apart from the world, nothing of that vulgar jealousy and pretension fostered in cities. They had around them the best of every thing the land afforded, and had never lived in the presence of their superiors —the magnates of the mountains, who envied none, and yielded precedence to none, except the stranger guest, who might command every thing by the right of hospitality.

When we came to take leave, our flasks and haversacks were filled to plethora, and our offers of remuneration declined—not awkwardly, or with affected disdain, but smothered out by good-humored raillery and genial invitations to come again and stay as long as we liked.

MR. JEFFERSON'S PET.

IT was a bright, sunny day, such as the Indian summer is apt to bring to our favored land, when, in the little town of Charlottesville, a solemn meeting was held by its most influential citizens. They had assembled to consult about the expediency of reviving a modest country school, known under the somewhat ambitious name of the Albemarle Academy, which had originally been endowed out of the spoils of the old church establishment, but was no longer able to support itself. The worthy men who had taken the matter in charge, partly with a view to the needs of that portion of the State, which was growing rapidly in wealth and intelligence, and stood sadly in want of a good school, partly with an eye to their own interest, were much at a loss how to organize a satisfactory scheme. They were on the point of abandoning the plan, when one of them descried afar off the tall form of a horseman rapidly coming down the public road that led from an eminence called Carter's Mountain into the village. He was superbly mounted on a thorough-bred horse, and managed it with the perfect ease of a consummate rider who has been familiar with horseback exercise from childhood up. As he came nearer the stately proportions of his frame became more and more distinct, and even the fire of his clear blue eye could be discerned under his broad-brimmed hat. He was clad from head to foot in dark gray broadcloth of homely cut, while his noble open countenance was rising with a firm and self-poised expression from an immense white cravat in which his neck was swathed. Fast as he came, it was evident that nothing escaped his attention: here he noticed an open panel in a farmer's fence, and there the leaking gutter of a townsman's house; he cast a searching glance at every horse or ox he met, and courteously returned the greeting of young and old. As he was recognized by the anxious men in council, they rose instinctively from their seats on the court-house green, and an expression of welcome relief rose to every face. When one of them said, "Let us consult Mr. Jefferson," he received no reply: he had only uttered what was in every man's heart at the same moment.

So they invited their illustrious neighbor, who had but a short while before exchanged the White House, with all its high honors and severe labors, for the ease and comfort of his own Monticello, to join their council and to aid them by his advice. He dismounted with the alacrity of youth, carefully fastening the reins of his horse to the railing, as he had tied him to the palisades of the President's house in Washington, after riding there on horseback to his inauguration; and unscrewing the top of his cane, he opened its three parts, which formed the legs of a stool, and seated himself on the ingenious contrivance, one of the many results of his own inventive skill. Then courteously acknowledging the honor done him by his friends and neighbors, the ex-President listened attentively to their arguments, now and then throwing in a judicious question so as to elicit the most important facts, and then gave his opinion. Great was the astonishment of the good men of the village when he rejected their modest plans, and spoke of them with a harshness little in keeping with his usual urbanity. But greater still was their surprise when he continued, and now urged them to convert

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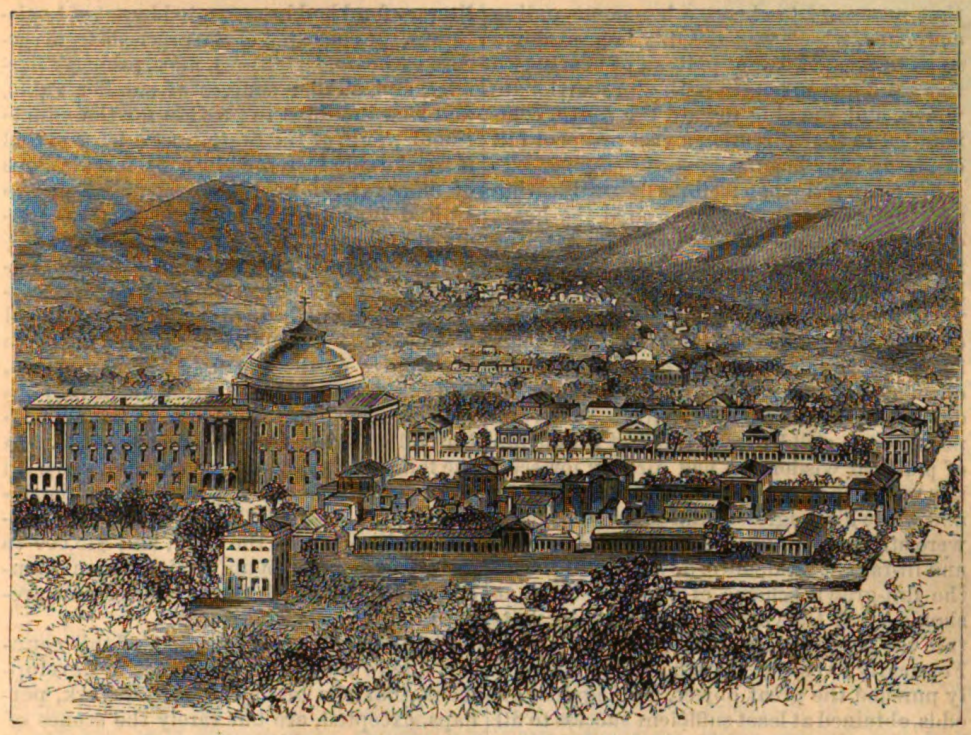
STATUE OF MR. JEFFERSON, BY GALT.

their paltry academy at once into a college, and to do something that might redound to the credit not only of their good county of Albemarle, but of the State of Virginia. This was so far beyond the range of their vision, and the plan seemed to them so much above the means of the youthful commonwealth—especially with old William and Mary College rising before their mind's eye in all its prestige of ancient fame and ample means—that they could not at once enter heartily into his views. Still, Mr. Jefferson's words were law to his neighbors then, and when he suggested a way in which an endowment might be obtained, by subscriptions in the adjoining counties as well as in their own, and indorsed his view by pledging himself at once to a considerable sum, they hesitated no longer, and, in their official capacity as trustees, on the spot drew up the necessary resolutions.

It was no new thing, however, with Mr. Jefferson, this idea of a great college for his native State. As far back as the year 1779, when he was called upon by the General Assembly of Virginia to prepare a code of laws, he had incorporated in it, with the reluctant consent of his eminent co-laborers, not only a provision for a university, but, what is far more remarkable and interesting, by the light of modern progress, a complete scheme of free common schools. His almost marvelous sagacity and foresight induced him to declare then—nearly a hundred years ago—that free schools were an essential part, one of the columns, as he expressed it, of the republican edifice, and that without such instruction, free to all, the sacred flame of liberty could not be kept burning in the hearts of Americans. And what appears perhaps equally striking is that in his plan for a university, minutely elaborated so far back in the past century, he already introduced ample and wise provision for schools of applied science, such as are but now beginning to form an essential part of our best institutions. Like all great men, however, Mr. Jefferson was far in advance of his age, and we need not wonder, therefore, that his State followed him but slowly and at a great distance in his far-seeing plans. It was not till 1796 that his proposal was acted upon by the Legislature, though, to their honor be it said, a law was then passed providing for a general system of free schools. The enactment, unfortunately, shared the fate of so many Virginia resolutions—it remained an empty promise on the statute-book, and was not carried into effect till in our own day.

Now, however, when relieved of his grave and oppressive duties as head of a great nation, he reverted with increased ardor to his first love, and with an energy and an affection very touching in a man so eminent among the great of the world, and so overwhelmed with work and admiration alike, he devoted himself heart and soul to his favorite idea, the building up of a great uni-

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WESTERN ASPECT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

versity. After subscribing a thousand dollars for the new school, an example which was at once followed by eight of his more opulent neighbors, he obtained a charter for the new "Central College," refusing with wonted modesty the use of his own name for the institution, and forthwith proceeded to select the site and erect the buildings.

Fortunately there was no lack of beautiful sites in the immediate neighborhood of his beloved home. From his lofty dwelling he looked down upon scenes favored as few are in this land abounding with fair landscapes and majestic sights. Overlooking from the terrace before his front-door the picturesque breach in the mountains through which the Rivanna makes its way from the higher table-lands of the Old Dominion to the lower districts on the sea-coast, he beheld toward the west a country rich in all that makes God's earth lovely and dear to our hearts. Dotted here and there with ample woods, now rising dark and solemn in masses of evergreen, and now glorious in a rich exuberance of colors, the pride of the tulip, the gum, and the maple, with an undergrowth of rosy redbud and virgin dogwood blossoms, the land rises in rolling waves till it reaches here gently swelling hills and there abrupt towering masses, called in the homely language of the people the Ragged Mountains. And thus range follows range, unfolding in unbroken succession new beauties and varied views, till the enchanted eye, gently led upward from terrace to terrace, rests with ineffable delight upon the marvelous blue and the soft outlines of the long, lofty mountain range which stretches along the horizon from south to north, worthy of its well-known name, the Blue Ridge. The silvery band of the Rivanna binds for miles and miles the lower scenes to the mountains above, while thriving villages and cozy homesteads, each, after Virginia fashion, snugly sheltered under a noble group of oaks and locusts, suggest pleasing thoughts of happy hearths and well-rewarded labor. Far as the eye could see, all was peace and prosperity, and no visitor ever came from foreign shores who did not, upon beholding this beautiful scene, lift up his heart to the great Creator, and bless the happy people whose lines had fallen in such truly pleasant places.

There was no difficulty, therefore, in finding for Mr. Jefferson's pet a suitable and attractive site; the only trouble was to choose between so many that all seemed equally eligible. He selected a hill of commanding elevation, a little more than a mile to the north of the village, which seemed to combine in an unusual degree all the requisites for a desirable site. Tradition, however, says that the owner of the land, a political opponent of the ex-President's, held his principles in such utter detestation that he would on no account have any thing to do with him, and preferred the loss of a certain and considerable increase of wealth to the abandonment of his personal feelings. It became

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thus necessary to choose a less commanding eminence, which was speedily leveled down so as to present a vast plateau of nearly two thousand feet in length with a proportionate width, and, opening toward the south, commanded in that direction a vast prospect full of picturesque beauty.

Who can tell what feelings of gratification and just pride must have swelled the heart of the great man when at last he saw the first buildings rise on the ground on which he hoped to see a great and prosperous university gather within its walls a thousand of the young men of the land? He had cherished this hope amidst the throes of the Revolution, and in the very first years of the independence of his native country. When our people were still learning the first rudiments of political wisdom he had already foreseen the wants they would feel in full manhood; and while his neighbors and the whole South were still content with old corn-field schools and ill-taught academies, he bore in his mind the full-grown scheme of a university that should rival Harvard and successfully imitate the great institutions of the Old World. For nearly twoscore years he had persistently pursued the great object, and, against all odds, obtained at least sufficient success to fill him with new hopes and encourage him to new efforts. Utterly unselfish in his great scheme, he never thought for a moment of his own interests or his fame; but with a singleness of purpose blended in rare harmony with marvelous sagacious intuition, he merely desired to prepare his countrymen for the novel and important functions to which they were summoned by their newborn independence. Fortunately he had noble coadjutors in his labors. Presidents Madison and Monroe, his successors, lent him all the wisdom and worldly experience that had rendered them famous in the councils of the nation and at the rudder of the ship of state; and inferior only in worldly renown, but fully their equal in lofty virtues and eminent ability, Joseph Carrington Cabell stood by his side, fighting his battles in the Legislature, and winning many a victory over public and private enemies which his illustrious friend could not easily have obtained. In 1817 the three Presidents met in solemn council at Monticello to discuss the details of a university—for such Mr. Jefferson had in the mean time decided the "Central College" should become, not in name only, but in all essential features; and from that day the university became the subject of his most earnest efforts during advanced manhood, as it was the last care of his declining years.

The familiar saying that God gives the opportunity, and man has to improve it, had in the mean time found a most striking illustration in his native State. By the agency of a gentleman unknown to Mr. Jefferson a literary fund had been created by act of Legislature. It consisted of the proceeds from certain escheats, forfeitures, fines, property derelict, and similar sources of smaller value, and was intended to provide for the educational wants of the State. At a later period it was largely increased by considerable sums of money paid by the government of the United States to Virginia for services rendered and sacrifices made during the war of independence. This fund perhaps first suggested to Mr. Jefferson the possibility of carrying out his pet scheme; and in the sequel he knew how to employ his almost intuitive knowledge of the springs of human action, and his great skill in putting them into operation, so well as to obtain from the Legislature a lion's share for his favorite child. In the following year, acting in accordance with an act passed in early spring, and authorizing the use of $45,000 annually for the primary education of the poor, and $15,000 to endow and support a university, commissioners met at Rockfish Gap to digest and prepare the necessary measures.

It is one of the peculiarities of this country, due to its exceptional mode of development, that the great cities, New York, perhaps, excepted, are but rarely the scenes of important assemblies; for as the centres of population and wealth are shunned by legislative bodies, who prefer to meet in smaller towns, free from undue and yet unavoidable influences, so very often, also, the greatest movements have not only originated but reached their consummation in obscure places, unknown to the world and often to the country itself. Such was the case in this instance. High up in the Blue Ridge, at an elevation from which the eye takes in at a single glance a variety of scenes unequaled on this continent for beauty and loveliness, a little river rises in a dark gorge, to fall gently from terrace to terrace, and after a brief and rapid course, abounding with falls and cascades of infinite attractiveness, to pour its waters into James River. As the mountains here sink to a lower level, and thus afford one of the passes through which in older days immigrants passed from what is called the Piedmont region of the State to the great Valley of Virginia, the place has received the idiomatic name of Rockfish Gap. Here, at a modest country inn, unpretending in appearance, but offering an abundant and well-served table, far from the turmoil of cities and the excitement of politics, met a party of men remarkable for their ability and virtue amidst a people which had already given four Presidents to the Union, and was well known to possess as much private as public worth. In the low-ceiled, whitewashed room, the whole furniture of which consisted of a dining-room table and rude "split-bottom" chairs of home make, sat the President of

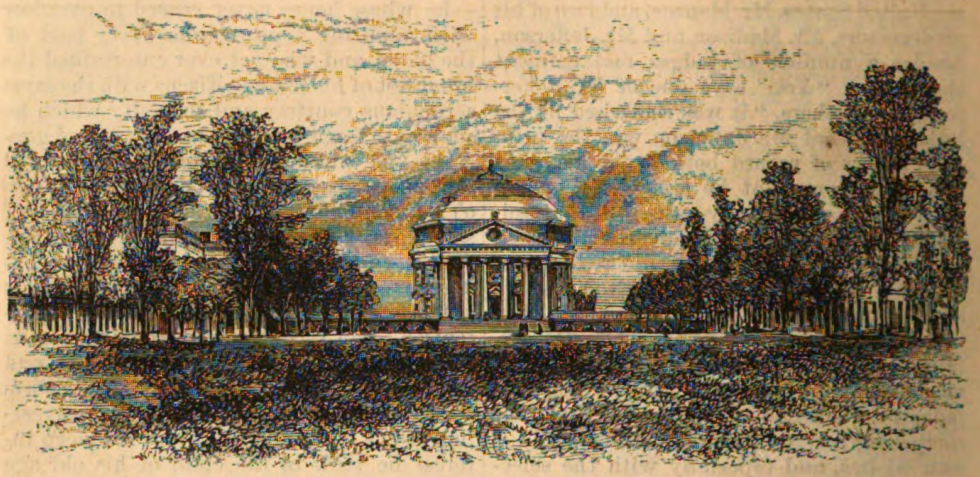
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the United States, Mr. Monroe, and two of his predecessors, Mr. Madison and Mr. Jefferson, besides a number of judges and eminent statesmen. "Yet," says one of Mr. Jefferson's biographers, "it was remarked by the lookers-on that Mr. Jefferson was the principal object of regard both to the members and spectators, that he seemed to be the chief mover of the body—the soul that animated it—and some who were present, struck by these manifestations of deference, conceived a more exalted idea of him on this simple and unpretending occasion than they had ever previously entertained." He certainly gave a striking proof here of his marvelous sagacity combined with unwearying industry. He had shrewdly foreseen that competing interests would conflict with his own wishes, and especially with the selection of a site for the new university. His sagacity was not at fault, for various other towns, and among them Lexington, where an institution, endowed by Washington himself, was already doing much good, urged their claims through able representatives. But he was fully prepared to meet them, and came armed cap-a-pie. He first exhibited to the board an imposing list of octogenarians who were still living in his neighborhood, and thus proved more conclusively than all reasoning could have done the remarkable salubrity of the climate of Albemarle. Having thus completely defeated his adversaries, who founded their special claims for the valley upon its superior healthfulness, he next produced a piece of cardboard, cut in the shape of the State of Virginia, and showed by a glance that Central College was actually the territorial centre of the commonwealth, thus establishing a strong argument in favor of his own choice. But he did not rest there: by another ingenious device he proved, on a similar piece of board, on which he had, with painstaking industry, entered the population of every part of Virginia, that he had succeeded in selecting nearly the centre of the population also; and thanks to these practical proofs of the wisdom of his choice, and the almost paramount prestige which his name exercised on the commissioners, they agreed unanimously that Central College should be hereafter the "University of Virginia."

In the following year, 1819, the General Assembly granted a charter for the new institution, and no more striking proof can be given of the earnestness with which the great founder pursued the darling device of his later years than the fact that he transcribed with his own hand, and in his well-known, beautiful writing, the minutes of the board down to the smallest detail. He who had for so many years, and in the most troublous times, ruled the affairs of a great nation, after having filled the highest offices in the gift of the people abroad and at home —he whose house never ceased to overflow with admiring visitors from every part of the globe, and who yet ever entertained the humblest of his fellow-citizens with the same scrupulous courtesy and urbanity which he showed to foreign princes and renowned generals—he whose correspondence occupied him, as he tells us, from sunrise till one or two o'clock, and often all night long—this man, so rich in honors, so vast in his thoughts, performed the very humblest labor, and condescended to the minutest details, when his pet, the university, seemed to require his attention. He recorded with his own hands the minutes of the Board of Visitors, and twice, at least, copied their annual reports to the General Assembly. These interesting proofs of his industry and the deep interest he took in the child of his old age are still preserved in the archives of the university, and recall forcibly the words of the wise king: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings!" Even in the purely formal entries of routine business in the visitors' record there are every now and then most touching indications of the joy of heart with which he witnessed the gradual fulfillment of his hopes; and in his letters, especially in some of the most interesting lately rescued and published by his gifted great-granddaughter, Miss Sarah N. Randolph, this sentiment of intense and yet unselfish satisfaction shines forth conspicuously.

The buildings originally intended for the Central College, but now considerably enlarged, so as to fit them for a university, soon began to engross his whole attention. Every hour he could spare from his almost overwhelming correspondence, from his boundless hospitality, and the rare intervals he devoted to quiet enjoyment in the bosom of his family, was henceforth given to the superintendence of his great work. He soon found that all his energy and activity were barely able to accomplish the task, while during the same time his superior judgment and matchless address in overcoming obstacles of every kind were urgently needed to provide the pecuniary means for securing its completion. On him devolved the duty not only of furnishing the architectural plans and elevations, but also of procuring workmen, at a time when skilled labor was still rare in our cities, and almost unknown at any distance from the sea-board. With indefatigable diligence and perseverance he engaged the best bricklayers and carpenters that could be obtained, and with his own hand showed them how to measure and how to work. He prepared draughts of every subordinate detail, and then watched over their faithful execution with unremitting care. Fortunately he had, among other tastes, cultivated also a special taste for architecture; and his port-folios were filled

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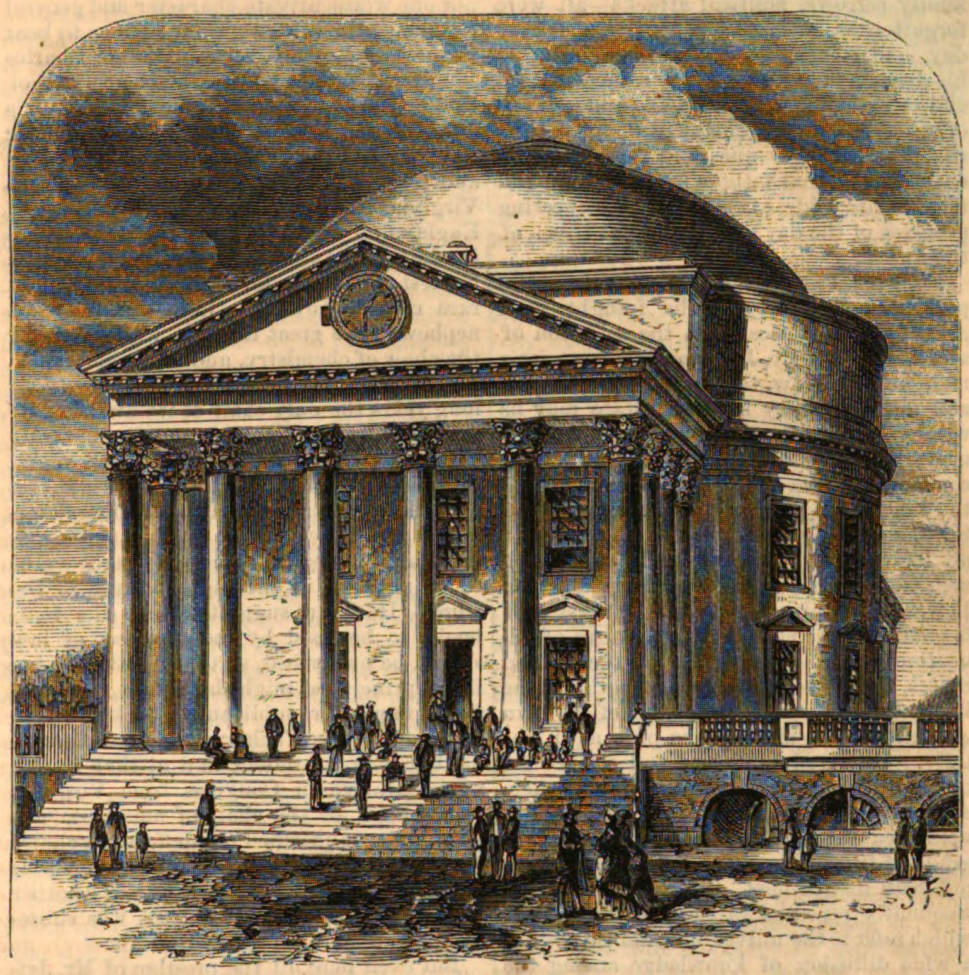


SOUTHERN VIEW OF THE LAWN.

with drawings from Palladio and other great masters, as well as with copies of all the most famous structures of antiquity. He now found an opportunity to carry out the long-cherished schemes of his patriotism in providing for the education of the youth of his country, and at the same time to gratify his great fondness for building. Each of the professors' houses, which he preferred calling pavilions, was thus adorned with a Grecian portico, in which he exhibited to his admiring countrymen models of all orders, and forever brought before the eyes of the students the finest specimens of classic architecture. Skilled sculptors and able carvers were by him imported from Italy for the special purpose of copying in costly marble the best models, and he himself watched over their faithful execution to the smallest detail. Descendants of these Italians still live in the neighborhood, and look with just pride at the excellent work with which their fathers adorned the noble structures. Mr. Jefferson, however, soon found out that the same work could be done more cheaply in Italy, and thereafter sent his orders across, and received the finished capitals and pediments from abroad. Thus house after house arose on two sides of the handsome lawn, sloping in three terraces toward the open side, which faces the south, while the ten pavilions intended for the professors were connected by long, pillared arcades, which furnished covered access to all the houses, and at the same time screened the dormitories occupied by the students. Two parallel ranges of similar rooms, each occupied by two tenants, ran to the east and west of the lawn at a lower level, and the intervening space, intersected by carriage-ways, furnished the necessary yards and gardens. The upper side of the long quadrangle was subsequently inclosed by a large rotunda, built after the model of the Pantheon at Rome, though reduced to one-third of its size, and deprived of its lofty columns, except in front. As each house had its own portico, and the magnificent pillars of the central building with their ornate marble capitals overtowered the whole in majestic beauty, this mixture of orders necessarily destroyed the unity of effect; nevertheless, the general impression is decidedly imposing, and Mr. Jefferson had good cause to feel much pride in showing it to the many distinguished strangers who during those years visited him at Monticello. Some of these refer in their published accounts to the gratification which their illustrious host felt in exhibiting to them this favorite work of his old age; and the approbation of men like Mr. Stuart Wortley, the Hon. J. Evelyn Denison, Lord Derby (then Mr. Stanley), and even the young Duke Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, must have been not unwelcome to the sage of Monticello, as he was often called.

Like all builders of houses, Mr. Jefferson also had his share of criticism to bear, since there are few men who do not fancy that, whatever else they may be deficient in, they can surely improve a fire and—a house. It can not be denied that the great architect cared too much for the beauty of the exterior, and rather too little for the comfort within. Considerations of judicious economy might excuse the single stack of chimneys in the centre of the professors' houses, around which the rooms had to arrange themselves as well as they could, and his quaint hope that the future dons would, like the fellows of English universities, remain unmarried forever, might explain the large lecture halls which received the visitor as he entered the front-door, without vestibule or porch. But that even closets were forbidden seemed to be a peculiar hardship, and when Mr. Jefferson once opened the door of the only one in the university, and, utterly unprepared for such a solecism, walked

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THE ROTUNDA.

into it instead of out of the pavilion, the anecdote was received with universal and not undeserved hilarity.

Nor did he escape the other penalty to which architects are doomed: the buildings cost more money than was actually available or even finally intended for the purpose. But Mr. Jefferson was not to be daunted by such difficulties. Aided by his faithful friend and coadjutor Mr. Cabell, he appealed to the Legislature again and again, obtaining now an appropriation and now a loan, till three hundred thousand dollars had been spent upon the principal buildings, including the rotunda. He might have obtained still more, perhaps, but for one of those unfortunate trifles which often prove more serious obstacles to great enterprises than the most formidable events. In a letter to a friend he had answered the question, why he had not asked for a large sum at once, instead of making so many repeated applications, by an anecdote of a well-known politician who had explained his own similar mode of procedure by saying that no one would like to have more than one hot potato at a time crammed down his throat. This homely figure of speech was made public by the indiscretion of a correspondent, and when it reached the ears of the men who had really shown great liberality, excited their indignation, and led to a peremptory refusal of further grants. But if Mr. Jefferson encountered gradually more and more determined opposition to his plans and the sums he asked for, representing, it must be borne in mind, nearly tenfold their present purchase-value—if he had to endure many bitter mortifications, the effect of which he could not always conceal from his friends—he reaped, on the other hand, no small immediate reward from his labors. His novel but congenial occupation so fully engrossed his time that while he was building house after house, and one range of dormitories after another, he forgot entirely every cause of care and anxiety, of which more than he could otherwise have been able to bear began to press upon him during the latter years of his life. Troublesome debts,

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family sorrows, political attacks—all were forgotten as he mounted his horse, day by day, and merrily rode over the country to his darling pet; and when he returned, tired and often exhausted, he had so much to tell of what had been accomplished, and to discuss so many new questions that had suddenly arisen, that fatigue was forgotten and trouble laid aside, to enjoy only the cheering progress of the day and the bright hopes of the future.

None of these questions was more important, none likely to be fraught with graver consequences, than the selection of able teachers. Mr. Jefferson was too wise a man not to know that brick and mortar, and all the money a liberal State may be willing to spend, are not able to make a university. He had next to procure a rarer commodity than these—brains; and with the knowledge the tact, the kindly sympathies, and the earnest zeal without which all instruction remains barren, and young men may be taught without being educated. It was his ambition that the university of his native State should give a course of education equal to any other in the United States, for he never thought of building the institution up into a monument of his own greatness. His aim was as pure as it was lofty. He loved literature and science for their own sakes, and wanted to see them cultivated in his native land; but he also valued education, and especially the highest grade of it, as an essential condition of republican institutions. No doctrine is more frequently repeated in those of his letters which refer to the university than this—that a wide diffusion of knowledge among the people is essential to a wise administration of a popular government, and perhaps even to its stability. Before deciding this grave question of the future faculty, he took pains to inform himself thoroughly on the subject, studying the history of German universities as well as of Oxford and Cambridge, and inducing his old friend and frequent visitor, Mr. Dupont de Nemours—high authority on such subjects—to write an essay on the best scheme of colleges for the United States. When he proceeded, with all this light before him, to look around for able professors, he soon found that the most capable men in this country were already engaged, as such talents and ability as he required were then by no means redundant. To entice them from other institutions would have been invidious, and so unwarrantable as to expose him to severe censure; to take inferior men would have disappointed public expectation, and was contrary to all his hopes and aspirations. He had to turn to Europe, therefore, and fortunately was able, through a well-chosen agent, in 1824, to engage a number of well-qualified professors, among whom there was not an obscure man, nor one whose private character and general religious principles were not such as to bear the closest scrutiny. The names of Charles Bonnycastle, well known in science, and of Robley Dunglison, pre-eminent in the annals of medicine, have a good sound wherever they are heard, while Thomas Hewitt Key and George Long earned no small fame in Virginia, and even more, subsequently, in England, to which they returned, and where the latter still stands foremost, enjoying the highest reputation for ripe scholarship and rare critical powers. John P. Emmett, a nephew of the great Emmett, was chosen for the chair of chemistry, and an accomplished German for that of modern languages—for long years the only chair of its kind in any American college of high standing. Only the two professorships of law and moral philosophy Mr. Jefferson, with his usual tact and intuitive justness of perception, determined to bestow, at all hazards, upon natives, as the subjects here to be taught ought to be national in the highest sense of the word. He even suggested that the text-books to be used by the professor of law should be prescribed, so that "orthodox political principles" might be taught, and "the vestal flame of republicanism" be kept alive. The Hon. George Tucker, a native of Bermuda, but long a resident and at that time a representative in Congress from Virginia, was chosen for the chair of moral philosophy, and soon justified Mr. Jefferson's choice by his success as a teacher and the fame he acquired by his literary works. Another Virginian, John Tayloe Lomax, was subsequently appointed professor of law.

But even here all the prestige of Mr. Jefferson's great name and the hearty support he received from his friends did not shield him against bitter attacks and fierce opposition, which at times threatened seriously to interrupt his noble undertaking. It must be admitted that occasionally there seemed to be good ground for objection, and whenever this was the case the wise statesman did what wisdom suggests as the best remedy, but what so few of our great men even know how to do at the right time and in the right way—he yielded. Such was the violent opposition made to the election of Dr. Cooper, in 1820, by the Board of Visitors, at Mr. Jefferson's suggestion, to a chair in the State University. Dr. Cooper, well-known to history as Dr. Priestley's friend and a victim of the sedition law, was reputed to be a Unitarian—an unpardonable sin, at that time, in the eyes of the clergy of Virginia. There was already a strong religious excitement existing in the State with regard to the university. The leading sects had hoped that, after the example of the great institutions of the North, the new university also would fall under the control of one of their number, and thus they watched each other

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with anxious jealousy. But they were all united in the still greater apprehension—unfounded as it was—that the illustrious founder would give it a decidedly irreligious tendency. In vain did his friends represent that, so far from any such wish, Mr. Jefferson had, on the contrary, made special and ample provision for the establishment of separate schools of theology in the immediate vicinity of the university, holding out large pecuniary advantages and valuable privilege to all divinity students. The clergy saw in Dr. Cooper's appointment a danger threatening the souls of the youth of the land; they raised what Mr. Jefferson called a "hue and cry" against him, and soon were reinforced by a powerful party in the State Legislature. They succeeded in annoying and provoking their victim seriously; he criticised their action in severe terms, and even allowed himself to be carried away so far as to accuse, in his correspondence, the Presbyterians of a desire to restore a "Holy Inquisition." But soon his good sense triumphed over the feeling of vexation, and, yielding to the force of public opinion and his own views of expediency, he caused the appointment to be canceled on terms equally satisfactory to all parties.

How deeply he felt these mortifications, however, may be judged from a letter he wrote afterward to his friend Mr. Cabell, in which he says: "It is from posterity we are to expect remuneration for the sacrifices which we are making for their service of time, quiet, and good-will, and I fear not the appeal. The multitude of fine young men whom we shall redeem from ignorance, and who will feel that they owe to us the elevation of mind, of character, and station they will be able to obtain from the result of our efforts, will insure their remembering us with gratitude: we will not, then, be 'weary in well-doing.'"

On the 1st of February, 1825, the university was to be opened, but, to the intense mortification of Mr. Jefferson, three of the professors had not yet arrived from Europe, and to begin without them seemed to be neither courteous nor expedient. Perhaps nothing shows more forcibly the deep interest which he took in the success of his "pet" than the anxiety which he manifested on this occasion. In a letter to a friend he spoke of himself as "dreadfully nonplused"—a term of unusual force and homeliness for one who generally wrote both calmly and carefully. To increase his apprehension, news came that a terrible storm had raged on the Atlantic, doing serious injury to the shipping, and causing a grievous loss of life. His anxiety during these days reached a fearful point, and when at last the welcome message came that the vessel which was to have brought the English scholars to this country was safely at anchor in Plymouth Harbor, he wrote that the news had "raised him from the dead, for he was almost ready to give up the ship."

At last the travelers arrived, in the month of February, and were courteously received by the President's kinsmen in Richmond, and by himself upon their arrival in Charlottesville. "Soon afterward," wrote one of them in his memoranda, "the venerable ex-President presented himself, and welcomed us with that dignity and kindness for which he was celebrated. He was then eighty-two years old, with his intellectual faculties unshaken by age, and the physical man so active that he rode to and from Monticello, and took exercise on foot with all the activity of one twenty or thirty years younger. He sympathized with us on the discomforts of our long voyage, and on the disagreeable journey we must have passed over the Virginia roads, and depicted to us the great distress he had felt lest we had been lost at sea; for he had almost given us up when my letter arrived with the joyful intelligence we were safe." On the seventh day of March, 1825, the university was solemnly opened in the presence of all the professors (except Mr. Tucker) and forty students, which number was increased during the session to one hundred and twenty-three.

Mr. Jefferson's interest in the success of the university seemed but to increase now that it was fairly launched on its career. It looked as if he had regained all the activity and assiduity of his youth, and presented an almost unique example of energy after fourscore years. He ordered all things, and watched with his own eyes that every thing was done well. In former years he had stood, hour after hour, on the little terrace before his dining-room window watching through a telescope the workmen as they were busily raising story upon story. But now he was no longer content with such distant observation. Almost daily he would ride up from his home on the mountain, crossing a dangerous stream and passing over execrable roads, to spend several hours at the university, observing every thing, correcting errors and suggesting improvements, and then return in the same way, making ten miles on horseback, and working incessantly with body and mind alike. He was specially interested now in framing a code of laws for the government of the young men, and tried, unsuccessfully as it proved, to ingraft upon this code some of his own peculiar political doctrines. Thus he rejected at once all idea of punishment. No slavish fear, he said, no dread of disgrace, ought ever to be the motive of a young man's actions. He proposed to govern them solely by appeals to their patriotism and honor, and framed his laws accordingly. The students themselves were to form a part of their government, and to establish a court for the trial of minor offenses and the infliction of

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punishment on delinquent fellow-students. Unfortunately the youth of the land were not yet prepared to be governed by appeals to "their reason, their hopes, and their generous feelings," as the illustrious founder had hoped in his ardent admiration of ideal republicanism. Offenses were committed, and, being allowed to pass unpunished, led to graver disorders, till, passing from step to step, they reached a point of excess which could no longer be tolerated. When at length the professors interfered, forbearance having become impossible, the students fancied their rights were violated, and declared open resistance.

On the very night on which the Board of Visitors had assembled at Monticello to prepare business for their annual meeting at the university, these disorders culminated in open rebellion. Mr. Jefferson's mortification was intense. He felt that public confidence would be shaken, and the growth of the institution would be checked; but he was specially grieved by this evidence of the erroneousness of his favorite idea of self-government. With sorrow in his heart, and grief mingled with indignation in his features, he accompanied his distinguished guests the next morning to the university, summoned the students to their presence, and then addressed them in forcible terms, representing to them the heinousness of their offense, and appealing in touching, tender terms to their better feelings and their sense of honor. Mr. Madison and others followed his example, and so impressive were the words of these venerable men that the ringleaders came forward, one by one, confessing their guilt. Mr. Jefferson witnessed the affecting scene with silent sorrow; but when a near kinsman of his appeared, and thus proved to him that the efforts of the last ten years of his life had been foiled, and all his bright hopes of what he would do for his native land had been destroyed by one of his own blood, his self-control gave way, and he indulged, for once, in words of burning indignation and violent reproach. The principal rioters were expelled, and among them his guilty kinsman, and others more lightly punished; but from that day a stricter code of laws was introduced. Even now, however, the government of the university was strictly based upon the moral sense of the students, and every effort made to cultivate truth and uprightness among them. To this day this is the leading principle—no marks of merit and demerit are given, no fines imposed, no threats held over the young men. Their word is taken without questioning, and a falsehood punished so instantly and so severely by their own condemnation that no attempt to obtain honors or to avoid punishment by prevarication has been made for nearly a generation! Another principle inculcated by Mr. Jefferson has largely contributed to this happy result—that the government of a great institution depends largely on the friendly social relations between students and professors. Hence he placed the former, in their dormitories, close to the door of their teachers, counting upon the happy effects of daily intercourse, and foreseeing that the mutual kindly sympathy thus created could not fail to become an important aid in educating the moral faculties as well as in cultivating the understanding. This custom also has ever since been kept up: the professors are at all times accessible to the students, and perfect confidence and mutual sympathy bind them to each other. What he thus wished others to do Mr. Jefferson took good care to practice himself with scrupulous exactness. The professors were regularly invited two or three times a week to dine with him at Monticello, and the memory of those who longest survived their illustrious friend returned during their lifetime with unmixed delight to those meetings, when he interested them for hours by pouring forth the rich treasures of his mind, and cheered them by his kindly sympathy with all their joys and their sorrows. The students, also, were frequently invited, and four or five every Sunday. He received them with great kindness, entertained them with rare tact, and never failed to impress them deeply with the elevation of his character and the tender kindness of his heart. On these occasions he generally ate by himself in a small recess connected with the dining-room; for, being at that period of his life somewhat deaf, he could not hear well amidst the clatter of knives and the chat of a merry company, and yet, with unselfish regard for the comfort of others, did not wish to impose any restraint upon their enjoyment.

The attention he had heretofore so minutely bestowed upon the erection of buildings and the laying out of grounds was now given, with a far deeper interest, to the studies to be pursued in his beloved university; for he was, of all men, perhaps, best qualified to judge of what was best for the lofty aim he had in view. His own acquirements surprised even the accomplished foreigner and the far-famed savant by their extensiveness, and if his knowledge was not always equally accurate, he was too wise a man ever to fancy himself infallible, and willingly learned, not from the scholar only, but with equal readiness and humility from the simple mechanic. It may safely be said that there was no branch of human knowledge in which he was not more or less proficient. His favorite readings in the last months of his life were—next to the Bible, for which he ever expressed the most profound admiration and reverence—the great writers of ancient Greece, whose majestic grandeur and ripe art he appreciated with rare enjoyment. And yet he would turn with true

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zest from the lofty flights in which he had accompanied their genius to the work-bench and turning-lathe which he kept near his bedroom, or saunter into the garden and watch with intense delight the blooming forth of a bulb or the growth of a tree he had planted with his own hand. No wonder, then, that in his scheme of studies for the university he went far in advance of his contemporaries, and provided for wants which the majority of colleges have but recently thought proper to satisfy. Mention has already been made of the ample provision he made for schools of applied science, such as are now the boast of the leading colleges of the land, and of the important position he assigned, from the beginning, to the study of modern languages, by the side of Latin and Greek and Hebrew. But he went even farther: the first man in this country, he wisely discerned the eminent usefulness of Anglo-Saxon, mainly as a help to the proper understanding of our mother-tongue, and while he wrote—more than fifty years ago—to the Hon. J. E. Denison strongly recommending the taste for "the recovery of the Anglo-Saxon dialect," which he had noticed in English writings, and the actual publication of existing "country dialects of English, which would restore to our language all its shades of variation," he labored like a diligent pupil in the cause he so warmly urged upon others. His manuscript work on the "Anglo-Saxon Tongue," since published for gratuitous distribution by the university, is a most touching instance of his indefatigable assiduity, and at the same time a striking evidence of his vast knowledge and sagacious appreciation of precious lore. In accordance with these views he prescribed a course of lectures to be delivered on Anglo-Saxon—the first chair of its kind that was devised abroad or at home.

Thus he was closely and personally engaged, from morn till night, from season to season, in getting the great institution into operation, delighted to see at last his patriotic schemes approaching a happy realization. In the early part of 1826, and throughout its beautiful spring, he was still watching keenly, and even minutely, over all its concerns, with unclouded vigor of intellect, but, alas! no longer with the energy and elasticity of former years. His wrists were swollen and crippled by an accident, he moved with difficulty, and, finally, a serious chronic affection consumed slowly but irresistibly the scanty remnant of his former strength. His utter unselfishness, never more touching than in the last days of his life, led him to conceal the ravages of this disease, and to decline all help from others. He still joined the family circle and entertained visitors; above all, he still manifested the most lively interest in the welfare of the university; and only a few weeks before his death he once more rode the ten miles, going and coming, to see his darling pet.

But it was no longer the "gay cavalier," as he had appeared a few years before to the German prince, even as Eagle was no longer the impetuous colt that had thrown him more than once, and exposed him to serious danger. The poor horse, still proud and stately in his thorough-bred beauty, was tied to a hook and staple driven into the trunk of a Persian willow near Mr. Jefferson's study. There he stood, well stricken in years, but pawing and stamping, as of old, with fiery impatience, every now and then laying his ears back on the arched neck, to listen for the well-known footstep, or turning the finely cut head around to glance with his liquid eye at the door through which his master was wont to come. At last the familiar form appeared: the costume was still the same, but the auburn hair had changed by turns into gray and white, and now hung in long locks around the striking face. A low, grateful neigh responded to the master's cheerful greeting, which was never omitted, and then the horse was led to the long, low terrace, stretching from the house to the distant pavilions, for Mr. Jefferson was no longer able to rise from the stirrup, and had to get into the saddle from above. The noble animal, full of intelligence, and clearly appreciating all the details, stood still and immovable till he once more felt the master's hand—utterly helpless as it was—on the reins, and moved off, stepping gently and cautiously, though with many a quiver and half-checked toss of the head in his efforts to subdue the innate fire. No servant followed, for Mr. Jefferson still refused to be thus accompanied, and had met all the entreaties of his family with the firm declaration that, if they insisted upon it, he would give up riding altogether, but that as long as he rode at all he must ride alone.

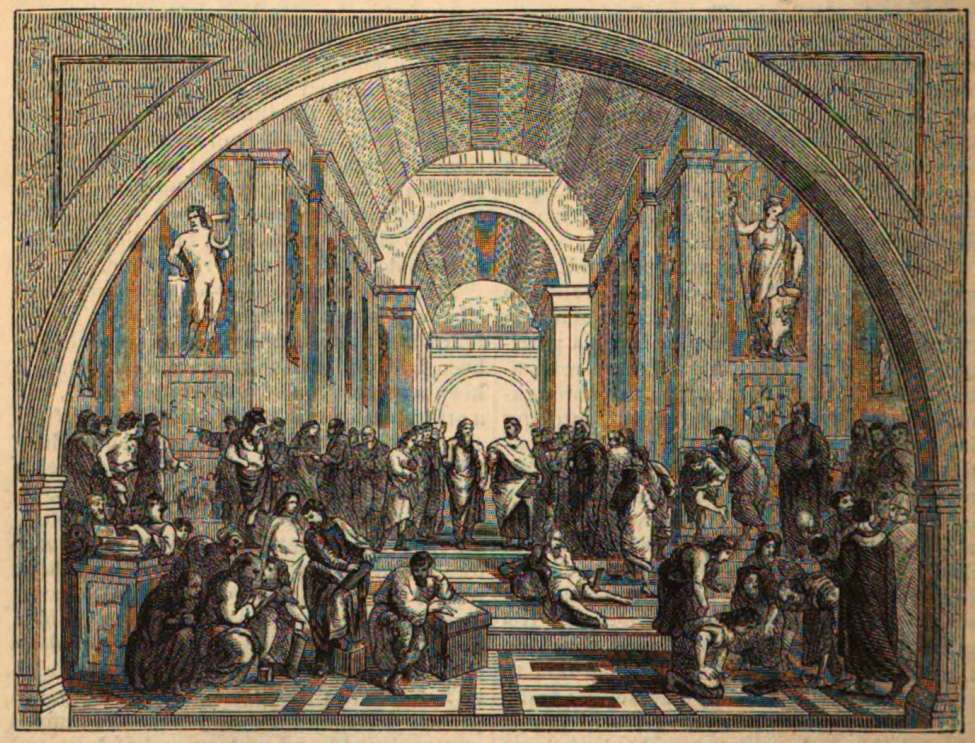
Thus the two friends—for such they literally were—made their way slowly down, following the picturesque roads which had been laid out on the mountain-side with a keen appreciation of a favorable grade, and a still more cunning adaptation to skillfully contrived openings here and there, which afforded glorious views over the enchanting landscape on that side. They passed down into the plain, crossed the treacherous mountain stream that meanders through rich meadows along the foot of the ridge, looking utterly innocent now of all the havoc it causes in times of heavy rains or sudden meltings of snow, though dyed a deep chocolate from the rich red clay through which it flows in its whole course. As they approached the village they were recognized at once by old and young; and if here and there a surly face and a cold shoulder turned toward the venerable horseman spoke of violent political prejudice, ample amends

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were made by the respectful salutations and the hearty greetings which met him on all sides. He was constantly stopped on the way by friends inquiring after his health, or neighbors requesting advice; now a Swiss watch-maker, whom he had induced to come to this country, would inform him of some news from Fatherland, in which the ex-President ever showed a lively interest; and now a skillful glazier, who had come at his bidding from England, would thank him for some recent favor he had obtained at his hand. And as he left the little town again, and from the hill on the outskirts first beheld once more the stately buildings and long ranges of his beloved university, who will say what feelings of gratitude to his Maker then filled his heart for the gift of years and health and strength which had allowed him to finish so great a work? His visits to the university were so frequent that they excited but little attention; but those who saw him on this occasion never after forgot the beaming eye, the kindly smile, and the still erect, noble form which they then beheld for the last time. He made his way slowly up to the modest library in the beautiful room of the rotunda; and the librarian, who of all the officers appointed by the illustrious man alone survives, and still faithfully discharges his duties, well remembers the deep impression made upon his mind by this last visit of the sage of Monticello.

For after his return home he grew rapidly weaker and worse; but even when bound to his couch, from which he was never to rise again, he still manifested his deep interest in the university, repeatedly urging upon his friends to stand by the institution, dependent as it was upon the pleasure of the Legislature. Amidst all his cares and anxieties for the welfare of his family, amidst the minute arrangements he made with his grandson for his private affairs, he would constantly break off the thread of his conversation to speculate upon the person who might succeed him as rector, to express his desire that Mr. Madison should be appointed, and to repeat his hopes that his illustrious colleague and all his friends would make every possible exertion in behalf of his beloved university. It was the bursar of the institution who, reaching Monticello shortly before his death, and inquiring in a whisper at the door whether he might enter, was mistaken by the dying man for the minister of the neighborhood, and led to his expressing a willingness to see him: and when he expired on the 4th of July, 1826, he left behind him no prouder claim than that expressed in the last line of the inscription he directed to be placed upon his tombstone:

"Father of the University of Virginia."



"SCHOOL OF ATHENS," IN THE PUBLIC HALL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

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SALTAIRE AND ITS FOUNDER.



TITUS SALT.

THE Greeks were wont to deify the founders of their cities; and poetical justice, according to Roman ideas, was awarded to Romulus, when, having established upon the muddy Tiber what was to become the queen city of the world, he was caught up out of the sight of men, and ascended deathless to Olympus. The ancient heroes regarded the founding of cities as an achievement scarcely less heroic than the conquest of countries. Medieval barons took pride in fostering the growth of the dependent hamlets which clustered at the base of their castle cliffs, and these hamlets grew to towns, and anon to free and thriving cities. But the barons of our day have lost the baronial privilege of founding communities; commerce and intelligence have robbed them of their condescending feudal powers; the lord of the manor has become but the echo of a name.

The newer age imposes new conditions, and if the men of our time seek to found cities, it must not be as commanders and rulers granting privileges to subjects and slaves, but as public-spirited promoters of the thought and prosperity of their own era, serving a common humanity, binding those in whose behalf they lay their corner-stones by ties of service and affection. It is of such a man and his beneficent work that we propose to speak in this article. Benevolence, in this latter part of the nineteenth century, takes varied forms, and continually seeks out original and more practically operative methods of alleviating the ills the race is heir to. The idea of the Peabody dwellings in London, and of the Peabody charity bestowed upon our Southern States, was remarkable for its immediate success in the object aimed at, and could only have proceeded from a keen sympathy, which, not content with pitying or with mere ostentation, felt and determined to reach the commonplace miseries of mankind.

The founder of the beautiful little town of Saltaire, in Yorkshire, was animated by a similar fruitful and operative sympathy. Having himself arisen from the people, and himself been one of that manufacturing artisan class which, by his project, he has peculiarly benefited, he knew the circumstances and needs of industrial life, and has devoted the wealth accumulated by his diligence and persistency to supplying them. His benevolence has been eminently inventive. Arcadias have been imagined, and in some instances—as in that of the Brook Farm community—attempted, by poets and visionaries; social brotherhoods have been founded wherein all things were enjoyed in common, and wherein the idea of fraternity has been attempted to be carried out to its last logical results. The founder of Saltaire imagined the nobler purpose of establishing a model town of the artisan class, and founding a little commonwealth of operatives in which every comfort necessary to domestic happiness and every privilege of religion and mental culture, as well as every provision for rational enjoyment, might be equally accessible to each and every member of it.

Sir Titus Salt is one of the greatest woolen manufacturers in the north of England, principally engaging in the production of alpacas, of which large quantities are imported to this country. As he himself has risen in the world, his work-people have risen with him, until now a town has sprung up around his vast factory, built by him to give homes, churches, and reading-rooms to his artisans. Titus Salt was a true Yorkshireman by birth, his native place being his father's old manor-house, Morley, between Leeds and Wakefield, where he first saw the light in 1803. In his infancy his father moved to Bradford, then a small and rather humdrum town of 16,000 inhabitants, but now one of the manufacturing centres of England, where he began business as a wool-stapler, in due time taking his son into partnership.

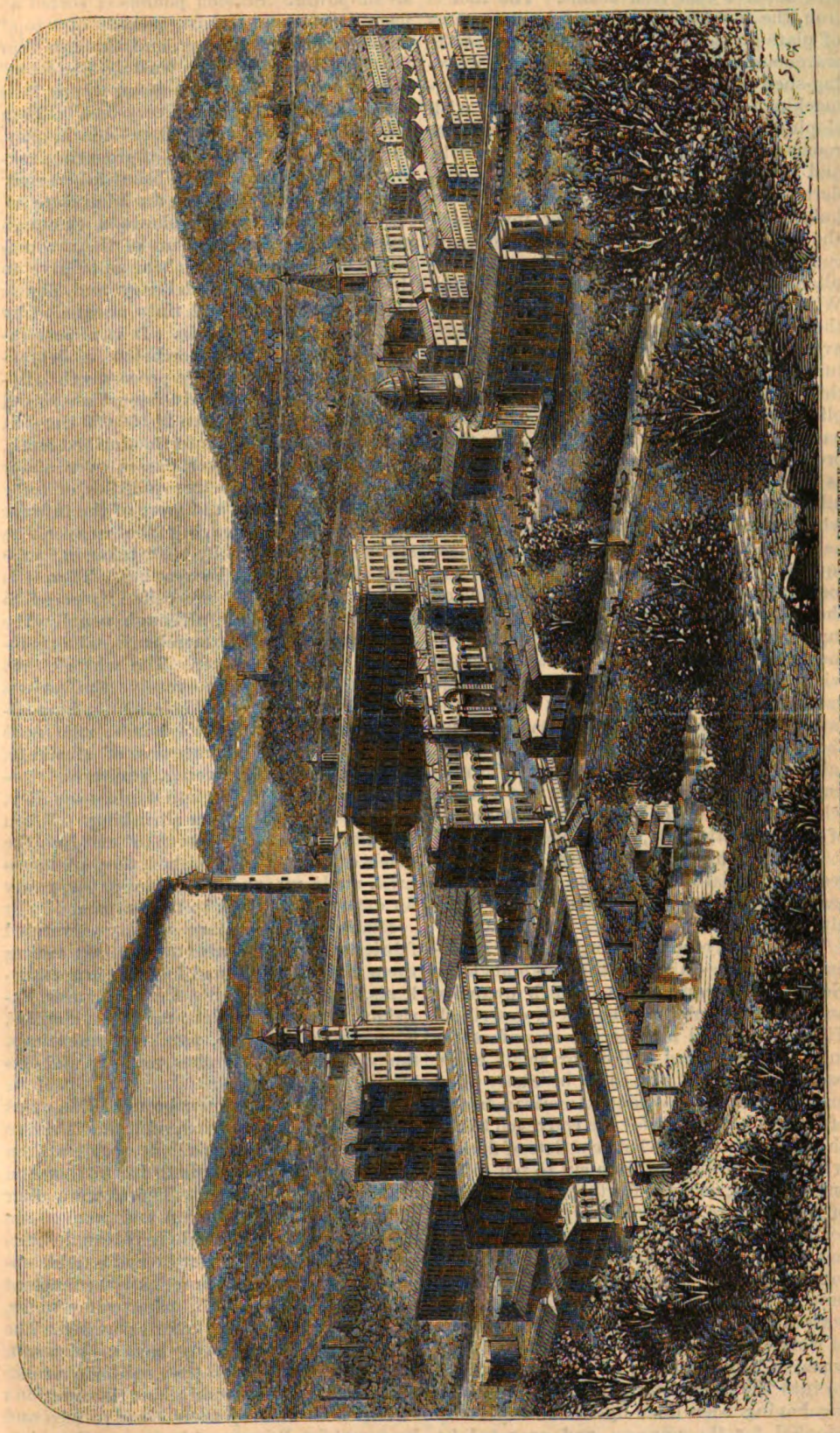
When he reached his twenty-first year young Titus resolved to branch off from the paternal trade, and to set up for himself, mod-

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estly but resolutely, as a spinner. He hired a mill and one or two men, and went thus sturdily to work. He was not long in establishing a good position in the trade, and soon found himself on the high-road to fortune. An interesting incident, illustrative of the young man's strong Yorkshire practical sense and keen business judgment, was some time ago related by Charles Dickens in *Household Words*. A huge pile of "dirty-looking sacks, filled with some fibrous material which bore a strong resemblance to superannuated horse-hair," was landed one day at Liverpool. Where they came from, what vessel brought them, whom they were intended for, or what purpose they were destined to serve, no one, not the oldest warehousemen in Liverpool, could imagine. There they lay, unclaimed and in the way, week after week; merchants would have nothing to say to them; dealers sneered at them; all voted them worthless and a nuisance. The consignee agents seriously thought of shipping them off again. One day "a plain, business-looking young man, with an intelligent face and quiet, reserved manner" (thus Boz describes Titus Salt), was walking through the warehouses, when his eye fell upon a bunch of the supposed horse-hair which projected from one of the neglected bales, gnawed by the rats. He took it up, rubbed it, felt it, pulled it to pieces; then he simply put a handful of it in his pocket and walked quietly away. A day or two afterward he called on the consignees and offered eightpence per pound for the lot of three hundred and odd sacks, which offer amazed the head of the firm, who, as soon as he could recover his presence of mind, eagerly accepted it. Titus departed with what the warehouse clerks were pleased to call "the South American stuff," carried it to Bradford, and began to manufacture from it those alpaca-wool cloths which are the envy of modest housewives every where, and which have gradually become one of the chief manufactured products of England. The "superannuated horse-hair" was the wool of a Peruvian sheep called the alpaca, its staple being remarkably long, soft, and glossy. It had already become somewhat known in England before the incident narrated by Boz took place, but to Titus Salt is due the introduction of its manufacture and its adaptation to its present use, and the story as related is literally true. It was the tide in his affairs which rapidly swept him on to fortune. His mills had to be enlarged, and then new and extensive ones built, until he was forced at last to move to some distance from town, erecting his present mills some two miles off. Stories are told how he sometimes made a thousand pounds sterling before he ate his breakfast, for he was an early riser, often being found in the mills by the earliest of his workmen, and not breaking bread until he had seen the work for the day well in progress. By his forty-fifth year he was a very rich man, and might have retired with a lordly income, establishing himself in some fertile and umbrageous domain, deserted by a spendthrift noble, among the merchant princes of Yorkshire. He continued in business for the purpose of taking active measures for improving the condition of his workpeople. He now transferred them from the crowded, narrow-streeted town to the fresh air and abundant room of the country; and on his fiftieth birthday (1853) this anniversary and the completion of his noble factory at Saltaire were celebrated by a banquet "of unusual magnificence," on which occasion he said that he hoped to draw around him a population who would enjoy the beauties of the neighborhood, and who would be well fed, contented, and happy. If his life should be spared by Providence, he added, he hoped to see satisfaction, happiness, and comfort around him.

The spot chosen whereon to erect the factory is beautifully situated in the winding valley of the little river Aire, which is inclosed by picturesque sloping hills, and surrounded by extensive parks and the luxurious residences of the rich Bradford merchants. Further up the valley is Skipton, a quaint, irregular old town, with a noble and yet perfect feudal castle, which was the scene of one of Cromwell's hardest-fought sieges; while all along the banks of the stream are scattered those pretty, old-fashioned English villages, with their hedges and moss-grown Saxon-towered churches, which remain to symbolize the era of feudal proprietorship. It was a happy thought to call the new town Saltaire—a name which combines that of its founder with that of the river upon which it is situated. The great factory erected on this spot for the manufacture of alpaca is in many respects distinguished above the other factories of the great industrial belt which here crosses England, from Liverpool to Leeds, for its architectural elegance. It is built of light-colored stone in the Italian style of architecture, and, together with the warehouses, stables, and artisans' dining-hall, which are contiguous, covers an area of over nine acres. The floors of the several buildings cover an extent of some 50,000 yards. The walls of the great edifice are so thickly built as rather to resemble an ancient castle fortified to sustain the brunt of feudal wars than a building erected for the purposes of peaceful industry. The south front, which looks out upon the Aire, is especially imposing, being six stories high, 545 feet long, and 72 feet wide. In the centre of the building are placed the engines, which yield a force of upward of 1200 horse-power. The floors are based upon arches of hollow brick, supported by long rows of highly ornamented cast iron columns

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THE SALTAIRE MILLS, SHOWING ALSO THE CHURCH, LITERARY INSTITUTE, ETC.

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and massive cast iron beams. The roof is iron, the windows formed of large squares of plate-glass. Next to the factory are the warehouses and sheds, among them a weaving-shed holding 1200 looms, and a combing-machine shed. These sheds are roofed with sloping sky-lights. On the western side are rooms for sorting, washing, and drying wools, and for reeling and packing the goods. Underneath is an enormous tank and filter, holding 500,000 gallons of water, into which the rain is conducted through a number of conduits, which, after being filtered, is applied to the processes of the manufacture. With the engines, which are in the centre of the building, are connected sixteen boilers, averaging fifty horse-power each, which turn shafting to drive the machinery about three miles in length. The engines are supplied with water from the Aire by tunnels passing under all the buildings. The most prominent and striking feature of the works, as one approaches them coming over the hills from Bradford, is the huge chimney which rears itself at their side, rising to the height of 250 feet, and being twenty-six feet square at the base. It is ornately and symmetrically built, looking much like some of the Italian campaniles which are found standing beside the basilicas in almost every peninsular city. The establishment is supplied with extensive gas-works, with two large gasometers, which provide light both for the factory and the town: the artisans pay for the privilege of using it at the rate of 3*s.* 6*d.* (about ninety cents) per 1000 feet. Twelve hundred looms are contained in the factory, which are capable of producing 30,000 yards of alpaca cloth daily, or some 5688 miles of it a year, which, as the crow flies, would reach from Saltaire over the land and the sea to Peru, the native mountains of the alpaca sheep.

The process of manufacturing this "superannuated horse-hair" into the neat and glossy cloths which come to us in such quantity and variety of color may be briefly described. The alpaca wool reaches the manufacturer in what are called ballots, or small bales, packed in such a way as to be easily piled on the backs of the South American beasts of burden by which they are conveyed to the shipping ports. The bale consists of fleeces, which are sorted into from six to ten different qualities, adapted for the various grades of manufacture. The primary processes are sorting, washing, drying, plucking, combing, drawing, roving, spinning, weaving, dyeing, pressing, finishing, and folding—thirteen processes, exclusive of reeling, sizing, and warping, which are common to the routine of worsted manufacture. After the sorting, washing, and drying, the various qualities go into the hands of the comber, the washing having been done by rollers especially adapted for the purpose, and operated by steam-power. Sixteen pounds of sorted alpaca yield about twelve pounds of "top," which is fit for spinning, and three or four for "noil," which is the waste. The "top" is sent to the preparing-room, where it is first put through the "slivery-box." Then follow, for the ordinary colors—black, gray, and white—the operations of preparing, roving, and spinning. The beautiful variety of shades is obtained by an admixture of the "sliverings," which shows a thorough union of the inherent colors of the raw material, and so combines them as to give to the finished stuffs a delicacy and gentle blending of shades and tints unequaled by any other worsted fabric. It is almost incredible, but it is nevertheless a demonstrated fact, that in these processes the sliverings, drawings, and "slubbings" are mixed or doubled no fewer than 21,000,000 times in converting the "top" into the finished hank, or yarn. Each weaver passes over about three pieces of the better qualities, of forty yards each, weekly, and more of the inferior qualities. After leaving the weaver, the stuffs are examined by the "taker-in," who looks for defects in the weaving. Then it is folded up into what are called "pieces," to be sent to the dyer, although usually the goods are sold to the merchants, who themselves employ the dyer. The white cloths are sent to the dyer to receive the various colors, while the "self" colors pass immediately into the finisher's hands, who puts them through the processes of steaming, singeing, crabbing, dyeing, and pressing—these imparting to the cloth its glossy quality, and preventing it from shrinking. When the manufacturer or merchant receives the goods duly dyed and finished, they are measured, made up, and folded in paper, ready for export or delivery to the drapers.

Besides alpacas, a large variety of worsted fabrics are manufactured at Saltaire; among them may be mentioned lastings, crapes, orleans, cassinettes, twills, French figures, Parisians, damasks, camlets, merinoes, challies, mousselines de laine, poplins, bombazines, fancy waistcoatings, robes, mohairs, and embroidered alpacas.

Mr. Salt had no sooner brought this great enterprise to completion, and got fairly to work in his new and spacious quarters, than he set about accomplishing his further and philanthropic project. There were four thousand operatives—men and women—in his establishment; he felt a paternal interest in them, and saw that he had a noble opportunity to make a practically benevolent use of the wealth which, by his perseverance, honesty, and frugality, he had amassed. The work-people must have homes—pleasant, healthy, cheerful ones; they needed churches and schools for worship and instruction; bath-houses to keep them clean; clubs and lyceums for literary culture and harmless

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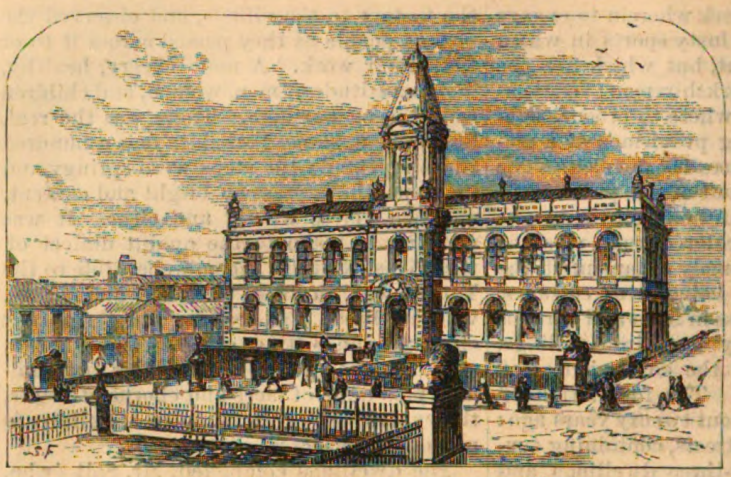
recreation; a public park wherein to engage in those athletic and lusty sports in which all Englishmen delight, but which are the special passion of Yorkshiremen; convenient marts and shops where to procure substantial and nourishing provisions at a reasonable rate; almshouses for the sick. The result was the laying out of the present village, which is a beautiful one, all the houses being built of a light-colored stone, pleasant to the eye, and handsomely ornamented, the greater part of them being neat cottages, with little plots of grass in front and gardens behind, surrounded by neat iron railings, and supplied with all the conveniences of modern domestic life. The foundation of the village was laid about twenty years ago: there are now thirty streets, containing seven hundred and sixty-three dwellings and shops. The two main streets are named "Victoria" and "Albert," after the Queen and the Prince Consort; others are named "Titus," "William Henry," "Mary," "Ada," after the founder, his children, and various members of his family. The area on which the cottages stand is about twenty-six acres, from which the size of the little town may be conjectured.

It rises on a gentle slope on the right bank of the Aire, the factory and warehouses being on the left bank, and connected with the village by a neat, substantial bridge. The streets are well paved, the pavements broad; rows of trees are set out along the streets; and on every side one sees well-kept lawns, flower beds, and carefully nurtured fruit trees and hedges. Once in a while you come upon a pretty square, the cottages ranging on three sides of the quadrangle, with an airy, open space in front, where the children may play, and where, their day's work done, the "hands" may meet and gossip. Beyond the village is the hedge-bound, winding, shaded high-road, following the sinuosities of the graceful and rapid stream up the valley; above it are copses and forests, open to the pedestrian, ascending to pleasant summits, where often in summer picnics are held, and there are dances going on on the smooth plateaus in the openings. Below lies the town of Shipley, and further north Baildon, or the "Hill of Baal," and Baildon Moor; and westerly the sweet vale where Bingley nestles amidst her far-famed forests by the pretty Aire. On the south is Nab Wood and the parks suburban to Bradford. On the other side of the Aire, perhaps half a mile below the factory, is a lovely nook, noted for miles around, called "Shipley Glen." It is a deep gorge in the midst of a wood, through which filters a little stream, winding among rocks and brush. This is a favorite resort with the honest Yorkshire folk thereabout, and is the most attractive walk of the Saltaire operatives on Sunday afternoons. I have often stationed myself on the bridge leading from the factory to the village, and observed the factory people as they passed across it to or from their work. A more cheery, healthy, lusty multitude of men, women, and children can be seen nowhere. There was the real, broad, open, *strong* Yorkshire face a hundred times repeated; the steps were springy and vigorous, the expression bright and content, and the voices kindly and clear. It was amusing to listen to the quaint dialect of the "West Riding," incomprehensible to the Yankee ear, in bass, baritone, and treble, with its broad, flat sounds, and its abrupt clippings and cuttings of words and phrases; and, if one might judge from this little human panorama of faces and chorus of voices, the experiment of the founder of Saltaire is no doubtful success.

The dwellings completed, Mr. Salt (who, by-the-way, was created a baronet by Queen Victoria in 1869, and as Sir Titus Salt, Bart., is the person of the highest title residing in the vicinity of Bradford) proceeded to the erection of the beautiful public edifices which are the striking ornaments of the village, and to prove his sympathy with the moral and physical necessities of his people. The first built was the Congregational church; this stands near the railway which passes up the valley to Skipton. It is a picturesque object, whether you look down the valley of the Aire or from the surrounding hills. Like the other Saltaire buildings, it is in the Italian style of architecture, with a peripteral temple of Corinthian columns in front, a cupola adorned with columns, the bronzed and gilt castings producing a rich and novel effect. The church is surrounded by pilasters, and crowned with an entablature adorned like the portico. The interior is elegant, harmonious, and simple, a refined taste having impressed itself throughout. The windows are richly tinted, as the almost invariable custom in England is. The pews are arranged in two masses, with a single central aisle, and are of polished wainscoting, richly carved. The organ is a very fine one, and stands in a domed recess behind the communion-table and pulpit, which are inclosed on a platform by a massive balustrade. The edifice is lighted by two superb chandeliers with disks of cut and ground glass. A chime of bells occupies the tower, which also has a large clock. The cost of the church is said to have been about £16,000. The family mausoleum of the Salts is situated on the south side of the church, and here those members of it who have passed away are laid. When the time of Sir Titus comes, he too will be entombed on this spot, "in the midst of the people whom he loved so well."

On Victoria Road, one of the three main streets of the village, some distance back from the street, stands the Saltaire Club and Institute, a rare tribute to learning and letters, designed to afford recreative instruction to the operatives after their day's work

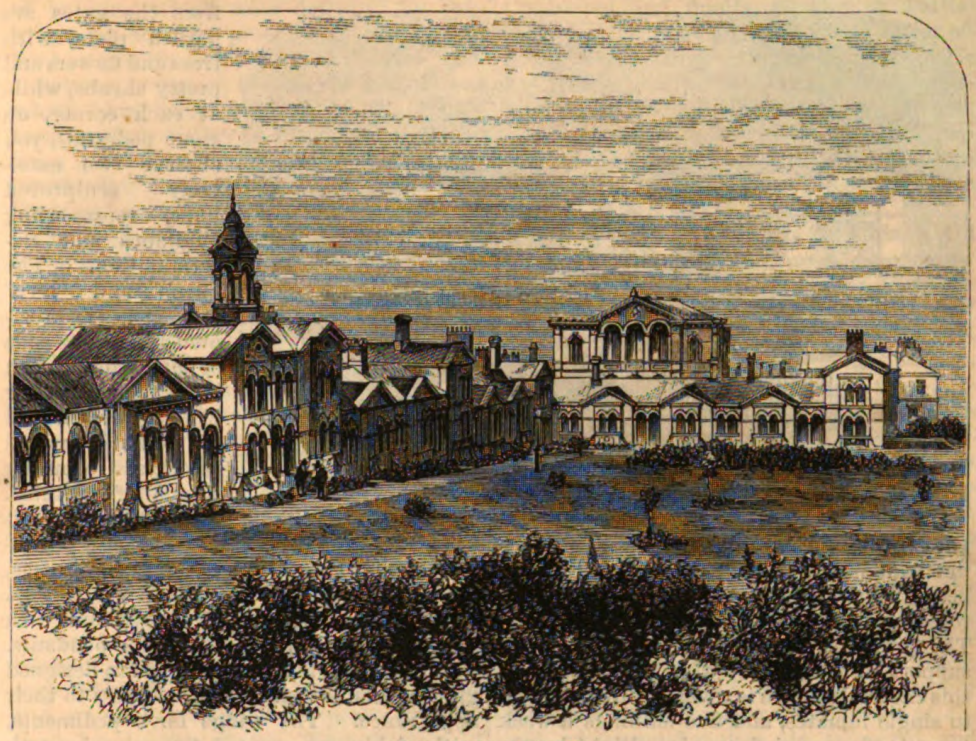
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SALTAIRE CLUB AND INSTITUTE, ERECTED 1870.

is done. It is inclosed within a high railing, and is surrounded by a well-kept lawn, made bright and pleasant to the eye by shrubs and flowers. On pedestals at the angles of the railing are two massive lions, the work of the sculptor Milnes, originally intended to occupy the position in which one now sees Landseer's famous lions at the base of the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square, London. They are noble works of art, and it is almost to be regretted that they should be confined to the obscurity of a Yorkshire village. They are emblematical of "War" and "Peace." The edifice consists of two stories and a basement; its front is divided by a tower rising from the base in semi-relief, and the windows on the first floor are chastely decorated and flanked by fluted Corinthian columns surmounted by rich and florid capitals. These support semicircular arches with a head in the centre. The summit comprises a series of gracefully adorned panels, parted by tiny columnlets in semi-relief, and flanked at the angles by elegant towerlets. The entrance is reached by a flight of steps, while above the front door-way are two female statues six feet high, representing "Art" and "Science." The tower is highly and variously ornamented, with a spacious window flanked by Corinthian columns having rich capitals, and supplied on either side with some fine scroll-work. The tower terminates in the form of an angular cone. Entering the vestibule, which has a decided air of spaciousness and comfort, you find the reading-room on the left and the library on the right. The reading-room is high-walled, well lighted and ventilated, and cheerful, and fitted up with every accessory to a comfortable "sit down" to the books and papers. The library is neat and pleasant; out of it are a class-room, cloak-room, and a lavatory. At the end of the vestibule is the great lecture-hall, a noble apartment ninety feet by sixty, and forty feet high, capable of seating eight hundred persons. The windows are large, decorated with chasings, and divided by columns in semi-relief with scroll capitals, which support an adorned ledge, from which the roof springs convexly. The embellishments are fitting and graceful, and the general effect gratifies the taste. In the upper stories of the Institute are to be found the schools of art and science; a lofty and well-lighted billiard-room, with four full-sized tables; and committee-rooms; while in the basement one finds a smaller lecture-room; a laboratory, with sets of instruments and apparatus for use in scientific demonstrations, a complete box of instruments being furnished by Sir Titus's generosity to each student in the chemical class; class-rooms; a bagatelle-room; a chess-room; lavatories; an armory and drill-room, with the rifles belonging to the "Saltaire Corps;" a gymnasium, having a supply of trapezes, horizontal bars, and other gymnastic appliances; and closets and entries for the general convenience. The fees for membership to the Institute are nominal, men above twenty-one years of age paying two shillings a quarter; above eighteen, one and sixpence; boys above thirteen, a shilling; women over eighteen (for whom there are sewing classes), a shilling; and girls between thirteen and eighteen, sixpence. The Institute is open to all the inhabitants of the town, and the instruction given there includes reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, drawing, chemistry, needle-work, and gymnastics. The large hall is used for lectures, readings, concerts, and other entertainments. The building is also used by various friendly and benefit working-people's societies, the object being to afford these some other place of meeting than the beer-houses: the rooms for these purposes are let for three-pence per evening. The objects of Sir Titus in establishing this Institute were, as he stated when it was formally opened in May, 1870, first, to make it a social club—to supply the advantages of public-houses without their evils—and secondly, an educational institution, and as a resort for conversation, business, recreation, and refreshment. Believing that "it is gude to be merrie and wise," he proposed that the recreative uses of the Institute should occupy a place almost as prominent as that accorded to the means of mental culture. The building was, in the first instance, furnished at Sir Titus's expense,

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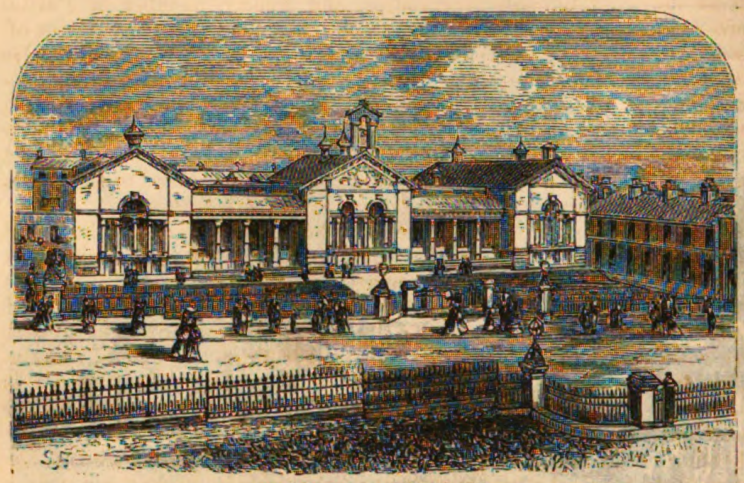
ALMSHOUSES, SALTAIRE.

and was then occupied by a committee selected for the purpose at a nominal rent; this committee was appointed half by the firm and half by the members (operatives) of the "Saltaire Literary Institute," and holds office and is renewable every six months. In the brief period which has elapsed since its opening its success as an attractive place whither to draw the operatives from the temptations of the taverns has been fully demonstrated. Even so soon its accommodations are scarcely adequate to the demands upon it. The library, comprising several thousand carefully selected volumes, is in constant use; the lectures and concerts are eagerly attended; the classes are full; and it is observed that the boys and girls in their teens are particularly zealous in their attendance both on the classes of instruction and on the library and reading-room. The scene in the Institute on an evening is a very interesting one; the people take pains to come in neat attire, and behave quietly and orderly, and may be seen gathered in cheery little groups in the various apartments thrown open to their use.

Within the past year Sir Titus Salt has supplemented the Institute by completing a park for the out-of-door recreation of his people. A portion of land, fourteen acres in extent, which skirts the Aire, and slopes gently down the dale, was inclosed, and within a few months converted into a tasteful and attractive park. The course of the river opposite was so changed as to give it several graceful curves, adding much to the varied beauty of the scene. The park has been laid out with choice trees and shrubs; it is intersected with pretty avenues and walks, while from the promenade on the river-side a lovely view of Airedale above and below is had. A boat-house and landing-place afford opportunities to those who delight in aquatic sports, while a large section of the park is set apart for a cricket ground, that national game being quite as much a necessity as the park itself. In the centre is a tastefully designed semicircular freestone pavilion overlooking the cricket ground, whence the vicissitudes of the game may be watched. There are croquet grounds and bowling-greens, bathing places, alcoves, copses and terraces, sloping knolls, and "two man-of-war guns" presented by the Admiralty of England. The regulations of the park leave its management in the hands of the firm; and so long as it is not abused it is open free to all the inhabitants of Saltaire.

The buildings and arrangements for sanitary and educational purposes are admirably adapted to the ends in view. There are forty-five elegantly built almshouses for the reception of the aged and infirm, capable of giving a comfortable retreat to sixty persons at a time. Their style of architecture is Italian, and they are abundantly supplied with ovens, boilers, and pantries, the rooms being generally on the ground-floor, and each almshouse having a flagged

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BRITISH SCHOOLS, SALTAIRE.

yard in the rear. In front there are asphaltum walks and green parterres and flower beds; beneath the windows honeysuckles, roses, and sweet-brier may be seen growing. The provision made by Sir Titus for the support of the infirm who take refuge in this cheerful purlieu is seven shillings a week to single inmates, and five shillings a week to each of a married couple. Right by the almshouse quadrangle is a neat little chapel, capable of holding seventy persons, well lighted and ventilated, the walls adorned with Scripture texts; here a religious service is held on Sundays, and once during the week-days. The infirmary is built at a corner of the almshouse quadrangle; here medicines are dispensed, and accidents of a character not too serious are treated by a surgeon employed for the purpose. In descending the main thoroughfare of Saltaire—Victoria Road—you reach, when about half-way to the bridge, a series of handsome buildings set back about sixty feet from the street. They look not unlike some Oriental temple, and you half expect to see a gorgeously appareled procession of dervishes or swarthy priestesses issue from the ornate portals. They are, in fact, the factory schools. Many English manufacturers are more or less averse to and distrustful of education among their work-people. I have heard the owner of a great Manchester factory say, "Books put all sorts of things into the heads of the lads, and make 'em quite unfit for their business." Sir Titus Salt welcomes education as his friend and ally. He has found by experience that intelligence far more than doubles the actual manual efficiency of an artisan, and that the artisan who can reason over his machinery is worth two whose labor is mere humdrum mechanical skill. These school-houses are perhaps the chief ornament, if we add their moral significance to their physical beauty, of Saltaire. On either side of the entrance from the gates are garden plots, with trees and flowers and pretty shrubs, while at each corner, on stone pedestals, you observe two massively sculptured lions, representing Vigilance and Determination. The boys' and girls' apartments are situated at opposite ends of the building, each room being eighty feet long, so arranged as to be separated into class-rooms by means of curtains. Recessed cupboards are let into the walls to serve as the repositories for the books, and there are cloak-rooms, lavatories, and ample light and ventilation. The buildings are heated throughout with hot water, and lighted by gas pendants. The Italian style in which they are designed gives a peculiar grace and lightness to their appearance. The wings have pediments, with richly ornamented tympana, beneath which are light Venetian windows supported on columns. The pediment of the central building contains a fine piece of sculpture, embodying the Salt coat of arms; while over it is a bell turret, with figures of children holding instruments of instruction over the central arch. At the sides are large two-light windows supported by consoles, and above, shafts, carved capitals, and pediments. Besides the regular school-rooms for boys and girls, there is a neat little apartment looking out upon a double colonnade, which is used for an infants' school-room. At the rear are large, airy play-grounds, lined with asphalt, portions of these spaces being covered, so as to afford recess recreation in wet weather. The play-grounds are divided, and in that used by the boys there are complete gymnastic appliances. The whole room provided by the school-houses is capable of accommodating, with ample comfort and thorough instruction, seven hundred and fifty pupils.

The children of the artisan families are admitted to these schools free, and when they graduate from them have received what we should call in America a "good common-school education." The system of instruction is that recommended by the government Council of Education. Religious instruction, both in Sunday-school and from the pulpit, is given not only in the Congregational church already described, but also in a Wesleyan (Methodist) chapel, which was erected five years ago on a lot given for the purpose by Sir Titus Salt, and the expenses

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of building which were defrayed by subscriptions and the proceeds of bazars and tea-parties: its cost was some £5500.

Saltaire possesses, besides the institutions which have been sketched, all the appurtenances and appliances of town life. There are a post-office and a savings-bank, a telegraph office and a public dining-hall, a horticultural society and co-operative societies, an angling association and a cricket club, a brass band, a reed and string band, and a glee and madrigal society, a rifle corps, and men's and women's societies for the relief of the sick. Besides the cottages owned by Sir Titus himself, many others are constantly going up on lots bought from him by master operatives and others.

Such an achievement as that which has been herein briefly sketched might well be thought worthy to have filled to good purpose one man's career. But Sir Titus has not confined himself to the building of factories and the founding of towns. Before Bradford was incorporated as a city he was its chief constable, and when it received its charter he was chosen senior alderman, and became mayor in the second year of its incorporate career. He has been a magistrate and a commissioner of the peace, Deputy-Lord-Lieutenant of the West Riding of Yorkshire, President of the Chamber of Commerce, and, finally, member of Parliament for the borough, from which latter office he soon retired, owing to ill health. He has always been a Dissenter in religious conviction, and a stanch Liberal in politics; and it is pleasant, though perhaps not pertinent, to add that this great Northern lord of worsteds was a zealous friend of the Union during our war of the rebellion.

In Saltaire he has a monument which will long outlast the fame of many a name now far more often on the lips of men; it was the realization of a great idea, the reduction of the vagaries of the Utopian dreamer to substantial fact. Sir Titus has taught the English capitalist to what noble duties it is possible to devote himself, and the English laborer that the barrier between the sympathies of the master that overlooks and the man that works may be broken down, in a yet wiser age, in other ways than by hostile combination. Certainly no dreamer of a possible Arcadia could have fancied a picture more inspiring than a town where, by the exertion of a patriarchal affection, education is open to every child, where labor is respected, where intemperance is banished, where the graces of life and the higher pleasures of the mind are the portion of all, and where misfortunes are tempered and softened by a watchful and fruitful foresight.

THE STORY OF TAMMANY.

II.—HOW IT GREW TO POLITICAL SUPREMACY.

DECIDEDLY the toughest adversary Tammany ever encountered, as stated in the preceding paper, was De Witt Clinton. Few men have more perceptibly and beneficially impressed their genius upon their country and their times, and few have had their claims to grateful remembrance — as the map of the nation abundantly testifies—so fully recognized by their countrymen. He was, without exception, the greatest man of the period to which he belonged, the largest figure among the immediate successors to the men of Revolutionary renown, and one of the few who are not overshadowed by the superior merits and opportunities of their predecessors. Intellectually he was strong, honest, and comprehensive—a thorough patriot, a laborious and conscientious student, and, in point of capacity to observe and provide for the wants of the country in the transition state through which it was then passing, the most profound and far-seeing statesman of his time. Physically he was scarcely less distinguished, being over six feet in height, possessing a rugged and sinewy frame and a massive head, although both, in outline and texture, were somewhat coarse and hard. Altogether he supplied a splendid illustration of *mens sana in corpore sano*.

The present generation can get some conception of the physiognomy and general bearing of the man by visiting his monument, surmounted by his statue, representing him as he appeared in his mature years and the plenitude of his well-earned fame, to be seen in Greenwood Cemetery.

Yet the man was far from perfect. While he was undeniably able, and is deservedly reverenced for both his public and private virtues, he had equally conspicuous weaknesses. In manner he was brusque and haughty. He was ambitious to a degree which made him indifferent to party ties, and sometimes, it was charged, to personal obligations, having had the misfortune to early imbibe that incurable desire to reach the Presidency, for which he was never an unworthy, but always an unwise candidate. But his chief defect as a public man—one which, perhaps, did more to impair his success as a politician than his usefulness as a statesman, and which certainly embroiled him in continual difficulty—was his choleric temper, coupled with a disposition brave to rashness. Strong and dextrous as he was,

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DE WITT CLINTON.

he was often caught with his armor off. He never could endure a rival, nor deal patiently with an opponent. He never could receive a blow without striking back, and in that way he often wasted his strength and influence in fighting assailants whom he ought to have treated with contempt. To contend with such a man no adversary could be so efficient and dangerous as a secret political organization, which, while charged with a full measure of sagacity and vindictiveness, had no personality to be assailed. Led by men who had received their political schooling from Aaron Burr, it did what nothing else could do—engaged him in a relentless and, in the end, a victorious fight.

De Witt Clinton was one of Tammany's earliest members, when barely a voter, having for a time filled its office of Scribe. His connection was, doubtless, the result of his Anti-federalist training. It was, however, of short duration; not because either underwent any change of political character, but because Clinton soon detected Tammany's subserviency to the personal aims of Aaron Burr. Whether he attempted a diversion of its influence, and was beaten, is not now certainly known; but he soon withdrew in dudgeon, and then was, probably, laid the foundation for that enmity which ever afterward prevailed between them.

When Burr had sealed his defeat as a political aspirant with the blood of Hamilton, thus with one blow removing two formidable rivals, the star of the Clinton family, of which De Witt was by this time the acknowledged leader, shone far in the ascendant. One of the fruits of the victory was the Vice-Presidential chair, which Burr had just occupied, and which was given to "Old George" Clinton, now nearly in his dotage; while the rising "nephew of his uncle" quietly assumed the dictatorship of the dominant Republican party in the State of New York. Officially he was well provided for, and, as regarded political influence, most advantageously situated. As a member of the State Senate he could direct the legislation of the State, and as Mayor of New York city he was master of the acknowledged centre of political power. To retain these positions he had given up a seat in the United States Senate.

As for Tammany, tainted by its intimacy with and its support of Burr, its political prestige was supposed to be gone, and its very existence imperiled. But an event was about to transpire which once more brought it into importance. This was another split in the ranks of the dominant party. The origin of the new division, as in the cases that had preceded it, was the question of leadership.

A family which has so far not been mentioned in this history was that of the Livingstons. In some respects it was the most conspicuous that figured in early New York politics. It was not merely aristocratic and wealthy, but was both numerously and in-



MONUMENT OF DE WITT CLINTON, AT GREENWOOD.

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fluentially represented by blood and marriage. The only reason why it was less successful politically than some others was because it had been less trustworthy. It was accused of "trimming." Its first affiliation had been with the aristocratic Federalists; but the influence of Hamilton, who represented the rival house of the Schuylers, proving paramount with that party and with Washington, it had taken umbrage at what it supposed to be the neglect of its just claims, and had transferred its support to the democratic Republicans. There it chafed because of its enforced subordination to the Clintons—a race in its eyes far inferior to its own.

The Clintons were strictly self-made, having no higher paternity than an impecunious Irish immigrant; while the Livingstons were not merely descended in a direct line from the Scottish lords of Livingstone, but their first ancestor in America had brought with him and set up the family coat of arms, and —what proved to be of far greater value— had first purchased from the Indians, and afterward obtained from the British crown a royal patent for, an immense tract of land on the Hudson River as his "lordship and manor;" so that his descendants not only had good blood—which was still something —but were among the richest landed gentry of the State, which was a great deal more to the purpose. Politically, too, they had made a good start. One of them was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. A connection by marriage was Richard Montgomery, who became immortal by dying before Quebec; and other members had made honorable records both on the battle-field and in the councils of the nation. So considerable was their power that De Witt Clinton, in order to secure their co-operation against Burr, had given them the opposing candidate for Governor, Morgan Lewis being married to a Livingston. The result of this union, as might have been anticipated, was to bring the two families into an antagonism of interest which speedily ripened to an angry quarrel.

No sooner was Lewis in the Governor's chair than the Livingstons sought office, and so numerous were they that when they had been served, few positions were left to Clinton's friends. But this partiality might, perhaps, have been overlooked had it not been supplemented by an offense that was wholly unpardonable in Clinton's eyes. That was the appointment of several Tammanyites to office. His patience broke under this straw, and he began a bitter denunciation of the Governor and the "royal family," as he denominated the Livingstons.

Both houses immediately began to prepare for war, and, as a consequence, they looked about for allies. Then it was that the existence of Tammany as a political power was once more recognized. As the head of the Burrite faction, it was thought to hold an influence that might turn the scale in a close contest. Accordingly, as competition increased, its stock began to rise. Even De Witt Clinton so far overcame his prejudice as to seek an alliance with it. The intrigue that followed is one of the most curious episodes in our political history. The consideration offered to Tammany for its support was nothing less than the return of Burr, and his restoration to political favor.

Burr, while the negotiation was going on, was in Philadelphia and Washington, to which he had mysteriously returned from the far West, and doubtless was consulted. It resulted in an agreement, as was afterward alleged by Mathew L. Davis, to the effect that Burr should once more be recognized as a member of the Republican party, that he and his friends should no longer be attacked by Clinton's organs, and that Burrism should not be urged as a disqualification for office. So far did the bargain progress that a meeting of leading Clintonians and Burrites was actually held at Dyde's Hotel, in New York, and toasts were enthusiastically drunk to their reunion. Two events, however, occurred that effectually prevented the contemplated fusion. One was the departure of Burr on his ill-starred expedition for the establishment of a Southwestern empire; and the other was an indignation meeting, strangely enough held at Tammany Hall, or, as it was then called, "Martling's Long Room," and under the auspices of the Tammany Society, to denounce the very arrangement to which some of its leaders had been parties.

Whether the whole transaction, so far as Burr and Tammany were concerned, was a trick for revenge on Clinton, or whether Burr was for a time seriously meditating an effort to re-establish himself politically in New York, is uncertain; but there can be no question that Tammany in the affair, to which several of its Sachems were parties from the start, acted in very bad faith. Of course the attempted alliance was at an end, and from that time forward there was nothing between Clinton and Tammany but war to the knife.

Tammany then joined its fortunes to the Lewis-Livingston faction, and went down temporarily with it in the defeat with which it was soon afterward visited at the hands of Clinton and his followers. Their overthrow was fatal to the pretensions of the Livingstons as a ruling family. Several of them subsequently occupied prominent positions, but their organized power was gone. Not so with Tammany. Its position was saved by two incidents which then must have appeared utterly improbable.

One was the breach which occurred between Clinton and Daniel D. Tompkins, whom Clinton had raised up almost from

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DANIEL D. TOMPKINS.

obscurity to be his candidate against Lewis, but who, when in the Governor's chair, aspiring to rival his patron, or desiring to be independent of his dictation, pretty soon came to an understanding with Tammany, and, in consideration for favors bestowed, secured its valuable support. "Curse the miserable Bucktails!" said Clinton, on afterward referring to Tompkins's defection from his interests; "they steal my men as fast as I can make them."

The other incident alluded to was a disagreement of still wider scope, involving the most prominent Republican leaders in the country. Jefferson, then President, and whose second term was about expiring, was desirous that Madison should be his successor. This arrangement was far from acceptable to the Clintons. "Old George," then Vice-President, notwithstanding his advanced age, had not outlived his aspirations; and De Witt, already, doubtless, indulging visions of his own promotion to the Chief Magistracy, thought it would be a good thing to have the first office in the gift of the people in the family. There was no open quarrel at the time. George Clinton accepted a renomination for the Vice-Presidency, and both he and De Witt supported Madison after he had received the indorsement of a Republican Congressional caucus. Yet bitter things were said about the "Virginia dynasty" in Clinton's organs, which, in conjunction with the jealousy which his growing power naturally excited in the breast of the newly elected President and among his immediate followers, produced a coldness between the two men that only four years later placed them in direct antagonism to each other. So anxious were the Virginia politicians, as the favored supporters of Madison were called, to weaken De Witt Clinton's influence in the Republican party, or to drive him from it altogether, that they were ready to assist any faction that gave evidence of ability to successfully oppose him. To them Tammany, while looked upon as little more than a "disturbing element" at home, must have appeared as the stone "cut out of the mountain," which was to break in pieces the hateful image of the rival they so greatly feared, and, as a consequence, it came in for a liberal share of Presidential patronage. One of the most serious complaints which De Witt Clinton afterward urged against Madison's administration was that government offices were conferred upon members of the Tammany Society.

The war which almost immediately upon the election of Madison broke out between his supporters and Clinton was of great assistance to Tammany. It gave it both employment and prestige. It claimed to be fighting the President's battle against an enemy to the Republican party; and as it had the President's indorsement in the substantial form of office, a great many Republicans were disposed to believe its assertions. The conflict on its part was prosecuted with much vigor and considerable ingenuity. One instance of the tactics to which, in its endeavor to make out a case against Clinton as a Republican deserter, it resorted, might here be mentioned.

A meeting was called in New York to indorse the administration of President Madison—the call being addressed to all Republicans—and much exertion was used to make the affair an imposing one. Whether accidentally or by design, the time selected was when Clinton was required to be absent from the city on imperative business. Learning this fact, the organ of Tammany in New York came out in an article in which it was gravely announced that "an abominable intrigue" was on foot among the friends of Clinton, with his concurrence, to put him in

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the chair of the intended meeting; that such an attempt would be "obnoxious to Republicans," and "an insult to the public understanding;" and all the true friends of the President were earnestly exhorted to turn out to resist the contemplated outrage. As Clinton, being out of the city, did not appear at the meeting at all, the same journal claimed his absence to be at the same time evidence of his want of sympathy with the objects of the meeting, and the result of its timely exposure of his meditated *coup d'état*.

This was undoubtedly sharp practice, and very despicable, and yet it was by no means a solitary instance of the manœuvres which were at that day resorted to to secure a political advantage. Those who suppose —as some probably do—that the days of our grandfathers were the Golden Age of American politics, when party spirit was at rest, when rivalry and malice and personal abuse were unknown, and only men of exalted patriotism and honor gave direction to public opinion, have very imperfectly read the annals of those times. A record of party politics, however instructive it may prove, is never likely to offer a very edifying picture; but it is a fact that may be regarded as encouraging to the present generation, that at no time in the history of our country did party strife, attended with the worst exhibitions of a spirit of detraction, run so high as during the years proximately succeeding the organization of the government. The most rancorous denunciations were then freely indulged. Even Washington, in his day, was not exempt from the scourge of scandal. In a letter written to Jefferson in 1796 he asserts that he had before had no "conception" that "parties would, or even could, go to the length" he had witnessed; he had not "until lately believed that it was within the bounds of probability, hardly within those of possibility;" and that, while he had been doing his utmost to administer the government upon impartial principles, he had been assailed in "such exaggerated and indecent terms as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket."

Undoubtedly the "best abused" and most persistently misrepresented man, in a period which was by no means an era of either good feeling or fair dealing, was De Witt Clinton; and the principal agent in the business of detraction was Tammany. Clinton was entitled to no very large share of sympathy, it is true. He not only permitted himself to be surrounded by unscrupulous men—the worst of whom was Cheetham, editor of his personal organ—but having a bitter tongue of his own in his head, he was often terribly severe upon his enemies. And, besides, he was now merely experiencing the treatment he had before administered to Burr; and doubtless Tammany, remembering that fact, took especial delight in returning to his own lips the chalice of which he had compelled its not-forgotten leader to partake. That he would have been crushed, as Burr had been, is more than probable, had he not possessed certain qualities greatly superior to those of the average politician, in connection with a dogged determination that sustained him under misrepresentation and defeat.

Clinton clearly saw that the design of his enemies was to drive him from the Republican party; and while he might even then have been meditating the act of secession he soon afterward executed, he was not yet prepared to relinquish the advantages the connection gave him. Besides, he was not one to be willingly driven in any thing. Accordingly he availed himself of the opportunity his place in the State Senate gave him to offer a series of resolutions fully indorsing Madison's administration, and supported them in a speech which ought to have been satisfactory to any of the President's friends. The effect of this action, so far as Tammany was concerned, was merely to increase its assaults upon the man it had resolved to overthrow.

This persistent opposition, countenanced as it unquestionably was by the President of the United States, and most probably by Governor Tompkins, whose father-in-law and confidential political adviser was one of Tammany's leaders, could not fail to have a damaging influence upon Clinton's fortunes. His strength in New York city was gradually disintegrated, and in 1811 a very important advantage was secured over him. In that year his enemies succeeded in displacing him from the State Senate, putting in his stead one of Tammany's most able men, in the person of Nathan Sanford, then United States District Attorney for New York by Madison's appointment, and afterward United States Senator. As Clinton's power over the leaders of the country democracy had been chiefly exerted through his connection with the Legislature, this victory was regarded as very important; and such, doubtless, it would have been but for an event that was purely accidental. The Lieutenant-Governor of the State suddenly died, and Clinton sought and secured his own nomination for the place, by means of which he was transferred from a seat on the floor to the presiding chair of the Senate.

The rage of Tammany, on learning of Clinton's nomination by the Republican party, was excessive. A meeting was immediately called at "Martling's Long Room," an opposition candidate was selected, and when Clinton's supporters assembled in a different place to ratify the choice of their leader, their meeting was attacked and broken up in a riotous manner. Nevertheless Clinton was elected by a very decisive majority.

After this advantage the influence of De

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Witt Clinton might have remained perfectly secure in the State of New York, in spite of all his enemies could have done, had he been able to resist that ambition which has proved fatal to so many of our greatest men, the desire for the Presidency. But in 1812 he first accepted a nomination from his Republican followers in the State of New York, and afterward from the Federalists, who no longer had any hope of electing one of their own men, and was beaten by Madison. That action was completely destructive to him as a Republican leader. There was now no question of his party infidelity. All that Tammany had alleged against him was confirmed; and accordingly, when candidates for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor were again to be selected, he was thrown over by the Republicans with scarcely a show of opposition from his friends. Nor was that all the punishment visited upon him. He was still Mayor of New York, and, notwithstanding he had discharged the duties of the position with great ability, Tammany imperiously demanded his decapitation. For a time he was protected by the Federalists in the Legislature, who came to his rescue, and by the timidity of some of the country Republicans, who hesitated at the final act of vengeance; but in the end the demand was complied with, and he was degraded from his office.

Never was any one, to all appearances, more thoroughly prostrated. Bankrupt in purse—for he had never made office a source of wealth—destitute of business and business connections, rejected by his own party and unacknowledged by any other, and with powerful and vigilant enemies to guard against any possibility of his restoration, he seemed irretrievably wrecked.

Tammany was correspondingly elated. The man whom it had dreaded and hated above all others was as effectually driven from politics as if he had been under ban of ostracism. It monopolized the rich placers of State and national patronage. Its Sachems were growing plethoric with the fruits of office, and its great Wigwam—old Tammany Hall, then regarded as a marvel of elegance, was just completed—resounded with the shouts and songs of victorious warriors who found in its hospitable quarters an ample supply of patriotic meat and drink. Politically it seemed omnipotent. Its control over the city was absolute; and to make sure of a corresponding influence in the State, it formed a close alliance with some of the shrewdest country Republican leaders, who constituted the nucleus of that formidable political Ring afterward known as the "Albany Regency"—the chief of whom was Martin Van Buren.

Never, perhaps, was presented a more striking contrast by contemporaries of conceded ability and patriotism than is furnished in the lives and characters of De Witt Clinton and Martin Van Buren. While one was bluff, headstrong, and outspoken even to rashness—a very Boanerges among the public men of his time—the other was affable, conciliatory, and universally courteous in speech and manner—a man, however intense his animosities, who never indulged an unkind saying, and who never made an enemy by an unnecessary word. Both gave their lives to politics, yet as politicians they were totally dissimilar. While one was so indifferent to party, or so awkward in the use of its machinery as to be constantly damaging either it or himself, the other was perfect master of such apparatus. But it was in state-craft that the greatest dissimilitude between the men was to be seen. Clinton proved equal to every official responsibility: his failure was in manipulating the means by which office was to be reached. Van Buren rose to higher station than it was the lot of Clinton to attain to—he perfectly understood the steps by which the ascent was to be made—and then signally failed. No public man, without being guilty of some act that involved personal dishonor, ever went out of office with a more sweeping rejection, and leaving behind him fewer beneficent measures as evidences of his creative capacity. Once out of office, Van Buren had no resource—he sank to rise no more; while Clinton, when thrown overboard by party, had in reserve a measure of real public utility for a life-boat, that carried him more successfully through one of the most perturbed periods of our political history than the vessel from which he was ejected could possibly have done. The difference between the men can be given in an aphorism. One was a statesman, but an indifferent politician; the other was a politician, but an indifferent statesman.

To Van Buren has been given the credit—if credit it can be called—of first bringing party politics to a perfect system—a system as thorough as that of regular army drill; but the public has never understood nor even suspected how much of it belonged to Tammany. Before Van Buren's time there were no strictly party administrations. Personal claims were never wholly subordinated to partisan ends, nor expected to be. But under Van Buren's direction all this was changed. Party was made paramount to every other consideration. Van Buren's agency in the revolution can not be disputed, for as a party organizer his ability amounted to genius; but when we examine the rules of discipline he introduced, first into State and afterward into national politics, we find them identical with those which Tammany had long enforced in its narrower field of operations. The principles of organization it employed were even more thorough than

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those which made the Democratic party such a powerful machine. They were simply borrowed by the Democracy and applied on a larger scale, and Van Buren's work was chiefly one of adaptation.



MARTIN VAN BUREN.

Van Buren entered upon public life as an avowed Clintonian, and consequently as an opposer of Tammany. He, however, soon transferred his allegiance. The change has generally been attributed to disagreement with and jealousy of Clinton, but the greater probability is that the young politician, with his clear perception in such matters, foresaw that the party which had secured the great city of New York as its base of operations, and which was pursuing the most perfect system of organization ever witnessed in the country, was certain to prevail over any mere personal following, however competent its leadership, and prudently concluded to look out for himself. At all events, he soon identified his fortunes with those of Tammany, to the mutual benefit of the parties concerned.

Clinton, as has been shown, was completely prostrated. Fortunately, however, he had at an opportune time cast an anchor to the windward, which was to effectually serve him at this most desperate crisis of his affairs. After the most searching investigation, he had become fully persuaded of the feasibility of, and necessity for, a connection by canal between the lakes of the great West and the waters of the sea-board. As early as 1811, as a member of the State Senate, he had secured the appointment of a commission, of which he was the brain and soul, to inquire into the matter, and a report favorable to the scheme was the result. Clinton himself gained no advantage at the time. The project was seemingly so audacious that it only brought ridicule upon the head of its author. He shared the fate of all great innovators. Tammany used the "big ditch" scheme as one of the most effective weapons against him, making it the occasion of numberless witticisms.

"Oh, a ditch he would dig from the lakes to the sea,
The Eighth of the world's matchless Wonders to be.
Good land! how absurd! But why should you grin?
It will do to bury its mad author in."

Thus sang a Tammany newspaper in 1812.

The last war with Great Britain put a stop for a time to all discussion of the matter; but as soon as peace was restored, Clinton, whose faith in the project was unimpaired, began a renewed agitation of it, chiefly with his pen. Being out of politics, he was no longer suspected of partisan designs, and, doubtless, on that account secured a much more attentive hearing. So rapidly and strong grew the internal improvement sentiment of the State, and Clinton's popularity with it, that the Republican party, which had so emphatically rejected him, to prevent his candidacy on a non-partisan platform, was forced to nominate him for Governor. Tammany still fought him, bringing out an opposition candidate of its own, who received barely fifteen hundred votes, against over forty thousand for Clinton.

"Witt Clinton is dead, St. Tammany said,
And all the papooses with laughter were weeping;
But Clinton arose and confounded his foes—
The cunning old fox had only been sleeping."

Thus sang a Clinton organ after the election of 1817.

It would have been well for Clinton if, after his great victory, he had pursued a conciliatory policy; but such was the aggressive force of his nature that it seemed impossible for him to do so. Tammany had succeeded in electing the delegation from New York city to the Legislature, and its members he purposely neglected to invite to the receptions and parties he gave as Governor, or to show them any recognition whatever. When expostulated with for so marked a discourtesy, he replied, "The miserable Bucktails!

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I'll have nothing to do with them." This joke, predicated on Tammany Indian costume, obtaining currency, the name thus derisively bestowed came to be applied to all politically co-operating with Tammany.

So far did Clinton allow his enmity against his old enemy to carry him that he even withheld his support from certain very proper legislative measures because they originated with Tammany men.

But although temporarily defeated, Tammany had by no means ceased to be a dangerous adversary, as De Witt Clinton soon had reason to know. Its ability was vastly increased by the fact that its party had now such a leader as Martin Van Buren. Although a decided majority in the Legislature were supporters of the Governor, so well did Van Buren, who was a member, avail himself of their disagreements that a Council of Appointment—a cumbersome piece of machinery under the old constitution of New York, which filled most of the offices in the State—was selected adversely to the Governor's interests, and as a consequence he lost the influence of the patronage to which he was entitled. Equally adroit in other respects was the management of this most consummate tactician. At the next election of a Legislature, although the Clintonians had a majority of voters, the Bucktails secured the control of one House by a careful manipulation of the nominations, and obtained an important advantage in the other in the following ingenious manner:

Ascertaining that a preponderance of Clintonians had been elected, and knowing that the conveyances of the time were such that a portion of the legislators would be likely to be behind time in arriving at their posts, Van Buren had all the Bucktails privately notified to be present without fail on the evening before the session began, when the caucus for nominating officers was usually held. As both factions claimed to be Republicans, they yet assumed to act together as members of one party. When the caucus assembled it was discovered that, while many Clintonians were absent, every Bucktail was on hand, and in that way the day was carried by the minority.

Another instance of a like effect might be given.

A United States Senator was to be chosen. According to custom, a nomination was to be made in a caucus of all the Republicans. The Bucktails were resolved not to support the man the Clintonians, being a majority, would designate, and at the same time did not want to appear in the light of party bolters. Accordingly they attended the caucus, but managed to provoke an angry discussion, in the course of which one of their number was struck by a Clintonian, when the meeting was broken up in a row. Ultimately they succeeded in defeating the Clintonian candidate without losing their party standing.

But a still more striking instance of their sagacity remains to be given. The Clintonians' political capital consisted of their support of an internal improvement policy. To this Tammany and the other Bucktails were at first, doubtless honestly, opposed, believing the scheme would prove a failure. But in time they discovered their error. A "new departure" had become a necessity; but how to accomplish it without giving a political advantage to their adversaries was the difficulty. This they effected by a very clever *coup d'état*. They declared themselves in favor of appropriations for internal improvement purposes of so extravagant a character that the Governor and his supporters, who were answerable for the administration of affairs, were compelled to oppose them. Whereupon the Bucktails began to denounce the Clintonians as lukewarm in the cause of public works. To this end an ingeniously written pamphlet, purporting to be the production of Martin Van Buren's law partner, but manifestly the emanation of that master strategist, was extensively circulated, and convinced many that the Clintonians were destitute of the ability and enterprise necessary to give the people the internal improvements they needed.

In this way the Bucktails gradually wrested the power from their opponents, and, although Clinton himself was re-elected, by the expiration of his second term of office they had so effectually undermined his popularity that he recognized the folly of again being a candidate. A Bucktail was elected in his place, and Tammany was once more completely victorious.

About this time Tammany took a step which, on account of its connection with events mentioned in the preceding paper, and the important bearing it has had upon the subsequent history of the society, deserves to be here noticed. On the 28th of August, 1820, a meeting was held at Tammany Hall, presided over by Grand Sachem Stephen Allen, and attended by leading Bucktails from all parts of the State, at which a movement was begun that resulted in the constitution of 1821, and the abrogation of the restrictions then attached to the ballot. That this had not been done before may be ground of surprise, in view of the fact that the removal of the freehold or property qualification from the franchise was one of the leading objects that led to Tammany's organization. For thirty-one years the society had been in existence, and for a considerable portion of that time its power in the State of New York had been such that it had only seriously to make the demand to bring about the reform to which it was pledged. Why the delay? One

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weighty, if not controlling, reason was that there had been no time since its political mastery had been reached that it would not have lost strength instead of gaining it by the popularization of the ballot, owing to the hold which De Witt Clinton, its persistent enemy, had secured upon the lower classes of New York city, and especially the mass of the Irish. As Mayor, while sometimes overbearing toward those claiming to be his equals, from a natural infirmity of temper, Clinton had always been popular as the social scale descended. Besides his effectiveness as an orator, and the circumstance of his Irish paternity, he had been charitable to the poor, brave in times of public danger and distress, and sometimes even more than impartial in maintaining the rights of the weak against the strong. There was not a poor man in New York but looked up to him as a friend, and admired that stateliness of bearing which others regarded as simply *hauteur*.



SILAS WRIGHT.

Tammany, too, it must be recollected, in its *personnel* was a very different institution then from what it has been in later years. Without being aristocratic, it was eminently respectable. Its membership embraced many of the most substantial citizens and leading business men of New York. Not only were its Sachems persons of probity and standing, but its General Committeemen were chosen with a view to the respect and confidence of the community. To be chairman or secretary of one of its meetings was an honor that any citizen felt proud of. And when it came to the selection of candidates for office, the closest discrimination was observed, especially in nominations for the Legislature. It always sent its best men to Albany.



WILLIAM L. MARCY—GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK, 1833–1839.

Whatever contrast is presented between Tammany in 1820 and Tammany in 1870, to the disadvantage of the latter, is mainly due to the action that followed the meeting just referred to.

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A. OAKEY HALL.

The extension of the franchise brought a new element into the society which has gradually but surely changed its character. It did not at once diminish its power. On the contrary, by the absorption of the newly made vote, its dimensions were increased. But its growth was not a healthy one. It was an unnatural development produced by unwholesome food. The mob, being more and more relied upon to carry elections, in time became the society's master.

By 1820 De Witt Clinton was regarded as practically out of the way, and with the usual anxiety of political bodies to take the lead in popular movements that are thought to be certain to prevail, Tammany once more set itself up as the champion of a free ballot.

Upon retiring from the Governor's office, at the expiration of his second term, De Witt Clinton was, to all appearances, effectually *shelved*. The Bucktails had gradually absorbed nearly all the old Republicans, and he was left once more without a party. That he did not remain in retirement was Tammany's fault. It repeated, with increased short-sightedness, the folly it had been guilty of in removing him from the mayoralty of New York. It could not resist the temptation to trample upon him when he was down.

He still held the office of Canal Commissioner, to which he had been appointed a number of years before. The position was one that yielded no remuneration whatever, while its duties had been discharged with a fidelity that had proved of incalculable benefit to the public. Nothing but revenge could have prompted his degradation from such a post. Yet it was done, and under circumstances peculiarly aggravating. On the last day, and almost the last hour, of the legislative session of 1824 a resolution was introduced, and passed by a party vote, removing him from the commissionership, and that in the face of a most eloquent protest from one of the members, who, after stating that "Mr. Clinton is not in the political market; he reposes in the shades of honorable retirement; he asks for no office, and possesses none but the one of which he is about to be stripped," concluded as follows:

"The resolution may pass, but if it does, my word for it, we are disgraced in the judgment and good sense of an injured but intelligent community. Whatever the fate of this resolution may be, let it be remembered that Mr. Clinton has acquired a reputation not to be destroyed by the pitiful malice of a few leading partisans of the day. When

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the contemptible party strifes of the present hour shall have passed by, and the political bargainers and jugglers who now hang round this capital for subsistence shall be overwhelmed and forgotten in their insignificance; when the gentle breeze shall pass over the tomb of that great man, carrying with it the just tribute of honor and praise which is now withheld — the pen of the future historian, in better days and in better times, will do him justice, and erect to his memory a proud monument of fame as imperishable as the splendid works which owe their origin to his genius and perseverance." Silas Wright, in the State Senate, was one of the strongest opponents of De Witt Clinton.



RICHARD B. CONNOLLY.

The removal of Clinton aroused an almost unparalleled furor of indignation. Meetings were held all over the State to denounce the act. In the city of New York an immense gathering of the people took place, which was addressed, among others, by the celebrated Irishman Thomas Addis Emmett; and Tammany, which was regarded as the instigator of the outrage, was condemned in almost unmeasured terms. Clinton was now looked upon as a martyr, and the fact that he no longer represented a party was much in his favor, as his indorsement excited no partisan jealousies. Only one thing more was needed to completely restore him to his former popularity, and that the Bucktail leaders supplied.

Van Buren was now in the United States Senate, having been given the seat formerly held by Nathan Sanford, Tammany's immediate representative, so highly were his services regarded by the society. He was a warm supporter of Crawford for the Presidency, with the expectation, as was alleged, of becoming the successor in case of his election. In New York the Legislature then appointed the Presidential electors, and in 1824 Van Buren and his co-workers, with their usual sagacity, had succeeded in securing a majority of members pledged to their candidate, while a majority of the voters were confidently claimed to be of a different mind. The result was that the friends of the other candidates combined in a demand for a law giving the choice of Presidential electors directly to the people, and to that end organized what was known as the People's Party. The new party was strong in numbers, but when it came to the election of a Governor, was in want of an acceptable candidate. That want the Legislature's action in removing Clinton supplied. He received the People's Party nomination, and was triumphantly elected; and being again nominated at the end of the term to which he was then chosen, was once more re-elected.

But Tammany was soon to find a helper in its relentless battle with Clinton which was to give it the final victory. Death came to its aid. On the 11th of February, 1828, at the close of a day of more than usual activity in the discharge of his official duties, as he sat pleasantly conversing in the midst of his family, De Witt Clinton fell back in his chair and ceased to breathe.

With the decease of Clinton, Tammany entered upon a career of long-continued and uninterrupted prosperity. There was no one left in the Democratic party—for that, with the advent of Jacksonism, had become the

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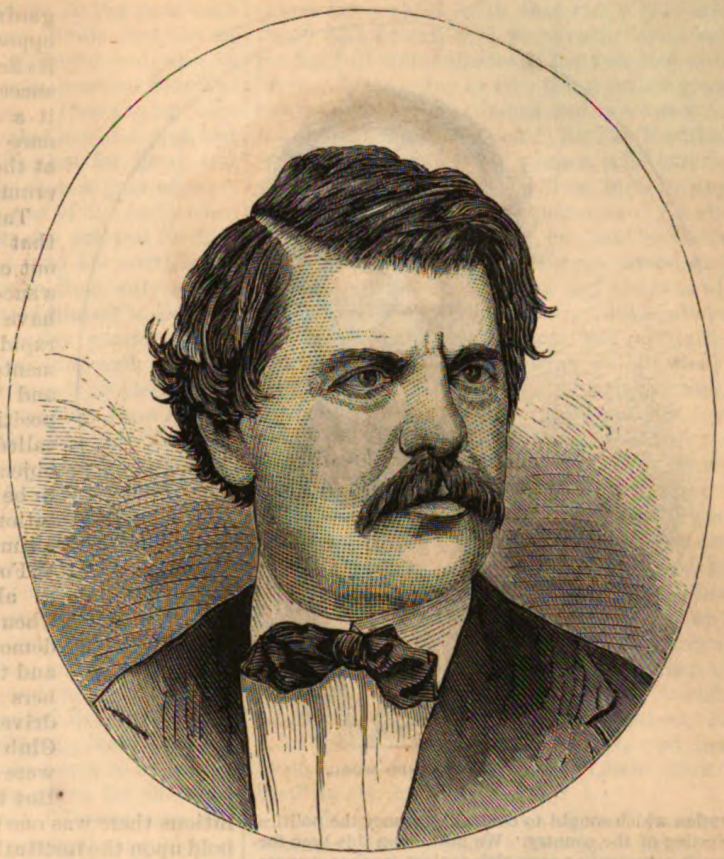
WILLIAM M. TWEED.

accepted name of the organization with which it co-operated — who possessed the courage and ability, whatever disposition may have existed, to dispute its authority. In New York city its rule was confirmed. In the State, through the administrations of a long succession of Democratic Governors, it was in perfect accord with the Albany Regency, made up of the party's most competent leaders, and whose decrees in every thing of a political character were universally accepted as law. At Washington it had Van Buren, first as engineer in charge of Jackson's administration, and afterward as President. At either the State or national capital, was any appointment to be made in which it felt interested, all it had to do was to make known its pleasure, and its direction was entered up without appeal. In all party conventions and assemblages its indorsement was the unquestioned badge of regularity. There could be no higher Democratic authority than Tammany Hall.

But even this exceedingly well-regulated political family was not to be without its troubles. All went smoothly until 1835, by which time the mob element, which had been brought into politics by the constitution of 1821, began to assert itself in the Democracy of New York. Tammany was then in the hands of men eminently respectable and conservative, being all wealthy and amiable citizens, but with very little sympathy for the toiling masses. The new element of workingmen and non-capitalists demanded recognition and "equal rights," which the Hunkers—as the old managers of the organization were opprobriously denominated, in view of their monopolizing disposition — refused to grant: hence a conflict. The regular managers, constituting what would now be called a "ring," having the party machinery in their hands, easily dictated nominations for the party, in the year above named, to suit themselves; but when a meeting was convened at Tammany Hall—as was then the custom — to indorse or reject such nominations, it was found that the "equal rights" men were on hand in full force, and determined to have a voice in the proceedings. The regulars, fearing that they might be beaten on a fair trial of strength, resorted to strategy to carry their point. While their opponents were waiting to enter by the front way when the door was thrown open, they, having the keys of the establishment, quietly walked in by the back stairs, organized with the man of their own selection in the chair, took possession of the front seats, and then admitted the other party. To make entirely sure of their ends, they had it arranged that when the chairman had declared the resolution indorsing the regular ticket adopted, and pronounced the meeting adjourned, which it was understood he would do, the gas was to be turned off, and the last-comers left in darkness. But, suspecting the trick, no sooner was the light extinguished than each "equal rights" man present drew out a candle and lucifer-match, and the next moment the room was again brilliantly illuminated. From that occurrence originated the name of "Loco-focos," first applied to the Democratic adversaries of Tammany in New York, and afterward to the whole Democratic party.

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Finding that the Loco-focos were not to be snuffed out like an ordinary gas-burner, but were likely to prove strong both in numbers and principles, Tammany effected a compromise with them by adopting some of their doctrines, and giving them a share in the offices and perquisites, thus restoring harmony to the party and the organization. Such was the first struggle made and the first victory won by the element which was in time to become completely master of the Wigwam.



PETER B. SWEENY.

The same year, 1835, saw the beginning of another movement which was to be yet more disturbing and damaging to Tammany and the Democratic party. In that year the first successful attempt at the organization of an antislavery party was made in the State of New York. The Democrats at first rejoiced in the circumstance, seeing in it a source of weakness to their powerful enemies, the Whigs. That they would in time be reached by the same scourge they seem never to have imagined. But the cloud which was at first no bigger than a man's hand grew and spread until it covered the whole heavens, and finally the storm broke upon the Democracy, rending it in twain.

During the war of 1848 between the Barnburners and Hunkers, Tammany had its full share of internal difficulty. It was emphatically a house divided against itself. Finally the Hunker faction triumphed in the great point at issue—the possession of Tammany Hall—and the outcast Barnburners, driven into the wilderness, set up a wigwam of their own, whence, under the leadership of John Van Buren, they were accustomed to issue forth, tomahawk in hand, to do battle with such braves as were in possession of the old hunting-ground. The Hunkers and Barnburners soon coalesced—their quarrel, so far as the majority of the leaders were concerned, had been more about position than principle—but peace did not return to Tammany. A struggle for the mastery between the factions continued in New York city, which made the old Wigwam a scene not merely of constant intrigue, but sometimes of open violence. Collisions, attended with more or less excitement and rioting, prevailed until in 1853, when the Democratic party once more split in two—this time into Hards and Softs. Then it was the fate of the old Hunker chiefs, such as John M'Keon, James T. Brady, Charles O'Conor, Greene C. Bronson, etc., to find themselves in the same strait into which, in 1848, they had driven their Barnburner adversaries—banished from Tammany Hall.

Having called a meeting of their followers to indorse the Hard State nominations at Tammany Hall, they found the doors of the Wigwam locked against them by order of the Sachems; when, crossing over the way, they proceeded to organize in sight of the old familiar structure, in City Hall Park, and gave expression to their indignation in the following emphatic terms:

"*Resolved*, That we regret that the Democracy of the city are prevented by the tyranny and usurpation of the Sachems of the Tammany Society from holding their meeting and giving expression to their sentiments in their accustomed hall, whence we have promulgated the sentiments of national Democracy which have made Tammany Hall respected and beloved throughout the Union. The Democracy of this city in times past waged a successful war against a corpo-

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FERNANDO WOOD.

ration which sought to control by money the political destiny of the country. We now, from this time forward, commence a campaign against another corporation, known as the Tammany Society—a secret, self-elected, and irresponsible body of men, who have dared to usurp the right of determining who are and who are not Democrats, and who shall and who shall not meet in Tammany Hall."

Stuyvesant Institute became the refuge of the banished Hards, and there they continued to shiver until 1856, when, Buchanan having received the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, the two factions concluded to bury the tomahawk, and smoke the pipe of peace around the old council fire. Their reunion was made the occasion of a most affecting ceremony. The Softs assembled at Tammany Hall, and thence marched in Indian file to Stuyvesant Institute, and there being joined by the Hards, they all marched, two by two and arm in arm, back to Tammany Hall, where a complete reorganization and consolidation were effected.

During the Hard and Soft disruption of the city Democracy, Tammany passed under the control of one of the most remarkable men who have ever had any thing to do with its fortunes. It was then that Fernando Wood became its master spirit, and in 1854, as its nominee, he was first elected Mayor of New York. Having been thrown over by Tammany, chiefly through the machinations of Sweeny, Tweed, Savage, and other Hards, who were brought into it by the consolidation of 1856, Wood organized Mozart Hall as an opposition society, and with its help and that of the mob, succeeded in inflicting upon it a disastrous defeat, and once more putting himself at the head of the city government.

Tammany, from the time that Fernando Wood went out of it, has been ruled by a succession of "rings," that have formed and broken in rapid succession, the fragments sometimes going off and helping to form opposition organizations — so called, although their real object has sometimes been to be bought back—in imitation of Mozart Hall. For a time the dynasty of Isaac V. Fowler ruled and reveled in almost regal splendor. Then came a series of more democratic combinations, and the higher-toned members of the society were driven to the Manhattan Club for associations that were sufficiently genteel. But through all these revolutions there was one man who never lost his hold upon the institution, being incorporated as a part of each "ring" as it was formed. That was Peter B. Sweeny. At last, disdaining longer to hold a subordinate place, he became the architect of that quadrilateral, consisting of himself, Tweed, Hall, and Connolly, which, as Tammany's stronghold, has become famous, or rather infamous, in history. The battle which this Square, rather than Ring, fought with the Young Democracy, its victory in the adoption of "the amended New York charter," and its defeat and final overthrow by the assaults of the Seventy reformers and an incorruptible press, are events too fresh and vivid in the recollection of all readers to need recapitulation here.

"LITTLE BROWN FIST."

PERCIVAL WELDON and his sister were returning from a prolonged residence in Europe to their home in Virginia. They were devoted Virginians, and the Weldons belonged, of course, to the first families of that ancient and pre-eminently genteel State. The Weldons had dignity and grandeur enough of their own to keep up the pride of a whole race, and to their distinction was added the lustre of the Rushton family when Emilia Weldon married Mr. Alexander Rushton: for the Rushtons were also of Virginia, and also of the first—the very first—families.

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The Rushtons and Weldons, living near each other, had formerly been rivals, but the rivalry had lately been extinguished, and at last the head of the house married Percival Weldon's sister Emilia. The young lady was not rapturously fond of her husband, but she had esteem and affection for him; and when, after little more than a year of marriage, he was killed in one of the early campaigns of the civil war, she grieved for him sincerely. She pressed into her service her brother Percival, who was then only seventeen years old, and carried him off to Europe, where they lived for many years, now in Paris, and now in Dresden, and now in Rome; and they are at length recrossing the Atlantic in one of the steamers from Southampton to return to the home they had left so long before. They are the last of the Weldons. They are tolerably rich, although, of course, the war has told heavily on their property; and they both think there is no position on earth equal in social dignity to that of the head of a grand Virginian family.

Emilia is a stately, handsome woman, now thirty years of age, reserved to almost every one but her brother, very genial and loving to him. He is dark, handsome, strong, well educated, full of humor, and five-and-twenty years old. There is hardly any body on board with whom the pair care much to associate, and so they amuse themselves for the most part by criticising their fellow-passengers. To these, for their own personal convenience, they give all kinds of names of their own invention. It would be difficult work to be always speaking of "the gentleman who wears the Scotch plaid," or "the lady who sits three places lower down at dinner;" so the brother and sister christened every body according to whims of their own. A gentleman who appeared very attentive to one particular lady they always spoke of as "Mr. Lover;" a lady who in some way reminded them of Thackeray's heroine they called "Miss Sharp;" a man with a tremendous mass of thick, tawny hair they designated "Mr. Leo." Thus they had a title for almost every one of their companions, and could speak of them freely and aloud without any danger that the criticised personages might understand the meaning of their critics.

The brother and sister took a great interest all at once in Little Brown Fist. Who was Little Brown Fist?

The very first day, when the steamer left her port, and placidly passed Netley Hospital and the shores of the Isle of Wight, Weldon and his sister observed a pretty, curly-haired little brunette, with round, bright eyes, who sat on the deck alone. She seemed to gaze with intense wonder and delight at Carisbrooke Castle and at the shore as they passed. She was poorly dressed, but looked very neat and bright. She was very little, and might almost have been taken for a child, with that curly hair and those soft brown and wondering eyes, but for the full womanliness of her rounded outlines. After a day or two the weather grew rough. Most of the ladies and not a few of the gentlemen were sick. Emilia Rushton was one of the class of women who utterly scorn to be sick, or to yield an inch to any manner of adverse circumstances. So she paced the deck, leaning on her brother's arm, no matter how the surges tossed and the rain spattered; and one day she was almost the only female creature visible above the saloon staircase. Almost, but not quite, for the brown-haired girl lay on the deck. She lay on the leeward side, with her head toward the chief officer's cabin, and her feet to the bulwarks. Only a shawl was thrown over her, and that did not seem very warm or substantial. One of her feet was seen, and it was covered by a shoe which showed sad signs of too much mending. There are not, perhaps, any sights more pathetic in their way than a pretty little feminine foot in an old and worn shoe. Over the shawl was seen one little hand, clinched vigorously for the purpose of keeping the covering in its place. It was a pretty hand, round, plump, and infantile, but very brown in color. Mrs. Rushton observed it, and her brother christened the girl "Little Brown Fist" on the spot.

Emilia was the kindest and most gracious of women to any body whom she considered distinctly beneath her in station. Little Brown Fist was evidently a poor girl, and nothing more. Emilia had been married, and was thirty years old; Little Brown Fist could hardly be twenty. Emilia might be kind to this child in any way that pleased her.

"Are you not cold, child?" she said, stopping suddenly and bending down to touch the little brown hand, which was very cold.

The girl looked up with brightening eyes and an expression of some wonder. She paused a moment, and then said, in slow, sweet, hesitating tones,

"Madame, yes; it is cold to-day a little, but I heed it not."

She spoke English with some difficulty. Her accents were very harmonious and winning.

"Are you alone here?"

"Yes, madame, all alone. But I am in charge of the captain. I speak English not very well."

"Do you speak French?"

"Yes, I speak French."

"But French is not your native tongue—I mean your own language?"

"Oh no, madame."

"What is your own language?"

"I have always been taught to speak in Spanish."

"Are you a Spaniard, then?"

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"Oh no, madame!" and here the little brown fist clinched itself with a tremendous energy, and the brown eyes flashed a brilliant fire; "I am a Cuban."

Here was an immediate bond of interest. Emilia Rushton was a strong advocate of Cuban freedom. Her brother was rather lukewarm, but he was open to conviction.

"Come here, Percival," Mrs. Rushton called; and Percival came lazily up. "I want to introduce you to this young person—this young lady. She is a Cuban."

"He takes interest in Cuba?" asked Little Brown Fist, with eyes of intense eagerness.

"Oh yes, certainly—a very deep interest," Percival replied, far too good-natured to disappoint such beaming and hopeful eyes.

So the acquaintance was made, and Little Brown Fist was taken informally under the protection of Mrs. Rushton, who never did any thing by halves, but liked or disliked thoroughly. "Whatever Emilia *vults*," her brother used to say, "she *valde vults*;" which odd gibberish of Latin and English very fairly expressed her nature.

There was not much of the heroic or highly romantic in Little Brown Fist's simple story. She came of no grand and splendid Cuban family. Her father was a man of decayed fortunes long before the war, and after his death the war finished up any property he might have left. He had two daughters—Little Brown Fist and an elder sister. This elder sister married an Englishman and went to London, taking our little heroine with her. The elder sister was violent in temper, and the two did not get on well together, and our poor girl was strongly advised by sensible friends to go out to New York, and make a living there by teaching Spanish, French, and English. In New York, she was told, there were many wealthy Cuban families, among whom she might easily find children to educate and money to earn. So she was going out to New York alone, under charge of the captain. She had one very distant relative in New York, who would, perhaps, shelter her for a day or two until she could see her way to some employment.

The name of Little Brown Fist was Minola Reina. Emilia soon called her Minnie; but the brother and sister between themselves found it hard to desist from speaking of her by the absurd nickname they had so quickly invented.

These few days of the voyage were happy for Minola—Little Brown Fist. The sister and brother found her a dear little creature, so fresh and simple, yet so full of bright intelligence. She could sing and play, could speak three or four languages prettily; and though she had not read many books, yet she could appreciate and understand any thing read or told to her. Even Mrs. Rushton's French maid, who began by hating the girl, ended by liking her a little. Before the steamer reached Staten Island Mrs. Rushton had discovered that she could not live any longer without learning Spanish and the guitar, and that Little Brown Fist must come to Virginia at once and be her teacher. Minola had usually a keen pride and sensitive spirit; but under the sunny influence of Mrs. Rushton's genial and conquering kindness she had become so docile that when they reached New York she allowed herself to be carried off by her patroness to various dress-makers, milliners, and other cunning artificers, and reclad from head to foot. The worn little shoes were replaced by the prettiest bronze boots buttoned over the dainty ankles; and the old shawl found a substitute both picturesque and substantial. Little Brown Fist looked charming, and so Emilia told her; and Emilia insisted that Percival should come and admire the child, which he did; and Minola's eyes lighted up at his words of kindly, genuine praise.

But Little Brown Fist did not throw away her old clothes. She quietly kept them, and carried them with her to the South.

There she soon became domiciled as one of the family. Mrs. Rushton and her brother lived in a pleasant house, somewhat like an English villa. It looked on the beautiful valley through which the James River flows, amidst scenes that recent events had commended to history and to time forever. Minola was the happiest and brightest of mortals. Mrs. Rushton did really learn Spanish, so that our little girl did not seem to herself to be a mere dependent. Percival and she often sang together, and were very friendly and familiar. He grew quite fond of the girl. Indeed, every body was fond of her.

Every body? Well, almost, but not literally. Miss Sophy Kendall disliked her; saw nothing in her; thought her silly, pert, affected, coquettish, almost improper, indeed; thought her quite out of her place; and wondered how Emilia Rushton could endure her. Especially Miss Kendall wondered how Emilia Rushton failed to observe that the odious little creole creature was making the most outrageous love to her brother Percival.

Sophy Kendall was a handsome, stately girl, of good family and good property. She and her people were close friends of the Weldons and Rushtons, and on all sides the families would have been glad if she and Percival were married. Percival admired her very much. They rode together, walked together, and flirted a good deal; and he was once or twice almost on the brink of saying to himself, and perhaps to her, that he was in love with her. In her eyes he might at any time have read encouragement enough. Perhaps if he had read less of such encouragement he would have been more bold and ready. Perhaps the genial, pro-

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tecting, unconcealed affection which he always felt for Little Brown Fist was deepening into a profounder emotion. If it was, he did not then know it.

"Percie," said his sister, one morning, with a smile, "do you know that I begin to be afraid of something?"

"Lives Emilia Rushton," he demanded, in melodramatic intonation, "to acknowledge that there can be any thing of which she is afraid?"

"Yes, Percie, but not for herself: for you, boy!" She too fell into the approved tone and language of melodrama.

"Say on, fair sister!"

"I begin to be afraid, dear, that little Minnie is falling in love with you."

"Oh, stuff and nonsense! Excuse me, Emilia; but, of course, it can't be, you know."

Nevertheless he colored and grew embarrassed, and presently relieved his mind, after the fashion of old Virginia, by mounting his horse and taking a good gallop. But all the while the words rang in his ears, "I begin to be afraid that little Minnie is falling in love with you." And the words seemed to call up from his heart a sort of refrain or reply: "Yes, and I begin to be afraid that I am falling in love with her." For he really feared it. He dreaded, as yet, the idea of loving the little creole who came from nobody knew where, who was only known around the country as his sister's dependent, and whom some people suspected to be a petted octoroon born in slavery. As he returned homeward he saw Minnie on the steps of the house arranging some flowers. She smiled at him with her winsome, child-like smile, and then her large eyes grew plaintive and drooped. Percie went round to the stables another way, put up his horse, and did not enter the house. He strolled out into the woods and lounged there, and tormented his soul with regrets and doubts and conjectures. He sometimes wished that he had either the courage to make himself happy by defying public opinion, or make her unhappy by bending to it.

While he was absent Sophy Kendall came to visit Mrs. Rushton. Emilia, in her outspoken way, told her laughingly what she had been saying about Minola, and Sophy smiled as much as ever she could, and listened with apparent good humor. In her heart Miss Kendall raged at the insolence and impertinence of the little creole, and thought to herself how dearly she should like to have Minola whipped. But she was very calm, and she put a series of quiet questions, which soon drew from Emilia the whole story of the first discovery of Minnie, and the ridiculous nickname by which she had been designated.

"Little Brown Fist! What a funny name! Was it your invention?"

"No, dear, it was Percie's. He is so absurd sometimes. Do you know that for a long time we could hardly learn to call her by her right name; and even still we sometimes fall into the old habit. Only yesterday, I think it was, Percie asked me where was Little Brown Fist."

"But does she know of it?"

"Oh no, Sophy dear; of course we took care that she shouldn't. She is very sensitive, and might think, poor child, that when first we saw her we were laughing at her, which we certainly were not. Only we had names to distinguish all our fellow-passengers, and Percie hit off that name for her quite at random, and without the faintest idea of contempt or ridicule."

Miss Kendall's eyes sparkled. She thought she had a weapon now at last—a whip wherewith to punish poor little Minnie.

Minnie herself came in presently, and Miss Kendall was overpoweringly gracious and friendly. Emilia was greatly pleased, believing that Sophy only increased her friendliness because she knew the girl's poverty and her whole story. Miss Kendall insisted on carrying Minnie with her to her own house, which was near, that they might sing some duets, of which the music was not to be found in Mrs. Rushton's house.

Sophy's eyes beamed again when she had got the girl all to herself in her own drawing-room. She exulted in anticipation over the punishment she was about to inflict.

Some duets were sung: Minnie played the piano, Sophy bending over her.

"What a pretty little hand!" Miss Kendall said, suddenly stopping her song, and taking Minnie's fingers caressingly in her own. "What a dear little pretty hand! *I* think the brown color quite becoming—and it isn't so brown now."

"Isn't it?" asked Minnie, simply, turning half round to look up at her companion. "But it seems dreadful, next to your beautiful white skin. I do wish my hands were not brown; but I can't help them."

"Oh, but they are hardly brown at all now. I don't think they ever could have been so very brown—and I think the name was quite ridiculous."

"What name?"

"Well, that silly name. Why, my dear, when first I heard of you—I mean before I saw you—I expected to see a girl with hands the color of old Chloe's, the mulatto nurse. I declare I hate that fashion of giving nicknames. I never could see any fun in it."

Minola's blood ran hot, and her lips trembled.

"What name, Miss Kendall? I don't know what you are speaking of."

"Why, Little Brown Fist."

"Little Brown Fist! What does that mean?"

"Oh, that ridiculous name that he gave you—that they always called you."

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"That *he* gave me—that they always called me? Did he give me a nickname—did they call me *that?*"

"Why, didn't you really know? I thought you knew. I suppose I oughtn't to have said any thing about it, but I didn't know there was any secret; I didn't suppose there was any harm. Why, they always call you Little Brown Fist to every one. I thought it was quite a pet name, and that you knew it; but, of course, if they didn't wish you to hear it—"

"Oh, my God!"

"What a pity I should ever have said a word about it! I'm sure I wouldn't if I had only known. But it's nothing, and you needn't be offended in the least. They never meant any harm, you may be sure. It's only his pleasant way, he *is* so ridiculous, and he laughs so at things; but he wouldn't hurt any body's feelings for the world."

Little Brown Fist left the house a few minutes after. Her head was throbbing; the firm earth seemed to shake under her feet; the fields and the river rocked and floated before her tear-burdened eyes as she went her sad way. All her happy, bright little world was shattered. The friends whom she loved were no more. Ah! they had never been. She had never had any friends, in her sense; she had had patrons, indeed, who pitied her desolate condition, and fed and protected her. But they made her a laughing-stock; they were merry over her defects; they jested about her to all their acquaintances. To them she was only a poor little thing whom it was charity to shelter, but whom they could not help ridiculing when they talked among themselves. Minola's first emotion was one of mere resentment; but as she walked home—no, not home: she had no longer any home—as she walked to Mrs. Rushton's house, the anger melted away into sorrow. She had lost all her friends—the one she loved—every thing.

When she got to Mrs. Rushton's house she hurried up stairs, pale and shivering, not speaking to any one. She did not meet Emilia, and Percie had not yet returned. She hurried to her bedroom, locked herself in, and took off every article of clothing she had received from the kindness of her patroness. She put on the old clothes, which she had always kept, as if she had expected some such day as this—the worn little shoes, the thin and frayed shawl which had wrapped her when she lay on the deck of the steamer, all the poor, shabby garments. The few dollars which she had when her sister sent her out upon her lonely voyage were still hers, and with these she would begin the world. She scribbled on a card a few wild words of farewell and blessing, her tears falling fast all the time, and in one uncontrollable burst of resentment she signed herself "Little Brown Fist." Then she stole down stairs, avoiding every sound, a poor, sad Cinderella in her shabby clothes and her disenchantment, and she passed out at the door, out at the gate, and was gone. And not long after she had left the place in the deepening shadows of the evening, Percival Weldon came back from his wandering in the woods and his self-communion a resolute and joyous man. He had looked into his own heart, taken counsel of his love and his manhood, had satisfied himself that without Minola Reina he never could be happy, and he hastened back to tell her at once that he loved her, and to ask her to be his wife.

There was consternation in the house when it was found that she had gone. The meaning of her sudden flight was only too clear. The discovery of the unlucky nickname had led her to think that she had been sheltered merely in pity and contempt, and she had gone in bitterness and anger. Emilia and her brother had little difficulty in finding out who had put the thought into the girl's mind, or in understanding the motives which prompted the disclosure. But they cared little for that at the time; they thought only of recovering Little Brown Fist, and vindicating themselves, and making her happy.

She had not gone by the railway from the neighboring town: that fact was easily made certain. Nor had she gone to any of the friends whom, through Mrs. Rushton, she had come to know. The probability was that she would have toiled along to some distant way-station on the line, in the hope of thereby evading discovery, and taken the cars there.

"We can't telegraph along the line," said Percival, ruefully; "it would make people talk of her as if she were a fugitive from justice."

"We must avoid making any talk about her here, if we can," his sister added. "I hate the way in which scandal goes on here. She will come back—she must; and we must save her from the tongues of these people."

Percie mounted his horse and rode some miles along the road leading northward, for he assumed that she would direct her journey toward New York. His quest was in vain. He came back at night terribly dispirited and distressed. One fear lurked in the breasts of himself and his sister which they did not dare to confess to each other—the fear that the impetuous Cuban girl might have buried her disappointment and resentment in the waters of the river.

There was nothing to be done next day but quietly to renew the search. It proved in vain. Then Percival resolved to go at once to New York and hunt up there the distant relative whom Minola had intended at first to visit.

He left by a night train. He did not take a sleeping car, having little inclination for sleep. Seated in one of the ordinary pas-

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senger cars, he passed a miserable night of it. His heart was torn by a feeling of remorse and shame almost as strong as his love; for he told himself that had he read his own heart more promptly, and followed its impulse more boldly, the girl whom he had lost would still be in the home which now seemed so sad without her. Every hour that had passed since her flight only proved more and more how dear she was to him, how valueless life would seem if she were gone forever.

Night dragged away somehow, and the chilly dawn began to show itself in the sky. Percival was worn out with the exertions and excitement of the previous day and the two nights, and leaning back in the seat, he fell into a broken and nervous kind of sleep. Through his dreams one figure flitted—that of Minola Reina. He saw her now on the deck of the steamer, wrapped in her thin shawl, which the tiny brown hand held together, and now smiling at him from among her flowers, as when last he saw her. Sometimes she sat beside him, and he prayed to her for pardon, and told her how he loved her; and once he saw her lying a corpse on a river-bank. He started with a half cry, and the train at the same moment slackened speed at a station. Percie thought he must have been sleeping for hours; in reality his eyes had hardly been closed for ten minutes. The train stopped. He looked out into the livid dawn. One or two persons were getting out. A little hurrying figure came across the platform, hastening, though with feeble and almost exhausted steps, toward the train, which was already moving off; and Percie sprang up with a shout, ran to the door of the car, leaped off, caught the figure in his arms, and exclaimed, in the wild excitement of his joy:

"Oh, Little Brown Fist! You dear little darling! how could you leave me, you cruel little creature?"

The train was gone, and the cruel little creature had fainted in his arms. He carried her into the miserable room of the shanty which served for a station, and when she revived enough to listen to him he poured out explanation and love enough to have satisfied a far less tender and warm heart than hers. Poor Little Brown Fist sobbed again and again with a tremulous joy. She was weak with gladness now as well as with fatigue. She had walked almost incessantly for nearly two days. As Percie had suspected from the first, she made for a distant station on the railway to Acquia Creek and the North, and she reached almost at random the place where, summoning up all her remaining strength, she hurried for the train, and found herself suddenly caught in the arms of her lover.

The neighbors never could understand the infatuation which impelled a man of family like Percival Weldon to marry that poor little Cuban girl. Even more wonderful seemed the cordial manner in which proud Emilia Rushton accepted her sister-in-law. Sophy Kendall was especially disgusted. But Percival did not care in the least now what people said on the subject; and Miss Kendall soon afterward found a husband, and ceased to think of the Weldons. The only other remark to be made is that when Percie and his wife are especially happy he often calls her "Little Brown Fist," and she is not offended any more.

INVENTORS AND INVENTIONS.

NOTHING is more remarkable than that men should have remained so long without the arts, except that they should have invented them at all. That a naked savage placed upon the earth should cover himself with fleeces, build comfortable homes, become a merchant, manufacturer, author, artist, read the stars and weigh the sun, seems miraculous even to himself; yet when he surveys the slow steps of progress, he wonders that he could so long have remained barbarous. The annals of invention are the most satisfactory portions of history; the lives of eminent inventors might be read without a pang of self-reproach, were they not so often clouded by obscurity and lost in neglect; had we not so often forgotten our benefactors, or condemned our true heroes to misfortune or contempt. It is possible that future generations will be wiser, and the names of Fulton, Morse, and Franklin be celebrated when those of profligate kings or selfish statesmen are no longer regarded.

The ancients seem to have been more grateful than the moderns; their great inventors were usually converted into gods. Osiris, who taught Egypt the use of the plow, the art of farming, was worshiped by dusky multitudes in the stately temples of Thebes and Memphis; Isis, his wife, discovered wheat and barley, and was very properly adored with her husband. Her priests abstained from wine and all animal food; her festival was celebrated by a general illumination along the sluggish Nile; and the venerable pair of agriculturists were held in perpetual esteem by countless generations of Egyptian farmers. In Greece the most discreet of virgins, Pallas Athena, taught savage Athens the masculine art of breaking horses, and all the sciences. Hercules, mightiest of reformers, went over the world building roads and cleansing Augean stables. Bacchus, of less creditable renown, invented wine, and can scarcely be considered a reformer. Romulus softened the horrors of warfare, and inculcated upon his savage people a more than chivalric respect for the gentler sex. The legendary Numa breathes

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out a perpetual lesson of charity, benevolence, and peace. Aristotle celebrates the skill of a renowned baker of Athens. Athenæus gives us a varied list of inventors and inventions. But the origin of most of the arts is lost in obscurity. History, at its authentic dawn, finds men spinning and weaving, carving rude blocks of stone into massive figures, melting the metals, and tilling the soil. When Moses fled from Egypt he must have passed beneath the shadow of Karnak and amidst the magnificence of Thebes. The fleet of Necho perhaps circumnavigated a continent.

THE SEVEN METALS.

In the discovery of the metals men first asserted their mastery over nature; yet the discovery is still progressing. Before the fifteenth century only seven were positively known. They were each held sacred, among the ancients, to some ruling deity. Gold, indestructible, malleable, the richest in coloring, the most precious of decorations, was consecrated to Jupiter, or the sun, and had already assumed the supremacy which it has never lost. It was coined into the heavy darics of Persia and the aureus of imperial Rome. It was used to gild temples and statues, was wrought into rich jewelry, and woven in delicate threads that enlivened the flowered stuffs of Babylon. Gold mines and gold-bearing streams were found in Arabia, Syria, Greece, Italy, or Spain, and the pursuit of the precious metal was carried on with various success by countless throngs of miners. The richest mines, at least in later ages, were those of Spain, and the enormous productiveness of the Spanish soil was slowly exhausted by the successive labors of the Carthaginians and the Romans. So successful was their industry that but little gold or silver can now be found in a territory where the precious metals once lay scattered in boundless profusion on the surface of the earth.

Silver ranked next to gold, and was named from the soft light of the moon. The richest silver mines were those of Spain. It was wrought into cups, vases, lamps; adorned the helmets and shields of warriors; and formed the costly mirrors with which the Roman ladies shocked the austerity of Lactantius or Jerome. The beautiful silver coins of the Greek and Roman cities fill modern collections. Five other metals—iron, copper, mercury, lead, and tin—were employed by the ancients for various purposes; they made steel by a rude process, and brass without discovering zinc.

For many ages no addition was made to the sacred seven. Three thousand years passed away before it was suspected that the number could be increased—a memorable example of the slowness of human apprehension. At length, in 1490, antimony was added to the metallic family; and not far off from the period of the discovery of a new world, the chemists were about to enter upon fresh fields of science, scarcely less boundless or inviting. A second metal, bismuth, came in almost with the Reformation. Zinc, perhaps the most important of the new family, may have preceded the others; it was certainly described long before. It is, indeed, quite curious to notice how the bright metal had been constantly forcing itself upon the attention of careful observers, and had yet been wholly overlooked; had been used by the ancients, in the form of an earth, to color copper into brass, and give it a shining surface like gold; was seen dropping from the furnaces of the Middle Ages, or melted in rich flakes from their walls. Two magicians, or philosophers, at last detected the error of ages, and Albertus Magnus and Paracelsus probably both discovered that zinc was as indestructible and as free from foreign substances as gold. It seemed a pure element. Paracelsus, who was fond of penetrating to the source of things, admits that he could not tell how the bright metal grew; nor in the height of their magic renown was it ever foreseen that the rare substance the sorcerers had discovered would one day shed knowledge, in tongues of fire, from London to Japan. Two centuries followed during which no new metallic substance was discovered. Paracelsus found no successor; Albertus, almost the first man of science in Europe, was remembered only as a sorcerer. It was not until 1733 that the vast field of metallic discovery began to open upon man. Two valuable and well-known metals, platinum and nickel, among several others, first appear about the middle of the eighteenth century. The number of the metals now rapidly enlarged; galvanism lent its aid to dissolve the hardest earths, and at length, in the opening of the nineteenth century, a cluster of brilliant discoveries aroused the curiosity of science. Each eminent philosopher seemed to produce new metals. Berzelius discovered three; Davy, the Paracelsus of his age, is the scientific parent of five—potassium, sodium, barium, strontium, calcium. The numbers advanced, until already more than fifty metals, of various importance, have been given to the arts. The new experiments in light have added cæsium and rubidium, and no limit can now be fixed for the metallic family, which for so many ages embraced only seven members, the emblems of the ruling gods.

THE WINDS, VANES, AND WEATHER-COCKS.

Among the graceful ruins of Athens arises an octagonal tower of marble, adorned with emblematical representations of the winds: Boreas lifts up his sea-shell, threatening storms and shipwreck to the mariner; or gentle Zephyr comes laughing onward to his

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favorite land, his lap filled with April flowers. The names of the winds were carved beneath. On the top of the column was a Triton with an extended wand, indicating the approach of Auster or Favonius. The beautiful tower was also a sun-dial and a water-clock; the pipe may yet be traced by which the fountain, Clepsydra, was led in to play upon its simple mechanism; and thus the Tower of the Winds served to regulate the fleets of the Piræus, the business of the market, and the rites of the temple. It was erected late in the annals of Greece; yet it was probably looked upon as almost a work of magic, one of the wonders of science. The superstitious saw in it an impious attempt to assume the privileges of the deities, and the curious were confounded by its mysterious accuracy. What a triumph of the human powers to divide time, or foretell the winds! When a bronze column was afterward erected at Constantinople for a similar purpose, adorned with the emblems of the seasons, it became an object of mysterious dread to degenerate Greeks and barbarous Latins.

The towers of the winds mark a rapid advance. In the early ages, we are told, men had no names for the winds; they blew where they listed. In Homer's period only four seem to have been distinguished, and Æolus, the master of the volcanic isles, is said to have first taught the mariner to name them. The number was soon increased to eight or twelve. The points of the compass, in the Roman period, were twenty-four; in Charlemagne's time thirty-two seem to have been known; at least the method of naming them employed by the moderns was already in use: the four cardinal points were varied by additions.

Except the tower at Athens, but one or two public vanes are indicated among the ancients; the invention slumbered during the Middle Ages, but when men began once more to reflect, it was again revived. Perhaps as early as the ninth century the vane began to be placed on churches. It was usually in the form of a cock, the emblem of the sleepless vigilance of the clergy, and an allusion to the call of Peter to repentance. But so important and so dignified seemed the invention that in France no person of a low rank was allowed to place a vane upon his house. It was confined to the knightly order, and at one period only he who had first mounted the walls in the storming of a town was afforded the high privilege. The vane was usually painted with the arms of the noble, and glittered from the castle, an emblem of the dominion of a caste. When the Norman fleet, in the eleventh century, sailed to England, it was noticed as a trait of its magnificence that the figures of birds, turning with the winds, were placed on the tops of the masts. On the tapestries of Bayeux ships are seen adorned with a similar decoration. In our own day the vane glitters over school-houses and churches, and the cock of St. Peter, or the knightly emblazonment, has been transformed into a simpler appliance. The direction of the winds is often indicated on a dial; their force is measured by the anemometer.

STREET LIGHTS.

In the reign of Louis XIV. one of the most magnificent spectacles was supposed to be the general lighting of the streets of Paris. The world was invited to witness the novel scene. It was believed to be the highest achievement of modern civilization; neither the Greeks nor the Romans seem to have thought of the wonderful invention. Yet the lights of the great city consisted only of dim lanterns and torches dispersed at distant intervals, and compared with the bright glare of modern gas, would have seemed only a dusky gloom. Whether the Greeks and Romans lighted their cities at night is still in doubt. It is probable that Rome, except in the rare instances of festive illuminations, was left in darkness. Its people, when they went out at night, carried lanterns or torches, or else wandered, in moonless nights, exposed to robbers and stumbling over obstacles. Antioch, in the fourth century the splendid capital of the East, seems to have set the example of suspending lamps through its principal streets or around its public buildings. Constantine ordered Constantinople to be illuminated on every Easter-eve with lamps and wax-candles. All Egypt was lighted up with tapers floating on vessels of oil at the feast of Isis; and Rome received Cicero, after the flight of Catiline, with a display of lanterns and torches. Yet the practice of lighting up a whole city at night seems, in fact, a modern invention.

Paris and London dispute the priority of the useful custom. At the opening of the sixteenth century, when the streets of Paris were often infested with robbers and incendiaries, the inhabitants were ordered to keep lights burning, after nine in the evening, before the windows of their houses; in 1558 vases filled with pitch and other combustible matter were kept blazing at distant intervals through the streets. A short time afterward lanterns were provided at the public cost. They were at first only employed during the winter months, but were soon kept constantly burning. Reverberating lamps were next invented, and were usually surrounded by throngs of curious Parisians. In 1777 the road between Paris and Versailles, for nearly nine miles in length, was lighted; and in the present century the French metropolis has steadily improved its street lamps, until the introduction of gas made the streets of Paris as brilliant by night as by day. Its light was never quench-

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ed until, in its recent humiliation, its glittering boulevards and sparkling parks were hidden in unwonted gloom.

London claims to have lighted its streets with lanterns as early as 1414, but the tradition seems doubtful. About 1668 the citizens were ordered to place a lamp in front of their houses every night during the winter, but as late as 1736 the rule was imperfectly obeyed: robbers filled its narrow streets, and life and property were never secure in the darkness. Glass lamps were next introduced at the public expense; their number was rapidly increased, and toward the close of the last century the citizens of London were accustomed to boast of their magnificent system of street lights, which far surpassed that of Paris. The roads running from the city for seven or eight miles were lined with crystal lamps. At the crossing of several of them the effect was thought magnificent; and what would now be a dim and dismal array of smoking lights seemed then one of the wonders of the time. Novelists and poets celebrated the nightly illumination of the overgrown capital. Vienna, Berlin, and the other European cities followed the example of Paris or London, and New York and Philadelphia early adopted the custom. Rome alone, still clinging to the usages of the Middle Ages, refused to light its streets: the popes steadily opposed the heretical invention, and preferred darkness to light.

At length came a wonderful advance. For three centuries civilization had valued itself upon its lamps or lanterns; it was now to shine in novel brilliancy. The Chinese, who seem to have originated without perfecting most modern inventions, had long been accustomed to sink tubes into beds of coal, and carry its natural gas into their houses, and even their streets, for the purposes of illumination. They even used it for manufactures and cooking. But they had never discovered the art of making gas. In 1792 Mr. William Murdoch first used gas for lighting his offices and house in Redruth, Cornwall. The Birmingham manufacturers at once adopted the invention. The unparalleled splendor of the light attracted public attention. The peace of 1802, transitory as a sudden illumination, was celebrated by the lighting of the factory of Watts and Boulton, at Birmingham, with a flame that seemed to rival the brightness of the stars. The invention spread over the world. London, ashamed of its once boasted array of endless lamps, now glittered with hundreds of miles of gas-lights. Paris again called the whole world to witness its tasteful illumination. The cities of the New World lighted up every corner of their busy streets. Even Rome yielded to the useful invention; the anathemas of Gregory were disregarded, and heretical gas companies began to throw light upon the horrors of the papal city. The boast of Paris under Louis XIV. has now, at least, been realized, and the moderns have added a lasting splendor to their cities, of which Pericles or Augustus had no conception.

WINE AND ITS ADULTERATION.

A German poet, crowned with laurels, detected, about the period when Columbus was preparing to set sail from Palos, a most horrible invention: he found that his beloved wine had been so dealt with as to be converted from a source of joy and poetic mirth into a rank poison. No pure juice of the grape could be found in all Germany; not Horace nor Anacreon could have sung under the inspiration of that treacherous compound which produced only gripes and pains, and which had been made the destroyer rather than the benefactor of the human race. The poet poured forth his indignation in no measured strains. It was a monk, he cried, that had invented the noxious art; he had well merited the pains of eternal condemnation. If those who debased the coin of the realm were punished capitally, how much more did they deserve death who spread disease and woe; who inflamed, corroded, dried up, and withered the sources of life; who were the foes of every household, the poisoners of men, women, children? "You ought, most prudent fathers," he cried to the magistrates of Nuremberg, "to throw the vile liquor into your river, and cast the sellers and manufacturers alive into the flames."

It was estimated, in the last century, that the lead used in adulterating wine had been more fatal to human life than that cast into bullets; that litharge was the source of a large part of the woes of man.

The Greeks and Romans poisoned themselves without being conscious of it; and it is probable that the ripe Falernian of Horace and Mæcenas was prepared in leaden vessels. Lead was found to sweeten or soften the taste of wine; and from the fifteenth century severe laws were passed in Germany and other countries against its use. Wine-merchants who used litharge were punished with death; Ehrni, a noted manufacturer, was beheaded; but the practice has never been perfectly suppressed. Sulphur, lime, bismuth, and various other substances are used to improve the flavor of wine; nor is it possible for the most delicate taste to discover the ingenious inventions and additions of skillful adulterants.

In England wines are manufactured without stint, and its vintages are probably more abundant than those of the more genial climes. An extensive literature of adulteration exists, and books are published giving recipes for the composition of almost every kind of beverage. Cider is converted into port-wine of the rarest flavor with the aid of sloes, catechu, Brazil-wood, and oak bark;

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Madeira flows profusely from unfailing casks; and native Champagne is tempered with tartaric acid. Yet it is scarcely probable that the fertile genius of the Briton has surpassed in deleterious compounds his transatlantic descendants; and we can only invoke for all adulterants that condign punishment to which the German poet consigned the too-inventive monk.

LIBRARIES.

Heinsius, librarian at Leyden, was almost a prisoner among his books. Never was there a happier one. "I no sooner," he writes, "come into the library than I bolt the door behind me, excluding all evil passions, whose nurse is ignorance or idleness, and take my seat among so many eminent minds with so lofty a spirit and such sweet content that, as if from the very lap of eternity, I pity the idle, the rich, and the great who have never known such happiness." Study and books Burton recommends as a proper cure for idleness and want of spirits; and but for the new Democritus we might have lost "Il Penseroso" and many a *Rambler*. "To be at leisure without books," said Seneca, "is to be buried alive." "I seek in reading books," said Montaigne, "to please myself by an irreproachable diversion, to learn how to live and die well." "The library," says Carlyle, "is the true university."

That books are the most practical of all inventions is being slowly discovered, and libraries are found to be more useful to towns, villages, or nations than fine buildings and costly decorations. Yet books were written and libraries collected long before history begins. The Chinese, Hindoos, Egyptians, gathered their records and multiplied their writings. Each of the chief religions of the world is founded upon a book, and has been enlarged and corrupted by the toil of transcribers, commentators, and critics through countless generations. The Greeks formed the earliest libraries of Europe; the Romans imitated them. The porticoes of Rome, filled with rare collections, were open to the public; a library of a thousand volumes has been discovered at Herculaneum; the treasures of Athens and Alexandria were gathered only to be dissipated. At length, when the classic period ceased, books were almost wholly lost, and a library of the thirteenth century consisted of only a few rolls of manuscript chained to the walls of a monastic cell.

The story of the Royal Library of Paris may illustrate how little the world of letters owes to kings and princes; how the wealth of the nation was squandered in profligate amusements and useless wars, while the people were left to mental as well as physical destitution. There was but one Alfred in English history; there is none in the sad annals of France. John, the most unlucky of French kings, had gathered in captivity and exile a library of twenty books; his son, Charles V., the Wise (1364), increased the collection to nine hundred. His catalogue still exists, and some of his books are still to be seen in the modern library, five centuries after they were first placed on its inventory. But fifty years later the number was diminished to eight hundred and fifty, many books having been lost or stolen in the civil wars. When the English conquered France under Henry V., after Agincourt, so barbarous were they that they plundered or destroyed the little library. A few books were still preserved, and Louis XI. and Francis I. increased the number. Francis collected manuscripts, and issued an edict that of every work published within his realm one copy should be deposited in the Royal Library. Colbert and Louis XIV. spared small sums from the waste of wars and fêtes to add to the collection; and on two days of every week the library was opened to the public. Through the eighteenth century its treasures increased, until, in the Revolution, Henriot, a vigorous anarchist, proposed to destroy the whole, and blot learning from existence. The library escaped, however; and when the imperial robber Napoleon took possession of France and Europe, he plundered the chief Continental collections, and poured their treasures into the Bibliothèque Impériale. It was an inexpensive method of increasing the "glories" of the empire.

Van Praet, the most enthusiastic, the least scrupulous of librarians, had been connected with the Bibliothèque since 1784, had escaped the guillotine during the Reign of Terror, and presided over the great collection, through the fall of dynasties, until his death, in 1838. At the Restoration Europe reclaimed its books; the French library was stripped of much of its ill-gotten riches; but it is told with innocent applause, by Van Praet's French biographer, that by his "pious frauds" he concealed the finest of the stolen volumes behind inferior ones on his shelves, and that thus the intrusive strangers carried back with them only a small part of their property—mutilated books and worthless engravings.

By such means has the French library grown to be probably the largest in Europe. It is supposed to number one million volumes. Yet it still wants a convenient catalogue, and is singularly deficient in foreign literature. The late emperor gave only a small sum annually to the Bibliothèque Impériale, and M. About suggests that nearly ten times as much was spent on the imperial stables.

Libraries in our own country are rapidly increasing by the generosity of the wealthy and the intelligence of the public. It would, no doubt, be a remunerative outlay for every town and every city to provide a free library for the people, embracing all the standard

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authors of our own and foreign countries; and publishers might provide uniform editions of good writers, suitable to the wants of every community. In this way knowledge would be diffused from the Atlantic to the Pacific; no one would be left without the means of self-improvement, or of learning, in the university of books, the duties of the citizen or the pleasures of mental culture.

APOTHECARIES.

Of the brilliant shops of the modern city the apothecary's is usually the most splendid: a flood of light falls on the gay array of salts and essences; a lavish expense is wasted in preparing a chamber that seems borrowed from a fairy palace. The apothecary surrounds himself with carving and gilding, with mirrors and colored glass, and revels in a magnificence that might have satisfied a Louis XIV. It is supposed that the Arab physicians first invented the prescription, and thus gave rise to the necessity of providing a particular place for the sale of drugs. From Cordova and Granada the practice passed into Italy. The medical schools of Naples or Salerno brought into use the prescriptions of Avicenna and the ancients, and most of the materials of medicine came from Arabia and the distant East.

A formidable list of dangerous compounds was soon provided, and it was found necessary to enact stringent laws regulating their sale. In many cities the apothecaries' shops were established at the public expense; gardens were prepared for raising the necessary plants and herbs; laboratories, furnaces, and the means of distillation were added; royal and noble women sometimes presided over the preparation of drugs, and the court apothecary was held in high esteem. In Brunswick a princess maintained a drug shop at her court for the benefit of the poor, and with Christian compassion gave away medicines and distilled waters to strangers as well as her own people.

Yet the apothecary was not without his defamers. Lemnus asserted that the early English lived longest when no physic was used in the island. Montaigne suggests that his father and grandfather reached a peaceful old age because they avoided drugs. Cardan thought there was much "cozening" among doctors, but Burton defends medicine as a noble and divine science. From the fifteenth century druggists' shops spread rapidly over Europe, and have risen through much defamation to unprecedented splendor. It is not likely that those of Bagdad or Cordova could have vied with their modern rivals.

Among the early materials of medicine, precious stones and jewels held a high place. A topaz, if hung about the neck, was supposed "to resist sorrow and recreate the heart." The onyx kept the whole body in a good condition. Coral was a cure for many ills; the emerald was equally effective. But the loadstone, Cabeus, the Jesuit, tells us, if taken inwardly, like viper's wine, will restore one to his youth.

CHINESE INVENTIONS.

One of the popular books of travel in the ninth century was Eben Wahab's account of China and the East; it was read, perhaps, by the languid emirs of Cordova, and soothed the monotony of the harems of Bagdad. It is our first distinct introduction to our busy neighbors on the Seric Sea. Rome knew only a faint rumor of China. Pliny indicates the contempt with which the Chinese merchants turned in aversion from the Western barbarians.

Eben Wahab, about the year 851, penetrated to the court of the Chinese emperor, and describes the inventions of a wonderful people. Immense cities, governed with singular equity, built of slight but graceful materials, filled with an active population clad in thick robes of silk, opened their marvels to the inquisitive Arab. In the imperial palace he was shown a series of historical pictures that proved that the Chinese were already familiar with the eminent names of his native land. There were Noah sitting upon his ark, and Moses, with his rod, leading onward the children of Israel; the Saviour, upon an ass, surrounded by his apostles; and Mohammed, riding upon a camel, followed by his faithful company, clad in the Arab dress, with leathern girdles around their loins. The pious Arab wept as he knew his lord and prophet. "Why do you weep?" said the emperor. "It is my lord and my cousin," said the lonely stranger, touched by the memories of his home. The emperor gave him large presents, maintained him liberally while he staid in China, permitted him to travel from city to city at the public cost, and returned him safely to his native land to describe the magnificence of the king of men.

There were two hundred great cities, he relates, in China; each city had four gates; the hours of the day were sounded by five trumpets at every gate; they had clocks moved by weights, and also dials; their money was a small copper piece, which they coined in immense numbers; gold, silver, pearls, and precious stones abounded. They moulded from a rare earth beautiful cups and vases almost as transparent as glass; they poured hot water upon a certain herb called tcha, and drank the infusion as freely as other nations drink water or wine. The Arab tasted the tea, and seems to have found it bitter. Every Chinese, he notices, whether rich or poor, learned to read and write; free schools were established in every village, and the teachers supported at the public charge. No land-tax was imposed in

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China; the revenues came from a poll-tax, and duties upon salt and tea. The poor of every city were supplied with medicine without charge; whoever passed his eightieth year received a liberal pension in acknowledgment of his services to the state.

Justice was administered with careful scrutiny, and commercial honor was maintained with unusual severity. The bankrupt was thrown into prison, his property divided among his creditors. If he was found to have concealed any thing, he was put to death; if innocent, he was set free, but was forbidden ever after to engage in trade. Only the wise, learned, and honest were selected as judges, and the chief justice of China was revered for his equity and his discretion. The Chinese artists were renowned above those of all other lands; their painters exhibited their works at the gate of the imperial palace, inviting the public criticism. If no one could find any faults, they were purchased by the emperor, and the artists admitted to the national academy. At one of these exhibitions a painter displayed a picture that drew general admiration. Upon a piece of silk was drawn a bird perched upon an ear of corn. The wonderful accuracy of the drawing was admitted; the artist was about to reap a rich reward, when, unluckily, a humpback critic declared that he had discovered a defect. He was brought before the governor of the city, and commanded to proceed with his criticism. "The painter," said the Chinese Ruskin, "has drawn the ear of corn perfectly upright, but every one knows that if a bird had alighted upon it, it would bend." The objection was held to be just. The artist was dismissed without his reward.

Of the failings of the Chinese Eben Wahab gives no pleasing picture, nor can they be said to have attained any high moral excellence in the period of their chief prosperity. Yet it was the boast of the Chinese monarch that in no other country were the people so obedient and contented, the laws so carefully observed. Unhappily this period of repose did not continue long. Soon after the Arab traveler left the hospitable court one of those fierce rebellions arose that have so often desolated the teeming land; myriads of people perished in the blazing cities; famines prevailed among the crowded population, to which the severest dearths of Europe might seem insignificant; justice was forgotten among men; the earth was covered with slaughter.

Our next view of the domestic life of China occurs four centuries later, when Marco Polo paints, under its Tartar rulers, the splendors of Pekin, and the rare inventions of the Flowery Land. Time, with all its vicissitudes, had not checked the advance of the remarkable people; their foreign masters scarcely strove to change the customs and laws of an immense empire; the cities were still thronged with an industrious population; the wealth and prosperity of the rich provinces of Cathay astonished the Venetian observer, familiar alone with the narrow limits and imperfect civilization of European states. Around him he saw broad highways, paved, and lined with houses of refreshment, penetrating from the capital to the distant borders of the realm; canals surpassing all the grandest schemes of Xerxes or of Cæsar; palaces rich with gilding, painting, and silken hangings, embowered in gardens where the rare taste of the Chinese artists had blended the fairest trees, the brightest flowers, the richest fruits, in a soft and varied landscape; fleets of vessels crowding the wide rivers, and pursuing a commerce so vast and opulent as to throw into insignificance the rising trade of Venice and Genoa. The Chinese were still universally clad in silk at a time when the most powerful sovereigns of Europe could scarcely purchase a silken robe. Their free schools opened a ready path to knowledge in every village, and every Chinese learned to read and write, while in Italy and France the people were sunk in hopeless ignorance. Printing, perhaps, had long been a familiar art; painting flourished in singular excellence; the homes of the wealthy Chinese were adorned with curious carving and delicate sculptures on ivory and metals; tea was still the common beverage of millions; and the factories of porcelain produced delicate cups and vases that surpassed the rarest creations of Etruria or Greece.

Of Quinsai, or the City of Heaven, the traveler brought to the Europeans such marvelous pictures as were long held too extravagant for belief. Its environs were a long succession of prosperous villages and richly cultivated fields. Its crowded population lived in perfect harmony and industrious ease. Twelve thousand shops, laden with gems, spices, silks, or more useful articles, lined its broad and well-paved streets. Innumerable bridges of graceful architecture crossed the rivers and canals that bore away the impurities of the city to the sea. The wealthy tradesmen stood before their shops richly dressed, with their wives gleaming in jewels, leaving to their assistants the care of their productive trade; the streets were filled with chariots hastening to the pleasure-grounds of the environs; the markets abounded with fruits, meats, vegetables; the houses were built of costly materials, and adorned with rare ornaments and pictures of incalculable value. Neatness and good order marked the broad avenues of Quinsai. Its police was perfect; the poor were provided for in hospitals; the idle were compelled to work; justice was done to all; and universal labor produced general content. But most renowned of all the wonders of

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the famous city, the fatal centre of its luxury, had been a palace of the Chinese king, seated amidst gardens ten miles in circuit. An endless range of terraces, roofed with gold or gilding, and supported by countless columns; a lavish display of pictures and carving; a marble court; a series of lofty chambers; the lakes, the groves, the waste of labor, and the desecration of taste—had given to the Chinese palace a splendor unknown to barbaric Europe. Within its ample porticoes the king had been accustomed to entertain at once ten thousand of the wealthy and polished artisans and tradesmen of his capital; for no feudal nobility disturbed the democratic equality of the Chinese, and the magnificent revels of the City of Heaven surpassed the wasteful luxury of Nero or Caligula.

The Tartars had partly destroyed the palace, but the opulence and ease of Quinsai still remained. Labor still produced its accustomed fruits; they were blighted only by an absence of moral culture. The wealthy laborers of the peaceful city had never learned how to use wisely their honest gains.

The inventions of the Chinese must have stimulated the emulation of the artisans of Europe. Their porcelain was first imported and then imitated. Their paper and printing-blocks were, perhaps, the germs of a liberal art. Their clocks, moved by weights, must have been familiar to the Arabs. Their coal mines and coal fires are noticed by Marco Polo. Their free schools may have suggested the idea of a general education. Their just and equal laws might well put to shame the rude legislators of France and England. They gave to Europe a beverage that was not intoxicating. Their roads and bridges; their paved streets and magnificent markets; their canals, gardens, and productive agriculture; their manufactures of silk and cotton; their competitive examinations for public offices—a method which modern nations are slowly accepting with profit; the conferring of honors and official station upon men of worth and intellectual culture alone—are but a few of those real benefits which society has borrowed, or might imitate, from the civilization of China.

Thus nation instructs nation, and the experience of every community becomes of use to mankind.

HOUSES.

On the southern steppes of Russia, where fierce storms sweep over the immense plains, and the heat of summer and the cold of winter reach an extraordinary intensity, where no forests break the force of the rigorous winds, and materials for building can scarcely be found, the native inhabitants have occupied for thousands of years one of the earliest forms of human dwellings. To escape the inclemency of the seasons they dig in the earth holes twelve or fourteen feet deep, of sufficient width and length, and cover them with reeds, branches of trees, and layers of turf and mud; a door opens to the south through a low wall; a few openings suffice for windows; a flight of steps leads from the surface of the earth to the pit below. In a brief time the roof of the house is covered with grass and weeds, and the traveler over the steppe can seldom distinguish the homes of its inhabitants from the surface of the undulating plain. Yet these subterranean dwellings are often the abodes of comfort, and even of comparative affluence. Safe from the wild storm or parching heat that reigns above him, the modern troglodyte surrounds himself with barns or stables excavated, like his house, in the earth, tills the ground with success, and fills his pits with corn. His horses, cattle, dogs, and fowls find shelter in open or covered excavations. The interior of his house is singularly neat, the ground is strewn with grass, the walls hung with fragrant herbs, benches are provided with handsome coverings, and beds and pillows are seldom wanting. Unbounded hospitality prevails among the subterranean population, and the traveler finds a bountiful table spread for him and a friendly welcome whenever he asks a lodging on the lonely plains.

To burrow in the earth, however, requires some labor. It is probable that the earliest dwellings of man were natural caves. The ancient troglodytes lived in the rocky clefts along the Red Sea or the shores of the Danube. Modern researches show that the first inhabitants of France and England found shelter in deep caves, hiding from the rage of savage beasts, and defending themselves with bows or spears. The lacustrine people, apparently more intelligent, built platforms on piles in the Swiss lakes, raised their huts in the midst of the waters, and thus escaped the fury of the mammoths and elephants that roamed through the forests of Europe. The Esquimaux finds happiness in his house of snow, or in rude piles of stones stuffed with moss. Some South American Indians build with the birds in the branches of tall trees.

Among the Romans the earliest house seems to have been a single apartment, built perhaps of clay, with an opening in the wattled roof to admit the passage of smoke. When the nation advanced in knowledge this *atrium*, or open hall, was always preserved: it was the usual place of meeting for the family. The *impluvium*—a basin to receive the water that fell through the roof—became a necessary part of every dwelling, and was often adorned, in the later ages, with wasteful extravagance. From their simple huts of clay the Romans came at length to build the most magnificent of human dwellings. Their costly marbles and deli-

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cate paintings, their immense halls and lofty palaces, their luxurious manners and moral decay, are contrasted by the satirists with the rigid virtue that prevailed in the thatched dwellings of their ancestors. Roman artisans, in the republican period, were accustomed to build tall houses upon the principle of co-operation, each family owning a series of apartments; in the imperial, the industrious were plundered, and their homes leveled, that a Nero or a Claudius might occupy a palace as large as a city.

The least convenient of residences seem to have been the castles of the Middle Ages. Seated upon some tall rock or frowning cliff, secure, at least, from the general anarchy that reigned below, the huge interior tower was surrounded by massive walls, was provided with narrow loop-holes for windows, was entered by a low door-way, and gave but little satisfaction to any of its inmates except the savage baron and his band of robbers. The fair dames of chivalry must have languished in their prison-like homes. The small and windowless apartments seethed with the heat of summer, or invited the fierce blasts of winter. The battlements offered the only safe place of exercise. The great hall, strewn with rushes, and defiled by accumulated filth, was the scene of brutal revelry and of murderous quarrels; neatness, decency, and good order were unknown in the abodes of chivalry; nor is it wonderful that in such homes men degenerated into unscrupulous robbers, that the women were so often Messalinas, that children were trained in ignorance and vice, and that the corrupt nobility became the terror and the scourge of mankind.

The palace succeeded the castle, but with little advance in the morals or even the comfort of its inmates. The stately homes of Genoa or Venice were grand and cheerless; the chief palace of France and of Europe was unhealthy, damp, repulsive even to its builder. St. Simon tells us that Versailles, built from the plunder of a starving nation, was wholly unfit to live in. Louis XIV. fled from his magnificent folly in disgust. The royal chamber was filled with malarious vapors, the fountains often refused to play, its grand apartments were dull and wearisome, its monotonous scenery repelled the corrupt throng of assiduous courtiers, and threw a gloom over their wildest revelry. At length Versailles was abandoned, except on state occasions, and still survives, an emblem of insane vanity and crime.

Happily the art of house-building has advanced with the course of invention. The modern artisan or merchant may live surrounded by comforts that Nero or Caligula could not purchase. In the fresh, bright climate of New York or Philadelphia the modest home of the industrious is supplied with warmth, light, abundant water, cleanliness, and security; his rooms are more cheerful than the chambers of Versailles; his windows larger than those of the palace of the Cæsars; and when he has learned to govern his city with the same discretion he exercises at home, he will be the most fortunate of men. Yet it is quite likely that the house of the future will rise to a still higher excellence; that the principle of co-operation will be applied to the construction of cities; that warmth, light, and comfort may be opened to all; and that universal labor will supply general content.

HOW THE BABY CROSSED THE ISTHMUS.

IN these old Atlantic States we sit at ease, not unmindful of the stir and progress of the great world, but out of its pother. Even in my secluded country home I hear the whistle and rush of the distant cars; the smoke trails along, showing their course, and now through the leafless trees I catch picturesque glimpses of the train, or see in the evening the rapid passing of its lights.

The daily post brings me daily papers from the city, and I read in the evening what was served up at breakfast there. Remote as we are, I can offer a guest fruits from California, while I discuss with her her recent journey thither over the Pacific road, and listen almost incredulously to her assurance that the trip was charming, as comfortable as any Eastern travel. "Indeed, far more luxurious than any thing I ever saw in New England, that cradle of civilization."

Then I hear of California refinement and luxury. The papers have told me as much; truly I might infer it, knowing the fortunes that have been made there; but we always listen to the eye-witness with a degree of interest and respect. I had heard it all before, however, from one who had known California twenty years ago, and had such experiences as a lady would have there then.

In a recent visit from this friend I refreshed my remembrance of her experience in the rude new world, and especially her touching story of one adventure, not paralleled in any book of travels I have read.

This lady, the wife of one of the most influential and public-spirited men in California, was a visitor there nearly twenty years ago, with her sister, whose husband, the head of the firm, laid there the foundations of his prosperous business. This gentleman, thoroughly domestic notwithstanding the enterprising spirit which made him a pioneer in the commerce of California, decided to send home for his wife and her two little children, to join him in San Francisco. My friend, the young sister of Mrs. R——, and a member of her family, went with her. Her details of their life there then are too significant, and

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make too good a background for the accounts which reach us now, to be withheld.

Then, too, the simple, graphic story was greatly enhanced in effect by the picture of the narrator. She sat before me, petite, sparkling—nay, gleaming expresses it better—as dainty and exquisite as if she had never drawn breath outside of a silk-hung boudoir, or made a journey except on luxurious cushions shut in by plate-glass; her wonderfully superb hair wreathed about her small, well-poised head; her little hands clasped in her lap, the white taper fingers set off by a few very choice rings, one a richly set vermilion pebble picked up on the Pacific beach by her husband. The vision was so at variance with the life she was describing that the picture is ineffaceable in my mind. Tender eyes, soft voice, and serene brow—who would draw the ideal of a pioneer's wife thus?

She told me that when they reached San Francisco there were not ten ladies of their degree in the place. Their home was not wanting in the refinements of the East. The house had been carried out, as some were there, all prepared for erection; and Mr. R—— had spared no pains to create what is often the last thing secured in a new country—comfort, and even elegance, for his family. But outside of it! They were kept in miserable apprehension by the number of desperadoes who made up even a large part of the community—men ostracized for crime, and almost equally as desperate men made reckless by ruined fortunes, or such as had been drawn thither by a taste for wild adventure. It was not at all an uncommon thing for the few ladies who were there to accompany their husbands and relatives to their offices or counting-rooms, especially if the presence of the gentlemen were required at these after dark.

"My brother-in-law had a young partner—I see you understand who he is now! One of their offices—they had several—was at the end of a long pier, not a wharf, extending far out into the water. Loose planks were laid over the piles, and over these we walked many an evening, a body-guard for those we loved. It was wonderful what a respect for women, who seemed to recall their mothers and sisters, yet lingered in the minds of those desperate men, who would have counted the taking of a life a very light matter.

"When I went back a year or two later, as a wife, I can not tell you what anxiety I suffered for my husband's safety. The class of men of whom I have spoken knew him to be an order-loving, law-promoting citizen, and he became a marked man. The wise and steady men of the community, those who could look beyond their own narrow interests, and comprehend the needs of such a people in the seething and tumult of so much wild, reckless life, were always consulting and devising plans for the improvement of the city morals and manners, and taking measures for the safety of the citizens. You have heard of the Vigilance Committee?"

"Have I not, indeed?"

"My husband was one of its organizers—one of its prime members. He wrote the memorable address, which was reprinted all over this country, representing its course and spirit. I did not know what he was writing as I sat beside him, and our first child clambered about his knees."

I recalled the newspaper discussions and comments on this San Francisco Vigilance Committee, whom the awful corruption and lawlessness of the city had forced into existence to administer the justice they could not otherwise obtain. *I* knew the writer of this famous address better as a loving friend described him:

> "Dear heart! To those within it
> So loyal, warm, and spacious;
> To those who stand without it
> So courteous, soft, and gracious."

My friend went on:

"The day my second child was born our house was thrown open as head-quarters for that Vigilance Committee. At the very hour my boy first saw the light in one room, from another was going forth from the assembled officers the messengers conveying their orders to the troops who were taking from the jail the prisoners lying there—not to await justice, but to be shielded from it. They would never have met it but for the vigilance of this memorable committee, and violence and crime would have remained rampant in the city.

"When you remember how sedulously I have been protected from every rough wind in all my married life, how guarded and precious our home was always in my husband's eyes, that to preserve its peace he would have laid down his life, you can form some idea of the exigency which induced him to open its doors for such occupancy at so sacred an hour."

Knowing the man "so courteous, soft, and gracious," his worshipful devotion to his exquisite wife, his reverence for the sacred seclusion of his home, I had my first clear idea of the terrible exigences which attended the civilization of San Francisco.

I knew what a home my friend had left there now—though the extending city has brought it within its limits, how lovely and secluded it still is, buried in foliage, its grounds kept up in wonderful beauty at vast expense, its precincts consecrated to Lares and Penates as few homes are—such is the singleness and devotion of its master to those he loves, and so perfect is his idea of domesticity—and I knew all this must be counted in the cost of the sacrifices made to

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the early welfare of the city whose amenities still lie so near his heart.

I have made a very long introduction to a little story, but I could not forego it. I have spoken of the family of Mr. R——, sent for by him to join him in the new world; and I must go back to some incidents of this and the return journey, when a baby crossed the Isthmus as never baby did before or since.

On their journey out every arrangement was made for the comfort of the family that seemed possible beforehand. The railroad was far from completion across the Isthmus, and the little party had to go from Chagres to Gorgona up the Chagres River in a boat "poled" along by the natives. Their luggage was piled up at one end; at the other was a bamboo roof, under which, at night, they rested *on the floor*, with only their shawls under them. They were a week making the passage of sixty miles. The natives often, in the heat of the day, would tie the boat to a stake, and leaving their passengers to the fearful heat of the sun, and to the no less fearful miasmas of the low shore, would absent themselves for hours. Another annoyance was their propensity for bathing: as the heat grew excessive, they would throw off their one garment in the very presence of the ladies, and plunge into the water. They only desisted from this when, finding remonstrance vain, the gentlemen who served the party as escort kept loaded pistols beside them, and threatened to shoot the first who should do it.

"Thus we spent one week, but the discomforts of our outward trip were nothing to those of the return. Mr. R—— and my sister never liked California. There was no reason why they should remain there. The business could be left in the most competent hands, and it was decided to return East.

"There were now three children instead of two, and the baby, only eight months old, was a miserably puny little creature, weighing but eight pounds. She had to depend upon goat's milk. So when we started for New York our party was much increased. Mr. R—— accompanied us. We had two nurses and two goats. With two ladies and three children we made a cavalcade. This time we were to be ready for any thing. There was no end of stores and comforts—baskets, pillows, blankets, jars of pickled oysters, boxes of sardines, crackers, fruits. But I need not enumerate; you can imagine our preparations. We started fairly, but had an interminable voyage to Panama, reaching it to find, of course, that the steamer leaving Chagres in which our state-rooms were engaged had gone on its appointed day.

"The stay at Panama, and the week we spent at the house of the agent on a neighboring island, were forlorn enough to my sister, with her delicate children and her own delicate health; but I was young and gay, interested in all I saw, and ready for enjoyment. At the hotel in Panama we slept at first in a huge room, as high as this whole house. The beds—not for our party alone, but for all who chose to pay for them—were ranged around the room like a school dormitory, except that each cot had a sort of privacy made for it by curtains or screens placed about it. The feeble candle, which was all the light we could get, made a little glimmer about us, but only served to make the general darkness more palpable. The windows came to the floor, and opened, casement fashion, on a long gallery. There we spent our time. The first night we were there a scream was heard inside; our stout old nurse rushed out, exclaiming something had fallen on her from the top of the room.

"'Only a scorpion!'

"But it was a happy thing it did not fall on her head!

"We were fortunate enough by-and-by to get a room for ourselves where only the family was admitted. Our meals were sent to us from a French restaurant, and we fared tolerably.

"At last the weary waiting came to an end. The steamer was due at the other side, and we prepared for the journey across the Isthmus. The stores went over in huge baskets suspended on poles, and carried by two natives. In these we stowed our pillows and blankets; in these the children were fixed—baby in the middle of one, on her pillows, and the little boys on a raised cushion at each end. The other members of the party were to go on mules, and on them we mounted as soon as the baskets were arranged—the ladies first, then the servants. The young nurse was all right, but our poor old steady, reliable nurse was no sooner on the mule than she fell off, and—imagine the situation!—broke her arm. A doctor was procured with all dispatch; but in the confusion of her needs, and the necessary attention while the limb was set and splintered, off went the natives, baskets, stores, and babies! They were some time out of sight when this was discovered, and though the pursuit was instant, they could not be found. The villains! Of course they had turned off the direct road somewhere, and search was vain.

"All day long we plodded through that fearful mud. Once my sister's mule started at the sights on the road, caught his feet in the corduroy, and, pitching over, rolled on her. They were set up again, and she was injured less than we could expect from such an accident; indeed, in our anxiety, amounting to agony, for the lost children, this was almost unheeded. It was not wonderful that the mule stumbled. Any creature would shy at such sights as we encountered. Here two mules had sunk into the mud *neck deep*. Only their heads and the luggage were visible. Those who had them in charge

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were busied cutting the straps to remove the trunks; they did not attempt to raise the poor animals—an almost if not utterly impossible task. You have heard of this, doubtless. *We saw it*, and it almost cost sister her life. Nothing else can give you an adequate idea of the road we were traversing.

"By-and-by we met parties going over to Panama, and found the steamer was in. We made inquiry of all we met for the children. No one had seen them. It was late in the day, and we were distracted by our anxieties—how my poor sister bore up at all I can not imagine—when we met a man who told us he had seen no basket litter, no stores of provisions, pillows, or blankets—but a baby! This feeble little creature, whom we tended on a pillow, crossed the Isthmus astride the neck of this barbarian; with one hand he held her feet, and with the other her tiny hands clasped over his forehead. This gave us a glimmer of hope, and when we reached the hovel where we found this man and the two little boys, who had made the journey in the same way, tired nature gave out. We concluded to remain there for the night. We could get no satisfaction. The men who brought over the children could not or would not understand a word said to them. We could find out nothing of our baskets, pillows, stores. Stolen they were, and stolen they remained; but we had the children. Their carriers disappeared as soon as they could get away; there was nothing for us but gratitude for our recovered darlings and submission to our lot."

"How *did* the poor mother live through that dreadful day! What had baby had to eat? In what condition was she?"

"I have realized my sister's feelings better since I have held my own babies in my arms. The little creature had had nothing to eat, and had cried the livelong day, we could see. We got a little milk for her, and we were thankful to see her sleep from exhaustion. To us the night promised to be even worse than the day, except that the children were restored to us. The hut was filthy and foul beyond expression. When we entered it, we at once came out, and declared we would sit on the ground all night rather than stay within those walls in that fetid atmosphere. Nor was it possible for us to eat any thing they brought us from the hut. There were some miners there returning from California. They were getting up some impromptu tents, and making use of their blankets to make themselves comfortable for the night. As soon as they saw our condition they came and most courteously offered us the accommodations they had provided for themselves, and spared no pains to make us as comfortable as they could. They would take no money for it. They could not have been more gentlemanly and considerate."

"You were thankful to reach the steamer."

"I wish we had had reason to be. Of course we were supernumeraries. Our steamer had gone without us. Except one, every state-room in this vessel was engaged. A man and wife in good health and with no children—I will not say a gentleman and lady, remembering the courtesy of the miners—pressed on ahead and engaged this state-room, and we were left to the second cabin.

"I don't believe I can give you an idea of the horrors of that. We entered the crowded cabin, so full of standee-berths that, for these and the general darkness, we could not see a yard in advance as we passed through it, and found little dim state-rooms with no port-holes, no way for air to enter. The atmosphere was atrocious; and, to make matters worse, just outside of the door of these, lying on a settee in the cabin, was a poor negro man ill, very ill, with fever. Hither came my exhausted sister, the three little children, the poor old disabled nurse, and the other, a giddy, inefficient girl, who gave us no assistance whatever in this emergency.

"It was impossible to stay here, and an appeal was made to the captain, who ordered standee-berths to be erected for us on deck, which he inclosed with canvas walls, where we dwelt till we reached Cape Hatteras. The wind and, at length, storm here forced us below. Finding an unoccupied berth outside, and feeling too deadly sick to go in the state-room, where the air was even worse than in the cabin, I staid without. I opened my eyes from a light slumber, and found a face close by me so horrid, coarse, and wicked in expression that I can never forget it. I don't know who the man was, but all day, till my brother-in-law came down below and kept guard for us, that horrible face leered over me. But I will not torment myself and you with such a story any longer. I was protected, and we did not die, and we all reached New York, and I live to tell the story."

"And the baby lived?"

"Yes. It was to her wedding I went last spring. She is eighteen now"—nineteen as I write. "I do not know what experiences others have had in going to and from California; if theirs have been worse than ours, I only wonder they have lived to tell them. But this was not so long ago, after all, remember; and here am I, fresh from my luxurious home in the great city of San Francisco; here is the Pacific road, with its achieved wonders. My husband has gone on now to make some business arrangements at home, and leaving my elder boys at school, I took the youngest for company and an escort, and went on with him as far as Omaha, just to shorten the way for him, you know. Not yet twenty years, and look at that picture, and at this!"

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CALIFORNIA.

I.—HOW TO GO THERE, AND WHAT TO SEE BY THE WAY.

By CHARLES NORDHOFF.



VIEW FROM THE CLIFF HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.

THOUGH California has been celebrated in books, newspapers, and magazines for more than twenty years, it is really almost as little known to the tourist—a creature who ought to know it thoroughly, to his own delight—as it was to Swift when he wrote, in his description of the flying island of Laputa, "The continent of which this kingdom is a part extends itself, as I have reason to believe, eastward to that unknown tract of America westward of California, and north to the Pacific Ocean, which is not above a hundred and fifty miles from Logado," and so on.

California is to us Eastern people still a land of big beets and pumpkins, of rough miners, of pistols, bowie-knives, abundant fruit, green wines, high prices—full of discomforts, and abounding in dangers to the peaceful traveler. A New Yorker, inefficient except in his own business, looking to the government, municipal, State, or Federal, for almost every thing except his daily dollars; overridden by a semi-barbarous foreign pop-

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ulation; troubled with incapable servants, private as well as public; subject to daily rudeness from car-drivers and others who ought to be civil; rolled helplessly and tediously down town to his business in a lumbering omnibus; exposed to inconveniences, to dirty streets, bad gas, beggars, loss of time through improper conveyances; to high taxes, theft, and all kinds of public wrong, year in and year out—the New Yorker fondly imagines himself to be living at the centre of civilization, and pities the unlucky friend who is "going to California." He invites him to dine before he sets out, "because you will not get a good dinner again till you return, you know." He sends him, with his parting blessing, a heavy navy revolver, and shudders at the annoyances and dangers which his friend, out of a rash and venturesome disposition, is about to undergo.

Well, the New Yorker is mistaken. There are no dangers to travelers on the beaten track in California; there are no inconveniences which a child or a tenderly reared woman would not laugh at; they dine in San Francisco rather better, and with quite as much form and a more elegant and perfect service, than in New York; the San Francisco hotels are the best in the world; the noble art of cooking is better understood in California than any where else where I have eaten; the bread is far better, the variety of food is greater; the persons with whom a tourist comes in contact, and upon whom his comfort and pleasures so greatly depend, are more uniformly civil, obliging, honest, and intelligent than they are any where in this country, or, so far as I know, in Europe; the pleasure-roads in the neighborhood of San Francisco are unequaled any where; the common country roads are kept in far better order than any where in the Eastern States; and when you have spent half a dozen weeks in the State, you will perhaps return with a notion that New York is the true frontier land, and that you have nowhere in the United States seen so complete a civilization—in all material points, at least—as you found in California.

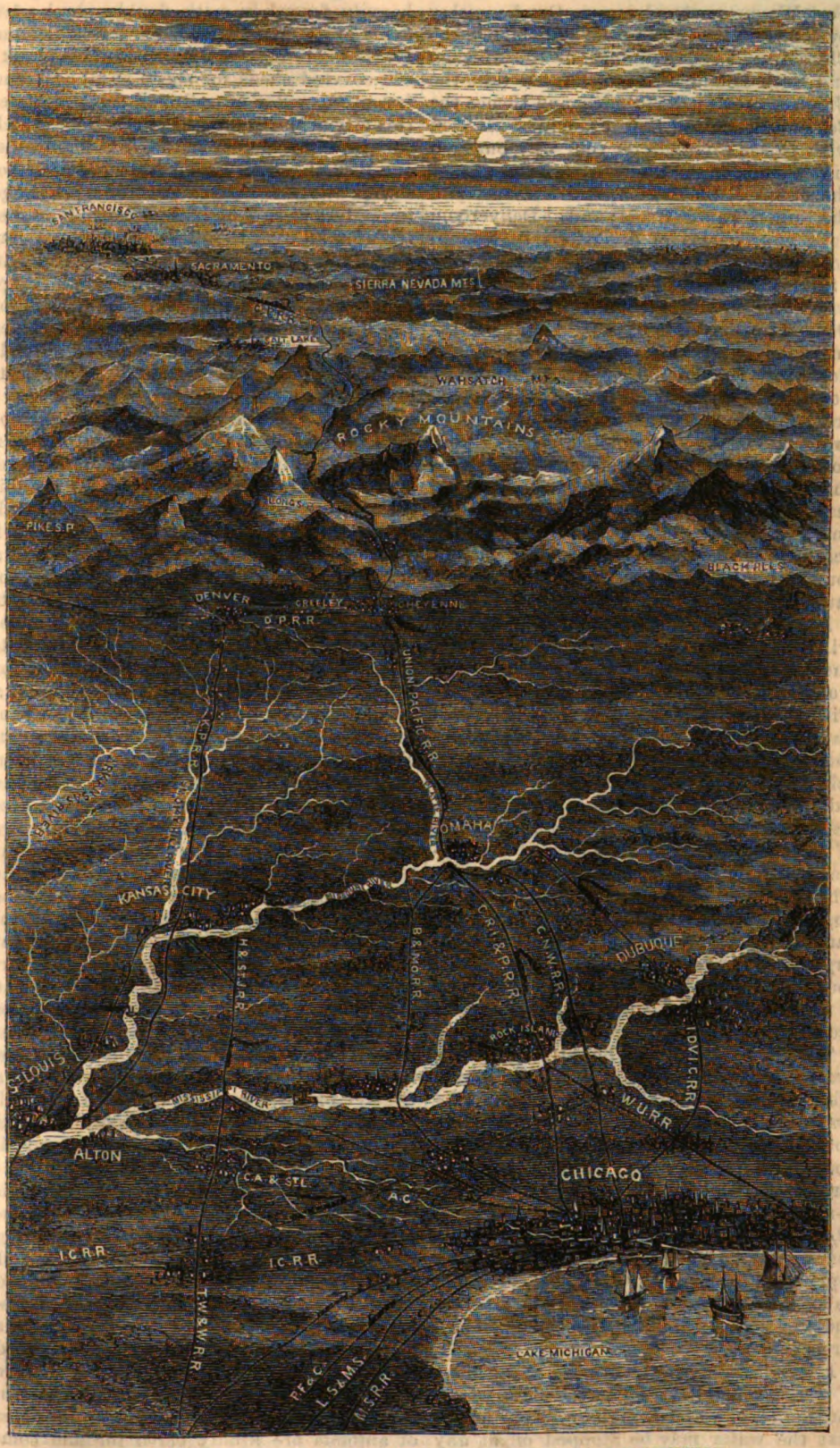
If this seems incredible to what out there they call an Eastern person, let him reflect for a moment upon the fact that New York receives a constant supply of the rudest, least civilized European populations; that of the immigrants landed at Castle Garden the neediest, the least thrifty and energetic, and the most vicious remain in New York, while the ablest and most valuable fly rapidly westward; and that, besides this, New York has necessarily a large population of native adventurers; while, on the other hand, California has a settled and permanent population of doubly picked men.

"When the gold was discovered," said a Californian to whom I had expressed my wonder at the admirable *quality* of the State's population, "wherever an Eastern family had three or four boys, the ablest, the most energetic one, came hither. Of that great multitude of picked men, again, the weakly broke down under the strain; they died of disease or bad whisky, or they returned home. The remainder you see here, and you ought not to wonder that they are above your Eastern average in intelligence, energy, and thrift. Moreover, you are to remember that, contrary to the commonly received belief, California has a more settled population than almost any State in the Union. It does not change; our people can not move west, and very few of them remove back to the East. What we have we keep, and almost all, except the Chinese, have a permanent interest in the State. Finally," added this old miner, who is now a banker, and whom you could not tell from a New Yorker, either in his dress or the tones of his voice, or in the manner in which he transacts business, and who yet has not been "home," as he calls it, for seventeen years—"finally, you must remember that of our immigrants who came from China, not a single one, so far as is known, but knew how to read, write, and keep at least his own accounts on his own abacus when he passed the Golden Gate. We are not saints out here, but I believe we have much less of a frontier population than you in New York." And my experience persuades me that he was right.

Certainly in no part of the continent is pleasure-traveling so exquisite and unalloyed a pleasure as in California. Not only are the sights grand, wonderful, and surprising in the highest degree, but the climate is exhilarating and favorable to an active life; the weather is so certain that you need not lose a day, and may lay out your whole tour in the State without reference to rainy days, unless it is in the rainy season; the roads are surprisingly good, the country inns are clean, the beds good, the food abundant and almost always well cooked, and the charge moderate; and the journey by rail from New York to San Francisco, which costs no more than the steamer fare to London, and is shorter than a voyage across the Atlantic, is in itself delightful as well as instructive. Probably twenty Americans go to Europe for one who goes to California; yet no American who has not seen the plains, the Rocky Mountains, the Great Salt Lake, and the wonders of California can honestly say that he has seen his own country, or that he even has an intelligent idea of its greatness. It is of this journey from New York to San Francisco that I wish to give here such an accurate and detailed account as will, I hope, tempt many who contemplate a European tour to turn their faces westward rather, sure that this way lies the most real pleasure.

The regular route runs from New York, by way of Philadelphia and Pittsburg, to

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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD, FROM CHICAGO TO SAN FRANCISCO.

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Chicago—this is called the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne road—thence to Omaha, either by the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, the Chicago and Northwestern, or the Chicago and Rock Island. At Omaha you take the Union Pacific road to Ogden, and thence the Central Pacific to San Francisco. If you wish to see Colorado on your way out, you may go also from Chicago to Denver, over the Chicago, Burlington, and Missouri and the Kansas Pacific roads; and at Denver you have your choice of diversions in Colorado, with Mr. Bowles's admirable book, the "Switzerland of America," to show you the way. When you are done you pass from Denver to Cheyenne by a road which is 105 miles long, and which makes close connection with the Pacific or overland trains. You are to understand that all these lines are connected; that, now that the great bridge at Omaha is completed, you might, if you desired it enough to charter a car, go through without change of cars; that you may buy your through-ticket in New York; and that the traveling time, from ocean to ocean, is seven days. Further on will be found tables of time, cost, and other particulars.

In practice the tourist bound to California will do well to stop two days in Chicago, and one day in Salt Lake City, in which case he would get to San Francisco in ten days, and with surprisingly little fatigue, and he will have seen several very remarkable sights on the way. For instance, though Chicago itself was burned and is not yet rebuilt, the ruin is worth seeing; and near at hand, accessible by frequent trains, he may find one of the most characteristic sights of our continent, the great Chicago stock-yards—a city whose inhabitants are cattle, sheep, and hogs, and where these creatures are so well cared for that many a poor human being supposed to have an immortal and amenable soul, living in a New York tenement-house, is neither so cleanly lodged nor so well protected against harm or cruelty.

This city of the beasts has streets, sewers, drains; it has water laid on; it is lighted with gas; it has a bank, an exchange, a telegraph-office, a post-office, an admirably kept hotel; it has even a newspaper—else it would not be an American city. It has very comfortable accommodations for 118,350 residents —namely, 21,000 head of cattle, 75,000 hogs, 22,000 sheep, with stalls for 350 horses. It contains 345 acres of land; and when all this is prepared for use, 210,000 head of cattle can be lodged, fed, and cared for there at once, and with the certainty that not one will suffer or go astray.

It has thirty-five miles of sewers; ten miles of streets and alleys, all paved with wood; three miles of water-troughs, all so arranged that the water may be stopped off at any point; 2300 gates, which are the front-doors, so to speak, of the place; 1500 open pens, heavily fenced in with double plank; 100 acres are covered with pens for cattle, and all these are floored with three-inch plank; 800 covered sheds for sheep and hogs; and seventeen miles of railroad track connect this city of the beasts with every road which runs into Chicago. It has two Artesian wells, one 1032, the other 1190 feet deep, which, being spouting wells, send the water into huge tanks forty-five feet high, whence it is distributed all over the place in pipes. Fourteen fire-plugs are ready to furnish water in case of fire; immense stacks of hay and large granaries of corn contain the food needed for the beasts; and, I believe, a train of palace cattle cars now bears the emigrant animals from this their city comfortably to the Eastern butchers.

Of course, as the "lower animals" do not help themselves, a considerable force of men is needed to attend upon those gathered here. The company receives and cares for all animals sent to it. It has thus taken in, penned, fed, watered, littered, and taken account of 41,000 hogs, 3000 cattle, and 2000 sheep in a single day, and that without accident, hitch, or delay. From 175 to 200 men are constantly employed in this labor; and to accommodate these and their families numerous cottages have been built, while a town-hall for public meetings and lectures, a church, a Sunday-school, and a well-kept day-school provide for their instruction and amusement. The hotel, which has bath-rooms, and is in other respects well fitted, is for the use of the drovers and owners of cattle, whom business brings hither. At the Exchange sales are effected, and the news of a sale may be sent to Maine or Texas by a telegraph from the same room, while the money paid may be securely deposited in the bank, which is under the same roof. Thus you will see that this surprising enterprise is completely furnished in every part; and it will not be the least part of your surprise and pleasure to find that this whole business, which about New York often involves painful brutalities, is here conducted as quietly as though a Quaker presided over it, and with as much care for the feelings of the dumb brutes as though good Mr. Bergh were looking on all the time.

It will cost about two millions when it is completed; is a pecuniary success, as it deserves to be; and when you hear that so long ago as 1869 Chicago received and sent off 403,102 head of cattle, 1,661,869 hogs, and 340,072 sheep, and that it will probably remain for years one of the greatest cattle markets in the world, you will see the need for such elaborate arrangements as I have described, and, if you are a humane person, will be pleased that these immense droves of animals are kindly cared for and comfortably lodged and fed on their way to a

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market. Most of the people employed in the yards are Americans.

Among such a multitude of beasts as are here received Mr. Buckle's law of averages would tell you that there will be a certain few monstrosities; and you will probably be shown one or two Texas steers which look much more like elephants or mammoths than horned oxen; perhaps a two-headed sheep, or a six-legged hog; and, indeed, when I saw the stables they contained a collection which would have turned the face of a Chatham Street exhibitor green with envy.

The Union Stock-yards lie but half an hour from the centre of Chicago, and there is no reason why ladies and children should not visit them if the weather is fine. I do not know of a more instructive or remarkable sight for tourists. If you want to see how private enterprise and good taste can provide for the pleasant lodging of men and women, turn from this city of the beasts and go out to Riverside Park.

It always seemed to me that it would be the summit of human felicity to have a handsome house in the New York Central Park, and thus to seem to own and control, and to really enjoy as a piece of personal property, that fine pleasure-ground. When the Tammany Ring was in the height of its power this thought was also entertained by its chiefs, who for some time nursed and fondled a proposition that "a few eminent citizens" should be allowed, "under proper restrictions," to build themselves fine houses in the Park. It is not difficult to guess who would have been the eminent citizens to share among themselves this happy privilege; and New York may thank *Harper's Weekly*, the *Times*, and Thomas Nast that their ambitious scheme has come to naught. Their names would have begun with a T and an S and a C and an H.

Well, a company of capitalists in Chicago conceived the idea that it would be possible and profitable to buy a piece of ground near that city, lay it out as tastefully and improve it as thoroughly as the New York Central Park, and then sell it off in lots to people of taste and wealth. It needed some faith to begin such an undertaking; but if you go to Riverside you will see Central Park roads, drives, and paths; you will find gas and water supplied as though it were a city; you will find tasteful public buildings, a hotel, which was a place of refuge for multitudes of Chicago people after the great fire, and which is a favorite summer resort; and you will see a good many people living already with Central Park surroundings, and with all the comforts and social advantages of the city and the country combined.

Perhaps you will wonder whether co-operation is not a good thing for the wealthy as well as the struggling poor, and whether the many who prefer to live in the suburbs of great cities would not do wisely and save money if they would—having found a region they like—unite to improve it upon some general and tasteful plan.

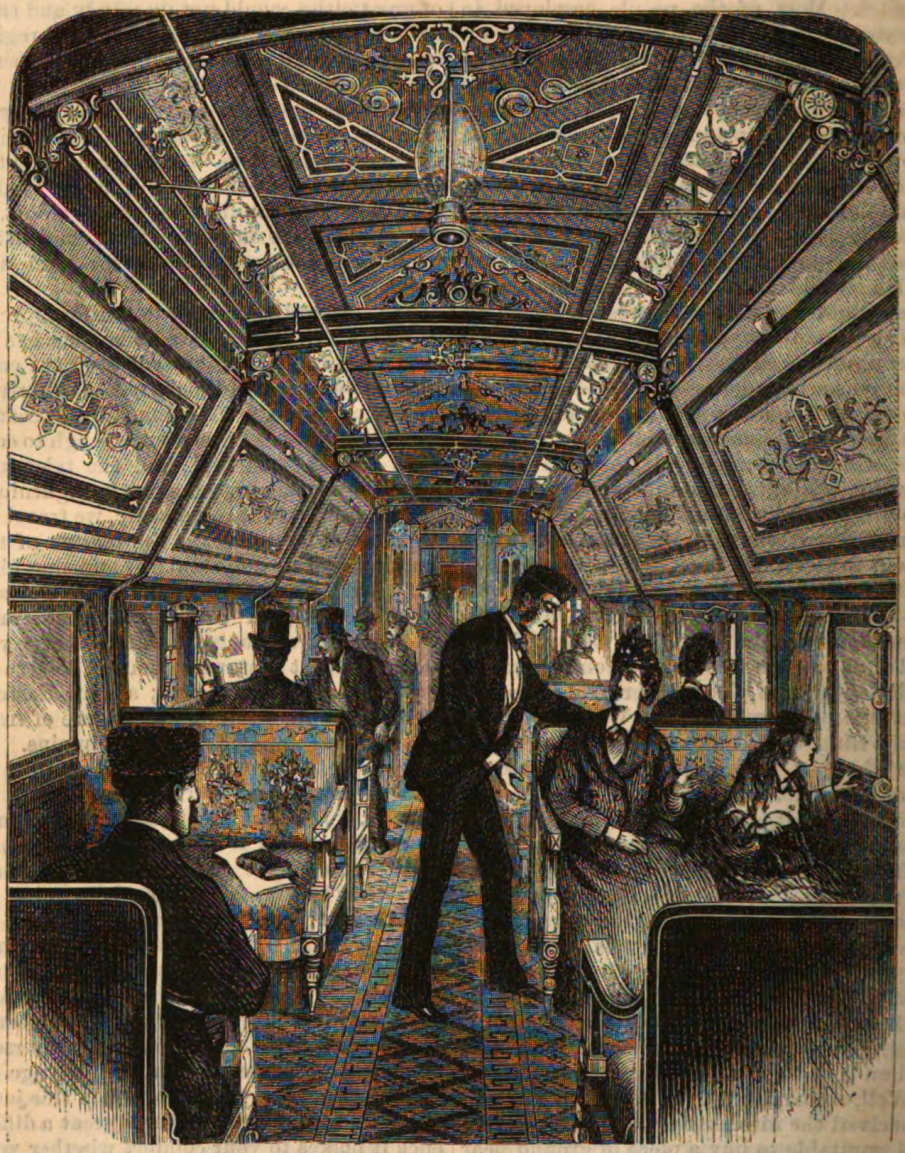
And whatever you may think of Chicago in ruins, or of the future of that stirring place, when you have seen Riverside and the Union Stock-yards you will acknowledge that Chicago capitalists have known how, in the words of the old tavern signs, to provide "first-rate accommodations for man and beast."

At Chicago the journey to California really begins. In the East we make journeys by rail; west of Chicago men live on the cars. In the East a railroad journey is an interruption of our lives. We submit to it, because no one has yet been ingenious enough to contrive a flying-machine, and the telegraph wires do not carry passengers by lightning; but we submit to it reluctantly, we travel by night in order to escape the tedium of the journey, and no one thinks of amusing himself on the cars. When you leave Chicago you take up your residence on the train. The cars are no longer a ferry to carry you across a short distance: you are to live in them for days and nights; and no Eastern man knows the comfort or pleasure of traveling by rail until he crosses the plains.

I suspect that part of our discomfort in making a railroad journey comes from its brevity. You are unsettled; the car, on a common journey, is but a longer ferry; and who ever thought of taking his ease on a ferry-boat? You can not fix your mind on the present; your constant thought is of when you will get there. Now the journey to San Francisco takes not a few hours, but a number of days; and when you are safely embarked on the train at Chicago, you leave care behind in the dépôt, and make yourself comfortable, as one does on a sea voyage.

Moreover, until you have taken this journey, you will never know how great a difference it makes to your comfort whether your train goes at the rate of forty or at twenty-two miles per hour. This last is the pace of the iron horse between Omaha and San Francisco; and it is to the fierce and rapid rush of an Eastern lightning express what a gentle and easy amble is to a rough and jolting trot. It would not be surprising to find that the overland journey will, by-and-by, create a public opinion in favor of what New Yorkers would call slow trains. Certainly a lightning express rushing through from Chicago to San Francisco would not carry any one, except an express-man, a second time. At thirty-five or forty miles per hour the country you pass through is a blur; one hardly sees between the telegraph poles; pleasure and ease are alike out of question; reading tires your eyes, writing is impossible, conversation impracticable except at the auctioneer pitch, and the motion is

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INTERIOR OF A PULLMAN PALACE CAR, PACIFIC RAILROAD.

wearing and tiresome. But at twenty-two miles per hour travel by rail is a different affair; and having unpacked your books and unstrapped your wraps in your Pullman or Central Pacific palace car, you may pursue all the sedentary avocations and amusements of a parlor at home; and as your housekeeping is done—and admirably done—for you by alert and experienced servants; as you may lie down at full length or sit up, sleep or wake, at your choice; as your dinner is sure to be abundant, very tolerably cooked, and not hurried; as you are pretty sure to make acquaintances on the car; and as the country through which you pass is strange, and abounds in curious and interesting sights, and the air is fresh and exhilarating—you soon fall into the ways of the voyage, and if you are a tired business man, or a wearied housekeeper, your careless ease will be such a rest as certainly most busy and overworked Americans know how to enjoy.

I tell you all this in some detail, because it was new to me, and it is worth while to be spared the unpleasant forebodings of weariness and lack of occupation which troubled me when I was packing my trunk for Frisco.

You write very comfortably at a table in a little room, called a drawing-room, entirely closed off, if you wish it, from the remainder of the car, which room contains two large and comfortable arm-chairs and a sofa, two broad, clean, plate-glass windows on each side, which may be doubled if the weather

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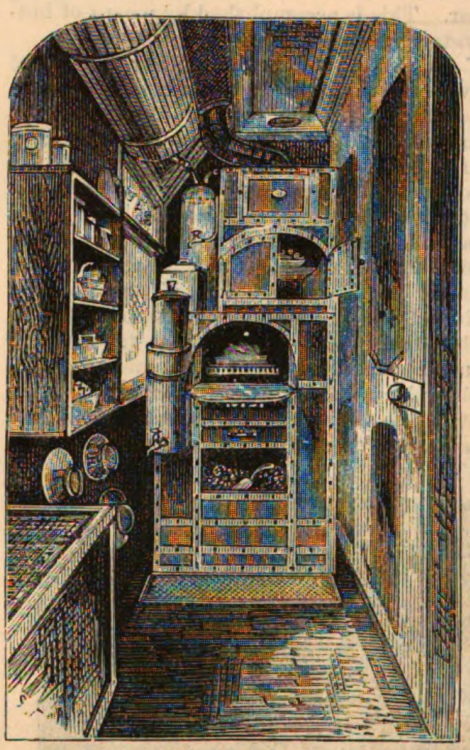
is cold, hooks in abundance for shawls, hats, etc., and mirrors at every corner. Books and photographs lie on the table; your wife sits at the window, sewing and looking out on long ranges of snow-clad mountains, or on boundless ocean-like plains; children play on the floor, or watch at the windows for the comical prairie-dogs sitting near their holes, and turning laughable somersaults as the car sweeps by. You converse as you would in your parlor at home; the noise of the train is as much lost to your consciousness as the steamship's rush through the waters; the air is pure, for these cars are thoroughly ventilated; the heating apparatus used seems to me quite perfect, for it keeps the feet warm, and diffuses an agreeable and equal heat through all parts of the car. This is accomplished by means of hot-water pipes fastened near the floor.

As at sea, so here, the most important events of the day are your meals. The porter calls you at any hour you appoint in the morning; he gives you half an hour's notice of breakfast, dinner, or supper; and the conductor tells you not to hurry, but to eat at your ease, for he will not leave any one behind. Your beds are made up and your room or section swept and aired while you are at breakfast, or before, if you are early risers; you find both water and fresh towels abundant; ice is put into the tank, which supplies drinking-water at the most improbable places in the great wilderness; and an attentive servant is always within call, and comes to you at intervals during the day to



DINING-ROOM, UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

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COOKING RANGE, PULLMAN PALACE CAR, UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

ask if you need any thing to make you more contented.

About eight o'clock—for, as at sea, you keep good hours—the porter, in a clean gray uniform, like that of a Central Park policeman, comes in to make up the beds. The two easy-chairs are turned into a double berth; the sofa undergoes a similar transformation; the table, having its legs pulled together, disappears in a corner; and two shelves being let down furnish two other berths. The freshest and whitest of linen and brightly colored blankets complete the outfit; and you undress and go to bed as you would at home, and unless you have eaten too heartily of antelope or elk, will sleep as soundly.

Thus you ride onward, day after day, toward the setting sun, and unless you are an extremely unhappy traveler, your days will be filled with pleasure from the novel sights by the way. At Burlington you cross the Mississippi over a noble bridge, and will be surprised to see what a grand river the Father of Waters is nearly 1600 miles above its mouth. At Omaha you cross the Missouri, there a variable, turbid, but in the early spring a narrow river, which yet requires a bridge more than a mile long when the stream is bank-full. This new bridge at Omaha was built by the engineer to whom New York is indebted for the iron bridge at Harlem, T. E. Sickles, and it is a remarkable work to be done so far from the appliances of civilization.

From Chicago to Omaha your train will carry a dining car, which is a great curiosity in its way. I expected to find this somewhat greasy, a little untidy, and with a smell of the kitchen. It might, we travelers thought, be a convenience, but it could not be a luxury. But in fact it is as neat, as nicely fitted, as trim and cleanly, as though Delmonico had furnished it; and though the kitchen may be in the forward end of the car, so perfect is the ventilation that there is not even the faintest odor of cooking. You sit at little tables which comfortably accommodate four persons; you order your breakfast, dinner, or supper from a bill of fare which, as you will see below, contains a quite surprising number of dishes, and you eat from snow-white linen and neat dishes admirably cooked food, and pay a moderate price.

It is now the custom to charge a dollar per meal on these cars; and as the cooking is admirable, the service excellent, and the food various and abundant, this is not too much. You may have your choice in the wilderness, eating at the rate of twenty-two miles per hour, of buffalo, elk, antelope, beefsteak, mutton-chops, grouse—but it is better to give you a bill of fare from which I once ordered my dinner on such a car, and wondered where they kept their stores:

BROILED.			
Porter-house Steak	$0 75	Spring Chicken	1 00
Do., with Mushrooms	1 00	Do., half.	75
Mutton-Chops, plain	50	Breakfast Bacon	40
Do., with Tomato Sauce	75	Broiled Ham	40
Veal Cutlets, breaded	50	Lamb Chops, plain	50
COLD DISHES.			
Sliced Boiled Tongue	40	Sardines	40
Do., Ham	40	Pickled Lobster	40
Pressed Corned Beef	50	Spiced Oysters	40
OYSTERS.			
Raw	50	Stew	50
Fancy Roast	75	Fried	60
EGGS.			
Boiled Eggs	25	Shirred Eggs	30
Fried Eggs	25	Omelet, plain	30
Poached Eggs	25	Do., with Rum	40
Scrambled Eggs	30	Do., and Ham	40
VEGETABLES.			
Green Corn	10	New Boiled Potatoes	10
New Green Pease	10	Fried Potatoes	10
Stewed New Potatoes	10		
RELISHES.			
Chowchow	10	Worcestersh'e Sauce	
Mixed Pickles	10	Walnut Catsup	
Queen's Olives	15	Tomato Catsup	
Horse-Radish		French Mustard	
PRESERVED FRUITS.			
Peaches	25	Apricots	25
Prunes	25	Damsons	25
Blackberries	25	Cherries	25
Pine-Apples	25		
BREAD.			
Dry Toast	10	Hot Biscuit	10
Milk Toast	25	Corn Bread	
Buttered Toast	15	French Loaf	
Albert Biscuit	10	Boston Brown Bread	
Dipped Toast	15		

BREAKFAST WINES.—Claret and Santerne.
CHAMPAGNE WINES.—Heidsick and Krug.

French Coffee, English Breakfast Tea, and Chocolate	15
French Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, without an order.	25

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GEORGE M. PULLMAN.

Beyond Omaha, unless you have taken seats in a hotel car, you eat at stations placed at proper distances apart, where abundant provision is made, and the food is, for the most part, both well cooked and well served. These hotel stations are under the supervision and control of the managers of the roads, and at many of them, especially on the Central Pacific road—in California, that is to say—your meals are served with actual elegance. Sufficient time is allowed —from thirty to thirty-five minutes—to eat; the conductor tells you beforehand that a bell will be rung five minutes before the train starts, and we always found him obliging enough to look in and tell the ladies to take their time, as he would not leave them.

There is a pleasant spice of variety and adventure in getting out by the way-side at the eating stations. We saw strange faces, we had time to look about us, the occasional Indian delighted the children, we stretched our legs, and saw something of our fellow-passengers in the other cars. Moreover, if you have a numerous party desirous to eat together, the porter will telegraph ahead for you to have a sufficient number of seats reserved, and thus you take your places without flurry or haste, and do not have your digestion spoiled by preliminary and vexatious thoughts about pushing for a good place. In short, these trains are managed for the pleasure and accommodation of the passengers. The voyage would, I suppose, be unendurable else.

The sleeping car, but for which the journey to the Pacific by rail would be extremely uncomfortable, but by whose help it is made a pleasure-trip, owes its development and perfection to Mr. George M. Pullman, who is the inventor and patentee of most of the ingenious devices by which the traveler's comfort is secured in these cars. Of course he is an American. He began life poor; was once a miner in Colorado, and was, I believe, so poor when he began the experiment of his sleeping cars that it was with great difficulty he raised the means to build his first car. He is now president of the Pullman Car Company, which has five hundred sleeping,

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drawing-room, and hotel cars on different railroads, and is building more, at the rate of three finished cars for every week of the present year. The company are also building a new kind of day cars, to be put on such short routes as that between New York and Washington; and by the time you are reading this it will run a daily hotel car from Chicago to Ogden, in which you may sit and sleep and have your meals served at any time you may choose to order them. It is planning, and will fit up this year near Chicago, extensive car-works of its own on grounds large enough to contain also the cottages of the thousand workmen who will be there employed, and it is said that these grounds are to be planned with special regard to the convenience of the men and their families. The company has already found it expedient to keep and furnish, near the dépôts in all the great cities, rooms where conductors and porters may, at the end of a journey, bathe, change their clothes, make out their reports, and read, write, or amuse themselves. Mr. Pullman thinks that as he requires much from his men, and as they are picked men, trained with care, it is an advantage to the company to furnish them such a home at the ends of the great routes of travel, where they may make themselves comfortable and at ease. Certainly it is a humane thought, and likely, besides, to give him the command of responsible servants.

The Pullman cars are constantly improving. The Russian Grand Duke traveled last winter in perhaps the most commodious and



INTERIOR OF PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR, PACIFIC RAILROAD.

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perfect manner in which any one ever traveled by rail. He had in one train a day car, in which he and his companions could sit at ease, read, write, or amuse themselves as in a parlor; a dining or hotel car, into which they walked to breakfast or dinner; and a sleeping car. No doubt the impressions he got of this kind of pleasure-traveling will facilitate Mr. Pullman's entrance into Russia, where, as well as in England, Germany, and France, the Pullman Company will within two years have placed their cars, as arrangements are now making for that purpose.

The superiority of the American sleeping cars is in their cleanliness, the perfection of their heating and ventilating contrivances, and the presence of every thing which can make a car convenient to live in. There is nothing like them in Europe, and all European travelers in this country have been surprised and delighted with them. The Pullman Company is successful, as it deserves to be. It now runs cars on nearly one hundred roads, the railroad companies generally owning one-half the stock of the cars they use, and thus having a mutual interest. The Pullman Company sells to the public what the railroad company in such cases does not furnish—the sleeping-car accommodations. You may now ride in Pullman cars over sixty thousand miles of railroad. The Pullman Company already employs over two thousand persons, and in its new car-shops will employ one thousand more, and all this vast business has grown from the smallest beginnings.

One of the pleasantest ways to travel across the continent, though not, I think, the way in which you will see most of the people, is to make the journey with a party of friends numerous enough to fill, or nearly fill, a car. To show you at what cost—exclusive of the regular railroad fare—such a company may journey, I give you here some extracts from a little book issued for the information of travelers by the company:

"The Pullman Palace Car Company is ready to furnish excursion parties with sleeping, drawing-room, and hotel cars for a trip to San Francisco or elsewhere on these terms:

"For a regular sleeping car, containing twelve open sections of two double berths each, and two state-rooms of two double berths each (in all twenty-eight berths), with conductor and porter, seventy-five dollars per day.

"For a drawing-room car, containing two drawing-rooms, having each a sofa and two large easy-chairs by day, and making up at night into two double and two single berths, three state-rooms having each two double berths, and six open sections of two double berths each (in all twenty-six berths), with conductor and porter, seventy-five dollars per day.

"For a hotel car, containing two drawing-rooms, as above described, one state-room having two double berths, and six open sections of two double berths each (in all twenty-two berths), and having also, in one end, a kitchen fully equipped with every thing necessary for cooking and serving meals, with conductor, cook, and two waiters, eighty-five dollars per day.

"The conductor, if desired, will make all arrangements for the excursionists with the railroads for procuring transportation of the car; and in the case of their taking a hotel car, will also act as steward, purchasing for them the requisite provisions for the table.

"The car is chartered, with its attendants, at a certain rate per day from the time it is taken until we receive it back again.

"We have no facilities for securing special rates of railroad fare, and would suggest that, in case an excursion is organized, application be made to any ticket agent who is empowered to sell through-tickets, and the best rates of railroad fare obtained from him to and from the terminal point of the proposed trip.

"We can forward a car from our head-quarters in Chicago to any point which the excursionists may designate as their starting-place."

The Pullman hotel car is one of the most ingenious as well as one of the most convenient of all modern arrangements for travel. It can seat forty persons at the tables; it contains not only a kitchen—which is a marvel of compactness, having a sink, with hot and cold water faucets, and every "modern convenience"—but a wine closet, a china closet, a linen closet, and provision lockers so spacious as to contain supplies for thirty people all the way from Chicago to the Pacific if necessary; its commissary list contains, as I ascertained by actual count, 133 different articles of food; it carries 1000 napkins, 150 table-cloths, 300 hand-towels, and 30 or 40 roller-towels, besides sheets, pillow-cases, etc., etc. And unless you are of an investigating turn, you would never know that the car contained even a kitchen.

Whenever a sleeping car arrives at the end of a journey, it is laid over for twenty-four hours. Thereupon the porter gathers up the soiled linen for the laundry, and a force of men and women enter the car and take out of it bedding, carpets, and every movable thing; all are beaten with rods and hung up to air; and meantime the whole car is aired, and the wood-work dusted, rubbed, and scrubbed in the most thorough manner. This is the manner of their housekeeping.

On the whole, a company of three or four can travel the most enjoyably across the continent; and there is no reason why a man should not take his children, if they are ten years old or over, as well as his wife. Four fill a drawing-room comfortably, four can be comfortable in a section on a sleeping car; and in California, if you have three or four in your party, you can travel as cheaply by private carriage as by stage to all the notable sights of the State which you do not reach by rail, and thus add much to the comfort and pleasure of such journeys. On the cars you are sure to make pleasant acquaintance, and probably to your advantage, for you will find persons who have been over the route before ready to point out curious objects to you. And from the hour you leave Omaha you will find every thing new, curious, and wonderful: the plains, with their buffalo, antelope, and prairie-dogs; the mountains, which, as you approach Cheyenne, lift up

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ROUNDING CAPE HORN.

their glorious snow-clad summits; the deep cañons and gorges which lead from Wasatch into Ogden, and whose grim scenery will seem to you, perhaps, to form a fit entrance to Salt Lake; the indescribable loveliness and beauty of the mountain range which shelters the Mormon capital; the extended, apparently sterile, but, as long-headed men begin to think, really fertile alkali and sage-brush plain; the snow-sheds which protect the Central Pacific as you ascend the Sierra; and, on the morning of the last day of your journey, the grand and exciting rush down the Sierra from Summit to Colfax, winding around Cape Horn and half a hundred more precipitous cliffs, down which you look out of the open "observation car" as you sweep down from a height of 7000 feet to a level of 2500 in a ride of two hours and a half. A grander or more exhilarating ride than that from Summit to Colfax on the Central Pacific Railroad you can not find in the world. The scenery is various, novel, and magnificent. You sit in an open car at the end of the train, and the roar of the wind, the rush and vehement impetus of the train, the whirl around curves, past the edge of deep chasms, among forests of magnificent trees, fill you with excitement, wonder, and delight.

When we had seen the Wasatch cañons we thought the glory of the journey must be over, but the lovely mountains about Salt Lake gave us new delight; and last, as though nature and man had conspired to prepare a series of surprises for the traveler to California, comes the grand stormy rush down the Sierra, followed, as you draw down to the lower levels, by the novel sights of men actually engaged in gold mining; long flumes, in which they conduct the water for their operations, run for miles near the track; and as you pass below Gold Hill you may see men setting the water against great hills, which they wash away to get out the gold from the gravel which bears it. The entrance into California is to the tourist as wonderful and charming as though it were the gate to a veritable fairy-land. All its sights are peculiar and striking; as you pass down from Summit the very color of the soil seems different and richer than that you are accustomed to at home; the farm-houses, with their broad piazzas, speak of a summer climate; the flowers, brilliant at the road-side, are new to Eastern eyes; and at every turn in the road fresh surprises await you.

On the plains and in the mountains the railroad will have seemed to you the great fact. Man seems but an accessory; he appears to exist only that the road may be worked; and I never appreciated until I crossed the plains the grand character of the old Romans as road-builders, or the real importance of good roads. We, too, in this generation are road-builders. Neither the desert nor the sierra stops us; there is no such word as "impossible" to men like Hunt-

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ington; they build railroads in the full faith that population and wealth will follow on their iron track.

And they seem to be the best explorers. The "Great American Desert" which we school-boys a quarter of a century ago saw on the map of North America has disappeared at the snort of the iron horse; coal and iron are found to abound on the plains as soon as the railroad kings have need of them; the very desert becomes fruitful, and at Humboldt Wells, on the Central Pacific Railroad, in the midst of the sage-brush and alkali country, you will see corn, wheat, potatoes, and fruits of different kinds growing luxuriantly, with the help of culture and irrigation; proving that this vast tract, long supposed to be worthless, needs only skillful treatment to become valuable.

One can not help but speculate upon what kind of men we Americans shall be when all these now desolate plains are filled, when cities shall be found where now only the lonely dépôt or the infrequent cabin stands; when the iron and coal of these regions shall have become the foundation of great manufacturing populations; and when, perhaps, the whole continent will be covered by our Stars and Stripes. No other nation has ever spread over so large a territory or so diversified a surface as ours. From the low sea-washed shores of the Atlantic your California journey carries you to boundless plains which lie nearly as high as the summit of Mount Washington. Americans are digging silver ore in Colorado three thousand feet higher than the highest point of the White Mountains. At Virginia City, in Nevada, one of the busiest centres of gold mining, the travelers find it hard to draw in breath enough for rapid motion, and many persons, when they first arrive there, suffer from bleeding at the nose by reason of the rarity of the air. Again, in Maine half the farmer's year is spent in accumulating supplies for the other and frozen half; all over the Northern States the preparation for winter is an important part of our lives; but in San Francisco the winter is the pleasantest part of the year. In Los Angeles they do not think it needful to build fire-places, and scarcely chimneys, in their houses. And one people, speaking the same language, reading the same books, holding a common religion, paying taxes to the same government, and proud of one common flag, pervades these various altitudes and climates, intervisits, intercommunicates, intermarries, and is, with the potent help of the railroad, fused constantly more closely together as a nation. What manner of man, think you, will be the American of 1972, the product of so many different climes, of so various a range as to altitude?

I wrote that on the plains and on the mountains the railroad is the one great fact. Whatever you notice by the way that is the handiwork of man appears to be there solely for your convenience or safety who are passing over the road. On the Union Pacific you



OBSERVATION CAR.

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EAGLE GAP, ON THE TRUCKEE RIVER.

see miles upon miles of snow-fences. On the Central Pacific thirty or forty miles of solid snow-sheds, thoroughly built, and fully guarded by gangs of laborers, make the passage safe in the severest snow-storms. Great snow-plows, eleven feet high, stand at intervals on the plains and in the mountains, ready to drive, with three or four, or even seven or eight, locomotives behind them, the snow out of the cuts. The telegraph accompanies you on your whole long journey. Coal miles are opened only to furnish fuel to your locomotive. At intervals of a hundred miles, night and day, you hear men beating the wheels of the train to see if they are sound. Eating stations furnish you your meals; ice is supplied on the way; laborers stand aside in the desert and on the mountains as the train sweeps by, and close up behind it to repair the track or keep it in order. There is a Chinaman and a half on every mile of the Central Pacific Railroad; and this road is not only a marvel of engineering skill and daring, running through a most difficult country, and abounding in deep rock cuts, tunnels, and snow-sheds, but you will find its road-bed every where firm and solid, as though it had been laid for years, the cuts clean and clear, and on every part of the work an air of finish and precision, which show the confidence of its owners, and the thorough spirit in which it was conceived and completed and is maintained.

You reach San Francisco by passing through the great Sacramento plain, one of the famous wheat fields of the State, to Vallejo, whence you sail down the magnificent bay of San Francisco to the city; and thus you have to the last hour of your journey some new scene opening to your eyes, and when you go to sleep in your hotel at last, may dream of the Cliff House ride as a pleasure still to come.

I close this article with a few detailed directions to tourists, such as I should myself have been glad of when I first made the journey.

1. At Ogden your train will connect with the regular train for Salt Lake City, which place you reach the same evening. The Townsend House is kept by a Mormon, the

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American by a Gentile. An omnibus conveys you to either. Go to Brigham Young's theatre in the evening, if you like, and see his rocking-chair in the aisle, and the large space set apart in the box tier for his children. Rise early the next morning and walk about for an hour, and you may see almost the whole place. After breakfast get a carriage and tell the driver to take you to the Tabernacle and the menagerie—the last contains a number of native animals well worth seeing—and to show you the principal objects of interest. You will have time for a leisurely dinner before the cars start, and will yet have seen all that Salt Lake City affords to the traveler—for it is not easy for non-residents to see the inside of a Mormon house.



SNOW-SHEDS ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

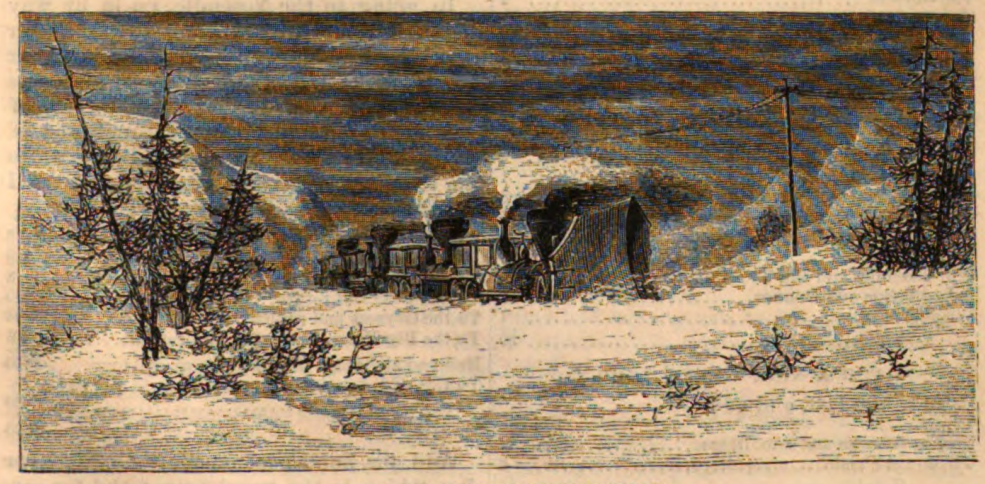
2. At Salt Lake City buy a little gold for California; they take greenbacks in Utah.

3. In San Francisco you can exchange your greenbacks for gold notes, which are more convenient than coin, and just as serviceable.

4. Eat only two meals per day on your journey, as you are not exercising nor working. After you enter California you will find both fruit and flowers for sale on the train—signs of civilization which do not attend you on an Eastern train.

5. From Ogden, when you start westward, telegraph to the Grand Hotel, the Occidental, or wherever you mean to stay in San Francisco, for rooms. The cost is a trifle, and it is a convenience to have your apartments ready for you when you arrive.

6. In planning your journey you will desire to know how much time is required, and what the expense of your trip will be. We give three schedules or time-tables for tours of various lengths, and a general estimate of expenses.



SNOW-PLOW ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

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INTERIOR OF SNOW-SHED.

FOR A FIVE WEEKS' TOUR.

	DAYS.
From Chicago to San Francisco	5
At Salt Lake	1
San Francisco and the surroundings	5
The San José Valley, to the Almaden Mine	3
The Geysers	2
The Yosemite and Big Trees. (This gives you one day in the Calaveras grove and five in the valley.)	12
Return to Chicago	5
Total	33

FOR A SIX WEEKS' TOUR.

	DAYS.
From Chicago to San Francisco	5
At Salt Lake	1
San Francisco and surroundings	8
The San José Valley and Almaden Mine	3
Santa Cruz, Watsonville, Pescadero, etc.	4
The Geysers	3
The Yosemite and Big Trees	12
Lakes Tahoe and Donner	2
Virginia City	1
Total	39

FOR A NINE WEEKS' TOUR.

Take the last, and add—

	DAYS.
To Los Angeles and San Diego	14
To Mount Shasta	6
Total	59

If you can spare more time, you should add a week to your Yosemite journey, which would give you opportunity to make the tour of the valley's outer rim, which can be done by ladies now without discomfort.

In going to the Yosemite, go in by way of Bear Creek, which, though a little longer ride, gives you Inspiration Point as your first view of the famous valley; and pass out the other way, as that leads, by way of Chinese Camp and Sonora, through one of the most famous of the "placer diggings," to the Calaveras Grove of Big Trees. Next I put the cost of the journey:

Fare by railroad from Chicago to San Francisco	$118
Return	118
To Salt Lake and return	5
To San José and return	10
To the Geysers and return	26
To the Big Trees, Yosemite, and return	38
Railroad and stage fares for five weeks' tour	$315
To this add, for sleeping cars, about $3 per day—ten days	30
	$345

Add, for hotel accommodations, $3 50 per day, which is the usual price; and for car-

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riage hire in seeing the Almaden mines, $5; for horses and guides on the Yosemite, $5 per day; for meals on the railroad, $2 per day. In all, $125 will pay your hotel and carriage bills, horse and guide in the Yosemite Valley, railroad, meals, etc.; and this, added to $345, makes $470. This is a liberal and not a close estimate; and if you allow $500 for a five weeks' tour to California and back, you will have enough to pay the slight premium on gold, and to buy some curiosities to take home with you. And you will have stopped at first-class hotels every where, and used a carriage wherever it was convenient.

To see Lake Tahoe, Donner Lake, and Virginia City will cost you twenty dollars more, including hotel bills. These you should see on your way home, getting off the Central Pacific train at Truckee, and resuming your place at Reno, when you have made the trip, without extra charge. Allow three days, and engage your sleeping-car accommodations at Sacramento, for a given day, on your way to Truckee.

To Los Angeles you go by steamer; fare, $18 each way, which includes meals and state-rooms. The sail is a lovely one, with land in sight all the way. Try to secure a berth on the land side, as the coast affords continuously fine views. The steamer lands you at San Pedro. Thence by cars to Los Angeles the fare is $2 50. From Los Angeles you should drive to the Mission San Gabriel, where are the finest orange orchards. The drive will cost you from three to five dollars. At San Diego you see a fine bay and a growing city, which now waits for railroad connections.

To Santa Cruz, Watsonville, and Pescadero the round trip should cost you from twenty to twenty-five dollars, and ten dollars less if you start from San José, after having seen the New Almaden quicksilver mines, and thus save the return to San Francisco.

If you have three weeks more to spare after going the round above described, you should visit the Columbia River, where also there is magnificent scenery. This journey is not so often made as it deserves to be. The following schedule of time and expense will help you to determine if you will make it:

	Days.	Cost.
San Francisco to Portland	4	$30
In the Willamette Valley	3	15
Up the Columbia and back	4	20
The voyage around Puget Sound	7	30
Back to San Francisco	4	30
Total	22	$125

You will find good hotels every where, though often, in the country, plainly furnished. The bread is always good, food is always abundant, and generally well cooked, and the beds are always clean and almost always good. The stage-drivers, landlords, and others with whom a traveler has to do are civil and obliging, and there are no attempts at extortion.

In a succeeding article I shall attempt to give some more detailed account of the sights which are worthy of a tourist's attention in California.

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER IX.

"I SUPPOSE it had better be so," Marie Bromar had said to her lover, when in set form he made his proposition. She had thought very much about it, and had come exactly to that state of mind. She did suppose that it had better be so. She knew that she did not love the man. She knew also that she loved another man. She did not even think that she should ever learn to love Adrian Urmand. She had neither ambition in the matter, nor even any feeling of prudence as regarded herself. She was enticed by no desire of position or love of money. In respect to all her own feelings about herself she would sooner have remained at the Lion d'Or, and have waited upon the guests day after day, and month after month. But yet she had supposed that "it had better be so." Her uncle wished it—wished it so strongly that she believed it would be impossible that she could remain an inmate in his house unless she acceded to his wishes. Her aunt manifestly thought that it was her duty to accept the man, and could not understand how so manifest a duty, going hand in hand as it did with so great an advantage, should be made a matter of doubt. She had not one about her to counsel her to hold by her own feelings. It was the practice of the world around her that girls in such matters should do as they were bidden. And then, stronger than all, there was the indifference to her of the man she loved.

Marie Bromar was a fine, high-spirited, animated girl; but it must not be thought that she was a highly educated lady, or that time had been given to her, amidst all her occupations, in which she could allow her mind to dwell much on feelings of romance. Her life had ever been practical, busy, and full of action. As is ever the case with those who have to do chiefly with things material, she was thinking more frequently of the outer wants of those around her than of the inner

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workings of her own heart and personal intelligence. Would the bread rise well? Would that bargain she had made for poultry suffice for the house? Was that lot of wine which she had persuaded her uncle to buy of a creditable quality? Were her efforts for increasing her uncle's profits compatible with satisfaction on the part of her uncle's guests? Such were the questions which from day to day occupied her attention and filled her with interest. And therefore her own identity was not strong to her, as it is strong to those whose business permits them to look frequently into themselves, or whose occupations are of a nature to produce such introspection. If her head ached, or had she lamed her hand by any accident, she would think more of the injury to the household arising from her incapacity than of her own pain. It is so, reader, with your gardener, your groom, or your cook, if you will think of it. Till you tell them by your pity that they are the sufferers, they will think that it is you who are most affected by their ailments. And the man who loses his daily wage because he is ill complains of his loss and not of his ailment. His own identity is half hidden from him by the practical wants of his life.

Had Marie been disappointed in her love without the appearance of any rival suitor, no one would have ever heard of her love. Had George Voss married, she would have gone on with her work without a sign of outward sorrow; or had he died, she would have wept for him with no peculiar tears. She did not expect much from the world around her, beyond this, that the guests should not complain about their suppers as long as the suppers provided were reasonably good. Had no great undertaking been presented to her, the performance of no heavy task demanded from her, she would have gone on with her work without showing even by the altered color of her cheek that she was a sufferer. But this other man had come—this Adrian Urmand—and a great undertaking was presented to her, and the performance of a heavy task was demanded from her. Then it was necessary that there should be identity of self and introspection. She had to ask herself whether the task was practicable, whether its performance was within the scope of her powers. She told herself at first that it was not to be done; that it was one which she would not even attempt. Then, as she looked at it more frequently; as she came to understand how great was the urgency of her uncle; as she came to find, in performing that task of introspection, how unimportant a person she was herself, she began to think that the attempt might be made. "I suppose it had better be so," she had said. What was she that she should stand in the way of so many wishes? As she had worked for her bread in her uncle's house at Granpere, so would she work for her bread in her husband's house at Basle. No doubt there were other things to be joined to her work—things the thought of which dismayed her. She had fought against them for a while; but, after all, what was she, that she should trouble the world by fighting? When she got to Basle she would endeavor to see that the bread should rise there, and the wine be sufficient, and the supper such as her husband might wish it to be.

Was it not the manifest duty of every girl to act after this fashion? Were not all marriages so arranged in the world around her? Among the Protestants of Alsace, as she knew, there was some greater latitude of choice than was ever allowed by the stricter discipline of Roman Catholic education. But then she was a Roman Catholic, as was her aunt; and she was too proud and too grateful to claim any peculiar exemption from the Protestantism of her uncle. She had resolved during those early hours of the morning that "it had better be so." She thought that she could go through with it all if only they would not tease her, and ask her to wear her Sunday frock, and force her to sit down with them at table. Let them settle the day—with a word or two thrown in by herself to increase the distance—and she would be absolutely submissive, on condition that nothing should be required of her till the day should come. There would be a bad week or two then while she was being carried off to her new home; but she had looked forward and had told herself that she would fill her mind with the care of one man's house, as she had hitherto filled it with the care of the house of another man.

"So it is all right," said her aunt, rushing up to her with warm congratulations, ready to flatter her, prone to admire her. It would be something to have a niece married to Adrian Urmand, the successful young merchant of Basle. Marie Bromar was already in her aunt's eyes something different from her former self.

"I hope so, aunt."

"Hope so! but it is so; you have accepted him?"

"I hope it is right, I mean."

"Of course it is right," said Madame Voss. "How can it be wrong for a girl to accept the man whom all her friends wish her to marry? It must be right. And your uncle will be so happy."

"Dear uncle!"

"Yes, indeed. He has been so good; and it has made me wretched to see that he has been disturbed. He has been as anxious that you should be settled well as though you had been his own. And this will be to be settled well. I am told that M. Urmand's house is one of those which look down upon

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the river from near the church; the very best position in all the town. And it is full of every thing, they say. His father spared nothing for furniture when he was married. And they say that his mother's linen was quite a sight to be seen. And then, Marie, every body acknowledges that he is such a nice-looking young man!"

But it was not a part of Marie's programme to be waked up to enthusiasm—at any rate by her aunt. She said little or nothing, and would not even condescend to consider that interesting question of the day of the wedding. "There is quite time enough for all that, Aunt Josey," she said, as she got up to go about her work. Aunt Josey was almost inclined to resent such usage, and would have done so, had not her respect for her niece been so great.

Michel did not return till near seven, and walking straight through his wife's room to Marie's seat of office, came upon his niece before he had seen any one else. There was an angry look about his brow, for he had been trying to teach himself that he was ill-used by his niece, in spite of that half-formed resolution to release her from persecution if she were still firm in her opposition to the marriage. "Well," he said, as soon as he saw her. "Well, how is it to be?" She got off her stool, and coming close to him, put up her face to be kissed. He understood it all in a moment, and the whole tone and color of his countenance was altered. There was no man whose face would become more radiant with satisfaction than that of Michel Voss—when he was satisfied. Please him, and immediately there would be an effort on his part to please every body around him. "My darling, my own one," he said, "it is all right." She kissed him again and pressed his arm, but said not a word. "I am so glad," he exclaimed; "I am so glad." And he knocked off his cap with his hand, not knowing what he was doing. "We shall have but a poor house without you, Marie—a very poor house. But it is as it ought to be. I have felt for the last year or two, as you have sprung up to be such a woman among us, my dear, that there was only one place fit for such a one. It is proper that you should be mistress wherever you are. It has wounded me—I don't mind saying it now—it has wounded me to see you waiting on the sort of people that come here."

"I have only been too happy, uncle, in doing it."

"That's all very well. That's all very well, my dear. But I am older than you, and time goes quick with me. I tell you it made me unhappy. I thought I wasn't doing my duty by you. I was beginning to know that you ought to have a house and servants of your own. People say that it is a great match for you; but I tell them that it is a great match for him. Perhaps it is because you've been my own in a way, but I don't see any girl like you round the country."

"You shouldn't say such things to flatter me, Uncle Michel."

"I choose to say what I please, and think what I please, about my own girl," he said, with his arm close wound round her. "I say it's a great match for Adrian Urmand, and I am quite sure that he will not contradict me. He has had sense enough to know what sort of a young woman will make the best wife for him, and I respect him for it. I shall always respect Adrian Urmand because he has known better than to take up with one of your town-bred girls, who never learn any thing except how to flaunt about with as much finery on their backs as they can get their people to give them. He might have had the pick of them at Basle, or at Strasburg either, for the matter of that; but he has thought my girl better than them all; and I love him for it, so I do. It was to be expected that a young fellow with means to please himself should choose to have a good-looking wife to sit at his table with him. Who'll blame him for that? And he has found the prettiest in all the country round. But he has wanted something more than good looks, and he has got a great deal more. Yes; I say it, I, Michel Voss, though I am your uncle—that he has got the pride of the whole country round. My darling, my own one, my child!"

All this was said with many interjections, and with sundry pauses in the speech, during which Michel caressed his niece, and pressed her to his breast, and signified his joy by all the outward modes of expression which a man so demonstrative knows how to use. This was a moment of great triumph to him, because he had begun to despair of success in this matter of the marriage, and had told himself on this very morning that the affair was almost hopeless. While he had been up in the wood he had asked himself how he would treat Marie in consequence of her disobedience to him; and he had at last succeeded in producing within his own breast a state of mind that was not perhaps very reasonable, but which was consonant with his character. He would let her know that he was angry with her—very angry with her; that she had half broken his heart by her obstinacy; but after that she should be to him his own Marie again. He would not throw her off because she disobeyed him. He could not throw her off, because he loved her, and knew of no way by which he could get rid of his love. But he would be very angry, and she should know of his anger. He had come home wearing a black cloud on his brow, and intending to be black. But all that was changed in a moment, and his only thought now was how to give pleasure to this dear

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"DEAR UNCLE, I AM SO GLAD THAT YOU ARE PLEASED."

one. It is something to have a niece who brings such credit on the family!

Marie as she listened to his praise and his ecstasies, knowing by a sure instinct every turn of his thoughts, tried to take joy to herself in that she had given joy to him. Though he was her uncle, and had in fact been her master, he was actually the one real friend whom she had made for herself in her life. There had been a month or two of something more than friendship with George Voss; but she was too wise to look much at that now. Michel Voss was the one being in the world whom she knew best, of whom she thought most, whose thoughts and wishes she had most closely studied, whose interests were ever present to her mind. Perhaps it may be said of every human heart in a sound condition that it must be specially true to some other one human heart; but it may certainly be so said of every female heart. The object may be changed from time to time—may be changed very suddenly, as when a girl's devotion is transferred with the consent of all her friends from her mother to her lover; or very slowly, as when a mother's is transferred from her husband to some favorite child; but, unless self-worship be predominant, there is always one friend to whom the woman's breast is true, for whom it is the woman's joy to offer herself in sacrifice. Now with Marie Bromar that one being had been her uncle. She prospered if he prospered. His comfort was her comfort. Even when his palate was pleased, there was some gratification akin to animal enjoyment on her part. It was ease to her that he should be at his ease in his arm-chair. It was mirth to her that he should laugh. When he was contented she was satisfied. When he was ruffled she was never smooth. Her sympathy with him was perfect; and now that he was radiant with triumph, though his triumph came from his victory over herself, she could not deny him the pleasure of triumphing with him.

"Dear uncle," she said, still caressing him, "I am so glad that you are pleased."

"Of course it will be a poor house without you, Marie. As for me, it will be just as though I had lost my right leg and my right arm. But what! A man is not always to be thinking of himself. To see you treated by all the world as you ought to be treated—as I should choose that my own daughter should be treated—that is what I have desired. Sometimes when I've thought of it all when I've been alone, I have been mad with myself for letting it go on as it has done."

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"It has gone on very nicely, I think, Uncle Michel." She knew how worse than useless it would be now to try and make him understand that it would be better for them both that she should remain with him. She knew, to the moving of a feather, what she could do with him and what she could not. Her immediate wish was to enable him to draw all possible pleasure from his triumph of the day, and therefore she would say no word to signify that his glory was founded on her sacrifice.

Then again came up the question of her position at supper, but there was no difficulty in the arrangement made between them. The one gala evening of grand dresses—the evening which had been intended to be a gala, but which had turned out to be almost funereal—was over. Even Michel Voss himself did not think it necessary that Marie should come in to supper with her silk dress two nights running; and he himself had found that that changing of his coat had impaired his comfort. He could eat his dinner and his supper in his best clothes on Sunday, and not feel the inconvenience; but on other occasions those unaccustomed garments were as heavy to him as a suit of armor. There was, therefore, nothing more said about clothes. Marie was to dispense her soup as usual—expressing a confident assurance that if Peter were as yet to attempt this special branch of duty the whole supper would collapse—and then she was to take her place at the table next to her uncle. Every body in the house, every body in Granpere, knew that the marriage had been arranged, and the old lady who had been so dreadfully snubbed by Marie had forgiven the offense, acknowledging that Marie's position on that evening had been one of difficulty.

But these arrangements had reference only to two days. After two days Adrian was to return to Basle, and to be seen no more at Granpere till he came to claim his bride. In regard to the choice of the day, Michel declared roundly that no constraint should be put upon Marie. She showed him her full privileges, and no one should be allowed to interfere with her. On this point Marie had brought herself to be almost indifferent. A long engagement was a state of things which would have been quite incompatible with such a betrothal. Any delay that could have been effected would have been a delay, not of months, but of days—or, at most, of a week or two. She had made up her mind that she would not be afraid of her wedding. She would teach herself to have no dread either of the man or of the thing. He was not a bad man, and marriage in itself was honorable. She formed ideas also of some future true friendship for her husband. She would endeavor to have a true solicitude for his interests, and would take care, at any rate, that nothing was squandered that came into her hands. Of what avail would it be to her that she should postpone for a few days the beginning of a friendship that was to last all her life? Such postponement could only be induced by a dread of the man, and she was firmly determined that she would not dread him. When they asked her, therefore, she smiled, and said very little. What did her aunt think?

Her aunt thought that the marriage should be settled for the earliest possible day, though she never quite expressed her thoughts. Madame Voss, though she did not generally obtain much credit for clear seeing, had a clearer insight to the state of her niece's mind than had her husband. She still believed that Marie's heart was not with Adrian Urmand. But, attributing perhaps no very great importance to a young girl's heart, and fancying that she knew that in this instance the young girl's heart could not have its own way, she was quite in favor of the Urmand marriage. And if they were to be married, the sooner the better. Of that she had no doubt. "It's best to have it over always as soon as possible," she said to her husband in private, nodding her head, and looking much wiser than usual.

"I won't have Marie hurried," said Michel.

"We had better say some day next month, my dear," said Madame Voss, again nodding her head. Michel, struck by the peculiarity of her voice, looked into her face, and saw the unaccustomed wisdom. He made no answer, but after a while nodded his head also, and went out of the room a man convinced. There were matters between women, he thought, which men can never quite understand. It would be very bad if there should be any slip here between the cup and the lip; and, no doubt, his wife was right.

It was Madame Voss at last who settled the day—the 15th of October, just four weeks from the present time. This she did in concert with Adrian Urmand, who, however, was very docile in her hands. Urmand, after he had been accepted, soon managed to bring himself back to that state of mind in which he had before regarded the possession of Marie Bromar as very desirable. For some four-and-twenty hours, during which he had thought himself to be ill-used, and had meditated a retreat from Granpere, he had contrived to teach himself that he might possibly live without her; but as soon as he was accepted, and when the congratulations of the men and women of Granpere were showered down upon him in quick succession—so that the fact that the thing was to be became assured to him—he soon came to fancy again that he was a man as successful in love as he was in the world's good, and that this acquisition of Marie's hand was a treasure in which he could take delight. He undoubtedly would be ready by the day named, and

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would go home and prepare every thing for Marie's arrival.

They were very little together as lovers during those two days, but it was necessary that there should be an especial parting. "She is up stairs in the little sitting-room," Aunt Josey said; and up stairs to the little sitting-room Adrian Urmand went.

"I am come to say good-by," said Urmand.

"Good-by, Adrian," said Marie, putting both her hands in his, and offering her cheek to be kissed.

"I shall come back with such joy for the 15th," said he.

She smiled and kissed his cheek, and still held his hand. "Adrian," she said.

"My love?"

"As I believe in the dear Jesus, I will do my best to be a good wife to you." Then he took her in his arms and kissed her close, and went out of the room with tears streaming down his cheeks. He knew now that he was in truth a happy man, and that God had been good to him in this matter of his future wife.

CHAPTER X.

"So your cousin Marie is to be married to Adrian Urmand, the young linen merchant at Basle," said Madame Faragon one morning to George Voss. In this manner were the first assured tidings of the coming marriage conveyed to the rival lover. This occurred a day or two after the betrothal, when Adrian was back at Basle. No one at Granpere had thought of writing an express letter to George on the subject. George's father might have done so, had the writing of letters been a customary thing with him; but his correspondence was not numerous, and such letters as he did write were short, and always confined to matters concerning his trade. Madame Voss had, however, sent a special message to Madame Faragon as soon as Adrian had gone, thinking that it would be well that in this way George should learn the truth.

It had been fully arranged by this time that George Voss was to be the landlord of the hotel at Colmar on and from the first day of the following year. Madame Faragon was to be allowed to sit in the little room down stairs, to scold the servants, and to make the strangers from a distance believe that her authority was unimpaired. She was also to receive a moderate annual pension in money in addition to her board and lodging. For these considerations, and on condition that George Voss should expend a certain sum of money in renewing the faded glories of the house, he was to be the landlord in full enjoyment of all real power on the 1st of January following. Madame Faragon, when she had expressed her agreement to the arrangement, which was indeed almost in all respects one of her own creation, wept and wheezed and groaned bitterly. She declared that she would soon be dead, and so trouble him no more. Nevertheless, she especially stipulated that she should have a new arm-chair for her own use, and that the feather-bed in her own chamber should be renewed.

"So your cousin Marie is to be married to Adrian Urmand, the young linen merchant at Basle," said Madame Faragon.

"Who says so?" demanded George. He asked his question in a quiet voice; but, though the news had reached him thus suddenly, he had sufficient control over himself to prevent any plain expression of his feelings. The thing which had been told him had gone into his heart like a knife; but he did not intend that Madame Faragon should know that he had been wounded.

"It is quite true. There is no doubt about it. Stodel's man with the roulage brought me word direct from your step-mother." George immediately began to inquire within himself why Stodel's man with the roulage had not brought some word direct to him, and answered the question to himself not altogether incorrectly. "Oh yes," continued Madame Faragon; "it is quite true—on the 15th of October. I suppose you will be going over to the wedding." This she said in her usual whining tone of small complaint, signifying thereby how great would be the grievance to herself to be left alone at that special time.

"I shall not go to the wedding," said George. "They can be married, if they are to be married, without me."

"They are to be married; you may be quite sure of that." Madame Faragon's grievance now consisted in the amount of doubt which was being thrown on the tidings which had been sent direct to her. "Of course you will choose to have a doubt, because it is I who tell you."

"I do not doubt it at all. I think it is very likely. I was well aware before that my father wished it."

"Of course he would wish it, George. How should he not wish it? Marie Bromar never had a franc of her own in her life, and it is not to be expected that he, with a family of young children at his heels, is to give her a *dot*."

"He will give her something. He will treat her as though she were a daughter."

"Then I think he ought not. But your father was always a romantic, headstrong man. At any rate, there she is—bar-maid, as we may say, in the hotel—much the same as our Floschen here; and, of course, such a marriage as this is a great thing; a very great thing indeed. How should they not wish it?"

"Oh, if she likes him—"

"Like him? Of course she will like him.

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Why should she not like him? Young and good-looking, with a fine business, doesn't owe a sou, I'll be bound, and with a house-ful of furniture? Of course she'll like him. I don't suppose there is much difficulty about that."

"I dare say not," said George. "I believe that women's likings go after that fashion, for the most part."

Madame Faragon, not understanding this general sarcasm against her sex, continued the expression of her opinion about the coming marriage. "I don't suppose any body will think of blaming Marie Bromar for accepting the match when it was proposed to her. Of course she would do as she was bidden, and could hardly be expected to say that the man was above her."

"He is not above her," said George, in a hoarse voice.

"Marie Bromar is nothing to you, George; nothing in blood; nothing beyond a most distant cousin. They do say that she has grown up good-looking."

"Yes; she is a handsome girl."

"When I remember her as a child she was broad and dumpy, and they always come back at last to what they were as children. But, of course, M. Urmand only looks to what she is now. She makes her hay while the sun shines; but I hope the people won't say that your father has caught him at the Lion d'Or, and taken him in."

"My father is not the man to care very much what any body says about such things."

"Perhaps not so much as he ought, George," said Madame Faragon, shaking her head.

After that George Voss went about the house for some hours, doing his work, giving his orders, and going through the usual routine of his day's business. As he did so no one guessed that his mind was disturbed. Madame Faragon had not the slightest suspicion that the matter of Marie's marriage was a cause of sorrow to him. She had felt the not unnatural envy of a woman's mind in such an affair, and could not help expressing it, although Marie Bromar was in some sort connected with herself. But she was sure that such an arrangement would be regarded as a family triumph by George —unless, indeed, he should be inclined to quarrel with his father for over-generosity in that matter of the *dot*. "It is lucky that you got your little bit of money before this affair was settled," said she.

"It would not have made the difference of a copper sou," said George Voss, as he walked angrily out of the old woman's room. This was in the evening, after supper, and the greater part of the day had passed since he had first heard the news. Up to the present moment he had endeavored to shake the matter off from him, declaring to himself that grief—or at least any outward show of grief—would be unmanly and unworthy of him. With a strong resolve he had fixed his mind upon the affairs of his house, and had allowed himself to meditate as little as might be possible. But the misery, the agony, had been then present with him during all those hours, and had been made the sharper by his endeavors to keep it down and banish it from his thoughts. Now, as he went out from Madame Faragon's room, having finished all that it was his duty to do, he strolled into the town, and at once began to give way to his thoughts. Of course he must think about it. He acknowledged that it was useless for him to attempt to get rid of the matter and let it be as though there were no such persons in the world as Marie Bromar and Adrian Urmand. He must think about it; but he might so give play to his feelings that no one should see him in the moments of his wretchedness. He went out, therefore, among the dark walks in the town garden, and there, as he paced one alley after another in the gloom, he reveled in the agony which a passionate man feels when the woman whom he loves is to be given into the arms of another.

As he thought of his own life during the past year or fifteen months, he could not but tell himself that his present suffering was due in some degree to his own fault. If he really loved this girl, and if it had been his intention to try and win her for himself, why had he taken his father at his word and gone away from Granpere? And why, having left Granpere, had he taken no trouble to let her know that he still loved her? As he asked himself these questions, he was hardly able himself to understand the pride which had driven him away from his old home, and which had kept him silent so long. She had promised him that she would be true to him. Then had come those few words from his father's mouth—words which he thought his father should never have spoken to him—and he had gone away, telling himself that he would come back and fetch her as soon as he could offer her a home independently of his father. If, after the promises she had made to him, she would not wait for him without further words and further vows, she would not be worth the having. In going, he had not precisely told himself that there should be no intercourse between them for twelve months, but the silence which he had maintained, and his continued absence, had been the consequence of the mood of his mind and the tenor of his purpose. The longer he had been away from Granpere without tidings from any one there, the less possible had it been that he should send tidings from himself to his old home. He had not expected messages. He had not expected any letter. But when nothing came, he told himself over and over again that he too would be silent, and would bide his time. Then Edmond

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Greisse had come to Colmar, and brought the first rumor of Adrian Urmand's proposal of marriage.

The reader will perhaps remember that George, when he heard this first rumor, had at once made up his mind to go over to Granpere, and that he went. He went to Granpere partly believing and partly disbelieving Edmond's story. If it were untrue, perhaps she might say a word to him that would comfort him and give him new hope. If it were true, she would have to tell him so; and then he would say a word to her that should tear her heart, if her heart was to be reached. But he would never let her know that she had torn his own to rags! That was the pride of his manliness; and yet he was so boyish as not to know that it should have been for him to make those overtures for a renewal of love which he hoped that Marie would make to him. He had gone over to Granpere, and the reader will perhaps again remember what had passed then between him and Marie. Just as he was leaving her he had asked her whether she was to be married to this man. He had made no objection to such a marriage. He had spoken no word of the constancy of his own affection. In his heart there had been anger against her because she had spoken no such word to him—as, of course, there was also in her heart against him, very bitter and very hot. If he wished her to be true to him, why did he not say so? If he had given her up, why did he come there at all? Why did he ask any questions about her marriage, if on his own behalf he had no statement to make—no assurance to give? What was her marriage, or her refusal to be married, to him? Was she to tell him that, as he had deserted her, and as she could not busy herself to overcome her love, therefore she was minded to wear the willow forever? "If my uncle and aunt choose to dispose of me, I can not help it," she had said. Then he had left her, and she had been sure that for him that early game of love was a game altogether played out. Now, as he walked along the dark paths of the town garden, something of the truth came upon him. He made no excuse for Marie Bromar. She had given him a vow, and should have been true to her vow, so he said to himself a dozen times. He had never been false. He had shown no sign of falseness. True of heart, he had remained away from her only till he might come and claim her, and bring her to a house that he could call his own. This also he told himself a dozen times. But, nevertheless, there was a very agony of remorse, a weight of repentance, in that he had not striven to make sure of his prize when he had been at Granpere before the marriage was settled. Had she loved him as she ought to have loved him, had she loved him as he loved her, there should have been no question possible to her of marriage with another man. But still he repented, in that he had lost that which he desired, and might perhaps have then obtained it for himself.

But the strong feeling of his breast, the strongest next to his love, was a desire to be revenged. He cared little now for his father, little for that personal dignity which he had intended to return by his silence, little for pecuniary advantages and prudential motives, in comparison with his strong desire to punish Marie for her perfidy. He would go over to Granpere, and fall among them like a thunder-bolt. Like a thunderbolt at any rate he would fall upon the head of Marie Bromar. The very words of her love-promises were still firm in his memory, and he would see if she also could be made to remember them.

"I shall go over to Granpere the day after to-morrow," he said to Madame Faragon, as he caught her just before she retired for the night.

"To Granpere, the day after to-morrow? And why?"

"Well, I don't know that I can say exactly why. I shall not be at the marriage, but I should like to see them first. I shall go the day after to-morrow."

And he went to Granpere on the day he fixed.



CHAPTER XI.

"PROBABLY one night only, but I won't make any promise," George had said to Madame Faragon when she asked him how long he intended to stay at Granpere. As he took one of the horses belonging to the inn and drove himself, it seemed to be certain that he would not stay long. He started all

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alone, early in the morning, and reached Granpere about twelve o'clock. His mind was full of painful thoughts as he went, and as the little animal ran quickly down the mountain road into the valley in which Granpere lies, he almost wished that his feet were not so fleet. What was he to say when he got to Granpere, and to whom was he to say it?

When he reached the angular court along two sides of which the house was built he did not at once enter the front-door. None of the family were then about the place, and he could, therefore, go into the stable and ask a question or two of the man who came to meet him. His father, the man told him, had gone up early to the wood-cutting, and would not probably return till the afternoon. Madame Voss was, no doubt, inside, as was also Marie Bromar. Then the man commenced an elaborate account of the betrothals. There never had been at Granpere any marriage that had been half so important as would be this marriage; no lover coming thither had ever been blessed with so beautiful and discreet a maiden, and no maiden of Granpere had ever before had at her feet a lover at the same time so good-looking, so wealthy, so sagacious, and so good-tempered. The man declared that Adrian was the luckiest fellow in the world in finding such a wife, but his enthusiasm rose to the highest pitch when he spoke of Marie's luck in finding such a husband. There was no end to the good with which she would be endowed; "linen," said the man, holding up his hands in admiration, "that will last out all her grandchildren at least!" George listened to it all, and smiled, and said a word or two—was it worth his while to come all the way to Granpere to throw his thunderbolt at a girl who had been captivated by promises of a chestful of house linen!

George told the man that he would go up to the wood-cutting after his father; but before he was out of the court he changed his mind and slowly entered the house. Why should he go to his father? What had he to say to his father about the marriage that could not be better said down at the house? After all, he had but little ground of complaint against his father. It was Marie who had been untrue to him, and it was on Marie's head that his wrath must fall. No doubt his father would be angry with him when he should have thrown his thunder-bolt. It could not, as he thought, be hurled effectually without his father's knowledge; but he need not tell his father the errand on which he had come. So he changed his mind, and went into the inn.

He entered the house almost dreading to see her whom he was seeking. In what way should he first express his wrath? How should he show her the wreck which by her inconstancy she had made of his happiness? His first words must, if possible, be spoken to her alone; and yet alone he would hardly hope to find her. And he feared her. Though he was so resolved to speak his mind, yet he feared her. Though he intended to fill her with remorse, yet he dreaded the effect of her words upon himself. He knew how strong she could be, and how steadfast. Though his passion told him every hour, was telling him all day long, that she was as false as hell, yet there was something in him of judgment, something rather of instinct, which told him also that she was not bad, that she was a firm-hearted, high-spirited, great-minded girl, who would have reasons to give for the thing that she was doing.

He went through into the kitchen before he met any one, and there he found Madame Voss with the cook and Peter. Immediate explanations had, of course, to be made as to his unexpected arrival—questions asked, and suggestions offered—"Came he in peace, or came he in war?" Had he come because he had heard of the betrothals? He admitted that it was so. "And you are glad of it?" asked Madame Voss. "You will congratulate her with all your heart?"

"I will congratulate her, certainly," said George. Then the cook and Peter began with a copious flow of domestic eloquence to declare how great a marriage this was for the Lion d'Or; how pleasing to the master, how creditable to the village, how satisfactory to the friends, how joyous to the bridegroom, how triumphant to the bride! "No doubt she will have plenty to eat and drink, and fine clothes to wear, and an excellent house over her head," said George, in his bitterness.

"And she will be married to one of the most respectable young men in all Switzerland," said Madame Voss, in a tone of much anger. It was already quite clear to Madame Voss, to the cook, and to Peter that George had not come over from Colmar simply to express his joyous satisfaction at his cousin's good fortune.

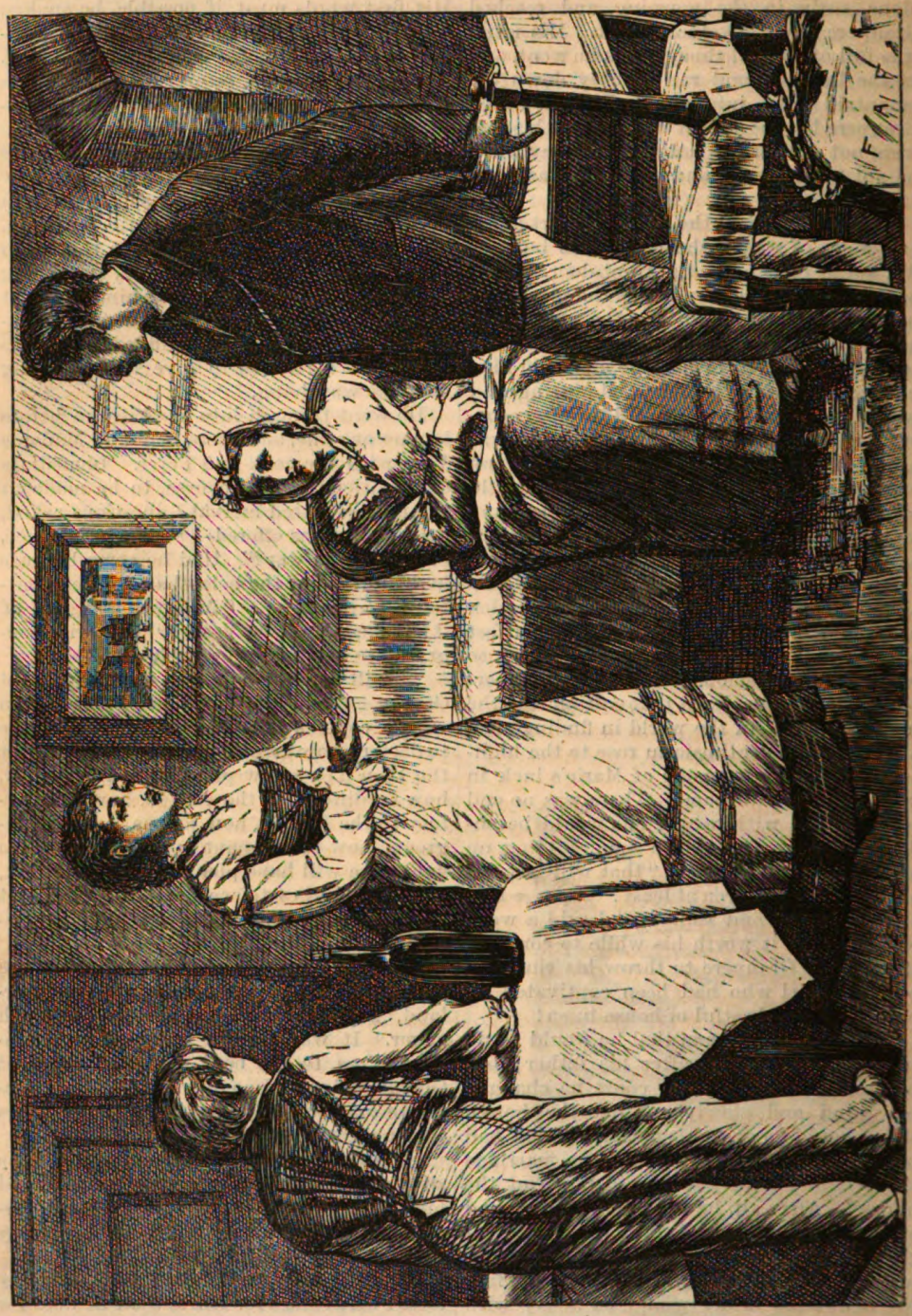
He soon walked through into the little sitting-room, and his step-mother followed him. "George," she said, "you will displease your father very much if you say any thing unkind about Marie."

"I know very well," said he, "that my father cares more for Marie than he does for me."

"That is not so, George."

"I do not blame him for it. She lives in the house with him, while I live elsewhere. It was natural that she should be more to him than I am, after he had sent me away. But he has no right to suppose that I can have the same feeling that he has about this marriage. I can not think it the finest thing in the world for all of us that Marie Bromar should succeed in getting a rich young man

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"SHE HAD OFFERED HIM HER HAND."

for her husband, who, as far as I can see, never had two ideas in his head."

"He is a most industrious young man, who thoroughly understands his business. I have heard people say that there is no one comes to Granpere who can buy better than he can."

"Very likely not."

"And, at any rate, it is no disgrace to be well off."

"It is a disgrace to think more about that than any thing else. But never mind. It is no use talking about it; words won't mend it."

"Why, then, have you come here now?"

"Because I want to see my father." Then he remembered how false was this excuse, and remembered also how soon its falseness would appear. "Besides, though I do not like this match, I wish to see Marie once

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again before her marriage. I shall never see her after it. That is the reason why I have come. I suppose you can give me a bed?"

"Oh yes, there are beds enough." After that there was some pause, and Madame Voss hardly knew how to treat her step-son. At last she asked him whether he would have dinner, and an order was given to Peter to prepare something for the young master in the small room. And George asked after the children, and in this way the dreaded subject was for some minutes laid on one side.

In the mean time information of George's arrival had been taken up stairs to Marie. She had often wondered what sign he would make when he should hear of her engagement. Would he send her a word of affection, or such customary present as would be usual between two persons so nearly connected? Would he come to her marriage? And what would be his own feelings? She too remembered well, with absolute accuracy, those warm, delicious, heavenly words of love which had passed between them. She could feel now the pressure of his hand and the warmth of his kiss, when she swore to him that she would be his for ever and ever. After that he had left her, and for a year had sent no token. Then he had come again, and had simply asked her whether she were engaged to another man; had asked with a cruel indication that he at least intended that the old childish words should be forgotten. Now he was in the house again, and she would have to hear his congratulations!

She thought for some quarter of an hour what she had better do, and then she determined to go down to him at once. The sooner the first meeting was over the better. Were she to remain away from him till they should be brought together at the supper-table, there would almost be a necessity for her to explain her conduct. She would go down to him and treat him exactly as she might have done had there never been any special love between them. She would do so as perfectly as her strength might enable her; and if she failed in aught, it would be better to fail before her aunt than in the presence of her uncle. When she had resolved, she waited yet another minute or two, and then she went down stairs.

As she entered her aunt's room George Voss was sitting before the stove, while Madame Voss was in her accustomed chair, and Peter was preparing the table for his young master's dinner. George arose from his seat at once, and then came a look of pain across his face. Marie saw it at once, and almost loved him the more because he suffered. "I am so glad to see you, George," she said. "I am so glad that you have come."

She had offered him her hand, and, of course, he had taken it. "Yes," he said, "I thought it best just to run over. We shall be very busy at the hotel before long."

"Does that mean to say that you are not to be here for my marriage?" This she said with her sweetest smile, making all the effort in her power to give a gracious tone to her voice. It was better, she knew, to plunge at the subject at once.

"No," said he. "I shall not be here then."

"Ah—your father will miss you so much! But if it can not be, it is very good of you to come now. There would have been something sad in going away from the old house without seeing you once more. And though Colmar and Basle are very near, it will not be the same as in the dear old home—will it, George?" There was a touch about her voice as she called him by his name that nearly killed him. At that moment his hatred was strongest against Adrian. Why had such an upstart as that, a puny, miserable creature, come between him and the only thing he had ever seen in the guise of a woman that could touch his heart? He turned round with his back to the table and his face to the stove, and said nothing. But he was able, when he no longer saw her, when her voice was not sounding in his ear, to swear that the thunder-bolt should be hurled all the same. His journey to Granpere should not be made for nothing. "I must go now," she said, presently. "I shall see you at supper, shall I not, George, when uncle will be with us? Uncle Michel will be so delighted to find you. And you will tell us of the new doings at the hotel. Good-by for the present, George." Then she was gone before he had spoken another word.

He ate his dinner, and smoked a cigar about the yard, and then said that he would go out and meet his father. He did go out, but did not take the road by which he knew that his father was to be found. He strolled off to the ravine, and came back only when it was dark. The meeting between him and his father was kindly; but there was no special word spoken, and thus they all sat down to supper.

THE DEW.

"Weep for me, gentle flowers; let your tears
Plead for me with the light."
So, tremblingly, before she disappears,
Whispers the Night.

"Amid creation, see, I am alone,
Following the fleeting Day;
The gray mysterious spell around me thrown
Repels the gay.

"What pleasure is it that to me belong
The sweetest flower and bird,
If by my ear the sad, beseeching song
Alone be heard?

"He flies forever from my yearning arms,
That glorious, smiling sun;
I, bathed in tears, amid my starry charms,
Must follow on."

So, with a breath of sad and hopeless sighs,
Night bids the earth adieu;
And the pure tear-drops in the flower's eyes
We call the dew.

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IN THE STUDIO.



"YOUR HAPPIEST EXPRESSION, IF YOU PLEASE!"

"Your happiest expression, if you please!
I'll do the rest: arrange these folds for you.
Your eyelids you may wink—just so—with ease.
Now glance here: that will do.
Once more.
Don't move! The posture is all grace;
That head-turn is a very sweet surprise:
Yes, quite perfection is that fall of lace.
There—lift, a thought, your eyes!"
'Tis done.
"*All right!*—A vignette now, *my boy*,"
In cheery tone rings out upon the air,
Like to a boatswain calling, "Ship, ahoy!"
Presto!—the vignette's there.

Hark! waves of rippling laughter from the screen!
"Nay, sirens, I can manage only *one;*
Soon on the card I'll paint your fairy queen;
But leave us, pray, alone!

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The negative? Ah, that I never show,
Except in cases quite exceptional.
I '*must?*' Then, from a brood of birdlets, know
I honor '*must*' and '*shall!*'

"Aha, my little fellow, are you here
To make your pretty face a picture gay?
Well, stand upon this rock, my little dear;
Fold arms, and look this way.
"*All right!*
Yes, madam, yes, it is all right:
On Monday you can come the proof to see.

"And you, Sir— What! you think that proof *a fright!*
Nay, nay, it must not be.
We'll try again.
But not to-day, Sir; no!
I'm mad, quite mad, with all I have to do:
Morning and noon, till night, I'm thronged just so.
On Wednesday come at two.

"Oh, for blest rainy days! Not dew to flower
Is sweeter than the cloud to his parched brain
Who weds the sun and soulless crowds each hour
In triturating pain.



"HARK! WAVES OF RIPPLING LAUGHTER FROM THE SCREEN!"

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"In some bright moments art is bade rejoice,
When sympathetic souls have faith in me,
As when fair Kellogg, with her silvery voice
Of rarest minstrelsy,
Accepts my pose.
I cry, 'Divine! *divine!*'
But there are some their wills 'gainst mine array,
And mimicking fixed stars, deign but to shine
One resolute, fixed way.
Such make the artist in me cry with pain
Over the wearisome and futile hour,
So wrought to passion are the nerves which strain
To lift to light each flower.

"Yet still I triumph. As when at command
Of Art Ristori felt the fire in me,
And gave me *Marie Antoinette* as grand
As if a human sea
Of earnest souls were pulsing to her spell!
Such moments are restoratives of ease—
But pardon!
You will come to-morrow? Well,
At ten, then, if you please."

A GOOD INVESTMENT.



CHAPTER XVII.

"Fly where you will, there's peril every where;
Death walketh through the door that will not ope.
Fall where you may—in pit, or den, or lair—
There Mercy is, and with her liveth Hope."

AS soon as he had shoved the bolts to place, Robert glanced round to discern what kind of refuge he had found; but the few beams of light that made their way through the chinks of the great door merely served to show the floor and sides of the place to be of stone, and that the darkness prevailing back of him was very black indeed. He put an ear to one of the chinks and listened. There was loud and excited talking outside, then a movement from the yard toward the stable, then sounds of feet on the floor. "They will be sure to break in here," thought Robert; "God help me if they do!" and he began to move backward.

"Fire!" a voice shouts; "that rack's a-fire! Fetch water every one of you. Drop him, damn you, and come and help us!"

The horse, left loose in the stable, had overturned and broken the lantern, incautiously set down without being extinguished, and from it the rubbish of hay on the floor had caught fire. And the hellish element was added to complicate the already complex circumstances. Robert, thus unexpectedly saved, though with a most questionable salvation, returned to his chink and resumed his listening.

He heard the unavailing splashing of water by the bucketful, which the fire only drank up with a hiss, then went on flaming, roaring, and crackling with increasing noise till all other sounds were silenced, while the heat at the listening-place was fast getting unbearable. Still he remained, sweltering and almost stifling, until there fell, thundering and crashing against the door, a mass of burning timbers, which continuing to burn, fiery holes soon appeared in many of the planks, through which heat and smoke streamed in, driving him backward step by step. But however far he retreated, or however far the glare from the blazing door penetrated, there were still space and darkness and roaring echoes beyond.

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The horse, who had been gradually becoming unmanageable with all his master's efforts to soothe and control him, now broke away and dashed right toward the flames; but just as he did so, the door, with all the burning pile that was pressing upon it, fell forward into the cave, flinging blazing fragments, red coals, and flashing sparks up to Robert's very feet. This was too much for even brutal madness to brave. Major recoiled, stood with feet braced forward and body shrinking back, trembling and snorting at the horror that confronted him, then turned and fled to the rear, where he circled about at full speed for a while, then was heard no more, poor beast!

When the door fell, a current of heat and cloud of smoke came rushing in, while the cool, pure atmosphere they displaced poured out to feed the burning. At first the smoke mounted to the ceiling, but cooling before long against the cold stone surface, descended with suffocating power upon the victim, who, helpless and hopeless, awaited the end. All he could do he did, which was to retire to the extreme limit of the walls and crouch lower and lower to breathe of the stratum of pure air that yet remained near the floor, while the smoke descended lower and lower, and the supply of air grew more scant each minute. Finally he prostrated himself on the floor, with his mouth close down to it, breathing as best he could, praying that it might soon be over with him, while his eyes fixed themselves upon the yawning mouth of fire that roared at him, that darted long tongues of flame at him, that exhaled black, poisonous breath to destroy him, until, through the thickening blackness, only a blood-red spot could be seen. At the last moment his thoughts divided themselves between Bella Johnston, whom he would never see again, and the preaching of the Rev. Mr. Adamsfall, whose descriptions of a subterranean place of torment had converted him and Polly, but which description he could not but think—for who can help his thoughts in such a moment?—had given but a faint idea of the reality of the hell he was even then experiencing.

Another deliverance for the doomed, another reprieve for Robert Hagan! A heavy something fell. The rock on which he lay shook beneath him; a loud, dull noise thundered through the cave. The blood-red spot was gone, and the darkness of the grave was come. The stone wall of the stable had fallen in, and with it a great mass of earth from the hill against which it was built, and stone and earth together completely sealed up the door-way. Robert was safe—and buried alive!

From that moment the air of the cave gradually improved, as the smoke condensed and the heat expended itself against the rocky sides and roof. Soon as he could support the fumes in an erect posture, Robert undertook a thorough exploration of the mysterious place. With a still blazing fragment of the fallen door for a torch, he began to make a circuit of the irregular wall, which he found to recede in many places into alcoves more or less deep, and sometimes into considerable chambers. From one of these last, as he neared it, came the voice of his horse, recognizing his approach; but the animal did not trot up for a caress, and between his short whinnies the munching of corn could be heard. He was found standing at a well-filled bin, close to which were a number of rudely built stalls and other evidences that the place was habitually used for secreting stolen horses. Soon as this became clear to him, Robert felt sure there must be water near, and looking further, he found a spring of it delightfully pure and cold, where he drank his fill. The consuming thirst being quenched, appetite manifested itself; so, after releasing Major from the embarrassment of the bit, and tying him at a trough supplied with a proper allowance of the grain, he for himself had recourse to the store in the saddle-bags, and blessed Polly while he ate.

After eating he rekindled the torch and resumed his exploration. No sign of an outlet could be found, and when he considered how utterly dark the place was, and how slowly the smoke was disappearing, he became convinced no way of exit existed, save the one by which he had entered. Returning to that, then, he found it completely blocked with a mingled heap of stone, earth, and timber, all of it hot and fuming. Hours yet must elapse before it would be possible to do any thing, for his supply of water was quite inadequate to cool the great mass to be worked upon, and all that could be spared of it was used to extinguish the still burning fragments of the door which lay scattered about. Before doing this, however, he built a small fire in a corner quite out of view from the door-way, and collected and piled near it fragments enough to feed it for several days, if need should be.

He had been so fortunate, while making his exploration near the stalls, as to find a shovel, and by wrenching apart one of the racks, had provided himself with a stout hickory handspike. Thus furnished, he was confident of being able to dig through the barrier that entombed him as soon as it should grow cool enough, and if he could manage to work without being detected.

By this time it might be night-fall or midnight, for all the buried man knew. Certainly no sound could be heard coming from without. If any sleep were to be indulged in, then was the time; and so, returning to where he had left Major, he gave him water and filled his rack, then lay down on a pile of hay, and enjoyed rest and oblivion until Major woke him by calling for corn, by which

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he knew it must be about seven o'clock in the morning.

He found the obstructing heap through which he must dig had become cool enough to be worked, and was not long in beginning. He labored regardless of the lapse of time, and not until his fellow-prisoner had thrice summoned him, and he had thrice gone and attended to his wants, did it occur to Robert that something must be done to secure the animal's absolute silence. After that he kept the rack constantly replenished, and the water-bucket as well.

He frequently stopped as he worked to listen for outside sounds, and when at length he heard, or thought he heard, faint noises, he worked gently enough to make sure of not giving an alarm. At length voices, though not words, could unmistakably be heard, and then he stopped entirely. He discovered, too, by the jarring of a large beam whose end projected through the other rubbish into the cave, that the sounds came from persons engaged, like himself, in clearing away the obstructions. If they should get through before nightfall? But those outside did not work very diligently, and before long every thing became quiet. Then renewing his labors, cautiously at first and with frequently stopping to listen, afterward boldly and more efficiently, he succeeded after a few hours in bringing down so large a portion of the embankment that an opening was made at the top, through which so much of light as a dark and stormy night could shed streamed in, and with it cool gusts of air and heavy rain-drops, almost as delicious to the gasping worker as that liberty of which they were the harbingers.

The hole thus made was large enough for Robert's escape, but not for Major's, and the tired hands must still toil on, watching, listening, and praying the while; but work and pray as he might, the storm was ceasing, the cock was crowing, when Major scrambled through upon his belly as no less intelligent horse could have been made to do, and picked his way over the blackened ruins. And now welcome dawn and welcome day, and welcome sun-bright skies! Let any cock crow that will; let any thief follow who may! The road is for Major and his rider!

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Still the cloud unpitying lowers;
Still its bolts unerring fall;
All my temples, all my bowers
Broken, shattered, ruined, all."

At about the time when Robert was mounting his horse beside the ruins of the burned building, a skiff that had crossed the river from Stone House grounded on the Kentucky shore. The oarsman stepped to land, pulled the bow of the boat well up on the beach, flung still further the stone that served for an anchor, and then stood as if waiting for the person who sat in the stern to move. After waiting for a few moments in vain, he said, "We's yer, missis."

Bella had been looking back to where, in the gray light and stillness of early morning, the house that had so long been her shelter and home seemed slumbering amidst its trees and shrubbery, as its inmates were in their beds, none of them dreaming of her departure. At the summons of Hector she started, turned her head, then rose, and with his aid stepped out. Her eyes were dry of tears, but red and hot as from a night of weeping, and her cheeks, though burning, were haggard. She walked rather quickly directly up the bank, and on reaching the river road, turned to the eastward. Her companion waited only to take from the boat a bundle of considerable size, which he swung over his shoulder by means of a hickory quarter-staff, and then followed her.

Both of them walked on in silence, except that from time to time the old man would call out to beg his impatient young companion not to go so fast. At the end of seven or eight miles Bella stopped where a more traveled road than the one they were following branched off to the south, and waited for Hector to come up.

"Which way?" she asked.

"Dat way," he answered; "I tink 'e lead right trough Clarksburg an' Cumberland Gap. I knows de oder way better; dat go up Big Sandy; but I spec dat too rough for hoonah." He said this while seated on his bundle and wiping his forehead. He was evidently greatly fatigued, but for some reason appeared to wish to conceal that he was so.

"Why, my poor Hector!" she exclaimed, when at length she did notice his condition; "you are tired already. Is it because I have made you walk too fast, or because that bundle is so heavy? Why, good gracious, what a heavy load you've been carrying!" she exclaimed, as she lifted it with both hands. "What is in it?"

"Dis a few close an' some prowision," he replied, trying to keep the pack from being opened. But Bella insisted, and found the contents to be a very few clothes and a great many provisions, namely, two sides of bacon, four chickens plucked and cleaned, a basket of boiled eggs, a sack of corn flour, some coffee and sugar, with other things of lesser weight.

"You wretched old man! What have you done?" she cried.

"Dey owes um all, missis—it's de Lord's trute—dey owes um all, 'count o' lass mont wages," protested he, "an' mo' too. Please God, I nebber steal um." And while Bella walked away, wringing her hands in vex-

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ation that was almost agony, he hastily repacked his plunder, muttering to himself, "S'pose she tink I gwine away empty-handed from de Norrard? No, no, I isn't no shish deblish fool as dat." As he was about to shoulder his bundle again, he looked up the road that Bella had just left, and saw something which relieved him of his embarrassment, and for a time at least diverted his mistress from her chagrin.

"Why, dat's him—dat's dem, sure's de Lord!" he cried, looking and pointing with gesture of delight and surprise toward where, on an eminence, standing still, as if halting to rest, their outline relieved against the bright sky, were Major the horse and Robert his rider. "Oh, de Lord be praise! de Lord be praise for tender mercy and lubbin-kineness! Misser Robert be libbin for true!" And Bella, too, running back to look, thanked God and praised him; then walked rapidly on to meet Robert, who, on his part, as he drew near, found it hard to believe it was Bella he saw in that place at that time, clad in that gray mantle, with only its hood for head-covering, though she greeted him with extended arms and a face beautified with a smile that was almost tender in its solicitude. Coming up to his side, she took one of his hands in both of hers, while the negro, approaching him on the other side, embraced his knee.

"And you are quite well, and free from all harm?" said Bella. "Tank God for dat!" was the response of Hector. Neither of them ventured to express fully what was in their minds, but it was not necessary; Robert understood them.

"Well? Oh yes, miss," he replied; "but dreadfully dirty," he added, as, for the first time, he thought how blackened he must be. Then, sliding down from the saddle, he looked from one to the other with no little embarrassment. "You—you will ride back home on Major, won't you?" he said. "I'll warrant he'll be gentle, for he's come forty miles this morning."

She shook her head. "Stone House is no longer a home for me," she said. "I left it this morning, or last night, rather. I came away by stealth, Robert, because—because I could not part from them in any other way; and, besides, I feared they might oppose my coming. It is this I want you to explain to them, Robert—and you will do so, will you not? You will tell them all I say."

"But you surely have not quit Stone House for good? You don't mean that? Why, all the friends you have on earth are in that house—all except poor me."

"All the friends I have on earth," she repeated—"yes, and none better than they, living or dead. But they are not mine by right; only from benevolence and pity has their friendship sprung, and such as that I will not own. I remained too long in a house where I should not have staid for a day. I now see I was but a trespasser and a beggar there, and I go away as a thief."

"But, Miss Bella! Miss Bella! where will you go, and what will you do? What will become of you? Oh dear! oh dear!" cried Robert, in hopeless distress, as he too clearly saw her will was rising, as a western cloud, flashing with the electric power of her spirit and her pride.

"My destiny concerns myself," answered her spirit and her pride. Then, as if suddenly remembering she had no longer any right to possess either, all signs of them vanished from her manner, leaving only sadness and humility, as she said, "Robert, good Robert, I thank you for all you have done for me—carry also my thanks to the others. Of what I have just been saying, remember only the reasons I gave for having left them in the way I did. Be sure to tell them those reasons; and tell them, also, that I have a well-considered purpose and a firm resolution. Please remember my words." And she repeated them to Robert, who heard, but could make no reply for his tears.

"And say," she continued, "I at last know all I owe to them, however ignorant of it I may formerly have been. I know, too, I can never repay it in any measure. Say I beg of them not to be anxious for my welfare; that I am sure I shall be able to provide for and take care of myself; and that no honest labor, however humble it may be, or however low it may be called, could demean Bella Johnston so much as to have remained a day longer under their roof. You will tell them all this: be sure to tell them."

"Miss Bella, I will not tell them any such thing. You do very wrong to go away. You know very well they all love you as they do each other, and would do any thing in the world rather than lose you. It is cruel in you to act toward them as if they were enemies instead of friends. You talk as if they had no feeling, and yourself had none either, and had lost your senses besides, and acted only from that bitter, black pride which besets poor sinners, and drags them down to perdition. Oh, Miss Bella, do as you ought to do, and go straight back with me. Think how they are feeling at this very moment; and just for a moment look at this business as you know they do. Oh, go back; do go right back with me—won't you, now?"

"Do not distress me, my good friend. What you say is well said, but words can not change my purpose. Let us say no more, except to bid each other good-by, as old and true friends should. Yes, there is one thing more" (glancing toward the bundle): "can you carry back, on your horse, something Hector has brought away?"

"No," he interrupted, "I am not going back. If your resolution is taken, so is

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mine. I shall not return to Stone House unless you do. I will attend you on the journey you have undertaken, wherever that may lead. When it comes to an end, you may dismiss me if you will, and I must submit. But you shall never travel on foot over these hills while I own a horse. You can ride on Major, and Hector and I will walk. Am I not right, Hector?"

"Yes, Misser Robert; dis zackly right," said Hector, whose practical mind saw at once how easily Major could carry Bella, and the bundle of provisions too.

"But, Robert, you do not know what a long journey mine will be," expostulated Bella.

"If you are going to your home in the South, it will be a long journey, I know. But that would make it all the more necessary you should not attempt it on foot, and that I should go to help protect you."

Bella's entreaties as well as her commands all failed to shake Robert's purpose. He insisted, despite her threatened anger even, that if not allowed to accompany, he would follow her. And Hector seconding him in the argument, she finally gave way. The heavy bundle was unpacked then, and its contents, after the saddle-bags had been stuffed with all they would hold, were bestowed in two sacks, which were tied together by their necks, and swung upon Major's back close in front of the saddle. This last the horse strongly objected to; but he was a reasonable animal, and when the contents of the sacks had been made known and explained to him through sight and smell, he consented. This arrangement supplied in some measure the want of a pommel, so that Bella, when mounted, found her seat very comfortable. And when, finally, all was ready for the start, and the party turned their faces southward, Robert walking at the horse's head and prudently holding by the rein, while Hector, grasping his quarter-staff, trudged along on the opposite side, relieved of all his burden and half his load of care, they all felt, if not cheered, at least invigorated and encouraged by the sensations which ever attend on and bless enterprise, endeavor, progress. They were encompassed besides by the exhilarating morning air, and the sheen of the hoar-frost that every where around reflected the early sunlight, and gave promise more sure than the promise of a rainbow that the day would be fair and the weather kindly. Arrived at Clarksburg, they made no halt, except that, while Robert and Bella kept on their way through the town, Hector stopped long enough to purchase, at one of the shops, a large tin cup and three small ones, a knife and fork, a spoon, and a light frying-pan. Provided with these, when, a few miles further, Bella was persuaded to stop and rest, the old negro cooked as good a traveler's dinner as the hungriest could need, or the most fastidious wish. At the end of the meal the question of resources naturally came up for consideration. All pockets being emptied, the sum total of available funds was found to be about twenty-five dollars. On the way Bella had disclosed, what Robert had already surmised, that the end of her journey would be Waccamaw Neck, near the sea-coast, in South Carolina, and Hector had explained, so far as he could explain and his hearer comprehend, the route and the distances. Considering all this, the means at command seemed small enough, and Hector's forethought in respect to provisions appeared prudent and wise.

When Bella, after being informed by Hector on his return late in the evening of the day before concerning the dreadful termination of the expedition to recover the stolen horse, took the desperate resolution of abandoning the shelter of Stone House, the question of where she should go, and how, was a secondary consideration. And when she determined to return to her Southern home, it was in desperation she did so, and not in that mood which measures distance or counts cost. Had she been sure of perishing in the mountains, still she would have gone forth. Robert, however, after having obtained permission to be of the party, without the right to ask "whither or how," now felt it his duty to conduct the expedition on more modern principles than those obtaining in times when Don Quixote and Gil Blas made their celebrated journeys through Spain, which both Bella and he had been so fond of reading about. With money enough this would have been easy enough, but to go by steamer and rail all the way from where they were to Waccamaw would be to make an exceedingly roundabout and expensive journey, for which the means at command would be quite inadequate. Might he communicate with Mr. Damarin, he could easily obtain all the money needed; but this, of course, Bella would not allow. He could, therefore, see no way but for them to go on in the primitive style they had begun with, until the mountains were crossed and a country of railroads reached, and then trust to contrivance and endeavor for the rest.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE place where the travelers stopped was a little way within a ravine that opened to the road, and beside a small "run." While Robert remained seated on the broad, flat stone that had served them for dinner-table and chairs, occupied in counting the green paper money and calculating its purchasing power, and Hector, at a pool further up the run, was washing the frying-pan, cups, knife, fork, and spoon, the horse being

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still further up, grazing on what he could find, Bella, too impatient to remain long at rest, walked back and forth between the dining-place and the road. As she approached the road, at the end of her course, she caught sight of a horseman coming rapidly from the direction of Clarksburg. She stopped where she was, beneath the closely knit and drooping branches of a great beech, and waited there till he got near enough to be recognized by his form; but the moment her quick eye did recognize that form—herself as yet unseen—she shrunk behind the trunk of the tree while William Damarin rode past, pressing his steed to its utmost. Had she given a second look from her hiding-place, had she seen the expression that distorted his noble features, possibly her journey had ended on the day it began.

Neither of her companions had surmised who the horseman was that galloped so swiftly over the road, though both of them noticed that she remained a long while crouched at the foot of the beech-tree. At length they went toward her; but when she saw them coming she rose and walked to meet them. "Hector," she said, as they drew near, "did you not tell me you were better acquainted with the route up the Big Sandy than with this one, but that you thought it too rough for me to travel on foot?"

"Yes, Miss Bella."

"But now that, thanks to Robert, I have a good horse to ride, would it not, after all, be better we should go by the way of Sandy? There must be some path by which we can cross over and get into the road that we turned out of this morning without losing very much time. I have just been thinking we should try to do so."

Hector thought the new plan a good one, and Robert said it would be easy enough to go over the hills into the valley of the Kinniconick; where, by following the course of that stream, they would come into the Greenupsburg road, which was the best and shortest route to the Sandy.

"Then let us set out at once," she exclaimed, with an agitation her companions could not understand, and with her own hands aided in preparing for the start. Robert, leading Major unmounted, clambered rapidly to the top of the nearest hill, which was a spur of the main ridge; but when they had achieved the steep ascent she was already there, having outstripped both. Hardly would she wait for the horse to breathe before she mounted and was urgent to press on. And yet, while her outward purpose was apparently so fixed, all was doubt and confusion within. She knew not what she really wished, nor what she ought to do. One thing, however, was certain: the pursuit she was by so well-devised and bold a movement escaping from had actually given her a thrill of joy, felt through all her sadness and shame. She wished, or thought she wished, to escape, yet felt it was delightful to be followed.

After going some ten miles the travelers descended into the romantic valley of the river Kinniconick. Among the settlers whom its cheap yet fertile soil, healthy air, and beautiful scenery have tempted there are some persons of more intelligence and refinement than one would look for in so inaccessible a place. The house of one of these, who was agent for the owners of a tract of forty thousand acres of land, was the first dwelling the travelers came to. Though the sun was yet two hours high, Robert insisted on stopping and asking for hospitality—which he did in a peculiar way that left the host at liberty to receive from the guests, when the time for parting should come, either money or thanks, and entitled the guests while they staid to make themselves as much at home as if they expected to pay money.

In the room where they were received Robert was glad to find a large map hanging up, from which and from information the host gave he learned that by going by the route they had chosen about two hundred miles, they would strike a railroad at Abingdon, in Virginia. Two hundred miles on Major's springy back was not too much for Bella to endure; and for himself, Robert, two hundred thousand walked by her side would have been too little.

Mr. Mariner, the host, was making sundry improvements upon the property in his charge, one of which was the planting of an orchard, in a large field of newly cleared ground. Robert and Hector, strolling about, stopped to observe the progress of the work on this field, which, being too full of roots for deep plowing, the ground had to be prepared for setting out the trees by digging a deep hole for each one, and then filling it again with the same soil which came out, reversed and loosely flung in. The backwoodsmen employed to do this were making but sorry progress, and Mr. Mariner was complaining that not half the orchard would be ready for planting before cold weather. An idea struck Robert. "Hector and I understand something of this kind of work," he said to Mr. Mariner. "If you think you can afford to pay us fifteen cents for every hole we dig, we might stop here a week and finish the job for you."

The bargain was gladly agreed to on the other side. But Bella objected at once to any thing like delay, until, with the aid of the map, Robert explained to her that by remaining where she was while they could earn money enough to pay the railroad fares, she would be able to reach her destination some ten days earlier than if the whole journey were made in their present style of traveling.

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To the great surprise of their employer, the two new hands dug, each, three times as many holes as any of the backwoodsmen did, and by the end of the week the job was done and cheerfully paid for, and the travelers went on their way with resources more than doubled.

"I really think you ought to have paid that girl two dollars," said Mrs. Mariner to her husband. "I certainly never saw a woman do as much work by half as she did, nor with half so little clatter or fuss."

The travelers went on their way, and one of them went rejoicing. He well enough knew his portion of that way must come to an end at Abingdon, for he was sure Bella would not consent to his accompanying her beyond there, and the thought of the parting that must come recurred now and then as a lancinating pang; but to say that pang alloyed the delight he felt in being with her would be wrong. For the joy of love is too pure to mix with any thing that can alloy. Pain or sorrow, past or future, only heighten it by their contrast. Happy in the fullness of the days that were his own, he rejoiced in them as he journeyed, and in all their hours and minutes.

From the beginning to the end of that journey, it should here be mentioned, not a word was spoken concerning Stone House, or its people, or any thing that ever happened there. There were stories told of Smoky Creek and Waccamaw Neck; but the history of the years spent in that mansion by the Ohio remained a closed and sealed volume. Sometimes Bella would sing a hymn —the only music she knew—in a voice that filled the valley. A sweet voice, too, it was —although quite untaught since the time when she was captured—and aided by a charming elocution that was the gift of early breeding and her own good taste. Sometimes not her song, but her laugh, made music for the valley, when the old negro's oddities or humor provoked her mirth. Sometimes she would keep silence for hours, her busy thoughts devising plans for the future. Then, rousing herself from reverie, she would apply herself to entertaining Robert with long stories of what happened in her childhood, with ghost stories too, such as her black nurses used to frighten her with, and even told all the fables she learned from the same source concerning the wise "Bro' Rabbit," the ferocious but simple "Bro' Wolf," and all the other brethren of the fields and the woods whom the African imagination had taught how to discourse in gibberish to excellent moral purpose.

One day, after she had been telling him about her parents' household and the neighbors who used to enjoy the hospitalities of "Multiflora," Robert remarked,

"It seems to me those planters must have been very great and rich folks, just like the lords and ladies the old novels tell about."

"They were all of them rich people," she replied; "how many of them were great depends upon how they now bear the loss of their riches. Those who succumb to poverty can not be said to have ever been great. I have faith, however, that most of the members of our old families will meet adversity with courage and endurance, and through it work their way to prosperity again, as the founders of them worked theirs. The spirit of a gentleman is not easily crushed—no, nor of a gentlewoman either. For one, while I live I will strive, and I think I shall live to plant and reap the fields of my inheritance as prosperously as any of my forefathers did."

"If you only had two or three thousand dollars to begin with," suggested Robert, with a slight quiver in his voice, and with a glance toward Major.

"That being out of the question, I shall begin the earliest moment that I can begin, by doing the thing that is nearest to my hand; and that finished, reach out for the next, trusting in God and my own energies for what may come of it."

Hard was the parting on the platform of the station at Abingdon, and it needed all Bella's tact to avoid an avowal and a scene that it was best should not occur.

"Good-by, my good, dear friend," she said, from the window of the car, as it began slowly to move. "We shall never meet again; but we shall never forget each other, shall we? And, Robert, should any thought, any recollection of the past, remain to give you pain or disturb your peace, pray, for my sake, do as I have done—bury the past; turn your back on it, and look only to the future, where there is always hope for the young, the honest, and the strong. Good-by, dear Robert!"

When Robert removed his gaze from the direction in which the train had disappeared, dancing from earth to heaven in a sea of water that filled his eyes, only one person lingered about the station. Of him he inquired what road he should take to reach Cumberland Gap, and having got the information, mounted his horse, and was soon beyond the limits of the little town.

CHAPTER XX.

Our story is drifting toward the unequaled rice district of the Waccamaw. Though our country has the honor of producing the best rice in the world, our cooks—except those of the region where it is grown—are too ignorant, too inexact, too careless and unfaithful, to follow the few and easy yet indispensable rules for properly boiling it. Pearl of grains it is, and it is said one-half the inhab-

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itants of the globe make it their daily food—their manna and ambrosia; but they cook it as it should be, those Chinese and Hindoos, and other advanced peoples; they could not live on the tasteless, trashy messes we make of it.

From motives of economy, Bella and Hector left the railroad at Cheraw, on the Great Pedee, and took passage in a corn-boat bound for Georgetown. The second day of the voyage brought their sluggish craft to where the river flowed through swamps famous for being the refuge of Marion's men in the Revolution, and of runaway negroes in later times. It was, indeed, a strange and dismal region, that of the swamps of the Great Pedee. On both sides the river seemed to widen indefinitely far into a dense forest, whose borderings of heavy timber formed the only boundaries of the turbid stream that flowed sluggishly between. When, for the first time after many years, Bella's eye penetrated the dim vistas and chambers of the swamp, though she remembered them well, their gloom appalled her, and well it might, though seen for the hundredth time. As the day drew to a close that gloom deepened into darkness almost impenetrable, and from out the darkness came all the sounds of the night, though early twilight still prevailed elsewhere. The evil-omened whip-poor-will wailed; the night-hawk stooped with whir of wing; monstrous frogs, named "blood-an'-'ounds," from the sounds they utter, called in loud, deep bass for "blood and wounds;" while the alligator, from his floating log, with a human voice, groaned for the wounded and the bleeding. Besides the mournful cypress, tree of the grave, a drapery of crape-like gray moss hung from whatever would hold it, and drooped and trailed in the dark water below. It was as if Nature herself had furnished the funeral, the mourning, and the wailing for desolate and dying Carolina, once proudest of the proud, hottest of the hot, leader of States, and Lucifer of rebellion.

During all of that night Bella remained on the boat's deck, without any thought of sleep. It would have been difficult for the hardiest mind to resist the spells that environed her, as she drifted through that realm of Night and Darkness, on her way toward a clouded destiny. She did not attempt to resist. She submitted. She gave herself up to grief, and grieved passionately. A sense of her bereavements oppressed her as it never had before. Father, mother, and brothers, all had died and been buried, without her being permitted to attend either of them dying or follow either to the grave. They seemed now to come and demand their dues of mourning; and to the accomplishment of that mourning she consecrated her long vigil, during all the hours of which her tears sparkled up to the stars, then fell to mingle and be lost in the ever-flowing river.

Mile followed mile of the dismal progress, hour followed hour of the dismal night, and still the course was down a shoreless stream, and still from the bordering chaos came the voices of discord speaking oracles of despair, sole greeting for the young orphan's return to her home. The night-hawk stooped upon his prey; the whip-poor-will called for scourges and stripes; the frog demanded more blood and more wounds; and the alligator continually groaned. But the ordeal came to an end, and so did the night and the Great Pedee River, when Winyaw Bay was reached. And the first glories of sunrise came with a more fitting welcome to embodied youth, health, beauty, innocence, courage, and hope.

After crossing the bay the boat was made fast at one of the wharves of the ancient port of Georgetown, once the second city of the State, but now the most decayed, orphaned, widowed, and altogether bereaved village to be found in America. There Hector was fortunate enough to secure places in a six-oared canoe belonging to a plantation high up on the Waccamaw, and about to start on its return. As it had been impossible for Bella to resist the gloomy influences of the night voyage through the swamp, so was it impossible to resist the enlivening ones which prevailed on her daylight trip in that six-oared canoe, with its crew of merry black men. Negro Congressmen we have, and Senators too; and if we will, we can crown the edifice of freedom with a President of bronze—we will, if we choose—but nowhere, not in Congress-hall or Senate-chamber, cabinet council or executive throne, will the African race appear to so good advantage as where a negro boat's crew, lustily pulling, keep stroke to songs of their own originating, or laugh at their own jokes and humor. The music and jokes that beguiled Bella of her sadness were in themselves quite unfit to bear criticism: the power they exerted lay in the feeling that was in the tones, and the pure glee that was in the laughter. Then the songs were the same she had loved to hear when she was a child and at home, which alone was enough to make her love to hear them now. Well did she recognize the plaintive air beginning,

"I wish I ben yeddy w'a' ma-a-my say—
W'a' ma-a-my say—w'a' ma-a-my say;"

and this rousing one, adapted to quick stroke:

"O wake jaw-bone! 'e walk an' talk;
O wake jaw-bone! 'e tell no lie."

Here is one, however, which she did not remember to have heard:

"Two dog was fightin' one anudder;
Dey fight to kill, for dey was brudder.

Chorus.

By the Crew: Steer um straight.
By the Steersman: Pull um strong.
By All: Row de boat an' sing de song.

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"On de ground de 'possum lay,
An' he was playin' 'possum play.—*Chorus.*

"'E lie dat still 'e nebber stir;
'E know'd it's him dey's fightin' fur.—*Chorus.*

"'E nebber bark; 'e nebber bite;
'E let dem dog do all de fight.—*Chorus.*

"Dey fight all night; dey fight all day;
But like de dead dat 'possum lay.—*Chorus.*

"Dey bite an' scratch, an' do dat same
Till one go dead an' t'oder lame.—*Chorus.*

"Den 'possum, dat dey tought to fry,
Jump up an' open bote him eye.—*Chorus.*

"Now 'possum safe an' libe an' free,
'E sing de song ob jubilee.—*Chorus.*

"'E dance an' play de tambourime;
'E lick de 'lasses an' de cream.—*Chorus.*

"Swing de sword an' beat de drum;
Glory, Lord, for kingdom come!"—*Chorus.*

It was after noon when the boat stopped at the mouth of the canal which traversed the rice fields of the Johnston estate in the direction of the neck of rising ground that lay between the fields and the sea-shore beyond, on the crown of which rising ground the mansion had been built. There was a mile to be walked on the bank of the canal before the avenue of live-oaks would be reached which led up to the house, and was itself half a mile long. On the way an opportunity was afforded to examine the condition of the estate. Evidently it had not been cultivated at all during the last few years; and Hector pronounced the ditches, banks, and "trunks" to be decayed and injured to such an extent that to repair them would cost a "heap o' money." "An' we no got no money, missis," he added. "Now we's yer, de Lord know wot we's gwine for do."

"You are right, Hector," said Bella, to whom the want of money was not a new idea. "And He it is will tell us what to do. We have come all the way here, my friend, on purpose to ask Him."

As they approached the further end of the bank the rank wild growths of various kinds closed in and interlaced across the path, rendering progress so difficult that Hector had to go in advance and break the way. At length the entrance to the avenue was reached, and, standing under its high-roofed evergreen arch, Bella looked toward the opposite end. She saw two chimneys standing, and that was all! Without word or cry, she pressed forward to the gate of the garden, forced it open, and entered. The garden had been a paradise once: it had become a thicket and a field of thorns. Arrived at the site of the house, she found a heap of ashes, at either end of which a brick column stood like head-stone and foot-stone marking the grave of a once living home.

She knelt upon that grave, and, with clasped hands and writhing brow, there uttered her question and her prayer: "O my God, what shall I do?"

Hector groaned, then stood silently apart.

When Bella rose up from the ashes and looked about, she found herself surrounded, at a respectful distance, by the negroes, who had gathered there from their quarters on hearing the swiftly flying news that the young missis they had thought to be dead was alive, and had returned to them. As soon as they felt permitted to speak they overwhelmed her with greeting and blessing, manifold and vociferous, hearty and loving. Those of them, especially, who had been house servants, and known, handled, and loved in her infancy the idol of the house, seemed ready to worship her now as a full-grown divinity. The feeling of such for such an object is but little understood. It can hardly be explained. But it is beautiful, though, and is, or rather it *was*, of redeeming power over many things needing redemption.

They put their all at her disposal; they offered to work for her, to obey her; they pressed near and kissed her hands; they kissed her mantle. Some of them knelt and embraced her knees; some on their knees prayed for her; some laughed for joy that she had come back to them at last; some wept that she had come to a desolation.

In greeting them all and making inquiries concerning their welfare, in receiving accounts of the dead and absent, in being presented with the numerous children, half of them wholly naked, that had come into life since she was last there, and in going through the quarters to visit the bedridden and crippled, Bella, for the time, forgot both herself and her circumstances. She was recalled, however, when one of the women, Psyche, her mother's seamstress, suddenly remarked, "Why, missis, dey was a gentleman yer t'oder day 'quirin' for you—a young mossa, and handsome, and a true and true gentleman."

"Him wasn't no gentleman, nudder," interrupted one of the men. "Him was a Yankee."

"No Yankee 'tall," added a third. "'E come from Kentucky, way all de hogs grows. Dey's as good gentlemen grows in Kentucky as dey does in dis yer country."

By much questioning Bella was able to learn that a person, whom from the description given she knew must be William Damarin, had come to Multiflora in search of her, and remained several days in the neighborhood, during which time he had visited all the plantations near, and that he had taken his departure on the steamboat for Charleston only three days before her arrival. To this information a good deal more was added by numerous, conflicting, and disputatious informants, which, however, she did not heed, as she walked back and

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"O MY GOD, WHAT SHALL I DO?"

forth absorbed in thought. Presently, turning toward Psyche, she asked:

"Is the house at the sea-shore standing?"

"Yes, missis," was the reply.

"Is any body there?"

"Yes, missis—Westa; she stay dere eber since mossa him go 'way. She no will come 'way. Last year de stable him wash away in a big gale, an' de year befo' de serbants' hall him go too. I spec de house him go next, an' Westa wid it."

"Hector! Hector!" Bella called.

Hector came.

"We will go to the sea-shore," she said.

"Better go right 'way dis minute, den; it fo' mile to walk, an' de sun no berry high."

But before Bella could get away from her crowd of votaries she had to accept their numerous offerings. They brought her chickens, ducks, eggs, persimmons, strings of dried herbs, sweet-potatoes, ground-nuts (pea-nuts), rice, corn meal—in short, each of the poor, generous creatures gave something, and, after the manner all had been strictly taught from their infancy, thanked her for accepting it.

The gifts would have loaded a pack-mule; but as there was no mule at hand, they were distributed in panniers, piggins, and calabashes, and "toted" on the heads of the younger members of the community, who volunteered in mass for the expedition, and were so numerous that the burdens allotted to most of them were ridiculously small. The procession that followed Bella, when finally she set out, was headed by Apollo, the son of Diana, a youth of twenty, who steadied his powerful frame beneath a calabash holding a dozen of eggs, and was closed with a big-bellied little Atlas, who balanced on his head, without once putting his hand to it, a live "cooter" (terrapin), resting bottom upward, and ineffectually sprawling and pawing the air.

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WALLENSTEIN'S HOROSCOPE.

THE horoscope of the great Wallenstein, which is carefully preserved at Vienna, is one of the most interesting relics of his time. He lived in an age when astrology was still regarded as a science. The most eminent philosophers devoted their whole lives to the elucidation of its mysteries; and prince, priest, and peasant—the most exalted and learned, as well as the most humble and ignorant—alike felt the influence of the superstition. No one could rest easy until he had learned what the stars had to say respecting the course of his life—the indications being drawn from their position or "aspect" at the time of a person's birth; and it was very common, even as late as the seventeenth century, to consult the stars before commencing an important enterprise. Each astrologer had special methods of his own, but the general usage was to draw a horoscope representing the position of the stars and planets, either in the whole heaven or within a few degrees above the eastern horizon, at the time of the person's birth or the commencement of the undertaking. The horoscope was interpreted by the astrologer in accordance with the appearance, singly or in conjunction, of the heavenly bodies. Thus the presence of Mars foretold war; of Venus, love; of Jupiter, power; of the Pleiades, tempestuous weather at sea, etc. Absurd as the fundamental principles of star-divination now appear, the superstition had its use in the development of science and civilization. As alchemy and the vain search for the philosopher's stone fostered chemistry, astrology fostered astronomy. The famous astronomical tables of Alfonso the Wise, King of Castile and Leon, were intended principally for astrological purposes. Indeed, down to the time of Galileo there was no clear distinction between astrology and astronomy. Nearly all students of the movements of the heavenly bodies occupied themselves with star-divination; and ancient civilization saw nothing absurd in the practice. The prophetic power was supposed to be common. All classes of people, learned and unlearned, believed that coming events could be foretold by those who made a study of the indications on the earth and in the heavens by which the future was foreshadowed. The position of an astrologer was one of great respectability and power. He was supposed to hold direct and intimate communication with spiritual intelligences, and was classed with physicians and priests, if not generally ranked above them by the common people. His rules for the interpretation of prophetic signs and for declaring the message of the heavenly bodies were supposed to be as trustworthy as the conclusions of scientific men. Omens were universally studied, and men who had the hardihood to ridicule or disbelieve them were regarded as little better than infidels. As late as the sixteenth century the system of a reputable astrologer was so abstruse and so complicated that years of hard study were requisite to a complete mastery of its details; and although based on errors and absurdities, it was in every part consistent with itself, and sufficiently plausible to impose upon a superstitious generation. Not until the invention of the telescope had disclosed the real wonders of the heavens, and led to the establishment of the Copernican system, was the line clearly drawn between astrology and true science; and even then it took many generations to loosen its hold upon the human mind. The art is practiced in Asia and among the barbarous tribes of Africa. Traces of the old superstition are still observable even in England and this country. The writer remembers hearing a good New England dame, not many years ago, advising her son never to drive home a newly purchased "critter" when "the sign was in the head," as the animal would be sure to stray.

Wallenstein, who was born under the Lion, believed that his success was entirely owing to this favorable circumstance. He was accustomed to shut himself up with Giambattista Seni, a famous astrologer of Genoa, for whole days together, absorbed in the study of the stars; and so firmly was the superstition seated in his mind that, when summoned to take command for the second time, he led the imperial embassador to his astrological tablets, and said, "By these I knew of your coming and your errand, and know also that my star dominates that of the emperor, so that I shall never have cause to be dissatisfied with him." The famous captain always wore his own horoscope on his breast. It is an exquisite piece of curious workmanship. The planets are represented on glass. The Lion, Wallenstein's birth-sign, is a gilded wood carving. The rim and the four rings are of pure gold.

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It was considered an exceedingly fortunate circumstance to be born under the sign of the Lion. An astrological MS. of 1584 says: "The child of the Lion (that is to say, one born under the sign of the Lion) will have a pleasing face and form. He careth not for enviers or backbiters, will come to great honor, and will be brave and adventurous; quickly moved to anger, but easily appeased if others refrain from angry words; of good address, well-pleasing to women, and will have good fortune in the Lion"—that is, when that sign is in the ascendency. Wallenstein's faith in his horoscope was confirmed by many years of good fortune in the field. So implicit was his confidence that in 1632 he avoided giving battle to the forces of Gustavus Adolphus until November, because Seni had predicted misfortunes for the Swedish king in that month. The prediction was only half verified. Gustavus was mortally wounded in the battle, but his army gained a decisive victory over the forces of Wallenstein. Nor did his horoscope enable him to foresee and guard against the plot of assassination, by which the Emperor of Austria freed himself at length from his powerful and imperious vassal.

OLD KENSINGTON.

By MISS THACKERAY.

CHAPTER I.

BRICKS AND IVY.

A QUARTER of a century ago the shabby tide of progress had not spread to the quiet old suburb where Lady Sarah Francis's brown house was standing, with its many windows dazzling as the sun traveled across the old-fashioned house-tops to set into a distant sea of tenements and echoing life. The roar did not reach the old house. The children could listen to the cawing of the rooks, to the echo of the hours, as they struck on from one day to another, vibrating from the old brown tower of the church. At night the strokes seemed to ring more slowly than in the day. Little Dolly Vanborough, Lady Sarah's niece, thought each special hour had its voice. The church clock is silent now, but the rooks caw on undisturbed from one spring to another in the old Kensington suburb. There are tranquil corners still, and sunny silent nooks, and ivy wreaths growing in the western sun; and jasmines and vine-trees, planted by a former generation, spreading along the old garden walls. But every year the shabby stream of progress rises and ingulfs one relic or another, carrying off many a landmark and memory. Last year only the old church was standing, in its iron cage, at the junction of the thoroughfares. It was the Church of England itself to Dolly and George Vanborough in those early church-going days of theirs. There was the old painting of the lion and the unicorn hanging from the gallery; the light streaming through the brown saints over the communion-table. In afterlife the children may have seen other saints more glorious in crimson and in purple, nobler piles and arches, but none of them have ever seemed so near to heaven as the old Queen Anne church; and the wooden pew with the high stools, through which elbows of straw were protruding, where they used to kneel on either side of their aunt, watching with awe-stricken faces the tears as they came falling from the widow's sad eyes.

Lady Sarah could scarcely have told you the meaning of those tears as they fell—old love and life partings, sorrows and past mercies, all came returning to her with the familiar words of the prayers. The tears fell bright and awe-stricken as she thought of the present—of distances immeasurable—of natural laws, and those voices of the Infinite—of life and its inconceivable mystery; and then her heart would warm with hope perhaps of what might be to come, of the overwhelming possibilities—how many of them to her lay in the warm clasp of the child's hand that came pushing into hers!—For her, as for the children, heaven's state was in the old wooden pew. Then the sing-song of the hymn would flood the old church with its homely cadence.

"Prepare your glad voices;
Let Hisreal rejoice,"

sang the little charity children; poor little Israelites, with blue stockings, and funny woolen knobs to their fustian caps, rejoicing, though their pastures were not green as yet, nor was their land overflowing with milk and honey. However, they sang praises for others, as all people do at times, thanks be to the merciful dispensation that allows us to weep, to work, to be comforted, and to rejoice with one another's hearts, consciously or unconsciously, as long as life exists.

Every lane and corner and archway had a childish story for Dolly and her brother—for Dolly most especially, because girls cling more to the inanimate aspects of life than boys do. For Dolly the hawthorn bleeds as it is laid low and is transformed year after year into iron railings and areas, for particulars of which you are requested to apply to the railway company, and to Mr. Taylor, the house-agent. In those days the lanes spread to Fulham, white with blossom in spring, or golden with the yellow London sunsets that blazed beyond the cabbage

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fields. In those days there were gardens and trees and great walls along the high-road that came from London, passing through the old white turnpike. There were high brown walls along Kensington Gardens, reaching to the Palace Gate; elms spread their shade, and birds chirruped, and children played behind them.

Dolly Vanborough and her brother had had many a game there, and knew every corner and haunt of this sylvan world of children and ducks and nurse-maids. They had knocked their noses against the old sun-dial many and many a time. Sometimes now, as she comes walking along the straight avenues, Dolly thinks she can hear the echo of their own childish voices whooping and calling to one another as they used to do. How often they had played with their big cousin, Robert Henley, and the little Morgans, round about the stately orange house, and made believe to be statues in the niches!

"I am Apollo," cries George Vanborough, throwing himself into an attitude.

"Apollo!" cries Robert, exploding with school-boy wit; "an Apollo-guy, you mean."

Dolly does not understand why the Morgan boys laugh and George blushes up furiously. When they are tired of jumping about in the sun, the statues straggle homeward, accompanied by Dolly's French governess, who has been reading a novel on a bench close by. They pass along the front of the old Palace, that stands blinking its sleepy windows across elmy vistas, or into tranquil courts where sentries go pacing. Robert has his grandmother living in the Palace, and he strides off across the court to her apartments. The children think she is a witch, and always on the watch for them, though they do not tell Robert so. The Morgans turn up Old Street, and George and Dolly escort them so far on their way home. It is a shabby brown street, with shops at one end, and old-fashioned houses, stone-stepped, bow-windowed, at the other. Dear Old Street! where an echo still lingers of the quaint and stately music of the past, of which the voice comes to us like a song of Mozart sounding above the dreamy flutterings of a Wagner of the present! Little Zoe Morgan would linger to peep at the parrot that lived next door in the area, with the little page-boy, who always winked at them as they went by; little Cassie would glance wistfully at a certain shop-front where various medals and crosses were exposed for sale. There were even in those days convents and Catholics established at Kensington, and this little repository had been opened for their use.

When they have seen the little Morgans safe into their old brown house—very often it is John Morgan who comes to the door to admit them (John is the eldest son, the curate, the tutor, the main-stay of the straggling establishment)—Dolly and her brother trudge home through the Square, followed by Mademoiselle, still lost in her novel. The lilacs are flowering behind the rusty rails; the children know every flag-stone and window; they turn up a little shabby passage of narrow doorways and wide-eaved roofs, and so get out into the high-road again. They look up with friendly recognition at the little boy and girl in their quaint Dutch garb standing on their pedestals above the crowd as it passes the Vestry-hall; then they turn down a sunshiny spring lane, where ivy is growing, and brown bricks are twinkling in the western sunshine; and they ring at a gateway where an iron bell is swung. The house is called Church House, and all its windows look upon gardens, along which the sunshine comes flowing. The light used to fill Dolly's slanting wooden school-room at the top of the house. When the bells were ringing, and the sun-flood came in and made shadows on the wall, it used to seem to her like a chapel full of music.

George wanted to make an altar one day, and to light Lady Sarah's toilet candles, and to burn the sandal-wood matches; but Dolly, who was a little Puritan, blew the matches out and carried the candles back to their places.

"I shall go over to the Morgans," said George, "since you are so disagreeable."

Whether Dolly was agreeable or not, this was what George was pretty sure to do.

CHAPTER II.

DUTCH TILES.

THERE are many disconnected pictures in Dorothea Vanborough's gallery, drifting and following each other like the images of a dissolving view. There are voices and faces changing, people whom she hardly knows to be the same appearing and disappearing. Looking back nowadays through a score or two of years, Dorothea can see many lights crossing and reflecting one another, many strange places and persons in juxtaposition. She can hear, as we all can, a great clamor of words and of laughter, cries of pain and of sorrow and anger, through all of which sound the sacred voices that will utter to her through life—and beyond life, she humbly prays.

Dorothea's pictures are but mist and fancy-work, not paint and canvas, as is that one which still hangs over the fire-place in the old wainscot dining-room at Church House in Kensington, where my heroine passed so much of her life. It is supposed by some to be a Van der Helst. It represents a golden-brown grandmother, with a coiffe and a ruffle and a grand chain round her neck, and a ring on her forefinger, and a double-winged

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house in the background. This placid-faced Dutch woman, existing two centuries ago, has some looks still living in the face of the Dorothea Vanborough of these days. Her descendants have changed their name and their dress, cast away their ruffles, forgotten the story of their early origin; but there is still a something that tells of it. In Dolly's slow quaint grace and crumpled bronze hair, in her brother George's black brows, in their aunt Lady Sarah Francis's round brown eyes and big ears, to say nothing of her store of blue Dutch china. Tall blue pots, with dragon handles, are ranged in rows upon the chimney-board under the picture. On either side of the flame below are blue tiles, that Lady Sarah's husband brought over from the Hague the year before he died. Abraham, Jonah, Noah, Balaam tumbling off his blue ass; the whole sacred history is there, lighted up by the flaring flame of the logs.

When first George and Dolly came to live in the old house, then it was the pictures came to life. The ass began to call out Balaam! Balaam! the animals to walk two by two (all blue) into the ark. Jonah's whale swallowed and disgorged him night after night, as George and Dolly sat at their aunt's knee listening to her stories in the dusk of the "children's hour;" and the vivid life that childhood strikes even into inanimate things awakened the widow's dull heart and the silent house in the old by-lane in Kensington.

The lady over the fire-place had married in King Charles's reign: she was Dorothea Vanborough and the first Countess of Churchtown. Other countesses followed in due course, of whom one or two were engraved in the passage overhead; the last was a miniature in Lady Sarah's own room, her mother and my heroine's grandmother—a beautiful and willful person, who had grievously offended by taking a second husband soon after her lord's demise in 1806. This second husband was himself a member of the Vanborough family, a certain Colonel Stanham Vanborough, a descendant of the lady over the chimney-piece. He was afterward killed in the Peninsula. Lady Sarah bitterly resented her mother's marriage, and once said she would never forgive it. It was herself that she never forgave for her own unforgiveness. She was a generous-hearted woman, fantastic, impressionable, reserved. When her mother died soon after Colonel Vanborough, it was to her own home that Lady Sarah brought her little half-brother, now left friendless, and justly ignored by the peerage, where the elder sister's own life was concisely detailed as "dau. John Vanborough, last Earl of Churchtown, b. 1790, m. 1807, to Darby Francis, Esq., of Church House, Kensington."

Young Stanham Vanborough found but a cold welcome from Mr. Francis, but much faithful care and affection, lavished, not without remorse, by the sister who had been so long estranged. The boy grew up in time, and went out into the world, and became a soldier as his father had been. He was a simple, straightforward youth, very fond of his sister, and loath to leave her, but very glad to be his own master at last. He married in India the daughter of a Yorkshire baronet, a pretty young lady, who had come out to keep her brother's house. Her name was Philippa Henley, and her fortune consisted chiefly in golden hair and two pearly rows of teeth. The marriage was not so happy as it might have been: trouble came, children died; the poor parents, in fear and trembling, sent their one little boy home to Lady Sarah to save his life. And then, some three years later, their little daughter Dolly was making her way, a young traveler by land and by sea coming from the distant Indian station where she had been born, to the shelter of the old house in the old by-lane in Kensington. The children found the door open wide, and the lonely woman on her threshold looking out for them. Mr. Francis was dead, and it was an empty house by this time, out of which a whole home had passed away. Lady Sarah's troubles were over, leaving little behind; the silence of mid-life had succeeded to the loving turmoils and jealousies and anxieties of earlier days, only some memories remained of which the very tears and words seemed wanting now and then, although other people might have thought that if words failed her, the silent deeds were there that should belong to all past affection.

One of the first things Dolly remembers is a landing-place one bitter east-winded morning, with the white blast blowing dry and fierce from the land, and swirling out to sea through the leafless forest of shipping; the squalid houses fast closed and double-locked upon their sleeping inmates; the sudden storms of dust and wind; the distant clanking of some awakening peal; and the bewildered ayah, in her rings and bangles, squatting on the ground and veiling her face in white muslin.

By the side of the ayah stands my heroine, a little puppy-like girl, staring as Indian children stare, at the strange dismal shores upon which they are cast; staring at the lady in the gray cloak, who had come on board with her papa's face, and caught her in her arms, and who is her aunt Sarah; at the big boy of seven in the red mittens, whose photograph her papa had shown her in the veranda, and who is her brother George; at the luggage as it comes bumping and stumbling off the big ship; at the passengers departing. The stout little gentleman, who used to take her to see the chickens, pats Dolly on the head, and says he shall come and see her; the friendly sailor

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who carried her on shore shakes hands, and then the clouds close in, and the sounds and the faces disappear.....

Presently into Dolly's gallery come pleasanter visions of the old house at Kensington, to which Lady Sarah took her straight away, with its brick wall and ivy creepers and many-paned windows, and the stone balls at either side of the door—on one of which a little dark-eyed girl is sitting, expecting them.

"Who is dat?" says little three-year-old Dolly, running up, and pulling the child's pinafore, to make sure that she is *real*.

Children believe in many things, in fairies, and sudden disappearances; they would not think it very strange if they were to see people turn to fountains and dragons in the course of conversation.

"That is a nice little girl like you," said Lady Sarah, kindly.

"A nice little girl lite me?" said Dolly.

"Go away," says the little strange girl, hiding her face in her hands.

"Have you come to play wiss me? My name is Dolliciavanble," continues Dolly, who is not shy, and quite used to the world, having traveled so far.

"Is that your name? What a funny name!" says the little girl, looking up. "My name is Rhoda, but they call me Dody at our house. I's four years old."

Dolly was three years old, but she could not speak quite plain; she took the little girl's hand and stood by the ayah, watching the people passing and repassing, the carriage being unpacked, Lady Sarah directing and giving people money, George stumping about in every body's way, and then, somehow, every thing and every body seem going up and down stairs, and in confusion; she is very tired and sleepy, and forgets all the rest.

Next day Dolly wakes up crying for her mamma. It is not the ship any more. Every thing is quite still, and her crib does not rock up and down. "I sought she would be here," said poor little Dolly, in a croaking, waking voice, sitting up with crumpled curls and bright warm cheeks. It is not her mamma, but Aunt Sarah, who takes her up and kisses her, and tries to comfort her, while the ayah, Nun Comee, who has been lying on the floor, jumps up and dances in her flowing white garment, and snaps her black fingers, and George brings three tops to spin all at once. Dolly is interested, and ceases crying, and begins to smile and to show all her little white teeth.

Lady Sarah rarely smiled. She used to frown so as not to show what she felt. But Dolly from the first day had seemed to understand her; she was never afraid of her, and she used to jump on her knee and make her welcome to the nursery.

"*Is* you very pretty?" said little Dolly one day, looking at the grim face with the long nose and pinched lips. "I think you is a very ugly aunt." And she smiled up in the ugly aunt's face.

"Oh, Dolly! how naughty!" said Rhoda, who happened to be in Dolly's nursery.

Rhoda was a little waif *protégée* of Lady Sarah's. She came from the curate's home close by, and was often sent in to play with Dolly, who would be lonely, her aunt thought, without a companion of her own age; Rhoda was Mr. Morgan's niece, and a timid little thing; she was very much afraid at first of Dolly; so she was of the ayah, with her brown face and ear-rings and monkey hands; but soon the ayah went back to India with silver pins in her ears, taking back many messages to the poor child-bereft parents, and a pair of Dolly's shoes, which she insisted on sending, and a couple of dolls as a token of good-will from her young mistress. They were for her brothers, Nun Comee said, but it was supposed that she intended to worship them on her return to her native land.

The ayah being gone, little Rhoda soon ceased to be afraid of Dolly, the kind, merry, helpful little playmate, who remained behind, frisking along the passages and up and down the landing-places of Church House. She was much nicer, Rhoda thought, than her own real cousins the Morgans in Old Street.

As days go by, Dolly's pictures warm and brighten from early spring into summertime. By degrees they reach above the table and over and beyond the garden-roller. They are chiefly of the old garden, whose brick walls seem to inclose sunshine and gaudy flowers all the summer through; of the great Kensington parks, where in due season chestnuts are to be found shining among the leaves and dry grasses; of the pond, where the ducks are flapping and diving; of the house which was little Rhoda's home. This was the great bare house in Old Street, with plenty of noise, dried herbs, content, children without end, and thick bread-and-butter. There was also cold stalled ox on Sundays at one.

In those days life was a simple matter to the children; their days and their legs lengthened together; they loved, they learned, and they looked for a time that was never to be—when their father and mother should come home and live with them again, and every body was to be happy. As yet the children thought they were only expecting happiness.

George went to school at Frant, near Tunbridge Wells, and came home for the holidays. Dolly had a governess too, and she used to do her lessons with little Rhoda in the slanting school-room at the top of Church House. The little girls did a great many sums, and learned some French, and

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read little Arthur's "History of England" to every body's satisfaction.

Kind Lady Sarah wrote careful records of the children's progress to her brother, who had sent them to the faithful old sister at home. He heard of the two growing up with good care and much love in the sunshine that streamed upon the old garden; playing together on the terrace that he remembered so well; pulling up the crocuses and the violets that grew in the shade of the white holly-tree. George was a quaint, clever boy, Sarah wrote; Dolly was not so quick, but happy and obedient, and growing up like a little spring flower among the silent old bricks.

Lady Sarah also kept up a desultory correspondence with Philippa, her sister-in-law. Mrs. Vanborough sent many minute directions about the children; Dolly was to dine off cold meat for her complexion's sake, and she wished her to have her hair crimped; and George was to wear kid gloves and write a better hand; and she hoped they were very good, and that they sometimes saw their cousin Robert, and wrote to their uncle, Sir Thomas Henley, Henley Court, Smokethwaite, Yorkshire; and she and dear papa often and often longed for their darlings. Then came presents—a spangled dress for Lady Sarah, and silver ornaments for Dolly, and an Indian sword for George, with which he nearly cut off Rhoda's head.

CHAPTER III.

TO OLD STREET BY THE LANES.

In those days, as I have said, the hawthorn spread across the fields and market-gardens that lay between Kensington and the river. Lanes ran to Chelsea, to Fulham, to North End, where Richardson once lived and wrote in his garden-house. The mist of the great city hid the horizon and dulled the sound of the advancing multitudes; but close at hand, all round about the old house, were country corners untouched—blossoms instead of bricks in spring-time, summer shade in summer. There were strawberry beds, green, white, and crimson in turn. The children used to get many a handful of strawberries from Mr. Penfold, the market-gardener at the end of the lane, and bunches of radish when strawberries were scarce. They gathered them for themselves on a bank where paving-stones and coal-holes are now, and a fine growth of respectable modern villas. I believe that in those days there were sheep grazing in Kensington Gore. It is certain that Mr. Penfold kept Alderneys in the field beyond his orchard, and that they used to come and drink in a pond near his cottage. He lived with his wife and his daughter, under an old tiled roof, and with a rose-tree growing on the wall. In the window of the cottage a little card was put up, announcing that "Curds-and-whey were to be had within," and the children sometimes went there to drink the compound out of Emma Penfold's doll's tea-things. The old pond was at the garden gate; there was a hedge round about it, and alder-trees starting up against the sunset, and the lanes and orchards beyond. The water reflected the sunset in the sky and the birds flying home to the sound of the evening bells. Sometimes Emma would come out of the cottage, and stand watching the children play. She was a pretty girl, with rosy cheeks and dark soft eyes. It was a quaint old corner, lonely enough in the daytime; but of evenings people would be passing—laborers from their work, strollers in the fields, neighbors enjoying the air. The cottage must have been as old as Church House itself. It was chiefly remarkable for its beautiful damask rose-trees, of which the red leaves sprinkled the threshold, across which pretty Emma Penfold would step. I think it was for the sake of the rose-tree that people sometimes stopped and asked for curds-and-whey. Emma would dispense the horrible mixture, blushing beneath her basket-work plaits.

Mr. Penfold was a well-to-do man. At the end of his garden a wicket gate led into an orchard, where Dolly and Rhoda went sometimes to play in the long grass beneath the fruit trees, while overhead was a Raphael-like trellis of blue sky and twisted branches and singing birds, beneath which the children disported, while their attendant, Marker, stood gossiping with Mrs. Penfold over the gate. Only the other day I saw the last of the old apple-trees peacefully flowering with the blossom of never-to-be apples, while an engine was at work upon the roots, and draining the land for a new terrace and a macadamized road.

Sometimes in May mornings the children would gather hawthorn branches out of the lanes, and make what they liked to call garlands for themselves. The white blossoms looked pretty in Rhoda's dark hair; and Mademoiselle, coming to give them their music-lesson, would find the little girls crowned with May-flower wreaths. It was hard work settling down to lessons on those days. How slowly the clocks ticked when the practice hour began; how the little birds would come hopping on the window-ledge, before Dolly had half finished her sum; how cruel it was of Mademoiselle to pull down the blind and frighten the poor little birds away! Many pictures in Dolly's gallery belong to this bit of her life. It seems one long day as she looks back to it, for when the sun set, Dolly too used to be put to bed.

As for little Rhoda, she would be sent back to Old Street. When prayers were over, long

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after Dolly was asleep, she would creep up stairs alone to the very top of the house, and put herself to bed, and blow out her own candle if Zoe did not come for it. How bare and chill and lonely it was to be all by one's self at the top of that busy house! "I don't think they would come, even if I screamed," Rhoda would think as she lay staring at the cupboard door, and wondering if there was any one behind it.

Once the door burst open, and a great cat jumped out, and Rhoda's shriek brought up one of John Morgan's pupils, who had been reading in his room.

"Is any thing the matter?" said the young man at the door.

"Oh, no, no—o! Please don't say I screamed," said little Rhoda, disappearing under the bedclothes.

"Silly child!" (This was Aunt Morgan's voice in the passage.) "Thank you, Mr. Raban; I will go to her. A little girl of ten years old frightened at a cat! For shame, Rhoda! There—go to sleep directly." And her aunt Morgan vigorously tucked her up and gave her a kiss.

The Morgans were a cheerful and noisy household; little Rhoda lived there, but she scarcely seemed to belong to it: she was like a little cuckoo born into some strange nest full of active, early, chirping birds, all bigger and stronger than herself. The Rev. John Morgan was master of the nest, which his mother kept in excellent order and ruled with an active rod. There were two pupils, two younger brothers, two sisters, and Rhoda Parnell, the forlorn little cousin they had adopted. Down stairs the fat parlor-maid and the old country cook were established, and a succeeding generation of little charity-boys, who were expected by Mrs. Morgan to work in the garden, go errands, and learn their catechisms, while blacking the young gentlemen's boots in a vault-like chamber set apart for that purpose.

Mrs. Morgan was a thrifty woman, and could not bear to think of time or space being wasted, much less comestibles. Her life had been one long course of early rising, moral and physical rectitude. She allowed John to sit in an arm-chair, but no one else if she could help it. When poor little Rhoda was tired, she used to go up to the room she shared with Zoe, her youngest cousin, and lie down on the floor. If Zoe told her mother, a message would come immediately for Rhoda to help with the poor flannel.

This poor flannel was Mrs. Morgan's own kingdom. She used to preside over passive rolls of gray and blue. She could cut out any known garment in use in any civilized community. She knew the right side of the stuff, the right way to turn the scissors. She could contrive, direct, turn corners, snip, snap on occasions, talking the whole time; she was emphatic always. In her moments of relaxation she dearly loved a whisper. She wore a front of curls with a velvet band, and Kensington-made gowns and shoes. Cassie and Zoe, when they grew up to be young ladies, used to struggle hard for Knightsbridge fashions. The Kensington style was prim in those days. The ladies wore a dress somewhat peculiar to themselves, and cut to one pattern by the Misses Trix in their corner house. There was a Kensington world (I am writing of twenty years ago) somewhat apart from the big uneasy world surging beyond the turnpike—a world of neighbors bound together by the old winding streets and narrow corners in a community of venerable elm-trees and bricks and traditions that are almost leveled away. Mr. Awl, the boot-maker, in High Street, exhibited peculiar walking-shoes long after high heels and kid brodekins had come into fashion in the metropolis. The last time I was in his shop I saw a pair of the old-fashioned, flat, sandaled shoes directed to Miss Vieuxtemps in Palace Green. Tippets, poke-bonnets, even a sedan-chair, still existed among us long after they had been discarded by more active minds. In Dolly's early days, in Kensington Square itself, high heels and hoops were not unknown; but these belonged to ladies of some pretension, who would come in state along the narrow street leading from the Square, advancing in powder and hoops and high-heeled shoes—real hoops, real heels, not modern imitations, but relics unchanged since the youth of the ghost-like old sisters. They lived in a tall house with a mansard-roof. As the children passed they used to look up at the cobweb windows, at the narrow doorway with its oaken dais, and the flagged court and the worn steps. Lady Sarah told Dolly that she remembered Talleyrand when he was living there in one of the old houses of the Square. At any time it would be easy to conjure up ghosts of great people with such incantations of crumbling wall and oaken device and panel. Not Talleyrand only, but a whole past generation, still lives for us among these quaint old ruins.

The Kensington trades-people used to be Conservative, as was natural, with a sentry in the High Street, and such a menagerie of lions and unicorns as that which they kept over their shop-fronts. They always conversed with their customers while they measured a yard of silk or sold a skein of thread across their counters. Even Lady Sarah would graciously reply to their respectful inquiries after her health on the rare occasions when she shopped herself instead of sending Mrs. Marker. Dolly would feel flattered when Mr. Baize found her grown.

"*I* always talk to Baize," Mrs. Morgan would say, complacently, coming away after half an hour's exchange of ideas with that respectable man. She would repeat her con-

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versation for the benefit of her son and his pupils at tea-time. "I think trades-people are often very sensible and well-informed persons," said Mrs. Morgan, "when they do not forget themselves, Mr. Raban. Of course trades-people are always respectful to the clergy—our position is too well established; they know what is due to us," said Mrs. Morgan, gravely.

"Or do you mean our susceptibilities?" said Mr. Raban, with an odd sort of smile.

"They don't forget what is due to themselves," said Robert Henley, who was Morgan's other pupil at that time. "I dare say Master George wishes they would; he owes a terrible long bill at Baize's for ties and kid gloves."

Presently came a ring at the bell. "Here he is," cries John, starting up hastily. "No more tea, thank you, mother. I shall be free in half an hour, Frank."

George Vanborough used also to read with John Morgan during the holidays. The curate's energy was unfailing; he slaved, taught, panted, and struggled for the family he had shouldered. What a good fellow he was! Pack clouds away; no shades or evil things should come near him as he worked. Who ever piped to him that he did not leap, or called to him that he did not shout in answer? With what emphasis he preached his dull Sunday sermon; with what excitement he would, to his admiring sisters and mother, read out his impossible articles in the *Vestryman's Magazine* or elsewhere; how liberally he dashed and italicized his sentences; how gallantly he would fly to his pen or his pulpit in defense of friend or in attack of foe (the former being flesh and blood, and the latter chiefly spiritual)! And then he was in love with a widow—how he admired her blue and pink eyes! He could not think of marrying until the boys were out in the world and the girls provided for. But with Joe's wit and Tom's extraordinary powers, and the girls' remarkable amiability, all this would surely be settled in the course of a very short time.

The Morgan family was certainly a most united and affectionate clan. I don't know that they loved each other more than many people do, but they certainly believed in each other more fervently. They had a strange and special fascination for George, who was not too young to appreciate the curate's unselfishness.

The younger Morgans, who were a hearty, jolly race, used to laugh at George. Poor boy, he had already begun to knock his head, young as it was, against stone walls; his school-fellows said he had cracked it with his paradoxes. At twelve he was a stout fellow for his age, looking older than he really was. He was slow and clumsy; he had a sallow complexion, winking blue eyes, a turn-up nose, and heavy dark eyebrows; there was something honest and almost pathetic at times in the glance of these blue eyes, but he usually kept them down from shyness as well as from vanity; he didn't dare look in people's faces; he thought he should see them laughing at him. He was very lazy, as sensitive people often are; he hated games and active amusements; he had a soft melancholy voice that was his one endowment, besides his gift for music; he could work when he chose, but he was beginning life in despair with it, and he was not popular among his companions; they called him conceited, and they were right; but it was a melancholy conceit, if they had but known it. The truth was, however, that he was too ugly, too clever, too clumsy, to get on with boys of a simpler and wholesomer mind. Even John Morgan, his friend and preceptor, used to be puzzled about him and distressed at times. "If George Vanborough were only more like his own brothers, there would be something to be done with him," thought honest John, as those young gentlemen's bullet-heads passed the window where the pupil and his preceptor were at work. If only—there would be a strange monotony in human nature, I fancy, if all the "if onlys" could be realized, and we had the moulding of one another, and pastors and masters could turn assenting pupils out by the gross like the little chalk rabbits Italian boys carry about for sale.

Dolly was very well contented with her brother just as he was. She trusted his affection, respected his cleverness, and instinctively guessed at his vanities and morbidities. Even when she was quite a child, Dolly, in her sweet downright way, seemed to have the gift of healing the wounds of her poor St. Sebastian, who, when he was a little boy, would come home day after day smarting and bleeding with the arrows of his tormentors. These used to be, alternately, Lady Sarah herself, Cassie Morgan, and Zoe, the two boys when they were at home for the holidays, and little Rhoda, whom he declared to be the most malicious of them all. The person who treated George with most sympathy and confidence was old Mrs. Morgan, that active and garrulous old lady, to whom any body was dear who would listen to the praises of her children.

Robert Henley, as I have said, was also studying with John Morgan. He had just left Eton. Lady Sarah asked him to Church House at her sister-in-law's request; but he did not often find time to come and see them. He used to be tramping off to Putney, where he and his friend Frank Raban kept a boat; or they would be locked up together with ink and blots and paper in John Morgan's study. Raban was older than Henley. He was at college, but he had come up for a time to read for his degree.

Old Betty, the cook at John Morgan's, was

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DOLLY AND THE PUPPIES.—[SEE PAGE 914.]

a Yorkshire woman, and she took a motherly interest in the pupils. She had much to say about young Mr. Raban, whose relations she knew in Yorkshire. Betty used to call Frank Raban a "noist young man."

"He's Squoire's hair and grandsun loike," she told Rhoda and Dolly one day. "They can not do n' less nor roast a hox when 'a cooms t' hage."

After this Rhoda used to stand on tiptoe and respectfully peep through the study window at the heads and the books and the tobacco-smoke within; but there was a big table in the way, and she could never see much more than her own nose reflected in the glass. Once or twice, when George was in the way, as a great favor he would be allowed to accompany the young men in one of their long expeditions in big boots. They would come home late in the evening, tired

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and hungry, and calling for food. At whatever hour they came old Betty had a meal of cold meat and cake for them, of which George partook with good appetite. At Church House, if George was late for dinner, he had to wait for tea and thin bread-and-butter at eight o'clock. Lady Sarah, who had fought many a battle for George's father, now—from some curious retrospective feeling—seemed to feel it her duty to revive many of her late husband's peculiarities, and one of them was that nothing was to be allowed to interfere with the routine of the house. Routine there was none at the curate's, although there were more hours, perhaps, than in any other house in Old Street. The sun rose and set, the seasons drifted through the back garden in changing tints and lights, each day brought its burden, and the dinner-time was shifted to it.

CHAPTER IV.

AN AFTERNOON AT PENFOLD'S.

To this day Dolly remembers the light of a certain afternoon in May, when all was hot and silent and sleepy in the old school-room at Church House. The boards cracked, the dust-motes floated; down below, the garden burned with that first summer glow of heat that makes a new world out of such old, well-worn materials as twigs, clouds, birds, and the human beings all around us. The little girls had been at work, and practiced, and multiplied, and divided again; they had recollected various facts connected with the reign of Richard the Second. Mademoiselle had suppressed many a yawn; Dolly was droning over her sum—six and five made thirteen—over and over again. "That I should have been, that thou shouldst have been, that he shouldst have been," drawled poor little Rhoda. Then a great fly hums by as the door opens, and Lady Sarah appears with a zigzag of sunlight shooting in from the passage—a ray of hope. Lady Sarah has her bonnet on, and a sort of put-away-your-lessons-children face.

Is there any happiness like that escape on a summer's day from the dull struggle with vacuity, brown paper-covered books, dates, ink-blots, cramps, and crotchets, into the open air of birds, sounds, flowers, liberty every where? As the children come out into the garden with Lady Sarah, two butterflies are flitting along the terrace. The Spanish jasmine has flowered in the night, and spreads its branches out, fragrant with its golden drops. Lady Sarah gathers a sprig and opens her parasol. She is carrying a book and a shawl, and is actually smiling. The pigeons go whirring up and down from their pigeon-cote high up in the air. Four o'clock comes sounding across the ivy wall; the notes strike mellow and distinct above the hum of human insects out and about. Half Lady Sarah's district is sunning itself on the door-steps; children are squatting in the middle of the road. The benches are full in Kensington Gardens; so are the steamers on the river. To these people walking in their garden there comes the creaking sound of a large wheelbarrow, and at the turn of the path they discover Mr. Penfold superintending a boy and a load of gravel. Mr. Penfold is a cheerful little man, with gloomy views of human nature. According to Penfold's account, there were those (whoever they might be) who was always a-plotting against you. They was hup to every thing, and there was no saying what they was not at the bottom of. But Penfold could be heven with them, and he kep hisself to hisself, and named no names. Dolly felt grateful to these unknown beings when she heard Mr. Penfold telling Lady Sarah they had said as how that Miss Dorothea 'ad been makin' hinquiry respectin' of some puppies. He did not know as how she wished it generally know'd, but he might mention as he 'ad two nice pups down at his place, and Miss Dorothea was welcome to take her choice.

It is a dream Dolly can scarcely trust herself to contemplate. Lady Sarah does not say no, but she looks at her watch, telling Dolly to run back to the house and see if the post is come in, and continues, graciously, "I am much obliged to you, Penfold; I have no doubt Miss Dorothea will be glad to have one of your puppies. What is your daughter doing? Is she at home?"

"Yes, my lady," says Penfold, mysteriously pointing over his shoulder with his thumb. "They would have 'ad us send the gurl away, but we means to keep her. She is a good gurl, though she takes her own way, and there are those as puts her hup to it."

"We all like our own way, without any body's suggestions," said Lady Sarah, smiling. Then Dolly comes flying from the house, and tumbles over a broomstick, so that she has to stop to pick up her handful of letters.

"Thank you, my dear. Now, if you like, we will go and see the puppies," says Aunt Sarah. "No Indian letter" (in a disappointed voice). "I wish your mother would—Run on, Dolly."

So Dolly runs on with Rhoda, thinking of puppies, and Lady Sarah follows, thinking of her Indian letter, which is lying under the laurel-tree where Dolly dropped it, and where Penfold presently spies it out and picks it up, unconscious of its contents. After examining the seal, and some serious thought, he determines to follow the trio. They have been advancing in the shadow of the hedges, through the gaps of which

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they can see people at work in the sunshiny cabbage fields. Then they come to Earl's Court, and its quaint old row of houses, with their lattices filled with spring flowers, and so to the pond by the road-side (how cool and deep it looked as they passed by!); and then by the wicket gate they wander into the orchard, of which some of the trees are still in flower, and where Lady Sarah is soon established on the stump of a tree. Her magazine pages flutter as the warm, sweet winds come blowing from across the fields—the shadows travel on so quietly that you can not tell when they go or whither. There is no sound but a little calf bleating somewhere. Rhoda is picking daisies in the shade; Dolly is chirping to herself by the hedge that separates the orchard from the Penfolds' garden. There is a ditch along one part of the hedge, with a tangle of grass and dock leaves and mallows; a bird flies out of the hedge, close by Dolly's nose, and goes thrilling and chirping up into the sky, where the stars are at night; the daisies and buttercups look so big, the grass is so long and so green; there are two purple flowers with long stalks close at hand, but Dolly does not pick them; her little heart seems to shake like the bird's song, it is all so pretty; the May blossom is as big as her hand, the dandelions are like lamps burning. She tries to think she is a bird, and that she lives in the beautiful hedges.

From behind the hawthorn hedge some voices come that Dolly should certainly know.....

"You'll believe me another time," cries some one, with a sort of sniff, and speaking in tones so familiar that Dolly, without an instant's hesitation, sets off running to the wicket gate, which had been left open, and through which she now sees, as she expects, George, with his curly head and his cricketing cap, standing in the Penfolds' garden, and with him her cousin Robert, looking very tall as he leans against a paling, and talks to Mrs. Penfold. There is also another person, whom Dolly recognizes as Mr. Raban, and she thinks of the "hox," as she gazes with respect at the pale young man with his watch-chain and horseshoe pin. He has a straw hat and white shoes, and a big knobstick in his hand, and nodding to Robert, he strides off toward the cottage. Dolly watches him as he walks in under the porch; no doubt he is going to drink curds-and-whey, she thinks.

"Why, Dolly! are *you* here?" says Robert, coming toward her.

"Missy is often here," says Mrs. Penfold, looking not overpleased. "Is Mrs. Marker with you, my dear?"

Dolly would have answered, but from the farther end of the garden, behind Mrs. Penfold, two horrible apparitions advance, rusty black, with many red bobs and tassels dangling, and deliberate steps and horrible crinkly eyes. Old Betty would call them Bubbly Jocks; Dolly has no name for them, but shrinks away behind her big cousin.

"Here are Dolly's bogies," says George, who is giving himself airs on the strength of his companionship and his short cut. "Now then, Dolly, they are going to bite like ghosts."

"Don't!" cried Dolly.

"Are you afraid of turkeys, Dolly? Little girls of nine years old shouldn't be afraid of any thing," said Rhoda, busy with her flowers. Alas! Rhoda's philosophy is not always justified by subsequent experience. It is second-hand, and quoted from Mrs. Morgan.

"We are going to see the puppies," says Dolly, recovering her courage as the turkey-cocks go by. "Won't you come, Robert?"

"Puppies!" said Robert. "We have plenty of them at the Court. My aunt Henley says she prefers them to her own children."

"So should I," says Dolly, opening her eyes.

Presently Robert and Dolly come back, with two little fuzzy heads wildly squeaking from Dolly's lap, and old Bunch, the mother of the twins, following, half agonized, half radiant. They set the little staggering bundles down upon the ground, and Dolly squats in admiration, while Robert goes off upon his business, and Mrs. Penfold hurries back into the house as Mr. Penfold appears crossing the lane.

Mr. Penfold was gone, Dolly was still watching with all-absorbed eyes, when the boy started up. "I say, Dolly! look there at Aunt Sarah."

Aunt Sarah! What had come to her, and how strange she looked walking through the orchard with a curious rapid step, and coming toward the open wicket gate, through which the children could see her! Her bonnet was falling off her face; her hair was pushed back; she came very quick, straight on, looking neither to the right nor to the left, with her fixed eyes and pale cheeks. Penfold seemed hurrying after her; he followed Lady Sarah into the garden, and then out again into the road. She hardly seemed to know which way she went.

What had happened? Why didn't she answer when Dolly called her? As she passed so swiftly, the children thought that something must have happened; they did not know what. George set off running after her; Dolly waited for a minute.

"Why did she look so funny?" said Rhoda, coming up.

"I don't know," said Dolly, almost crying.

"She had a black-edged letter in her hand," said Rhoda, "that Mr. Penfold brought. When people think they are going to die, they write and tell you on black paper."

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Then Mrs. Penfold came running out of the cottage with a shriek, and the children, running too, saw the gardener catch Aunt Sarah in his arms, as she staggered and put out her hands. She lay back in his arms scarce conscious, and he called to them to bring some water from the pond. No wonder Dolly remembered that day, and Aunt Sarah lying long and straight upon the grass by the road-side. The letter had fallen from her hand while they threw water upon her face; it wetted her muslin dress and her pale cheeks; the ducks came sailing by when they fetched it; a workman crossing from the field stood and looked on a while; and so did the little children from the carpenter's shed up the road, gazing with wondering eyes at the pale lady beginning to move again and to speak so languidly.

The laborer helped to carry her into the cottage as she revived. George had already run home for Marker. Dolly and Rhoda, who were shut out by Mrs. Penfold, wandered disconsolately about the garden and into the orchard again, where Aunt Sarah's parasol was lying under the tree, and her book thrown face downward; they did not know where to go or what to do; they picked up the book, and presently the little girls came straggling back with it to the garden-house once more.

The parlor door was shut close when they reached it; the kitchen door was open. What was that shrill, shivering cry? Who could it be? Perhaps it was some animal, thought Dolly.

In the kitchen some unheeded pot was cooking and boiling over; the afternoon sun was all hot upon the road outside, and Bunch and the puppies had laid down to sleep in a little heap on the step of the house.

Long, long after Dolly remembered that day, every thing as it happened; the voices inside the room; young Mr. Raban passing by the end of the lane talking to Emma Penfold. (She had seen Mrs. Penfold unlock the back-door, and let them out by it.) After a time the shrill sobs ceased; then a clock struck, and the boiling pot in the kitchen fell over with a great crash, and Rhoda ran to see, and at that moment the parlor door opened, and Lady Sarah came out, very pale still, and very strange, leaning, just as if she was old, upon Marker and Mr. Penfold. But she started away, and seemed to find a sudden strength, and caught Dolly up in her arms. "My darling, my darling," she said, "you have only me now—only me. Heaven help you, my poor, poor children!" And once more she burst into the shrill, sighing sobs. It was Aunt Sarah who had been crying all the time.

This was the first echo of a mourning outcry that reached the children. They were told that the day was never to come now of which they had spoken so often; their father would never come home—they were orphans. George was to have a tall hat with crape upon it. Marker went into town to buy Dolly stuff for a new black frock. Aunt Sarah did not smile when she spoke to them, and told them that their mamma would soon be home now. Dolly could not understand it all very well. Their father had been but a remembrance; she did not remember him less because Lady Sarah's eyes were red and the letters were edged with black. Dolly didn't cry the first day, though Rhoda did; but in the night, when she woke up with a little start and a moan from a dream in which she thought it was her papa who was lying by the pond, Aunt Sarah herself came and bent over her crib.

But next morning the daisies did not look less pretty, nor did the puppy cease to jump, nor, if the truth be told, did Dolly herself; nor would kind Stanham Vanborough have wished that she should do so.....

Robert came into the garden and found the children with a skipping-rope, and was greatly shocked, and told them they should not skip about.

"I was not skipping," said Rhoda. "I was turning the rope for Dolly."

Dolly ran off, blushing. Had she done wrong? She had not thought so. I can not say what dim, unrealized feelings were in her little heart; longings never to be realized, love never to be fulfilled. She went up into her nursery, and hid there in a corner until Rhoda came to find her, and to tell her dinner was ready.

CHAPTER V.

STEEL PENS AND GOOSE QUILLS.

THE letter announcing poor Stanham's death came from a Captain Palmer, a friend of Stan's, whose ship was stationed somewhere in that latitude, and who happened to have been with him at the time. They had been out boar-hunting in the marshes near Calcutta. The poor Major's illness was but a short one, produced by sunstroke, so the captain wrote. His affairs were in perfect order. He had been handsomely noticed in the Bengal *Hurkaroo*. Of his spiritual state Captain Palmer felt less able to speak. Although not a professed Christian, poor Stanham had for some time past attended the services of the Scotch chapel at Dum Dum, where Mr. M'Flaggit had been permitted to awaken many sleepers to a deep sense of spiritual unrest. Captain Palmer believed that Major Vanborough had insured his life for £2000, and the widow and children would also be entitled to something from the regimental fund. Captain Palmer then went on to say that he had been attending another death-bed, that of a native gentleman, whose

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wives and orphan children having been left unprovided for, had been happily brought to see the past errors of their faith, and had come forward in a body. They were about to be sent to England under the charge of Miss M'Grudder, who had done so much good work among the Zenanas. Captain Palmer wound up by a friendly offer of assistance, and a message from Mrs. Vanborough. She did not feel equal to writing; she was utterly prostrate. She sent fondest love, and would write by the next mail.

So this was the children's first taste of the fruit of the tree of life and death growing in that garden of Eden and childhood through which we all come wandering into life, a garden blooming still—it may be, in the square before the house, where little Adams and Eves still sport, innocent and uncareful for the future, gathering the fruits as they ripen in the sunshine, hearing voices and seeing their childish visions, naming the animals as a new creation passes before them.

Lady Sarah longed to get away when her first burst of grief was over. The sleepy, drowsy old place seemed to stifle her with its calm content and sunny indifference. But she wanted to hear more of Philippa's plans before she formed any of her own, and she could cry unobserved within the old walls where she had loved poor Stan, and seen him grow up from a boy; no wonder, no triumphant paragon, but a kindly, gentle, simple creature, whom she had loved with all her heart, as Dolly now loved George, and without whom the world seemed a wanting place—though there were many wiser and more brilliant men left in it than poor Stanham Vanborough. Robert, after some incompetent attempts at consolation, was obliged to return to Yorkshire.

Poor Mrs. Vanborough's "plans" were rather vague, and all crossed one another and came on different scraps of papers, contradicting and utterly bewildering, though good Lady Sarah had docketed them and tied them up together for more convenient reference. They were to write to her by every post, Philippa said. Why could not they come to her? She longed for her children. She scarcely knew how to bear her sorrow. She dreaded the journey, the cold, empty home-coming, the life in England, so different from what she had dreamed. The doctor said it would be madness for her to move as yet. Her brother, Colonel Henley ("Dear Charles! he was goodness itself"), suggested Italy. Would Lady Sarah consent to this, and meet her with the children? Or would she even come as far as Paris? But there were difficulties in every thing every where—cruel money difficulties, she was told. There was a lawsuit now coming on in the Calcutta courts with the insurance office in which poor dear Stan had insured his life. Captain Palmer said her presence was necessary. If it was given against her, she was utterly penniless; and meanwhile, harassed, detained.....Perhaps, on her return, she might take boarders or Indian children—would Lady Sarah advertise at once?.....What did George advise? When should she see them all again? Her heart yearned in vain—months might elapse. Dependence she could not bear. Even Sarah's kindness was bitter to her, when she thought of the past. All were kind—all was sad. The poor thing seemed utterly distracted.

Lady Sarah had written that Church House was her home, and that she must come at once to her home and her children.

Mrs. Vanborough wrote that this could not be. Alas, alas! it was only a bright dream, from which she sometimes awoke (so Philippa wrote) to find herself a mourner in a foreign land, watching the slow progress of the law.

"Why didn't she come?" wrote Lady Henley from the Court. "When will she come?" the children asked. Her room was ready, the bed was made, the fire burning. Dolly used to pick nosegays for her mamma's toilet-table, and stick pins in the cushion in stars. She made little bags of lavender to scent the great cabinet. It was one of those welcomes that are wasted in life, one of those guest-chambers made ready to which the guest does not come. There are many and many of them. They look just like any other rooms, unless you know their history.

Dolly often followed Marker when she went in to see that all was in order. One day the fire blazed comfortably; although the rain was beating against the window, a gleam of sun came from the inner dressing-room that looked out crossways along the garden. "Do you think she will come soon, Marker?" Dolly asked, peeping about the room.

"I don't think nothing at all, my dear," said Marker, poking the fire. "Why don't you go and play with Miss Rhoda? She came with Mrs. Morgan just now."

"Is Rhoda here?" cries Dolly, starting off instantly.

Rhoda was there; she had come with her aunt, who was speaking to Lady Sarah in the drawing-room.

Mrs. Morgan took a very long time to say what she had to say, and had left Rhoda outside in the hall. The little girls listened to Mrs. Morgan's voice as it went on, and on, and on. They sat on the stairs and played at being ladies too, and Rhoda told Dolly a great many secrets that she was not to tell, in a mysterious whisper just like her aunt's. Mr. Raban was gone, she said, and Uncle John said he had married somebody, and Aunt Morgan said she should never speak to him again, and Mrs. Penfold came crying, and Aunt Morgan scolded and scolded, and

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Rhoda thought Emma Penfold was gone too; and just then the drawing-room door opened. Mrs. Morgan came out, looking very busy, and bustled off with Rhoda. Lady Sarah cut Dolly's questions very short, and forbade her going to the cottage again.

It was the very next day that Dolly and Rhoda met old Penfold walking in the lane, as they were coming home with Mademoiselle.

Gumbo ran to meet him, barking, wagging his tail, and creeping along the ground with delight.

Penfold, who had been passing on, stooped to caress the terrier's head with his brown creased hand, and seeing Dolly, he nodded kindly to her as she walked by with Mademoiselle.

"Has Emma come home to the cottage?" asked Rhoda, lingering.

Penfold frowned. His honest red face turned crimson. "She's not come back, nor will she," he said. "She has got a 'usband now, and she is gone a-travelin'; and if they hast you, you can tell them as I said so, Miss Rhoda; nor should I say otherwise if they was here to contradic' me." He spoke in a fierce, defiant way. Mademoiselle called shrilly to the children to come on.

Dolly looked after the old gardener as he slowly walked away down the lane: he looked very old and tired, and she wished her aunt had not told her to keep away from the cottage.

Emma's name was never mentioned; Raban's, too, was forgotten; Mrs. Vanborough still delayed from one reason and another.

* * * * * *

From Mrs. Vanborough *to* Lady Sarah Francis, *Church House, Kensington.*

"Bugfore, *April* 1—, 18—.

"Dearest Sarah,—I fear that you will be totally unprepared (not more so, however, than I was myself) for a great and sudden change in my life of sad regrets (sad and regretful it will ever be), notwithstanding the altered circumstances which fate has forced upon me during the last few months that I have spent in sorrowful retirement, with spirits and health shattered and nerves unstrung. During these long lonely months, weighed down by care and harassed by business, which I was utterly incapable of understanding, I know not what would have become of me if (during my brother's absence on regimental duties) it had not been for the unremitting attention and generous devotion of one without whose support I now feel I could not bring myself to face the struggle of a solitary life. For the sake of my poor fatherless children more even than for my own, I have accepted the name and protection of Captain Hawtry Palmer, of the Royal Navy, a sailor, of a family of sailors. Joanna, my brother's wife, was a Palmer, and from her I have often heard of Hawtry, at a time when I little thought.... You, dearest, who know me as I am, will rejoice that I have found rest and strength in another, though happiness I may not claim.

"Captain Palmer is a man of iron will and fervent principle. He must make *me* good, I tell him, unless sadness and resignation can be counted for goodness. Your poor Philippa is but a faulty creature, frail and delicate, and of little power; and yet, with all my faults, I feel that I am necessary to him; and, wreck as I am, there are those who do not utterly forget me. And, as he says with his quaint humor, there is not much to choose between the saints and sinners of the world. A thousand thousand kisses to my precious children. You will bring them to meet me next year, will you not, when Captain Palmer promises that I shall return to my real home—for your home is my home, is it not?

"For the present I remain on a visit to my friend Mrs. M'Grudder, an intimate friend of Captain Palmer, with one only daughter.

"The marriage will not, of course, take place for six weeks. Joanna will describe her cousin to you. I am anxious to hear *all* she says about Hawtry and myself and our marriage.

"Ever, dearest Sarah, your very devoted

"Philippa."

Poor Lady Sarah! She read the letter one white, cold, east-windy day, when the sun shone, and the dry, parching wind blew the wreaths of dust along the ground. As she read the curious, heartless words, it seemed to her that the east wind was blowing into the room—into her heart—drying up all faith in life, all tears for the past, all hope for the future. Had she a heart, this cruel woman, poor Stan's wife and Dolly's mother? Can women live and be loved, and bear children, and go through life without one human feeling, one natural emotion; take every blessing of God and every sacred sorrow, and live on, without knowing either the blessing or the sorrow? Lady Sarah tore the letter up carefully and very quietly, for Dolly was by her side, and would have asked to see it. She was not angry just then, but cold and sad, unspeakably sad. "Poor woman!" she thought; "was this all—this the end of Stan's tender life devotion—this the end of his pride and tender trust?" She could see him now, whispering to Philippa, as they sat together on the old bench by the pond, a handsome pair, people said, and well suited. Well suited! She got up shivering from her chair, and went to the fire, and threw the letter in, shred by shred, while the sun poured in fierce and put out the flames.

"Are you cold, Aunt Sarah?" said Dolly, coming to her side. Sarah moved away. She was afraid that even now it was burned Dolly might read the cruel letter in the flames. "For my children's sake!" The little red flames seemed to be crackling the words as they smouldered among the coals, and a shrill, sudden blast against the window seemed hissing out that Captain Palmer was a man of iron will. As they stood side by side, Lady Sarah looked steadily away from little Dolly's eyes, and told her that her mamma was going to marry again.

Poor Dolly turned the color of the little flames when her aunt told her. She said nothing, not even to Rhoda, nor to Mrs. Morgan, who called immediately upon hearing the rumor. Lady Sarah was not at home, but Mrs. Morgan came in all the same, and closely questioned Dolly upon the subject.

"What is the gentleman's name, my dear?" she asked, severely.

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"I don't know," said Dolly.

"Why, Mr. Palmer, to be sure," said Rhoda.

In due time the news came of the marriage, and at last poor Aunt Sarah had to wipe her eyes, and gave up writing on black-edged paper. The clocks went round and round, and the earth rolled on, and seasons spread their feasts, and the winds swept them away in turn; summer burned into autumn in cloud and vapor. The winter came closing in, and the snow fell thick upon the lanes and the gardens, on the Kensington house-tops and laurel-trees, on the old brown church with its square tower, and the curate's well-worn water-proof cape, as he trudged to and fro. It fell on the old garden walls and slanting roof of Church House, with little Dolly, safe sheltered within, warming herself by the baked Dutch tiles.

FATHER HIGGINS'S PREFERMENT.

By J. W. DE FOREST.

FATHER HIGGINS was not the kind of divine who easily finds preferment in the Catholic Church, or who would be apt to make a shining mark in any other.

Fat and red-faced and pudding-headed was Father Higgins; uncommonly in the way of good eating, and now and then disposed for good drinking; as lazy as he dared be, ignorant enough for a hermit, and simple enough for a monk. His chief excellence lay in his kindliness of heart, which would doubtless have made him very serviceable and comfortable to his fellow-men, had it not been for his indolence, his spare intellectual gifts, and perhaps a little leaven of selfishness.

Such as he was, however, Father Higgins had no small "consate" of himself, and sometimes thought that even a bishopric would not be "beyant his desarts." He pleased himself with imagining how finely he would fill an episcopal chair, what apostolic labors he would accomplish in his diocese, what swarms of heretics or pagans he would convert, what a self-sacrificing and heroic life he would lead, and what a saintly name he would leave. One day, or, to speak with a precision worthy of this true history, one evening, he became a bishop.

It happened on this wise. Father Higgins had ventured to treat himself to a spectacle. He had attended, for the first time in his life, an exhibition of legerdemain; this one being given by that celebrated master of the black-art, Professor Heller. He had seen the professor change turnips into gold watches, draw a dozen live pigeons in succession out of an empty box, send rings into ladies' handkerchiefs at the other end of the hall, catch a bullet out of an exploded pistol in his hand, and perform other marvels equally irrational and disturbing. From this raree-show Father Higgins had gone home feeling that he had witnessed something about as unearthly as he was likely to be confronted with in the next world.

For an hour or more he sat in his elbow-chair, puzzling over the professor's "divil-tries," and crossing himself at the remembrance of each one of them. It was black midnight, and stormy at that; there was such an uproar in the elm branches over his house as if all the Salem witches were holding Sabbath there; the whole village of Sableburg swarmed with windy rushings and shriekings and slammings. It was one of those midnights when the devil evidently "has business on his hand."

Of a sudden there was a rustle in the room, and looking around to discover the cause of it, Father Higgins beheld a tall and dark man with startling black eyes, in whom he recognized Professor Heller.

"What's yer will, Sir?" demanded the father, a good deal astonished, but not a bit frightened.

"I understand, Sir, that you would like to be a bishop," replied the professor, bowing politely, but seating himself unceremoniously.

"That's thrue enough, Sir," replied Father Higgins, who somehow felt curiously at his ease, and disposed at once to be confidential with this utter stranger. "I've often imagined meself a biship, an' doin' wondhers in me office. But it's nonsinse."

"What post would suit you?" inquired the visitor. "The diocese of New York?"

"No, no," said the father. "I'm not ayqual to sich a risponsebility; that is, not at wanst, ye ondherstand. I'd like best to come up to sich a place as that gintly an' by degrays. It's been a drame av mine to begin me prefarmint as biship av some far-away continent or archypilago, like, an' convart slathers av haythins an' cannebals for a practice. It ud plase me imagenation to prache among corrils an' coky-nuts an' naked crachurs. Y'are aware, I suppose, Misther Heller—or Professor Heller—av sich islands as Owyhee an' the Marquesas, famous a'ready in the history av the Propaganda Fide. Jist suppose me havin' me episkepal raysedence on wan av um, an' makin' me progresses to the others. There be great devoshin to a spiritual father among thim simple people, I'm thinkin'. I'd be a god to um, like. Sich obeyjince ud jist shuit me. Yes, I'd enj'y bein' Biship av the Cannebal Islands, or even av wan av um."

"Faith is necessary," replied Heller. "You must believe that you are to be Bishop of the Cannibal Islands."

"Sure an' it's not aisy at this distance to belave in the islands thimselves, let alone bein' spiritual father av the same," smiled the priest. "Howandiver, there's no harrum

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in tryin' to belave, an' so here goes for the exparimint. If ye'll kape silence a bit, I'll jist collect me moind on the subject, an' we'll see what happens."

For a moment the gray, piggish eyes of the father, and the black, gleaming, mysterious orbs of his visitor were fixed upon each other. In the next moment Heller, bowing with a ceremonious air of respect, inquired, "What are your commands, my lord bishop?"

Startled by a consciousness of some wonderful change, doubtful in what land he was, or even in what age of the world, Father Higgins stared about him in expectation. A sunny shore, scattered groves of cocoa-nut trees, distant villages of circular huts, beyond them far-stretching forests and a smoking volcano; on the hither side bays alive with carved and painted canoes, near at hand a gathering crowd of half-naked savages—such were the objects that filled his vision.

"So this is me diocese," he said, without feeling the least surprise. "Well, the climate is deloightful. Let us hope that the coky-nuts will agree wid us, an' that the natives won't urge upon us the blissins av martyrdom. Professor, what may be the spiritual condition av things hereaway, do ye think?"

"A clear field—not a convert yet. Your predecessor, who went through the office of being eaten a year ago, had not even learned the language."

"The blissid saints watch over us! To hear the likes av that, whin I expected to be a god, like, among these wretches! Well, it's our duty we must do, Heller; we mustn't run away from our post; indade, we can't. Moreover, I feel a sthrong confidence that the howly Catholic Church is to be greatly glorified by me on these islands. What do ye say, now, to meself exhibitin' the gift av miracles an' tongues? If I should discoorse to these cannebals in their own contimptible language, would it surprise ye, Heller?"

"No," smiled the professor. "I have seen greater marvels in my time. I have seen men preach not merely words, but feelings and faiths, that they were ignorant of."

Father Higgins, closely followed by Heller, now advanced to a green hillock, a few rods from the shelly and pebbly beach, knelt down upon the thin sward, and repeated a prayer. Meantime the population gathered; behind them canoe after canoe touched the shore; before them there was a swift, tumultuous hurrying from the villages; presently they were surrounded by a compact, eager, barbaric multitude. The babble of its wonder turned to silence as the priest rose, extended his fat hands, and commenced a sermon.

Father Higgins was not a bit astonished at hearing himself pour forth a torrent of words which he did not understand, nor at seeing in the faces of his wild listeners that they perfectly comprehended his discourse. It was merely a supernatural inspiration; it was but another exhibition of the heavenly gifts of the Church; he was as much at his ease as if he had been in the habit of working miracles from his cradle. At the close of his harangue he took out his breviary, and translated a prayer into the unknown tongue. Evidently the auditors understood this also, for while some crouched to earth in undisguisable terror, others looked upward as if expecting an answer from the sky.

Presently a savage, in a many-colored robe of feathers, stepped in front of the multitude, and uttered a few sentences.

"It's a mighty quare providince that this miracle works ownly wan way," observed Father Higgins to Heller. "It's meself can prache acceptably to this poor haythin, an' it's meself, loikewise, can't sense a blissid word he gabbles."

"He is comparing you with your predecessor," exclaimed the professor. "He says that the other man called himself a messenger from God; but as he could not talk Feejee, they saw that he was a liar, because God knows every language; and so, having found him a liar, they fattened him with fish and cocoa-nuts, and ate him. As for you, they admit that you are a heavenly personage, and they mean to worship you."

"How came ye to larn the language, annyway?" demanded the priest.

"I have wandered to and fro in the earth a good deal," replied Heller. "I have performed some of my best black-art in these islands."

Father Higgins, rather bothered by these statements, was about to ask further questions, when he was seized by four sturdy natives, who mounted him upon their naked shoulders, while four others uplifted the professor in like manner, all then setting off rapidly toward the village, followed by the whole crowd in procession.

"An' what if I should tell ye I had conscientious scruples agenst lettin' meself be adored for a heavenly personage?" objected the good father.

"Don't think of it," counseled Heller. "Being worshiped is infinitely more agreeable than being eaten. Besides, consider the interests of the Church. If you are set up as a god, you can use the position to sprinkle holy water on your adorers, and so convert the whole island without trouble."

"Sure y'are mighty well varsed in the precepts an' customs av the Jesuit fathers," answered the priest, with a stare of wonder and admiration. "I moind me now that the missionaries in Chaynee baptized lashins av haythin babies under pretinse av rubbin' um wid medecine. An' it's a maxim that whin the ind is salvatory, the manes are justified. It's a maxim, also, that y'ave no business to lead yer felly-crachurs into sin. Now cannebalism is a sin; it ud be a sin

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capital for these fellies to ate us; an', av coorse, it follies that it ud be a sin in me to timpt um to do it. But by sufferin' meself to be worshiped I prevint that same. So I advise an' counsel, Heller, that we go on as we are for a bit longer, until a proper time comes to expose the whole av the thrue faith."

Beguiling the way with such like discourse, Father Higgins journeyed on to the nearest village, where his bearers halted before an unusually large hut, evidently serving as a temple. In the door of this building the principal chief took post, and waving his hand toward the crowd, made the following speech:

"Hear, O chiefs! hear, O priests of our religion! ye men of Feejee, hear! The god who can come over the waters is greater than the god who can only abide upon the land, and shall have his house and his sacrifices. Whosoever disapproves of this, let him offer himself for the trial of the sacred poison; if he is not ready so to do, let him hereafter hold his peace and submit."

No one objecting, the chief beckoned the bearers to follow him, and led the way into the temple. Mounting a platform eight or ten feet high, he advanced to an ugly scarecrow of an idol, slapped it, kicked it, and toppled it to the ground. Then, with vast labor and much joyful shouting, the ponderous form of Father Higgins was hoisted aloft and installed in the seat of the dethroned deity. Next Professor Heller was set down upon his feet beside an altar which stood in front of the platform.

"What are ye afther doin', Heller?" inquired the clergyman from his eminence.

"I am about to sacrifice to your divinity two green cocoa-nuts, two roasted bread-fruit, and half a dozen fishes," was the answer.

"Well, I suppose it must be permitted," sighed Father Higgins. "Go on wid yer sacrifice, me dear felly. I presume, av coorse, that it will be in ordher for me to ate some av it. Let the fishes be well cooked, by-the-way, an' sarved wid some kind av sauce. I'd almost as lave be devoured meself as devour raw fishes."

"Really, I have some scruples," smiled the mischievous professor. "You might shock the devotional feelings of your new worshipers."

"I insist upon it, Heller. I tell ye I won't ate raw fishes to convart a continent av haythins, much less a little bit island av um."

The fish being promptly broiled on the coals of the altar, were handed up to Father Higgins on a large leaf, together with one of the cocoa-nuts and a bread-fruit. The worthy man immediately proceeded to make a hearty meal, vastly to the delight and confirmation in the faith of his worshipers, they having never before been blessed with a god who could fairly and squarely eat his dinner. After another brief speech from the chief, and a benediction from the padre, the multitude dispersed.

"Is it me unavoidable duty to live on this perch, Heller?" demanded Father Higgins. "Me opinion is that in that case I shall get mightily tired av me mission. I'd about as lave be a parrot, an' sit in a tin ring."

"My dear father, remember that blessed saint who roosted for twenty years on the top of a pillar," urged the professor. "Stay where you are until you have got a firm grip on the faith of these cannibals."

"Very good," assented Higgins, with a yawn. "But get me a bucket av wather, me dear felly. Sure I must have some blessed an' ready for use. The next time sarvice is conducted here I propose to sprinkle the worshipers. It 'll benefit um in more ways nor wan, if I'm a judge av nyther sowl or body."

Such was the installation of Bishop Higgins, or, as the Feejeeans insisted upon considering him, Divinity Higgins, over the diocese of the Pacific.

There was something mysterious about the Cannibal Islands. Time flew like a bird there; the days seemed no more than minutes; they were coming, and they were gone. Events, emotions, changes of belief, transformations of character, succeeded each other with magical rapidity. Every thing was transacted at the wildest speed of dreams; and yet, what was strangest of all, every thing went smoothly and naturally; nothing excited astonishment. In a few days, or a few seconds, whatever the period of time might have been, Father Higgins enjoyed being Divinity Higgins.

"I think it best for the eventual spiritual interests av me paple that they should continue to worship me for a while longer," he said to Heller. "Human nature in a savage state, ye see, won't go at wan jump from a log av wood to the thrue Deity. I am playin' the part av a stepping-stone betwixt the two. Afther they've larned to lift their sowls to Higgins, they'll be able to go a bit higher, say to the saints first, an' thin to the blissid Vargin, an' so on, wan step at a time, till they've got the whole av it. But it 'll be mortial slow, I'm doubtin'. I may have to bear an' forbear as I am for an intire gineration av the poor crachurs."

"Certainly," assented the professor. "Nothing so injurious to weak eyes as too much light."

"Y'ave put it in a nutshell," replied the priest. "Sure an' that's the rason we're opposed to gineral schoolin', an' to readin' the Bible to the childern. Y'are a masther mind, Heller, an' ought to been in howly ordhers. An' that brings me to another idee av high importince. There should be somebody to run about wid howly wather an' ex-

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trame unction an' the like. Now that business wouldn't shuit me pheesical conformation, an' naythor would it shuit the character I have to bear. It's betther that you should do the outside trampin', Heller. Ye know the tradditions an' docthrines av the Church well enough, an' y'are a dab at Latin. As for yer not bein' av the prastely office, I'll jist lay hands on ye an' qualify ye for the same. If it happens to be a bit irregular, why, the ind justifies the manes, ye remimber, or the ancient fathers are all wrong, which is onpossible. An' now, Heller, do tell these poor benighted lazy loons that I must have me coky-nuts fresh, an' as great a variety av fish as can be procured in these wathers. The chap that preshumes to bring me an owld coky-nut I'll curse his basket an' his shtore."

After a brief missionary effort, Heller reported that the whole population of the island, barring a few obstinate seniors, had been baptized.

"That's well, me son," replied Father Higgins. "I s'pose y'ave done it rather on the wholesale, sprinklin' a hundred or so at a fling, but I've no doubt y'ave done it the best ye could in the time y'ave had; an' surely it's a great worrk, no matter how done. As for the apostates—I mane the fellies that stick to their owld haythinism—it might be well to make an example av a few av thim, jist for the encouragemint av the faithful. Suppose ye should organize an inquisition, or howly office, Heller, an' conduct the proceedin's yerself intirely, be way av seein' that they are regular an' effective? Y'are parfectly able for it, wid your knowledge av Church history."

It was not long before Heller was able to state that all the old fogies and silver-grays who remained alive had been converted.

"Ah, but isn't that blissid news!" responded Father Higgins, joyfully. "An' wouldn't me brethren, the other bishops, be glad to hear that same concernin' their dioceses! That's betther nor coky-nuts—av which, be-the-way, I'm gettin' a bit tired. I wondher, Heller, if some av these other islands wouldn't furnish us a change av diet? If we could find pataties an' grapes, it ud be a blessin' to body an' sowl. Surely it ud be a good deed to bring all this archypilago into the thrue faith. Couldn't the chafe, now, take an arrmy out in his double-barreled canoes, an' commince the worrk av convarsion? Tell him if he'll do that same, I'll grant him all the indulgences he can think av."

Another magical moment of these lightning-like days brought about important events. With an armament of scores of canoes and hundreds of warriors the chief invaded a large island, and was beaten in a bloody battle by its painim inhabitants, escaping with but a remnant of his followers. Then came a counter invasion. The worshipers of Father Higgins fought for their deity under his eye; the unbelievers were defeated and driven with great slaughter to their dug-outs. But as the hostile fleet still held command of the sea and hovered menacingly off the coast, keeping the faithful under arms and preventing them from fishing, the good father decided that peace was necessary.

"This livin' on coky-nuts an' bread-fruit intirely is bad for the stomich, Heller," he observed. "We must come to an ondherstandin' wid these raskilly infidels an' idolaters. See if ye can't make tarms wid um."

The adroit Heller soon arranged a secret treaty with the enemy to the following effect: Their chief, Umbaho, was to be universal king, and his orthodox rival, Patoo-patoo, was to be beheaded; polygamy, cannibalism, and the use of the sacred poison were to continue in force; both islands were to adore Father Higgins and bring him sacrifices.

"Seems to me they're mighty sevare tarms," commented the father. "I'd 'a been glad to get howld av a bit av timporal sovereignty, don't ye see? Moreover, I'm sorry about that poor divil, Patoo-patoo; he was me first convart. Annyway, I'll give um full absolution, so that death can't hurt um sariously, an' I'll canonize um as a martyr. Saint Patoo-patoo! If that don't satisfy um, an' if he ain't willin' to die for the extinsion av the faith, he's no thrue belayver, an' desarves no pity. So jist see to gettin' um off aisy."

After another brief period of time, such as periods of time were in these mysterious islands, Father Higgins found himself the acknowledged divinity of the whole archipelago.

"This cannebalism an' polygamy an' the like greatly distresses me, however," he confessed to Heller. "Be moments I'm timpted to unfold the naked truth, an' bring these paple square up to the canons av the Church at wanst. But it ud be risky. We read av times, ye know, Heller, that God winked at. No doubt it's me duty, as a divinity, to go on winkin' at these polygamies an' cannebalisms a bit longer. Slow an' aisy is me motto, an' I've noticed it's the way av Providince mostly. Sure it was so at home in Sableburg, ye know, Heller: we didn't average a convart in twinty years."

Now ensued an event which troubled the holy father more than any thing that had yet occurred during his episcopate. Two German priests, Heller informed him, had landed on one of the islands of the archipelago, and were preaching the pure doctrines of the Christian faith, denouncing cannibalism and polygamy, and otherwise sapping the established religion.

"Some av the New Catholics, I'll warrant ye!" exclaimed Higgins, indignantly. "Some

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av thim blatherskites av the Döllinger school, come over here to stir up sedition in the Church, as though they hadn't made worry enough in th' owld counthries. An' what business has Dutchmen here annyway, whin an Irishman has begun the good worrk? They've no right to take the labor av convartin' these haythins out av me hands that a-way. Me conscience won't allow me to permit such distarbances an' innovations. See if ye can't get um to lave the islands peaceable, Heller. If they won't, I shall have to let Umbaho settle wid um afther his fashion."

An embassy to the missionaries having obtained from them no other response than that they would welcome martyrdom rather than relinquish their labors, Umbaho was dispatched against them at the head of a sufficient army, with instructions to treat them as enemies of Feejee and of the unity of the Church.

But instead of slaughtering the missionaries, Umbaho was converted by them. He renounced cannibalism, polygamy, and the sacred poison; he denied Father Higgins. Accompanied by one of the Germans, he returned to Feejee at the head of his army, bent on establishing the true Christian faith.

"We must press a lot av min, an' beat um," responded the good father, when Heller informed him of the approach and purposes of the chief. "Tell the faithful to give no quarter; tell um to desthroy ivery wan av these schismatics; an' as for the Dutchman, burrn him at the stake, as they used to do in the good owld times."

A great battle ensued; the adherents of Higginsism were defeated and dispersed; the door of the temple opened to Umbaho and the German. Father Higgins, by this time a helpless mass of fat, swaying perilously on his unsteady platform, looked down upon them with terror through the smoke of his altar.

"Sacrilegious wretch!" cried the German. "God has put an end to thy mad and selfish and wicked dominion."

"I wish I had niver been a biship!" screamed Father Higgins at the top of his voice, as he rolled off the platform.

All the way from the Cannibal Islands he fell and tumbled and dropped, until, with a dull thump, he alighted upon the floor of his own study.

"There! y'ave rolled out av yer chair agen, Father Higgins," said his housekeeper, who at that moment entered the room to order him to bed, as was her merciful custom.

"So I have," returned the father, picking himself up. "An' sarved me right, too. I thought I was the biggest raskil on the face av the earth. I wondher if it's thrue. The Lord presarve me from the timptation av great power, or I'll abuse it, an' abuse me felly-men an' the Church!"

STOLEN SECRETS.

A MANUFACTURER in these our days holds his own against competition by force of capital, knowledge of science, and skill of workmen. He has no secret beyond that of producing the best article at the lowest price. One hundred years ago the case was different. What a man discovered in the arts he concealed. Workmen were put upon their oath, in the name of God, never to reveal the processes used by their employers. Doors were kept closed, artisans going out were searched, visitors were rigorously excluded from admission, and false operations blinded the workmen themselves. The mysteries of every craft were hedged in by quickset fences of empirical pretension and judicial affirmation.

The royal manufactories of porcelain, for example, were long carried on in Europe with a spirit of jealous exclusiveness. His Majesty of Saxony was especially circumspect. Not content with the oath of secrecy imposed upon his work-people, he would not abate his kingly suspicion in favor of a brother monarch. Neither king nor king's delegate might enter within the tabooed walls of Meissen. What is erroneously called the *Dresden* porcelain—that exquisite pottery of which the world has never seen the like—was produced for two hundred years by a process so secret that neither the bribery of princes nor the garrulity of operatives ever revealed it.

There is still standing, close by Temple Bar, in London, an old chemist's shop. The proprietor of it in days gone by enjoyed the monopoly of making citric acid. More favorably circumstanced than other secret manufacturers, his was a process that required no assistance. He employed no workmen. Experts came to sample and assort and bottle his products. They never entered the laboratory. The mystic operations by which he grew rich were confined to himself. One day, having locked the doors and blinded the windows, sure as usual of the safety of his secret, our chemist went home to dinner. A chimney-sweep, or a boy disguised as such, wide awake in chemistry, was on the watch. Following the secret-keeper so far on his way toward Charing Cross as to be sure he would not return that day, the sooty philosopher hied rapidly back to Temple Bar, ascended the low building, dropped down the flue, saw all he wanted, and returned, carrying with him the mystery of making citric acid. The monopoly of the inventor was gone. A few months after, and the price of the article was reduced four-fifths. The poor man was heart-broken, and died shortly afterward, ignorant of the trick by which he had been victimized. Like Miss Tabitha Bramble, when informed that the thunder had spoiled

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two barrels of beer in her cellar, he might have said, "How the thunder should get there, when the cellar was double-locked, I can't comprehend."

The manufacture of tin-ware in England originated in a stolen secret. Few readers need to be informed that tin-ware is simply thin iron plated with tin by being dipped into the molten metal. In theory it is an easy matter to clean the surface of iron, dip it into a bath of the boiling tin, and remove it, enveloped with the silvery metal, to a place for cooling. In practice, however, the process is one of the most difficult in the arts. It was discovered in Holland, and guarded from publicity with the utmost vigilance for nearly half a century. England tried in vain to discover the secret, until James Sherman, a Cornish miner, crossed the Channel, insinuated himself surreptitiously into a tin-plate manufactory, made himself master of the secret, and brought it home.

The history of cast-steel presents a curious instance of a manufacturing secret stealthily obtained under the cloak of an appeal to philanthropy. The main distinction between iron and steel, as every body knows, is that the latter contains carbon. The one is converted into the other by being heated for a considerable time in contact with powdered charcoal in an iron box. Now steel thus made is unequal. The middle of a bar is more carbonized than the ends, and the surface more than the centre. It is, therefore, unreliable. Uniform work can not be made out of it. For many purposes it will answer, but where accuracy is required it fails. Nevertheless, before the invention of cast-steel there was nothing better.

In 1760 there lived at Attercliffe, near Sheffield, a watch-maker named Huntsman. He became dissatisfied with the watch-springs in use, and set himself to the task of making them homogeneous. "If," thought he, "I can melt a piece of steel and cast it into an ingot, its composition should be the same throughout." He succeeded. His steel became famous. Huntsman's ingots for fine work were in universal demand. He did not call them cast-steel. That was his secret. About 1770 a large manufactory of this peculiar steel was established at Attercliffe. The process was wrapped in secrecy by every means within reach—true and faithful men hired, the work divided and subdivided, large wages paid, and stringent oaths administered. It did not answer. One mid-winter night, as the tall chimneys of the Attercliffe steel-works belched forth their smoke, a traveler knocked at the gate. It was bitterly cold; the snow fell fast and the wind howled across the moor. The stranger, apparently a plowman or agricultural laborer seeking shelter from the storm, awakened no suspicion. Scanning the wayfarer closely, and moved by motives of humanity, the foreman granted his request and let him in.

Feigning to be worn out with cold and fatigue, the poor fellow sank upon the floor, and soon appeared to be asleep. That, however, was far from his intention. He closed his eyes apparently only. He saw workmen cut bars of steel into bits, place them in crucibles, and thrust the crucibles into a furnace. The fire was urged to its extreme power until the steel was melted. Clothed in wet rags to protect themselves from the heat, the workmen drew out the glowing crucibles and poured their liquid contents into a mould. Mr. Huntsman's factory had nothing more to disclose. The secret of making cast-steel had been stolen.

One of the most important discoveries of this century is the *vulcanizing* of caoutchouc —*i. e.*, the process by which it is rendered insensible to cold and heat. Previous to 1843, as summer or winter weather prevailed, India rubber fabrics stiffened or melted. This susceptibility was the great hinderance to their use. Some half dozen inventors on this and the other side of the Atlantic had been experimenting upon this difficulty for several years. Charles Goodyear at last stumbled upon the secret. Over his little stove, in an attic chamber of an indifferent house in New Haven, he had melted the gum in a kettle slimed with brimstone. It showed no change in cooling. Beyond alteration in form, the material appeared the same. It was elastic, dark in color, odorous as at first, tasteless, yielding to the touch, and unaltered in specific gravity. Apparently it had suffered no alteration in a single one of its qualities. And yet it had become another thing. Heat could not melt nor frost stiffen the new material. It was no longer irregular in elasticity. All stickiness was gone. The grand discovery had, in fact, been made, that caoutchouc gum, raised to a high temperature by heat, and exposed to the fumes of brimstone, became vulcanized.

Elate with success, Goodyear, first protecting his invention in the United States by caveats and patents, started for England. Among the British experimenters upon India rubber was Charles Hancock. To him proceeded our inventor. Secure in the safety of his secret, instead of covering it by an English patent, he endeavored to sell it, named his price, and leaving his samples fearlessly in Hancock's laboratory, proceeded north. Scarcely was he out of sight when furnace and blow-pipe, retort and crucible, chemicals and gases, were put to work. The specimens of the new invention defied analysis. There they were, undeniably genuine caoutchouc, elastic beyond the native gum, inodorous, of natural color, soft, and fictile—in every respect exactly the substance upon which Hancock had been experimenting

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for years, and yet divested of the element that hindered all practical progress. They were no longer plastic. The most intense heat would not melt nor the severest frost stiffen them. They would neither stick when exposed to the heat of the blow-pipe, nor harden under exposure to the severest artificial cold.

Foiled in his chemical efforts to solve the mystery, and yet reluctant to pay the price —ten thousand pounds sterling—demanded by Goodyear for his secret, Hancock betook himself to his study. Between him and his competitor there had been letters exchanged for years. They treated of the subject kindred in interest to them both. He now consulted these letters, compared the processes described, collated the results arrived at, noted the progress made from the beginning, and arriving at the point where both Goodyear and himself had been baffled, set himself to reflection. It was the old story of Pythagoras and the forty-fifth problem of Euclid, or Archimedes and specific gravity, or Cornelius Drebel and the red dye of Gobelin tapestry. Hancock guessed at sulphur. The experiment was tried. Failing once and again, he caused his furnaces to be brought to their highest power, when, at the temperature of 400° Fahrenheit, India rubber gum, submitted to the fumes of brimstone, became vulcanized caoutchouc.

Long before Goodyear returned from the north Hancock had patented the discovery. It was for years a subject of lawsuits. Into the question of priority the English patent laws did not enter. Goodyear also obtained a patent, but it was practically useless. For fourteen years, renewed afterward for seven years more, the exclusive use of the discovery of vulcanization of India rubber, enriching its holder and his associates beyond millions of pounds sterling, remained with the common-sense thinker. It was really a stolen secret, but neither craft nor fraud, but honest brains, perpetrated the theft.

THE MANHATTAN WELL MURDER.

(DECEMBER 22, 1799.)

OUR forefathers firmly believed certain adages, and among others, "Murder will out," for general experience proved its truth. But in later days the rule seems to be reversed, and the city of New York has furnished its quota of practical contradictions of the old saying. The Nathan murder, the Rogers murder, the Burdell murder, are comparatively recent as well as conspicuous instances. The disappearance of Chief Justice Lansing was prominent in a preceding generation; and still further back the murder of Miss Gulielma Sands, better known, perhaps, as the Manhattan Well Murder, yet remains an unsolved mystery. The story is remarkable, and the trial of the suspected criminal was not less so.

Elias and Catherine Ring, Quakers, lived in Greenwich Street, near Franklin Street. Their family consisted of Hope Sands, Mrs. Ring's sister; Gulielma Elmore Sands, her cousin; two young men, Russell and Lacy, boarders; Levi Weekes and his apprentice, also boarders; and some other boarders. Weekes was a brother of Ezra Weekes, a respectable and wealthy citizen, who was originally a carpenter. He was the builder and the principal owner of the City Hotel, formerly in Broadway, extending from Thames Street to Cedar Street.

It appeared by the testimony that Weekes was *very* intimate with Gulielma—called "Elma" by the witnesses—and Elma had confidentially informed Mrs. Ring and Hope Sands that she and Weekes were to be privately married. On the evening of Sunday, December 22, Elma left the house about eight o'clock for the purpose, as the two other ladies understood, of being thus married; but she never returned. On the 2d of January —that is, after an interval of eleven days— Elma was found dead in the Manhattan Well —a well in what was then known as Lispenard's Meadow—in the open field some rods distant from the public road. The well now stands in the rear of a carpenter's shop at the end of an alley, No. 89½ Greene Street, a hundred feet or more north of Spring Street. The distance from Ring's house to the well was about half a mile.

The wildest excitement pervaded all classes of the community on the discovery of the body. In those days there were but few newspapers, and editors had not then learned to trouble themselves much about local news; so that, in the absence of any authentic and printed record of the facts, rumor took up the case, and presented it in all imaginable shapes.

On the 4th of January the two leading newspapers, the *Daily Advertiser* and the *Commercial Advertiser*, each contained the following paragraph:

"Thursday afternoon the body of a young woman by the name of Gulielma Elmore Sands was found dead in a well recently dug by the Manhattan Company, a little east of Mr. Tyler's. The circumstances attending the death are somewhat singular. She went from her uncle's house, in Greenwich Street, last Sunday evening, with her lover, with an intention of going to be married, from which time, until yesterday afternoon, she had not been heard of. Strange suspicions have been entertained that she has been willfully murdered."

On the 6th of January a coroner's jury was assembled, and they rendered a verdict of "Murder by some person or persons unknown."

The public excitement continued daily to increase, and the manner in which the crime was committed was the subject of innumerable conjectures; but the general voice of public

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opinion named Levi Weekes as the murderer. On the 10th of January each of the above-named newspapers contained a communication deprecating the public verdict, representing the character of Weekes in very favorable terms, and asking for a suspension of public opinion. Weekes had, however, been already arrested on suspicion. In due time his case came before the Grand Jury; he was indicted, arraigned, pleaded "not guilty," and his trial was set down for the 31st day of March, 1800.

It is safe to say that up to that period no crime had ever produced in New York such an excitement as the murder of Miss Sands. For many years afterward it was a never-ending topic of conversation, and it is more or less talked of even to this day. Theodore Fay's novel, "Norman Leslie," published originally about the year 1833, and not long since republished, embodies several of the incidents of the story under fictitious names.

The trial of Weekes began on the day designated in the old City Hall, at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, the site of the present Sub-Treasury. The court consisted of Chief Justice Lansing—the same man who, some thirty years later, left his hotel for the Albany steamboat at the foot of Cortlandt Street, and was never afterward heard of—Richard Varick, Mayor, and Richard Harison, Recorder. The jurors were Garrit Storm, Robert Lylburn, Simon Schemerhorn, George Scriba, Richard Ellis, James Hunt, John Rathbone, William Wilson, William G. Miller, Samuel Ward, William Walton, Jasper Ward. The case for the people was conducted by Cadwallader D. Colden, Assistant Attorney-General. Counsel for Weekes, Alexander Hamilton, Brockholst Livingston, and Aaron Burr.

The testimony from which the following synopsis of the case is made is almost entirely in the handwriting of Hamilton, taken down by him at the time. It consists of fifty-four closely written foolscap pages. It is in a state of perfect preservation, and is now owned by a gentleman of this city. As an autograph, it is very valuable.

A condensed statement of the testimony of the first witness, Mrs. Ring, will show the material points of Elma's disappearance:

"After tea I proposed to borrow a muff for her at one of our neighbors'. Elma went and got it herself. She came into the room where were two young men of the family, Russell and Lacy, with my husband and child. Levi (Weekes) came in, and soon after the young men went to bed. The clock just then struck eight. I observed Levi's eyes fixed on Elma, as if to hint to her to go, and she went into the entry. Soon after I took the candle and went up stairs. Elma had her hat and shawl on, and the muff in her hand. I went down again, leaving her just ready to follow. Levi took his hat and went out into the entry. Immediately after I heard some one come down stairs; then there was whispering in the entry for a minute, then the front-door opened and was closed. It was opened and closed but once within those two or three minutes. It stuck a little, and opened and shut hard, with much noise. As soon as it closed I ran to it, opened it, and looked out to see which way they went; but there were many people passing, and I failed to identify them. I then ran up stairs to see if Elma was there. I don't know why I did so; but somehow I felt agitated. She was not there."

By the Assistant Attorney-General. "Did you not hear the steps of more than one person coming down the stairs?"

Answer. "I heard the steps of but one person."

Question. "Was there no noise in the room where you were?"

Answer. "There was no noise at all, and I could distinctly hear what was passing in the hall and on the stairs."

Mrs. Ring proceeded:

"Levi returned about ten o'clock. His countenance was pale and much agitated. He said, 'Has Hope got home?' I said, 'No.' 'Is Elma gone to bed?' I said, 'No, she has gone out. At least, I saw her ready to go, and have good reason to think she went.' He said, 'I am surprised she should go out so late at night, and alone.' I replied, 'I have no reason to think she went alone.' To which he made no answer, but looked earnest and thoughtful, and leaned his head on his hand."

By Assistant Attorney-General. "Had any thing passed to lead him to believe that she went out alone?"

Answer. "No, there had not."

By the Court. "Did you express any alarm to him?"

Answer. "No. Feeling very uneasy and agitated, I thought I would speak to Levi more particularly than I had done, and I told Elias to take the child and go to bed; and he got up to go, upon which Levi instantly rose and went up stairs.

"I then thought perhaps Elma had stopped at the neighbor's to leave the muff. I sat up waiting for her till after twelve o'clock. Then, thinking she might have come in, I looked through the house for her. In the afternoon of the next day Levi asked me whether Elma had returned; and when I said no, he asked whether I had sent any where to inquire for her. I said no to that, and that I kept expecting her. He then said, again, he was surprised at her going out so late, and alone. I replied, 'Indeed, Levi, to tell thee the truth, I believe she went with thee.' He looked surprised, and said, 'If she had gone with me, she would have come with me. I never saw her after she left the room.'"

By the Court. "Was there any thing uncommon in his manner?"

Witness. "There was, to be sure—more than I can express. In the afternoon of the next day Levi came into the room where my sister and I were sitting, and, after some conversation, I said to him, 'If it had been any body but thee, I would not have waited an hour without getting an account of her; but my confidence in thee was so great, and I feared, too, to make trouble for her, as she was bound not to disclose the plan, that I waited. On that day, about twelve o'clock, she came down stairs and told me that you and she were to be privately married that evening at eight o'clock.' He turned pale, trembled to a great degree, was much agitated, and began to cry. Then, clapping his hands together, he exclaimed, 'I'm ruined! I'm ruined! I'm undone forever. Unless she appears to clear me, my existence will be only a burden.'"

By Mr. Colden. "State particularly what was Elma's condition of mind and temper on that Sunday afternoon."

Witness. "I never saw her pleasanter. She was more so than usual."

Several witnesses were subsequently called, whose testimony went to show the probability of Levi's having used his brother's sleigh on the evening of the 22d; others stated the hearing of cries of "murder," etc., in a female voice, near the well, about nine o'clock; but nothing very precise or satisfactory was established on those points.

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Andrew Blanck testified that his son, on Tuesday, December 24, brought home a muff which he found in the Manhattan Well. It proved to be the muff which Elma borrowed. A search for the body in the well was not then instituted; but on the 2d of January Elias Ring and Mr. Watkins made the search, and found the body. Elma's hat was off; her dress was torn open above the waist; her shawl, handkerchief around her neck, and her shoes, were gone.

Richard C. Skinner, the first witness who examined the body, found several bruises and scratches on the forehead, chin, and left breast. There were several marks on the neck, not uniform, as if made by a rope or a handkerchief, but as if made by a person's hand. In reply to a cross-question whether those marks may not have been produced by some cause other than strangulation, he said he could not tell how they might have been produced; but in reply to a re-direct question whether strangulation by the hand would not make those marks, he thought it would.

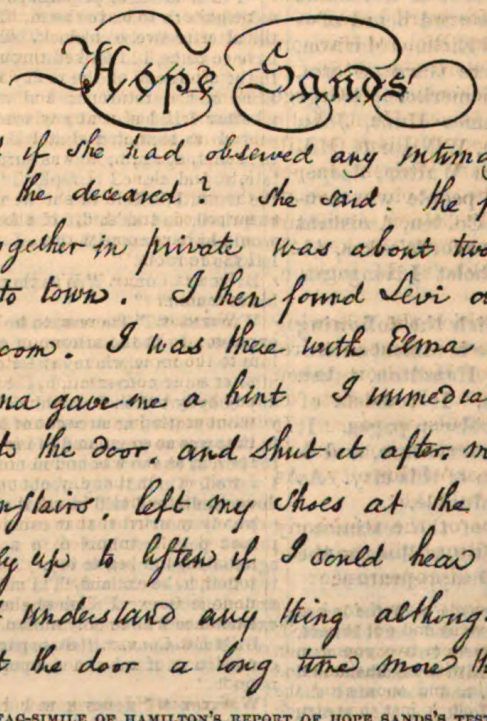
Doctor James Snedecker found some dislocations about the collar-bone; and Doctor David Hosack found the marks on the neck "as if they had been produced by violent pressure;" and he did not think that a person could inflict such wounds or marks on herself.

William Williams testified that he had driven a horse from Ring's house to the Manhattan Well and back to the stable of Ezra Weekes in fifteen minutes. The object was to show how soon the distance could be driven.

This was the case, in a much abridged form, for the prosecution.

(One witness, Richard D. Croucher, who lodged at Mrs. Ring's, was called by the prosecution, and he made a brief statement as to the extreme intimacy of Weekes and Elma. He was cross-examined at some length by the defense, as to his having had a quarrel with Weekes, and as to where he, the witness, was on the evening of December 22. As to the last point, he said he was at a friend's house, about two miles distant, all the evening, and returned to Mrs. Ring's about eleven o'clock. That statement was fully corroborated by two other witnesses.)

We give in this connection a fac-simile of Hamilton's report of a portion of Hope Sands's testimony in regard to the intimacy between Weekes and Elma:



Hope Sands

Being asked if she had observed any intimacy between the prisoner and the deceased? She said. the first time I knew them to be together in private was about two weeks after I and Elma came to town. I then found Levi and Elma together in her bed room. I was there with Elma when Levi came in on which Elma gave me a hint I immediately went out. he followed me to the door, and shut it after me and locked it. I went downstairs, left my shoes at the bottom of them, and went softly up to listen if I could hear their conversation but could not understand any thing although I heard a whispering and stood at the door a long time more than an hour.

FAC-SIMILE OF HAMILTON'S REPORT OF HOPE SANDS'S TESTIMONY.

Mr. Burr opened the case, briefly, for the defense. He spoke in slighting terms of the character of the deceased; warmly in praise of the character of the prisoner; deprecated public opinion, which had already pronounced the prisoner guilty; warned the jury against attaching any importance to circumstantial testimony, which alone had been produced against the prisoner; and promised to show his innocence by proving an *alibi*.

The first witness, an apprentice to Ezra Weekes, testified that his master's horse and sleigh had not been out of the stable on

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that Sunday evening. (The prosecution had proved that a track of a one-horse sleigh was found in the snow very near the well, and quite off from the road.)

Several witnesses made statements derogatory to the character of the deceased.

Doctor Mackintosh thought that the death of the deceased was caused by drowning. And several doctors gave opinions as to what, other than strangulation by hand, *might* have caused the marks about the neck. They intimated that the marks on the body *might* have arisen from remaining several days in the water and then being brought into contact with the cold air of winter. One of the physicians made a post-mortem examination and proved the deceased was *not* "likely to become a mother."

John Macomb testified that he was at the house of Ezra Weekes on the evening of Sunday, December 22. Levi Weekes was there, and he remained there until about eight o'clock. He, witness, remained about twenty or thirty minutes after Levi went away.

Elizabeth Weekes and Ezra, her husband, testified by deposition that Levi Weekes returned to their house almost immediately after John Macomb left there, and remained there till near ten o'clock.

Several witnesses testified to the good character and disposition of the prisoner, and that his manner and deportment after the disappearance of Elma were not changed.

This was, substantially, the case for the defense, much abridged, however, in details.

It was now half past two o'clock in the morning of the third day of the trial, and the Assistant Attorney-General asked for an adjournment, as he was completely exhausted and unable to go on with the case. The prisoner's counsel objected, as that would keep the jury shut up another night. The Court also objected. And finally the counsel on both sides took the very unusual course—unusual, that is, in a trial for murder—of submitting the case without argument to the jury, under the charge of the judge.

The charge of Chief Justice Lansing was the most extraordinary part of the trial. After saying that he was taken by surprise in being called on to charge the jury before he had the usual opportunity of preparing a digest of the testimony for the jury's consideration, and after some incidental comments, he proceeded to remark, quietly and as a matter of course, that it was *very doubtful* whether the deceased left the house of Elias Ring on that Sunday evening in company with the prisoner; that the witnesses on the part of the prisoner had accounted for the manner in which he spent the evening, "excepting a few minutes;" that, from the testimony of the physicians, it was very doubtful whether the deceased had been exposed to any violence other than that occasioned by the drowning; that it was difficult to discover what motive could have actuated the prisoner to the commission of such a crime; and that *the Court was unanimously of opinion that the proof was insufficient to warrant a verdict against the prisoner!*

The jury retired, but they returned in five minutes with a verdict of *not guilty*.

Perhaps, in a state of weariness and exhaustion—though *that* had really nothing to do with the merits of the case—the jury, under such a charge, might plead that they had no discretion left, and were compelled to render such a verdict. Perhaps they wished "the thing over," and caught at a pretext for simplifying their duty. If that were so, they seem to have lost sight of their *rights* in the premises. Or they may have felt themselves justified in evading what the Chief Justice was so ready to assume—the entire responsibility of deciding on the facts.

The Chief Justice, in his charge, voluntarily took upon himself the jury's exclusive prerogative. The question of fact, whether Levi and Elma went out together, was a question for the jury alone to decide, and it was a vital point; for if they *did* go out together, it was incumbent on Levi to account for her; and if he could not account for her, his case was gone. The testimony undoubtedly fell short of positive proof. The testimony was circumstantial, and the proof only inferential; but that is precisely the state of things that calls for the free deliberation and action of a jury, *not* under instructions from the Court. To *caution* a jury on a doubtful point, and to tell them that they are bound to give the prisoner the benefit of a reasonable doubt, is proper and customary; but to *instruct* them on the doubt is another thing.

Again, the reference to the prisoner's *motive* was gratuitous. That was a point for the prisoner's counsel to make; and if he had made it, the opposite counsel would have replied, "We are not bound to prove a motive. We have proved a murder, and we have brought it to the prisoner's door. Shift it away from that door, if you can. Convince the jury, if you can, that it does not lie there. You can not contrive even a theory of the death of this woman, other than her murder by Weekes, unless you set up suicide. And what was the motive for *that*? If a motive for homicide is indispensable, a motive for suicide is indispensable. Besides, does a woman select drowning herself in a well as a method of suicide? And does she take off her hat and shawl, and handkerchief around her neck, and tear open the bosom of her dress, and take off her shoes, *and all the while keep hold of her muff*, and then jump into the well head-foremost? *We* say that the woman was strangled by the hands of her murderer near the well, that the dress was torn in the struggle, and that the muff, shawl, and handkerchief were thrown into the well after the woman."

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As to the *alibi*, the judge virtually instructed the jury that they were to accept the statement of time given by the Weekeses and their visitor without question or investigation; and he made the time shorter than the witnesses did—"a few minutes."

The testimony of the physicians for the prosecution was affirmative and positive as to the infliction of violence on the body before it was thrown into the well. The physicians for the defense did not go beyond saying that the marks *might have been* produced by exposure to the air after a long immersion in the water. The judge told the jury that it was "very doubtful" whether the physicians for the prosecution were right about it!

The concluding sentence of the charge is the most remarkable of all. A mass of testimony which had occupied the court for nearly three days, and which the judge admitted that he had not time to digest as he intended to do, was, nevertheless, disposed of in two lines—the Court was unanimously of opinion that the proof was insufficient to warrant a verdict against the prisoner!

The popular version of the result of the trial was that Weekes was acquitted by the jury; the true version is that he was acquitted by the Court.

As all the parties to this trial have "passed to their account," it is safe to say that the mystery of the Manhattan Well Murder must remain forever *legally* unsolved.

The remarkable character of the trial, and the high position of the counsel, have caused much more to be written and published than will ever be found true. Mr. Parton, in his "Life of Aaron Burr," on page 148, says:

> "He used to say that he once saved a man from being hanged by a certain arrangement of candles in a court-room.... As the trial proceeded, suspicions arose against the principal witness, and Colonel Burr became convinced that the guilt lay between the witness and the prisoner.... Hamilton had addressed the jury with his usual fluent eloquence, confining his remarks to the vindication of the prisoner, without alluding to the probable guilt of the witness.... Colonel Burr, in turn, rose. He set forth the facts which bore against the man, and then seizing two candelabra from the table, he held them up toward the witness, and exclaimed,
>
> "'Behold the murderer, gentlemen!'
>
> "Every eye was turned upon the wretch's ghastly countenance, which seemed to wear the very expression of a convicted murderer. The man reeled, shrunk away, and rushed from the room. The effect of this incident was decisive. Colonel Burr concluded his speech, the judge charged, the jury gave a verdict of acquittal, and the prisoner was free."

How utterly without any foundation in fact is that wrought-up narrative may be seen from what here follows.

The witness referred to was Richard D. Croucher, whose testimony is mentioned in a parenthesis at the close of the case for the prosecution. He is called in the quotation above "the principal witness." "Hamilton," says the book, "had addressed the jury with his usual fluent eloquence," etc. The only address to the jury, on the part of the defense, was Colonel Burr's opening, which did not occupy many minutes in the delivery. "Colonel Burr," says the book, "set forth the facts which bore against the man," Croucher, "and then seizing two candelabra," etc.

Now see this incident, as taken down in Hamilton's notes of the testimony:

> William Dustan (witness for the defense) said, "Last Friday morning a man—I don't know his name—came into my store" (*here one of the prisoner's counsel held a candle close to Croucher's face, who stood among the crowd, and asked the witness if it was he, and he said it was*); "he said, 'Good-morning, gentlemen. Levi Weekes has been taken up by the high sheriff, and there is fresh evidence against him from Hackensack.' He then went away; and as he went out he said, 'My name is Croucher;' and that was all the business he had with me."

That is quoted *verbatim et literatim* from Hamilton's manuscript, page 45; and that is every word therein relating to Croucher; and, of course, that is all that Croucher said. His testimony was not of the slightest importance; nor was the movement of the candle of the slightest importance. It had no effect whatever on the case. And as to Colonel Burr's alleged exclamation, "Behold the murderer!" and his "concluding his speech," the reader can see for himself how absurd is the story.

The late Mrs. Hamilton, widow of General Hamilton, had her own version of the *candle* story. She said that it was her husband, and not Colonel Burr, who took the candle and asked the question. But that point, as well as the entire story, is every way immaterial and unimportant. The result of the trial was entirely independent of "the candle;" and one might venture to say that it was hardly "worth the candle." The Assistant Attorney-General certainly gained no credit for submitting the case without argument; the judge deserved no credit for his charge; and the jury earned no golden opinion for their verdict. Even the distinguished counsel for the prisoner seem to have done very little for their client, since no one accused them of "speaking to the judge." The crime itself was a terrible tragedy. The trial was almost a farce.

The story runs that on the rendering of the verdict Mrs. Ring exclaimed to Hamilton, "If thee dies a natural death, I shall think there is no justice in heaven!" She should have said that to Chief Justice Lansing, if to any one. But he also died an *un*natural death. He was never seen, alive or dead, after he left his hotel for the Albany boat, in November, 1829.

Public opinion did not coincide with the verdict of the jury. Weekes found himself proscribed, and he disappeared from New York as suddenly and as completely as did Chief Justice Lansing—though, of course, for a different reason.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

IN the old English novels there is often the picture of the fox-hunting, beer-guzzling, greasy, and ignorant chaplain of a country house preaching a sermon on Sunday to inculcate temperance, and to announce that cleanliness is next to godliness. The reader who is familiar with that literature has perhaps been sometimes conscious of the impression produced by the story of such scenes when, at some public dinner, when the guests are well warm in their cups, some gay Lothario has responded in hiccoughs to the "glorious toast" of woman, "the fair, the chaste, the inexpressive She;" or when, at the same period of the repast, some Bohemian, who sells his pen as Italian bravoes sold their stilettos, rises unsteadily to return thanks for the honor done to "a free press, the stoutest bulwark of our liberties."

So it is, undoubtedly. Leave the pen and the tongue untouched, and they will bring down in ruin the most ancient and reverend wrong. It is when wrongs find a voice that they begin to be righted. It is the free pen which writes the *tekel, tekel*, upon the walls of splendid Despotism; and Roger Williams, the first apostle of soul-liberty in America, is, for that, one of the greatest of our fathers. But there is a strain which is not heard from the Bohemian mouth, and a wisdom which the pen of the bravo never writes. It is that liberty imposes duties, and that the citizen of the freest country in the world should have a constant and peculiar sense of responsibility. And as the absolute freedom of the press becomes more and more assured, it is more and more important that this truth should be cherished and bear fruit in practice. Somebody sued a newspaper the other day for libel, laying the damages at ten thousand dollars. The jury found the editor guilty, and brought in one cent damages. A gentleman recently read a series of utter slanders upon his character in a newspaper; and another saw a letter, which was an entire forgery, printed as his own, and with his name signed to it. The first was all for "the wild justice" of the cow-skin, the second for a libel suit.

But a wise Senior said to them that neither would be a remedy. If you should repair to the office, he said to them, and half flay the offender, or merely bring him to his knees and extort from him a written confession of his shame, you would only have sown dragon's teeth, and they would spring up armed men. From that time forth you and your family and your friends, said the wise Senior, would be the objects of incessant ridicule and calumny. Your character may be as pure as new-fallen snow, and the paper that pursues you as well known as the town drunkard. But however spotless a man's fame, neither he nor his wife or children see with pleasure or patience that he is posted upon all the dead-walls and fences as a swindler and a thief. For it is nothing less than that to be incessantly calumniated in a newspaper. If you resort to a libel suit the satisfaction is even less. You have not, said the Mentor to the friend whose name had been forged—you have not the kind of satisfaction, momentary though it be, which is said to arise from the personal flagellation of a liar, and you are exposed to the same endless vituperation. Every act, every word, if you are a public man, will be distorted and caricatured and falsified; and if you are a private man you will be dragged into the most odious publicity. There is no hope in the cow-skin nor in the libel suit.

Besides, there is a general feeling that the slanders and libels of the press are the necessary accompaniments of its freedom. They are the alloy in the current coin. It is better that they should be endured than that under specious excuses and plausible pleas the very citadel of liberty should be touched. If the result of leaving the mouth absolutely unmuzzled is that it will sometimes slander and swear and drip foulness of every kind, better that peril than the proved and mortal danger of suffering any power to close it. It is painful, but it is the necessary tare. This appeal to the jury seldom fails, and, indeed, it has much reason. The history of the law of libel is the history of persecution. As liberty has grown the law has been restricted, and when enforced to a verdict the public sympathy follows the convict, and the public memory drops all the significant facts. In general opinion a libel is very much the same as a political crime, and a convicted libeler is often felt to be probably a victim rather than a criminal.

Yet it is evident that what is called the license of the press in this country is greater than ever before. The most respected names are suddenly held up to shame. Detailed statements of apparent facts—statements which can be questioned only by those who know the characters of the persons assailed—appear in the most conspicuous form, and challenge universal attention. The first question is always damaging, and it is to suggest that question that the detailed form of the attack is devised. "Would such things be said, would any body dare to print such elaborate charges, if there were no grounds of suspicion? 'Tis a wicked world, and those who think that they stand must beware of falling. We are all fallible—and who knows? who knows?" But while neighbors may ask this when other neighbors are assailed, the great public mind receives an indelible impression. There is so much honorable innocence in the mass of men that when they read at evening in their newspaper that Charles Borromeo was seen at half past one o'clock last Tuesday afternoon broiling a small Jewish boy over Dorlan's oyster fire in the Fulton Market, that the boy's name was Guteknabe, and that his parents live at five thousand and ten Avenue Thirteen — when they read these details, they are full of horror at the wickedness of man; and when the newspaper applauds its own Spartan heroism and moral intrepidity in bringing the loftiest offenders to the bar of an outraged and indignant public sentiment, those readers glow with sympathy, and rejoice that virtue has still such sentinels.

Borromeo must submit. It is a cruel wrong, but there is no direct and special remedy. Libel suits and cow-skins will not help the matter. The remedy is moral. It is a condition of public opinion which will require of newspapers the same honor which governs private intercourse, and

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which will send the offender to Coventry. Of course there are men enough who will go to Coventry if they can be well paid. But it is possible for public opinion to draw the lines between honorable and dishonorable journalism so that it shall be well understood that the assertions and charges of certain papers are of no more significance than the ribaldry of Billingsgate. But as gentlemen would not recognize as an associate the common brawler who stands at the street corner and flings vitriol upon the dresses of the ladies who pass, they must also decline to recognize the larger and louder brawler who with his pen flings the vitriol of falsehood upon the fairest fames. So long as public defamers find that defamation "pays," so long as they perceive that they make money and are recognized by decent people—why, the world is their oyster, and they will open it. But a man who is personally scorned, and who is condemned by the contempt of honorable men to solitary imprisonment within the golden walls of his ill-gotten wealth, would be a sign of a hopeful moral condition of society.

Of course, the enormous power of the press being conceded, the equal responsibility of the editorial profession can not be denied. The news is known through the papers, and it is very much what the newspapers make it. So, also, public opinion is necessarily very much moulded by the comments of the press upon that news. What is done and said in Washington, for instance, is chiefly known, and has therefore its chief influence, from the reports and summaries which are furnished to the newspapers from that city. The debates are printed in the *Globe*. But who reads the *Globe*, except honorable gentlemen who wish to impale other honorable gentlemen upon their own blunders?

The news in Washington, the current and character of debates, consequently the reputations of the debaters, come very much from the hands of the correspondents. There were newspaper generals during the war, and there are newspaper statesmen always. But the telegraph has transformed the correspondent. He is no longer the gentleman who commented upon familiar events after they had occurred, the rear-guard, the gleaner: he it is who tells us of the day, and describes the aspect and the immediate effect of the warriors. Yes, and he takes part in the debate while it is still proceeding; and the audience in his gallery is not the near handful in the chamber—it is the people of a continent. He stings with a squib, he ridicules with a phrase. There are no amenities, no limitations. He must affect public opinion to react upon the debate, to answer Congress while it is still speaking. He is the whipper-in in chief. He must cajole, coerce, crush. A torrent of sarcasm, the darkest insinuation, as well as the sincere protest and the earnest argument—all these are the equipment of the Washington correspondent of to-day, who is no longer a remote spectator, a timid or careful critic, but very much the editor in chief by position and in influence, who writes to-day, in the very ardor of the conflict, what is read to-morrow at breakfast beyond the Alleghanies and upon the Pacific coast.

It is to his words that the reader first turns, and it is he who makes the first impression. This is so true that the portraits of most of the conspicuous men in Congress are not painted by their own words and votes, but by the descriptions of them which the correspondent gives. During the impeachment trial a picture was daily sent to each great newspaper, but a picture colored by the hopes and feelings of the painter. So furious was the fray, so passionate the appeal to the prejudices of the public, that one of the most sternly incorruptible men who ever served his country was bitterly derided for professing to have a conscience; and another, who did his duty simply because he was too manly not to do it, and who knew that he did it at the cost of the sympathy of friends and the support of constituents, was savagely denounced as a Judas Iscariot taking his thirty pieces. As we write, the grave closes over him, and the whitest flowers will fitly bloom upon it. But how many, remembering that brand of Judas, and knowing nothing more of him, may still suppose that the vote which showed how true a man he was was somehow the proof of a want of manhood!

This power is too great to be lightly exercised, and until its just use becomes a point of honor with the profession, the profession and the press will suffer. If the gentlemen of the press complain that they are not intrusted with important secrets of state to use at their discretion, ought they not to wonder whether they have shown that they have discretion? The Easy Chair may claim to belong to the fourth estate, and therefore it may ask whether the members of that estate are not as much feared as honored. We are bidden to this feast and to that. But is it not often in the fear that we shall ridicule if we are not asked, and in the hope that we shall praise if we are? Miss Bodkin sends Mr. Goosequill her little venture in verse as a tribute to his —— and his —— and his ——. It would be touching if Goosequill were a fellow-author only; but he is a literary editor, and how can he help wondering if Miss Bodkin would be so impressed with his genius and his many virtues if he were not? Ah! said the heiress, if I only knew who loves my money and who loves me! Ah! sighs Goosequill, if I only knew who admires my genius *ex officio!*

There are, indeed, no short-cuts to the millennium; and it is by no means clear that the reader prefers the truth itself to such a statement of it, even such a perversion of it, as favors his own view. But his view, as we have seen, depends very much upon his newspaper; and it is worth a trial whether a candid account of facts by observers of a scientific rather than of a polemical turn of mind might not develop the existence of a large and sympathetic audience. Every reformer builds upon a possible rather than upon an actual public opinion, yet reforms prevail. So if the tone and tendency of a powerful and popular journal are such that the judicious grieve, an editor who respects himself and his profession will hardly plead that he supplies the public with what it wishes. For as there is a public that wishes and would pay for what he would not supply upon any terms, so there is one which would gladly see the press a photograph in which forms appear very much as they are, rather than a picture which is colored to suit the theories of the painter. It is long since agreed that all is *not* fair in love, nor in trade, nor at the custom-house. Is it not time that it was understood that all is not fair in the newspaper? The man who wields so enor-

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mous a responsibility should certainly feel his duty as well as his power, and he who abuses so great a trust should be ranked with those who betray other trusts.

HERR TEUFELSDRÖCKH informs those who read his famous book, the "Tailor Sewed Over; or, the Philosophy of Clothes," that Mr. Pelham announces, among the other canons regulating human apparel, that it is permitted to mankind, under certain conditions, to wear white waistcoats. But it now appears that, under certain conditions also, straw-colored gloves are not only permissible but imperative. When a Japanese embassador appears, and the white flag with the orb of day in its centre is unfurled, straw-color, as to the hands, is the only wear. Therefore, when the reception was to take place in Washington, the deeply initiated held hands of that mystic color. The only chagrin was that nobody seemed to know the significant fact nor to care for it; and one honorable gentleman asked with interest whether it would not be extremely orthodox to wear a straw hat. But these were levities ill becoming the august occasion.

Indeed, the long train of hackney-coaches that advanced on a bright March morning to the door of the White House—called in the true modern Gothic style "the Executive Mansion"—was curiously significant. And when, in the costume of this country, Iwakura, holding his manuscript straight before him at arms-length, intoned his speech to the President, another most memorable association was added to those that already belong to the famous East Room. The haughtiest and most secluded of nations, which traces its history back to the farthest historic periods, suddenly emerges and asks the cooperation of the youngest and freest of nations in securing the conditions of the highest civilization.

The appeal to the United States is not a chance, but the result of mature reflection. Mr. Arinori Mori, the Japanese minister in this country, has felt that here rather than in England, where he has also lived, is the spirit which can best reanimate his country. He is a young man, and earnestly at work in thoroughly acquainting himself with all that is most characteristic in American principles and methods. It is even his hope to introduce the English language into Japan as the language of education, supplanting the Chinese, which is now the tongue of the schools. The young Japs are set to study what are called the classics, or the philosophical books of Confucius and the moralists, and always in the Chinese—a language in which they recite by rote, and in which, when they come to understand it, they have acquired only a body of moral precepts. To teach useful knowledge in a language which, when learned, is the key to the scientific information which in the judgment of its wisest men Japan most needs, is an effort worthy her most patriotic sons. And to see the country where, as the same wise men from the East believe, lies the secret of progress which they wish to learn, to obtain a personal impression of its character, and to signalize the sincerity of the purpose of Japan by the dignity and state of the embassy, is the immediate purpose of the presence of Iwakura and his associates in the United States. It is not, however, with us alone, but with all the great Western powers, that Japan would form cordial relations, and the embassy will visit the European courts when it takes leave of the republic.

The feast of the straw-colored gloves in honor of the Japanese embassadors fell upon an evening when the poetic policeman thought of every belle who stepped from her carriage,

> "The bleak winds of March
> Made her tremble and shiver."

But he thought it only: he did not say it. Yet the bleak wind of the cold night had little chance at the guests, for a pavilion was laid to the very curb-stone, and every body stepped out into friendly shelter. Then up the steep stairs just as the illustrious guests were passing from the cloak-room into the hall. As they entered it the crowd, swelling upward from the door below, made for the ladies' room, or for the little hole in a corner into which the gentlemen were to thrust their coats in the vague hope that they might be recovered. Some of the Japs who at a later hour were buffeting the crowd and struggling toward the aperture must have been impressed, if they were philosophers, with the fact that a nation of so many happy contrivances as they fondly believe us to be has not yet learned how to take charge of overcoats at public feasts. It would not be very difficult to avoid the fierce crush at the cloak-room, but it is not avoided, and it is as good-humored as it is disagreeable and unnecessary.

But who cared for the crush at the door of the opera-house on a Jenny Lind night, when coat skirts strewed the pavement, and the most elaborately tied cravats were undone? Not otherwise was this pressure when the door was passed and the pretty hall was entered. Was this also an opera? And had the curtain risen? For the first impression of the brilliant scene was that of the trilling and warbling of canaries in clusters of cages hung high overhead, and for a moment giving a sense of enchanted gardens and rose bowers upon Bendermere's stream. Was this impression disturbed when from their tiring-room the nymphs and dames emerged, powdered, beflowered, effulgent? There were toilets of all kinds. There were even ladies in bonnets, as if they had run in neighborly to hobnob an hour with Iwakura. There were others in the very extremity of the fashion. There was every kind of tasteful and rich and beautiful and plain and grotesque attire. And now and then behold! the ineffable calm of the lady—not one, but many—of whom Mr. Emerson tells the excellent story that she said, to feel herself perfectly well dressed imparted a tranquil happiness that religion itself could not bestow.

The hall was very light, draped and festooned simply with the American and two Japanese flags intertwined—the whole giving a certain airy, gauzy effect, which was pretty, if not fairy-like nor magnificent. Upon a little platform at the end of the hall stood the guests and other distinguished people, cabinet officers and foreign ministers. The space in the middle of the hall, between improvised columns, was kept clear for some time, so that the picture was charming. The throng pressed slowly up one side of the room toward the platform, and passing across

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it in front of the various members of the embassy, were received by the Secretary of State and the Japanese minister, and by the latter presented to Iwakura. He was dressed, with all his associates, in the sad sables with which Western nations mourn their own gayety. Instead of some glittering cloth of gold, in which—whatever the fact may have been at the White House—we might have expected an embassador from Zipango or El Dorado to be arrayed, we had the familiar and useful black broadcloth coat and trowsers of civilization. But when Sir Philip Sidney, in flowered velvet, was presented to the great William of Orange, William was clad in a plain serge coat, and Sir Philip probably did not know it, or forgot it. And as the gallant Sidneys at this feast were presented to the chief embassador, they doubtless saw the man and not his clothes.

Iwakura is about fifty years old; not a large man; of great dignity and serenity of manner; with a high-bred and elegant air, and a face of clear intelligence and refinement. He bowed courteously to every guest, with that subtile distance of salutation without offense which is peculiar to many men of high self-respect. Handshaking is the most religiously observed of all the social rites in Washington, and especially and amusingly by the diplomatic corps, who evidently constrain themselves to observe punctually this sacred habit; but Iwakura did not offer his hand, yet did not refuse to engage in the ceremony when it was unavoidable. Beyond him in line were the chief ladies of the occasion—the wives of the Vice-President, of the Secretary of State, of the Speaker, and of the other secretaries. It was a simple republican court, recalling the days when President Washington and his wife stood upon a slightly raised dais at the end of the hall—there being about those three inches of monarchy left at the beginning of the republic, before Thomas Jefferson, alighting from his horse, hitched him by the bridle to the fence, and then went into the Capitol to be inaugurated President.

Descending from the immediate presence, the guests gathered in lines along the hall, or slowly promenaded, engaged in watching and in criticising each other. Meanwhile the band played, and the canaries, excited by the music and the lights, sang loud and clear. Not so sweetly sang the gossips, as they whispered and exclaimed at each fresh oddity or extravagance of attire. Gently, good gossips! gently! for even at this moment is the Scripture fulfilled, and ye who judge are judged. "In a world where Martin Farquhar Tupper passes to the thirty-seventh edition," said Thackeray, in a company of authors, "let us all think small beer of ourselves." When to the eye of men the dress of the fairer sex is altogether bewildering—and certainly not, as Professor Teufelsdröckh would say, unbeautiful—why should the good gossip invidiously discriminate? Peace! peace! The sober matron at whom you smile wears the plain dress you see because she preferred to pay her boy's college bills with the money that would have arrayed her in Parisian robes had he staid at home. And you, dear madam, daughter of Fortunatus and heiress of his purse, you wear those wondrous diamonds and nudge your neighbors to look and laugh with you.

Hark! the soft prelude of the waltz. What is the mysterious pathos of that long-pulsing strain? Why is that measure, moving to which the joy and the hope of youth celebrate their triumph, of all measures the most passionately sad? One after another the partners glide into the dance. They swim, they float, they circle, they move in music and to music; and "what is this, and who is here?"—this comet, this meteor of a couple, who come pumping and dashing through the throng? Are her hands really laid upon his shoulders? Do his hands clasp her elbows? Or is it an extraordinary dream? No wonder that Japan draws to the edge of the dais and gazes in wonder, for America also looks on in amazement. The amused incredulity in the faces of the foreign guests as they watch the dancing is interesting to see. Iwakura regards the scene with smiling gravity. To him that spectacle seems a thousandfold more "against nature" than the vision of a woman voting can possibly be to the most conservative American. Yet the embassador will find that the loveliest woman may waltz with a man and still be womanly, and the conservative American—may go and do likewise. The fashions of a time and the traditions of a nation are not the final laws of nature, and even Horatio's philosophy does not exhaust the things in heaven and earth that are yet to be.

The embassadors are still gazing, the band is still playing, and the birds are still singing over the happy dancers as we come away. There is a desperate but brief struggle at the orifice in the corner, whence, to our delight, our coats emerge. We have a glimpse into the ladies' tiring-room, where, like bright-winged birds, they are pluming themselves for flight. Upon the steep staircase where they stand waiting for their carriages there are tranquillity and order, so excellent are the arrangements. Scores of sentences are left in fragments upon the stairs, for in the midst of a remark the cry resounds, "The Honorable Mr. Iago's carriage," "Mrs. Bluebeard's carriage," "The embassador from San Salvador," "Mr. Smith Jones's carriage," and instantly the bright-winged birds are flown, and rose-buds and violets go home to happy dreams.

Those who object to reading serial stories have, of course, not read George Eliot's "Middlemarch," which has been for some time printing in *Harper's Weekly*. Those who know "Adam Bede," "Romola," "The Mill on the Floss," "Felix Holt," and "Silas Marner" need only to know that the author is writing another story to be sure of another pleasure. As we write, it is far from finished, but its character and scope are fully developed. Perhaps the best way to describe it is to say that it meets Jane Austen in her own field, and, as it seems to us, beats her with her own weapons in the innocent strife. It is a tale of country life in England a score or two of years ago, and it is wrought with all that delicate skill in detail which is the charm of Miss Austen. The pictures are cabinet portraits, but they are finished with as much subtlety and vigor as delicacy, and they have none of the wriggling weakness of the miniature. Even yet the plot of the story is not clear; but the chief characters—and there are many of them—are all in full play.

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The social life of an English village thirty years ago is, of course, unfamiliar to American readers. Its remote provincialism and its caste are very strange to us. But from Miss Austen's tales, and in a certain way from Miss Mitford and Mrs. Gaskell, we have a general conception of its character and tendency. Miss Austen's stories, however, although beautifully elaborated, are wholly superficial studies of rather uninteresting characters. Indeed, it is the treatment that makes them interesting. Her characters are various types of the conventional young or old woman or man. There is a kind of obviousness and goodishness about them which suggest that the author was not a person of much thought, or variety of experience, or imagination, but an accurate observer, of a sweet temperament, and with great skill in describing what she saw. It is the newness of the life described, the felicity of the description, and the skill of construction which charm in Miss Austen. There is no straining, no exaggeration of any kind, in her books; but certainly there is no elevation, no thrill, no high delight, in reading them. Indeed, it might almost be said that none of her characters are really interesting in themselves —as Jeanie and Effie Deans are, for instance. They are pleasant, respectable people, some of whom have difficulties in their love affairs, out of which we wish them a happy deliverance; but they are all peculiarly artificial, and not very attractive.

George Eliot has not less accuracy of observation, and her skill of detail without weariness, the detail which only great power can master, and which is, therefore, one of the most infrequent of literary gifts, is as remarkable as Miss Austen's. Indeed, nothing more surely shows the inexperienced or the unequipped literary hand than the instinctive recourse to sketching and outline. The welding of small parts, the exquisite finish which springs from it, the sense that the story is not told, but tells itself, as when a shrewd eye watches a romance in real life—all these are wanting in many a work which shows grace and sensitiveness of feeling, but no sign of constructive power.

Middlemarch is an English village, in which Dorothea and her sister are of the better class, the rural gentry. Dorothea is a woman of intense nature, all of whose forces flow into ecclesiastical activity. This springs from a dominant sense of duty in a strong character without special talent. It exaggerates every thing in its own direction. It demands to sacrifice itself. The woman, unknowing herself, accepts a morbid conscience as her guide, and, of course, when a dry prig of a clergyman, not a fool nor a knave, but only a prig, offers to marry her, she loses her breath as if the angel Gabriel had descended from heaven to woo her, and thinks her happiness too great.

Then the scene changes in the same village, and we are introduced to the clergymen and doctors and bankers and commonalty, among whom appears the young doctor, Mr. Lydgate, who has studied in Paris, and is full of hope and high purpose, and is familiar with the progress of thought and science. The belle of the village attracts him, and he has but once seen Dorothea, who has married her theologian and has gone upon a wedding-tour—with which much instruction is to be blended—to Rome. There, at the point that the story has reached, she begins to discover that her conscience has somehow defrauded her heart; and that she and Lydgate are to know each other better seems to be evident.

But the charm of a story is in the telling. And for all the higher qualities of the story-teller, for sustained imagination, insight, knowledge, and exquisite skill of narration, the woman who writes under the name of George Eliot is the master of all living men.

Editor's Literary Record.

BIOGRAPHY.

GOSSIP is always entertaining, and we suspect that no reader will go to sleep over Mr. J. T. Fields's *Yesterdays with Authors* (J. R. Osgood and Co.). There is a wide difference between the critical view which M. Taine gives us of Thackeray and Dickens and the sort of glimpses which we get in this book of the way in which Thackeray ate an oyster and Dickens went on a lark. In all such books of personal gossip there is almost inevitably a certain egotism, and it is not wanting in this volume; but it is an unconscious egotism, and is not offensive. We should have been inclined to suppose that private letters ought to be private, and that Mr. Thackeray should be permitted in the exuberance of his spirits "to thrust both his long legs out of the carriage window," and Dickens "to scream with uproarious laughter at the old South Church," without having their boyish indecorum reported to the public. But though every body condemns gossiping, every body crowds to hear what the gossip has to say, and the interior views which Mr. Fields's long and intimate acquaintance with such men as Thackeray, Hawthorne, and Dickens enables him to give of their private life and character are rather more fascinating because we so often question the propriety of taking the public quite so fully into his confidence.

It is not often that an unknown author is introduced to the public by two such sponsors as Henry Ward Beecher and Florence Nightingale. But these are the persons who demand our attention to the memorials of *Agnes Elisabeth Jones* (George Routledge and Sons), and declare to us that they are well worthy not only our reading, but also our pondering, as, indeed, we find them to be. Agnes Jones was called by her peculiar endowment to the work of nursing and training nurses. This work, usually accounted repulsive, was in childhood her ambition, in maturer life her passion. The ambition was itself a singular one. The patience and persistence with which she realized it were not less remarkable. The book deserves to be dedicated to that great

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host of women, more unfortunate than Flora M'Flimsey, "who have nothing to do." We have a good many books that interpret to us a certain kind of piety, dreamy and inactive, and no end to books and articles which incite to Christian works, but are barren of Christian feeling. But it is rare that literature furnishes a book, because it is rare that the world furnishes a life, in which piety and activity are so happily mated. As to Florence Nightingale's introduction, we know not how to speak the praise we feel it to deserve. Here is one paragraph which we wish we could clothe with wings, only in it substituting America for England, and send it flying the circuit of the press:

"All England is ringing with the cry for 'Women's Work' and 'Women's Mission.' Why are there so few to *do* the 'work?' We used to hear of people giving their blood for the country. Since when is it that they only give their ink?"

FRANCIS S. DRAKE edits, and J. R. Osgood and Co. publish, a *Dictionary of American Biography, including Men of the Time*, which is described in its somewhat elaborate title-page as "containing nearly ten thousand notices of persons of both sexes, of native and foreign birth, who have been remarkable, or prominently connected with the arts, sciences, literature, politics, or history of the American continent, giving also the pronunciation of many of the foreign and peculiar American names, and a key to the assumed names of writers." This dictionary is a useful compend to those who have not the larger and more comprehensive dictionaries of Thomas and Allibone. Decided ability is shown in condensation. The longest articles are short, and yet clearness is rarely sacrificed to brevity. But it disappoints us somewhat in not being brought down to the present day. It appears as though it were condensed from larger works, and is frequently lacking in late and fresh information. Thus there is no reference under "Donald G. Mitchell" to his late connection with *Hearth and Home*, though this fact is referred to under the article "Harriet Beecher Stowe." In the list of Henry Ward Beecher's works no reference is made to his "Life of Christ," and none to his editorship of the *Christian Union*. And the last information given in respect to General Grant is the statement of his inauguration in 1869, which, with here and there an exception, appears to be the latest date which the editor recognizes.

TRAVELS.

WE suspect there must be something in the mountain scenery of the Sierra Nevadas almost intoxicating, for whoever writes of them writes with a wildness of enthusiasm that approaches delirium. We fancy that there is no grander scenery on this continent, if, indeed, on any other, and we have fallen upon no book that has given us a better idea of it than CLARENCE KING'S *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevadas* (James R. Osgood and Co.), despite the fact that there is something about it of that air of unreality which pervades almost all literature born of the Pacific coast. The story of the run of the fleet-footed Kaweah, whose endurance and sagacity gave his master deliverance from the pursuing Mexican bandits, taxes at points our credulity, but is quite as dramatic as "Kit Carson's Ride," and more interesting. The character-drawing in "Cut-off Copples's" is quite as life-like as any thing in Bret Harte, and avoids vulgarity. And neither Tyndall's nor Whymper's descriptions of their rambles among the Alps surpass in intensity of interest the chapters on the ascent and descent of Mount Tyndall.

It is difficult adequately to characterize *Bits of Travel*, by H. H. (James R. Osgood and Co.). The charm—for there is a charm—is indescribable. Let us picture it thus: You are seated in your library, the day's work over. Your mind is at rest and quite ready for light, though not trifling conversation. Then it is that H. H. comes to you. She is a little woman with a cheery smile; dresses simply, but in the best of taste; has a sharp, keen pair of eyes; sees the whole room at a glance; could describe it when she goes home better than you could, though you have known it so long; could describe you too, if not profoundly, at least accurately enough to amaze you somewhat by her intuitive insight of your character. She has a ready tongue, and uses it to good purpose—is, in a word, an admirable conversationalist. She has all the charm of unconscious knowledge, and tells even the oldest story with so much freshness and vivacity that in the telling it becomes new. And when the clock strikes eleven, and she bows herself out with an apology for the length of her call, you are astonished beyond measure that the evening has passed so quickly, and declare with an emphasis which your wife hears with a little impatience that H. H. is the most charming of women. What she really is as a woman we do not venture to assert, but this is the picture which her curiously colloquial and charmingly unconventional little book presents to our imagination.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S *French and Italian Journals* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) are comprised in two volumes, and constitute a charming literary companion. The book is one to be read in snatches, a paragraph here and a paragraph there, not so much for the positive information it affords, as for the pleasant manner and spirit of its utterances. There are other books on Italy that describe its people and its institutions more profoundly, as Dr. Bellows's, for example; there are others that constitute a more excellent guide to its art galleries and its curiosities, as Taine's Italy; but there is no one we should rather choose for a companion with whom to spend a month of summer afternoons or winter evenings in Rome than Nathaniel Hawthorne.

POETRY.

THE translation of *Lucretius on the Nature of Things* (De Witt C. Lent and Co.) deserves a more elaborate notice than our space will allow. Mr. C. F. JOHNSON, the translator, is a very accomplished scholar, and with him this work, which has occupied many years, has been evidently a labor of love. This work will commend itself to all readers who desire to become acquainted with the one philosophical poem of ancient literature that, more than any other, represents the reaction of the human mind against religious superstition, and that is in many respects allied to the freest and most advanced results of modern thought.

Hurd and Houghton issue a new volume of JOHN JAMES PIATT'S poetry, *Landmarks, and*

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Other Poems, and send out to accompany it a new edition of *Western Windows*, by the same author. Mr. Piatt is a thoroughly American and a characteristically Western poet. Let not our readers deduce the natural but not necessary conclusion that he abounds in slang and occasionally breaks out in profanity. His poetry, on the contrary, is as pure in expression as it is life-like in description and elevated in sentiment. He has lived in the West; he has witnessed the marvelous transformations that have changed it from a wilderness to a community of villages, towns, and cities. He looks upon the Arcadian simplicity of the past—rather more Arcadian in his poetry than in the reality—with a poet's regret, and he paints with a true pencil the romance of the past and the present, and transfuses his pictures with a sentiment that is tender and touching, though rarely deeply pathetic.

Mr. J. G. BRINCKLE'S *Poems* (Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger) indicate poetic culture rather than poetic talent; and Mr. STONER'S little volume, *Robert of Woodleigh, and Other Poems* (James Miller), gives evidence that the author possesses fine sentiments, but does not indicate that he has any rare ability of imparting them to others; while of Mr. W. H. VENABLE'S *Poems* (R. W. Carroll and Co.) we can only say that they clothe some pleasant thoughts in pleasant verse, but do not greatly excel in poetic merit the average of the better class of the newspaper poetry of the day.—Mr. ROLFE adds to his valuable edition of Shakspeare *King Henry the Eighth* (Harper and Brothers). This is an admirable household edition, both by reason of its copious and valuable notes and its emendations, which consist, for the most part, only of the elimination of such passages as offend modern taste and render the ordinary edition difficult, not to say dangerous, reading for the social circle.

RELIGIOUS.

LOUIS FIGUIER is better known among readers of popular literature as a popular writer on science than among scientists for any scientific accuracy. He gives his imagination a rather loose rein even when treating of those subjects concerning which some measure of positive knowledge is attainable. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that he drives without bridle or bit when he leaves this world to investigate the conditions of our existence in another. The *To-morrow of Death* (Roberts Brothers) is the quaint title of a very curious book, which professes to afford a scientific theory of the future life, but which really contains as little that is entitled to be called scientific as Milton's "Paradise Lost" or the Book of Revelation. The doctrine of the book proceeds in this wise:

As far as our senses can carry us we find every where the evidences of superabundant life. The earth teems with it; the drop of water is a populous globe; "the air that surrounds us is, like the land and the sea, a vast receptacle of living creatures." But beyond the atmosphere which encircles our globe science indicates the existence of a tenuous fluid called planetary ether. Analogy would indicate that this ether also is populated. Its inhabitants consist, according to Monsieur Figuier's science, of spirits released from earth and the other planetary bodies. The physical is also the spiritual heaven, the home of God's chosen people. But only those souls which are purified can fly up into and rest in this subtile ether. The soul of the wicked, "weighed down by bad passions," "unable to rise to heavenly altitudes," "is forced to remain on our miserable globe." It therefore recommences life in another body, and continues through successive transmigrations until prepared for the ethereal existence above. This superior existence, however, affords only a transition to a still higher experience. The tenuous "spiritual body" is exchanged for one still more immaterial; and this process is repeated until at length all the saints reach the final limit of their vast journey through space, which M. Figuier asserts to be the sun. No! let us do his theory full justice. It asserts "that the sun is not only the home and receptacle of souls who have completed the cycle of their wanderings in the world, but is also nothing else than the very assemblage of those souls come from different planets, after passing through the intermediate states which we have described. The sun must be, then, an aggregation of souls." The evidence of this hypothesis is as curious as the hypothesis itself. If the sun were not continually supplied with new soul-fuel its light and heat would be speedily exhausted, it would be extinguished, and the night of an eternal death and winter would ensue.

It is not always true that the devil is not so black as he is painted; at least it is evident that Mr. T. DE WITT TALMAGE thinks that no colors are too black adequately to depict the *Abominations of Modern Society* (Adams, Victor, and Co.). Superficial critics accuse Mr. Talmage of endeavoring to produce startling sensations by assuming a dramatic intensity of expression. They do not know the man. He is by nature a dramatist, by nature intense. His mind sees at a glance all the horrors involved in the "abominations" which he describes, and to feel them with an intensity which even his words can not exaggerate. His sentences are like forked tongues of fire, but it is because his soul burns with a heat which most minds can but imperfectly comprehend. There is one Scriptural exhortation obedience to which would improve Mr. Talmage's style, but perhaps not his effectiveness: "Let your moderation be known unto all men." Mr. Talmage has no moderation. His book is a cry of warning. If it were less intense, it would be less likely to be heeded.

The many-sidedness of the incomparable character of Jesus of Nazareth—incomparable even to those who disallow it to be Divine—receives a new illustration in the new *Life of Jesus*, by Rev. CHARLES F. DEEMS (United States Publishing Co.). This is the fifth life of Jesus which has proceeded from American divines of Evangelical faith within four years, and yet no two of them are similar in character or method of treatment. Dr. Deems simply assumes of the four evangelists "that their books are as trustworthy as those of Herodotus and Xenophon, of Tacitus and Cæsar." He aims, apparently, to free himself from any theological predilections, and, by presenting simply the character of the son of Mary, to bring his readers to a profound faith in the Son of God. In this respect his work differs from Mr. Beecher's "Life of Christ," which, in the very motto that graces its title-page, asserts that "God sent forth his Son, made

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of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law," and in one of the opening chapters propounds a doctrinal basis for the book. It differs also from Abbott's "Jesus of Nazareth," which assumes in the preface Christian faith in the Christian miracles and the incarnation. The object of Dr. Deems in thus waiving at the outset all theological questions appears to be to secure a hearing from those who are inclined to deny to Jesus any other character than that of a supreme manhood. The candor and calmness with which he writes befit such a purpose. But the size of the volume, and the numerous discussions into which the author allows himself to be led, do not. He appears to have framed his book with one audience in view, but to have been perpetually perplexed in writing it by a sense of the needs of a different class of readers.

Mr. BARING-GOULD has a genius for collecting literary curiosities. This genius he has gratified in *Legends of the Patriarchs and Prophets* (Holt and Williams). Few, except biblical scholars—few even of those—are aware what an immense mass of myths and traditions there are in Jewish, Mohammedan, and heathen literature respecting the biblical characters and scenes. From these sources Mr. Baring-Gould has collected the material for his curious and instructive book. It is curious, because it illustrates the singular religious imaginations of peoples whose habits of thought are singularly dissimilar from our own; and it is instructive for more reasons than one. No one can read these myths—the heathen legends of the deluge, for example, or the curious romance which is woven out of the Queen of Sheba's visit to Solomon—without instinctively perceiving how unlike the Scripture history they are, both in literary and moral character, and how intrinsically improbable is the most common opinion of modern rationalism that the Scripture histories are woven out of the same heterogeneous materials. It is not very often that these legends possess any real spiritual significance, but sometimes they do; and the story of the offering of Isaac, though its introduction of the devil is unmistakably borrowed from the Book of Job, affords, though in a dramatic form, a good deal of assistance in interpreting that exceedingly difficult episode in the Old Testament history.

Of the new edition of *Barnes's Notes* (Harper and Brothers) we receive the volume on the First Epistle to the Corinthians. What we have said in the past of the characteristics of this commentary we need not repeat. For popular use there is none like it.—Dr. JACOB'S *Treatise on the Ecclesiastical Polity of the New Testament* (T. Whittaker) appears to us to treat this much-controverted subject in a remarkably fair and impartial spirit. Though written by a clergyman of the Church of England, it is clearly not written in the interest of the Established Church, and impugns very vigorously some positions which are regarded as almost axiomatic by the High-Church party. Of the correctness of its theological conclusions we have nothing to say; but its candor is something quite exceptional in works of its class.—We receive from C. C. Chatfield and Co. two sermons by President WOOLSEY—*Serving our Generation* and *God's Guidance in Youth*. We wish the little book might be placed in the hands of every college under-graduate.

FICTION.

AN extravaganza is not to be measured by the same literary standards as those by which we measure the regular drama. No one would think of condemning "Bombastes Furioso" or "Box and Cox" because they do not compare with "Julius Cæsar" or "Midsummer Night's Dream." JAMES DE MILLE suffers in comparison with Dickens and Thackeray, or even with Miss Mulock and Wilkie Collins. But in his own chosen field he is almost without an equal. The *American Baron* (Harper and Brothers) is a literary extravaganza—almost as much so as the "Dodge Club." But then he warns you of this by engaging his heroine to four or five different lovers in the opening chapters of the book, and no one can well complain after that of the extravagance of the story. James De Mille's writings would be nothing if they were not extravagant. But along with an immense flow of animal spirits there is a good deal of dramatic power and some real artistic talent not fully developed for characterization.—He is hardly more extravagant, however, than J. W. DE FOREST, who tries to make us believe that he is in earnest, and entertains us by the very incredibility of his yarns—yes, though the word is not elegant, it shall stand, for it expresses exactly our meaning. Both in *Overland* (Sheldon and Co.) and *Kate Beaumont* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) there is displayed great dramatic power. Both are simple romances, love stories, written without any apparent moral aim. Both are thoroughly American in plot, incident, and character. Both carry the marvelous beyond the region of credibility. "Overland" is somewhat after the fashion of Cooper. It is a story of love, plottings, Spanish treachery, and border ruffianism, developed in connection with a journey overland from Texas to California. There are plentiful attacks by Indians, and an Indian siege, and two or three battles, and no end to hair-breadth escapes. Whether it really gives any true picture of border life we can not say, but beyond all question the truth is quite subordinate to the romance. "Kate Beaumont" is a kind of American "Romeo and Juliet." The scene is laid in the South in a period preceding the civil war, and hinges on an ancient feud between the families of Kate and her lover. The story ends happily, however, not with a tragedy. There is some power in the portraiture of the Southern life of twenty-five years ago; but is it not better to forget that dead past than to keep it in remembrance?

MISCELLANEOUS.

WE are the recipients of several books of a miscellaneous character connected with English literature. Probably no one but a practical teacher would be really competent to pass a critical judgment on the value, for the school-room, of *English Lessons for English People*, by J. R. SEELEY and E. A. ABBOTT (Roberts Brothers). This Literary Record does not assume to teach the teachers; but, in our judgment, it would require in the ordinary student of English a large amount of mental discipline, and a still greater measure of patience, to go through this too tech-

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nical treatise, however useful the process might prove if persevered in.—Dr. HART'S *Manual of English Literature* (Eldredge and Brother) is biographical rather than critical. It gives in the most condensed form some account of English authors from the days of Chaucer to the present time. He appears to us to have attempted at once too much and too little. He would have afforded the ordinary student a better idea of English literature if he had treated only of the representative authors of various eras, and given fuller information respecting them. But its conciseness and completeness are something very remarkable, and the author's critical judgments, though very brief, show much discrimination and a sound literary judgment.—*The Best Reading* (G. P. Putnam and Son) consists mainly of a classified list of modern publications, English and American, now supposed to be in the market. This list gives the title and price of each book, and, by a system of lettering, as *a*, *b*, *c*, affords the reader a hint of their value. The editor's name is not announced, but his judgment, so far as our examination has gone, appears in the main to be sound, though from some of his estimates of novels we should certainly dissent.—The second volume of Mr. MONROE'S *Public and Parlor Readings* (Lee and Shepard) appears to fulfill the promise of the first. The attractive dress in which the publishers have presented these books to the public—a not very common characteristic of such collections—prejudices us in their favor. But apart from that, the selection in both volumes appears to evince unusual good taste and judgment.—The admirable series of ancient classics for English readers is continued in *Cicero*, by Rev. W. L. COLLINS, and *Sophocles*, by C. W. COLLINS (J. B. Lippincott and Co.). What we have said of the previous volumes we repeat concerning these. Not only English readers, but even a considerable proportion of those who possess no other classical attainments than such as a college training ordinarily affords, will get from these little treatises a better idea of the ancient classics than from many more pretentious and elaborate works.

We shall not enter into a critical estimate of Professor JOHN BASCOM'S *Treatise on Æsthetics*, or the "Science of Beauty" (Woolworth, Ainsworth, and Co.), except to commend very heartily what he has to say respecting nude art. In general, however, we doubt whether a discussion concerning the metaphysics of taste does very much for the real cultivation of taste beyond settling upon certain standards of judgment.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SPECTRUM OF THE AURORA.

THE recent brilliant displays of the aurora have afforded opportunity for a number of observations with the spectroscope, which may help to unravel the mystery which surrounds this phenomenon. We may begin this brief review of recent observations by calling to mind the researches of Angström, made several years since, he being the pioneer in this field. He announced that the light of the aurora was almost monochromatic, showing in the spectroscope only a single bright line in the yellow-green. This conclusion was, however, contradicted by Professor Winlock, who found a number of other lines, especially when the aurora was bright.

We have lately received a very fine list of spectroscopic observations made by Dr. Vogel at the observatory of Bothkamp. He finds that the fainter auroras show only Angström's line, of which the wave length is 557, the measures being very exact. On the other hand, when the auroras became brighter, a number of other lines showed themselves. At one time, in the brightest part of the aurora, he succeeded in measuring five different lines in the green of the spectrum, as well as a somewhat diffuse line or band in the blue. In the red part the spectrum showed seven or eight bright lines. The following lines are well determined, four measures being made on each:

Wave length.	
463–469.	A bright band; brighter in the centre.
500.3.	Tolerably bright line.
518.9.	Sometimes quite bright.
523.3.	A quite bright line.
538.2.	An extremely faint line.
556.9.	The brightest line in the spectrum (Angström's).
629.7.	Bright streaks.

From researches on the spectra of the gases forming the atmosphere, and their comparison with the spectrum of the aurora, Dr. Vogel considers it very probable that the spectrum of the aurora is only that of atmospheric air, modified by temperature and pressure.

The auroral lines have also been observed by Professor Barker, of Yale College. Directing his spectroscope toward a brilliant streamer, he saw five bright lines, of which the wave lengths were about 623, 562, 517, 502, and 482. All except the first and last are probably coincident with the corresponding ones in the preceding list of Dr. Vogel.

The brilliant aurora of February 4 last afforded a fine opportunity for spectroscopic observation, of which a large number of amateur observers in Great Britain took advantage. The only satisfactory measurements seem to have been made by Professor C. Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal for Scotland. He saw Angström's line very constantly, and also a red line of wave length 635. He notes as very curious that the blood-red, lurid red, and tragedy-red of the painters appeared very markedly to the naked eye, and yet were not seen at all in the spectroscope, either as a new ingredient or an altered place of the red line. Excessively faint greenish and bluish lines appeared at wave lengths 490, 510, and 530, but eight-tenths of the light in the spectroscope came from Angström's line, and most of the remainder from the red line 635.

M. Cornu, of Paris, makes nearly the same remark with Professor Smyth, that, notwithstanding the aurora was of a brilliant red to the naked eye, when the light was analyzed by the spectroscope the green line was far brighter than

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the red line. He undertook to compare the lines with those of hydrogen, but before his apparatus could be got ready the display had vanished.

Mr. Prozmowski saw, besides these lines, two other bands in the blue and violet, near F and G. These were seen in the white parts of the aurora; they disappeared or became very faint in the parts having an intense red tint.

Great difficulty is found in identifying these lines with any produced by artificial means. Angström considered that for this reason the theory that the aurora was simply electricity moving through rarefied air would have to be given up. But other physicists are not disposed to go so far as this until more careful experiments are made on the influence of the temperature and pressure of gases upon their spectra. It was once supposed that the Angström line in the aurora was identical with that seen in the solar corona, and on this supposed identity was founded a theory that the corona is a solar aurora. But it is now known that the two lines are entirely different, the wave length of the coronal line being 530, while that of the auroral line is 557.

SPECTRUM OF THE ZODIACAL LIGHT.

This subject is intimately connected with that of the spectrum of the aurora, because Angström announced that the zodiacal light and the aurora both gave the same monochromatic spectrum. But Liais, the Brazilian astronomer, has lately been studying the zodiacal light under the very favorable sky of Rio Janeiro, and comes to a different conclusion. He finds that this does not differ from ordinary sunlight, but gives a continuous spectrum. It is, however, too faint to see any dark lines. This result is confirmed by Rev. T. W. Webb, of England, who has recently been observing the zodiacal light with a spectroscope which shows the auroral line very distinctly. He sees nothing like the green auroral line in the zodiacal spectrum.

WEAKENING OF FATAL MALADIES.

According to M. Alphonse de Candolle, when a fatal malady has seriously affected the younger portion of a population, the succeeding generation, descended from persons who escaped the disease or were but little affected by it, will be found less liable to its attack, as an ordinary effect of the law of descent, this continuing to be the case from generation to generation. This, therefore, constitutes one cause of the weakening of epidemics, and may serve to explain the reason why a disease is most injurious when it first attacks any people, and why it becomes subsequently rarer or less dangerous, as has frequently been observed.

After the lapse of several generations, however, a population moderately affected by a disease approaches the condition of one which has never had it, and an increased intensity may then ensue. Applying these principles to the small-pox, M. De Candolle suggests that, at the epoch when Jenner introduced vaccination, the variolic affection had become enfeebled in proportion to the anterior epochs. The vaccination was then more efficacious as applied at this particular period. Small-pox having almost disappeared from Europe for two generations, a new population has sprung up less accustomed to it; and this cause of recrudescence tends now to render vaccination less potent. The author does not pretend that this is the only cause, but that, in connection with others, it exists, and in such a manner as to produce the results specified.

THE CALORIGEN—A NEW HEATING APPARATUS.

In a heating apparatus lately exhibited at the International Exhibition in London, and called the Calorigen by Mr. George, its inventor, the London *Mechanic's Magazine* finds what it considers to be a new principle in heating and ventilation, of very great merit. This arrangement claims not only to economize the combustion of gas or fuel in the utmost possible degree, but also to combine with this a thorough system of ventilation, by which all noxious products are removed as fast as formed, and the air left perfectly pure. It has been adapted by the inventor especially as a gas stove, although it is also used with coal and wood. The gas stove arrangement consists of a cylinder of rolled iron, closed at the top and bottom, so that the interior of the burner is entirely shut off from the atmosphere of the room. This cylinder is furnished with two pipes: one placed near the top to carry off the products of combustion, the other near the bottom to supply the air necessary for the combustion going on within it. These two pipes pass through the wall into a second vertical cylinder, parallel to the large cylinder inside. This chamber is open only at the top, causing the air entering the stove to come in contact with the heated air leaving it, acting as a natural regulator of the flow, and saving much waste of heat. It may at first sight appear impossible to maintain combustion under such circumstances; but we shall find a solution of the difficulty in the fact that a light and heavy gas being poured into a vessel at the same time, the light gas will rise to the top while the heavy will sink to the bottom. Thus in the Calorigen the fumes of the gas are carried out of the room without conveying away any of the air, and also without employing the principle called draught, as there is no communication between the furnace and the air of the room. The door of the stove, when shut, completely cuts it off, although it allows the light to be seen.

The next important feature in this invention is the introduction of a coil of wrought iron tubing, which communicates with the external atmosphere. This tube can be open to the apartment; and the air, entering and following the course of the tubes, provides a plentiful ventilation, already raised to a pleasant and healthful temperature. By this arrangement the usual course of procedure is reversed; those nuisances in an ordinary room, the spaces about the doors and windows, instead of being fertile sources of draught and discomfort, are the means by which the air passes out of the apartment.

NEW MINERALS.

The discovery of two new mineral substances has been announced, under the name of ceruleolactine and variscite. The first-named occurs in Nassau, in a bed of brown iron ore, where it occurs in threads and in veins, and in cliffs in botryoidal and reniform masses. It consists of thirty-seven parts of phosphoric acid, thirty-nine of alumina, and twenty-three of water. The var-

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iscite occurs in Saxony in quartz in silicious shale, and is quite similar to ceruleo-lactine, and also consists of phosphoric acid, alumina, and water, with a few other ingredients.

FLORA OF THE CANARIES.

According to M. De Candolle, the flora of the Canary Islands, while containing scarcely any plant peculiar to the western coast of Africa, includes a large number found also in Europe. This fact would seem to indicate that these islands were long ago united to Europe by a land connection, while they appear to have always remained separate from Africa.

SPECTROSCOPICAL PHENOMENA OF ARGUS.

Not long since Leseur, in applying the spectroscope to the great telescope at Melbourne, ascertained the existence of light lines in the spectrum of Argus, one of which was probably identical with C, and the other with F, and the third with a light nitrogen line; while a yellow line near D remains to be determined more positively. The presence of hydrogen can thus scarcely be doubted; while the occurrence of nitrogen, magnesium, and sodium is rendered at least probable.

RESPIRATION IN FISH.

M. Grehaut, in the course of a lecture on respiration in fishes, states that, as shown by previous writers, fish are able to live in water until almost the whole of the oxygen it contains in a state of solution has been exhausted. This was shown by a chemical examination of some water in which live fish were preserved, and which, after the expiration of a certain time, showed an entire absence of oxygen, no change in the amount of nitrogen, and double the amount of carbonic acid.

Another curious fact noted by the lecturer was that fish breathe by their skin as well as by their gills, nearly as great a change in the composition of the gases contained in the water being observed when the animals were suspended up to their branchiæ as when the whole body was immersed. He also stated that the presence or absence of the swimming bladder had little effect on the product of respiration.

IMPROVED STOVE.

When the last German arctic expedition was about preparing for its voyage to the north pole Captain Koldewey asked the aid of scientific men in devising a stove that would answer the double purpose of supplying a sufficient amount of heat and of economizing the fuel. Various responses were made to this appeal, and among the patterns furnished that of Professor Meidinger, of Carlsruhe, was considered the best. This is simply an iron stove having a double wall, with a space about two inches wide between the outer and the inner one, to which the air has free access above and below. The cold air being always at the bottom, and the warm air ascending, it follows that all the air in the room is being constantly forced through the space between the outer and inner covering of the stove; or, what is the same, is being constantly heated. Connected with this is another ingenious device. The coal is put in from the top, and fills the whole inside of the stove, which is about six feet high, more or less. It is then lighted at the top, and kept burning by the draught created by valves inserted both in the side walls and at the bottom of the stove. The more valves that are open the greater the heat, so that the temperature of the room can be regulated to a nicety. At the same time the outer wall, being at a distance from the inner one, never reaches the excessive heat which is so great an objection in ordinary iron stoves. The expense of fuel to produce a sufficient amount of heat is very much less than that for ordinary stoves, and the new invention is rapidly coming into use in Germany.

DETECTION OF ALCOHOL IN WATER.

According to M. Berthelot, the existence of alcohol in presence of a large quantity of water may be determined by means of chloride of benzoyl. This substance is decomposed very slowly by cold or lukewarm water; but if the water contain alcohol, benzoic ether is immediately formed: the ether is found with the excess of the chloride of benzoyl. Its presence can be made manifest by heating a drop of the chloride of benzoyl, which dissolves the acid chloride almost immediately without acting at first on the ether. Even with a thousandth part of alcohol the smell of benzoic ether is very apparent.

STOWMARKET GUN-COTTON EXPLOSION.

The jury appointed to inquire into the causes of the gun-cotton explosion at Stowmarket, England, by which several lives were lost, have come to the conclusion that the prepared cotton must have been tampered with, by the addition of sulphuric acid, after it had passed the government test. The evidence proved that, after the explosion, impure gun-cotton was found in the factory, sulphuric acid being present in quantity sufficient to lead to decomposition and explosion. The jury added to their verdict that, from the evidence adduced, there appears to be no danger in the manufacture of gun-cotton by the wet process, but were of the opinion that the drying and storing of gun-cotton should not be allowed near a town.

VARIATION IN THE SIZE OF BLOOD CORPUSCLES.

Dr. Manassein, of St. Petersburg, has ascertained that every influence which occasions a great alteration in any of the functions of the body alters materially the character of the red corpuscles of the blood. Among other points he ascertained that all circumstances tending to increase the temperature of the body reduced the size of the corpuscles, such as septicæmia, or poisoning an animal by the injection of putrid matter into its vessels, exposure of the body to a high temperature, and keeping the animal in a room surcharged with carbonic acid. On the other hand, the breathing of oxygen, exposure of the whole body to cold, the administration of hydrochlorate of quinine, cyanic acid, and alcohol tend to lower the temperature of the body, producing at the same time an enlargement or expansion of the corpuscles. Muriate of morphia constituted an exception; for, though producing depression of temperature, it also causes diminution of the size of the corpuscles, which is probably explicable on the supposition that it exerts an inhibitory influence on the respiratory

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acts, and therefore leads to the accumulation of carbonic acid in the blood. Acute anæmia also was found to cause dilatation of the corpuscles.

NEW NORTH AMERICAN SERPENTS.

Professor Cope has lately found, among some reptiles sent him by Dr. Yarrow from the vicinity of Fort Macon, North Carolina, a species of *Dromicus*, the first instance on record of the occurrence in the United States of a genus of serpents common to the West Indies and Mexico. The close affinity of this to a Jamaican relative is a circumstance strongly suggestive, according to Professor Cope, of an introduction by carriage in drift-wood floating on the current of the Gulf Stream, the time elapsed having been sufficient to differentiate it into a distinct species, which has now been named *D. flavilatus*.

DISCOVERY OF A PREHISTORIC CORPSE.

In digging up a peat bog in Holstein, not long since, a human body was discovered, almost entirely preserved, and belonging to a period at least as remote as the beginning of the Christian era, if not earlier. It lay in an outstretched position, with the belly upward, with one arm thrown over the breast, and had a wound in the forehead which probably was the cause of death. It was clothed in a garment of twilled woolen material, with broad sleeves, and over it a tunic composed of pieces of sheep and calf skin sewed together. The sewing, especially that of the belt, indicated no inconsiderable degree of skill.

The body was of the male sex, and in a good state of preservation, although of a dark color, in consequence of saturation by the acids and tannin matter of the peat. The skin and muscles, under the microscope, exhibited their original condition, although the intestines seemed to have mainly disappeared. The bones were blackish-brown, light, but generally of firm consistency, with the exception of the skull bones, which were so soft and distorted as to prevent a satisfactory investigation of their character.

An important feature of this object consisted in the horizontal wearing or abrasion of the teeth, which, in Europe, is said only to occur in skulls found in the graves of the Stone period, thus proving the great age of the body. While the dress seems to indicate an antiquity about equal to that of the Christian era, the teeth would carry it considerably farther back. The body has now been thoroughly dried, and will be preserved in the Museum of Antiquities at Kiel.

A second body was subsequently obtained, not far from the locality in which the first was discovered, at a depth of two and a half feet. This was in a poorer condition of preservation, and nothing is said of the nature of the dress.

SENSIBILITY OF IRIDIUM, ETC., TO MERCURIAL VAPOR.

Professor Merget, in a communication to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, states that when solutions of iridium, platinum, and other metals in nitro-muriatic acid are brought into relations with metallic mercury, their sensibility is so great that if a paper be impregnated with such a solution and exposed to the vapor of mercury, in however small a quantity, it becomes colored black, forming, as it were, an actual indelible ink. From his experiments the author infers that mercury evaporates with a velocity of 180 meters per second, and reaches to a height of 1700 meters. A practical test of these experiments of Professor Merget shows that by means of iridium paper so prepared, the presence of mercury can be ascertained in the atmosphere of all workshops where this metal is employed, especially in looking-glass manufactories. It also shows that the clothes, hair, etc., of a workman who has spent an hour in such an establishment become entirely impregnated with mercury, and that it is only necessary to bring his hand near paper prepared with iridium in order to have it instantly outlined in black. It is not at all impossible, according to Professor Dumas, that this discovery may be the initiation of a method by which the reproduction of objects in nature and art may be accomplished in a degree of perfection far exceeding any thing known at present, both in point of rapidity and economy, not excepting photography. Specimens actually exhibited to the Academy of Sciences in the new art of mercuro-typy are very encouraging in their promise.

ORIGIN OF NERVE FORCE.

Mr. St. Clair Gray has lately published a paper upon the origin of nerve force, which he illustrates by what he considers to be a new source of electricity. In the course of some of his experiments he prepared a cell containing a solution of caustic potash, in which sticks of phosphorus and sulphur were placed; and within half an hour he found that, while the sulphur was apparently unaffected, the phosphorus was reduced to an oily mass at the bottom of the cell. After a time, however, it was ascertained that several salts of potassium occurred in the solution, and that the sulphur at the point of contact with the phosphorus had sustained a considerable loss of substance. Similar conditions being found at the end of three months, the phosphorus still fluid, and the sulphur having a continued waste, the amount of electricity generated was tested by Thomson's electrometer, and the electric motive force was discovered to be 162°; and as a Daniell cell only gave 120°, the difference in favor of the new cell was 42°. The constancy of this battery was shown by its continuing to work steadily after the expiration of several months.

Acting upon these hints, Mr. Gray proceeds to suggest a new hypothesis in regard to the origin of nerve force; and, starting with the assumption that nerve power has in it an electric element, he endeavored to ascertain its source, and finally thinks it is to be found in the sulphur and phosphorus of the human body, as the brain is known to contain a considerable amount of phosphorus, while sulphur exists in the liver, and an alkaline solution is in circulation between them. He took a frog, and having secured anæsthesia by the application of chloroform, an incision was made through the abdominal walls in the right hypochondriac region, and a copper wire passed into the substance of the liver. The eyeball was then pierced, and a similar piece of copper wire brought in contact with the brain by passing it through the optic foramen. The free extremities of the copper wires were then brought in contact with the exposed sciatic nerve of another frog's hind-leg,

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when powerful convulsions were immediately induced in the muscles.

Fortified by this experiment, Mr. Gray thinks that a portion, at least, of this current is generated by the action of the alkaline fluid on the sulphur and phosphorus contained in the organs mentioned. Although the living body is known to have other sources of electricity, Mr. Gray thinks that the prime agent in nervo-motor power is derived from the reaction of the brain and liver, especially in view of the fact that the kidneys excrete about 72 grains per diem of phosphoric acid, and of sulphuric acid nearly 100 grains are produced per diem, chiefly from the brain and liver.

Mr. Gray also thinks that the sympathetic nerve, with its branches and ganglia, is not a separate or isolated system, but merely a constituent part of the general nervous system, having the function of regulating the movements of involuntary muscular fibre, and obtaining its nerve force from the brain. An arrangement similar to that of the Leyden-jar is suggested, as occurring in the membranes inclosing the viscera, the lungs, the heart, and the great serous cavities of the body.

PREHISTORIC BEADS.

Dr. Rau, the well-known ethnologist, of New York, has made a communication to the German Anthropological Society in regard to the occurrence of *Coscinopora globularis* upon the island of Rügen. These are small globular fossils of the chalk period, with a central axis of a softer material, which sometimes rots away, or is removed artificially, allowing them to be strung like beads. The diluvial strata of Amiens, in which, as is well known, very ancient flint implements, as well as the bones of extinct animals, occur in profusion, also embrace a number of these stony objects; and it has been suggested that they were gathered by the men of the mammoth epoch as ornaments, since their accumulation in particular places is much greater than can be ascribed to any geological conditions. Dr. Rau is quite inclined to accept the idea that these "Rügen pearls" were gathered purposely by the early race and used for decoration.

PROFESSOR GILL'S ARRANGEMENT OF MOLLUSKS.

Professor Gill has prepared an "Arrangement of the Families of Mollusks" for the use of the Smithsonian Institution, and as a guide for the arrangement of its collections, which embodies the most recent results of the relations of the families among themselves, as viewed from an anatomical stand-point. In an extended introduction prefacing the list of families, he has discussed the principles of classification, especially their application to the mollusks, and has retained the true mollusca and molluscoidea in a common primary subdivision of the animal kingdom. Admitting that no common characters have been recognized which can be used as an exclusive diagnosis of the common groups, it is thought that the difficulty of framing such a diagnosis "appears to be the result of the diversity of secondary modifications and ramifications, and the extreme specialization of some forms, and loss of common primitive characters, rather than of the divergence of the two types from a generalized *protozoon*, or original primordial stock." But the relations of the mollusca and molluscoidea, as established by such forms as *Rhodosoma*, *Rhabdopleura*, etc., are so much more intimate with each other than in either case with other branches, it is considered advisable to represent such relations by the combination of the groups into one great primary type.

In the mollusca vera are three classes.

1. CEPHALOPODA, with two orders—*Dibranchiata* and *Tetrabranchiata*.

2. GASTEROPODA, with five sub-classes and eleven orders: DICŒCA, with *Pectinibranchiata*, *Heteropoda*, *Rhipidoglossa*, *Docoglossa*, and *Polyplacophora*; PULMONIFERA, with *Pulmonata*; OPISTHOBRANCHIATA, with *Tectibranchiata* and *Nudibranchiata*; PTEROPODA, with *Thecosomata* and *Gymnosomata*; PROSOPOCEPHALA, with *Solenoconchæ* (*Dentalium*) only.

3. CONCHIFERA, with five orders—*Dimyaria*, *Metarrhiptæ*, *Heteromyaria*, *Monomyaria*, and *Rudista*.

These three classes contain 283 families, recent and fossil. The remaining three classes and nine orders, constituting the *Molluscoidea*, embrace 73 families.

SEA WATER IN BREAD-MAKING.

It was stated at a meeting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris that while excellent bread can be made with sea water, and that this forms a good tonic, soup or broth made with sea water is entirely uneatable. It would appear that the chloride of magnesium in the sea water is raised to a temperature, during the process of baking, sufficiently high to effect its destruction, and thereby cause its peculiar taste to disappear, which is not the case when merely boiled, as for soup. If, however, cane-sugar be added to the soup, a compound is said to be formed of the sugar with the chlorides which has not the disagreeable taste of the latter.

LAWS OF THE WINDS IN EUROPE.

A work has recently been published by Mr. W. Clement Ley upon the laws of the winds in Western Europe, containing some important generalizations which may be of interest to our readers, agreeing, as they do, in the most essential points, with the results of inquiries by the United States Signal Service. The author, after referring to the great amount of statistical matter upon the subject of meteorology, and the great number of persons interested, locally or otherwise, in such inquiries, thinks that it may be considered as a matter of surprise that so few have attempted the investigation of the greater problems of meteorology; but suggests that this is caused, in part, by the abstruse character of the inquiries involved, and the almost interminable complexity of the conditions which influence the motions of the atmosphere. Indeed, so many are the difficulties in which the subject is involved that it requires a certain degree of scientific enthusiasm to believe that they are not insurmountable.

One of the most important generalizations in regard to the motion of the winds, according to Mr. Ley, is that known as Ballot's Law, which connects the direction of every surface wind with the distribution of surrounding pressures; and he thinks that the general fact that the winds

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blow in directions nearly parallel to the isobarics (or lines of equal atmospheric pressure, as shown by the barometer), having the highest pressure on the right and the lowest on the left, in the northern hemisphere, and the contrary in the southern, no longer needs demonstration, being now an accepted law. It is only recently, however, that its bearing upon some of the earlier conceptions of the science has received attention.

Among the general propositions which Mr. Ley presents to his readers, and some of which he thinks he can prove, and others of which require more or less further investigation, are the following:

I. Baric areas, or the atmospheric spaces inclosed in isobaric lines, tend, as a general rule, in temperate latitudes, to circular or oval forms. These forms are most nearly approached in the areas of lowest pressure, while irregular figures are common in those of high pressure.

II. Baric areas are naturally divided into two classes, viz.: A, those whose currents revolve directly (or *with watch-hands*) in the northern hemisphere, and the contrary in the southern ("anti-cyclonic"); and B, those whose currents revolve in a *retrograde* direction (or *against watch-hands*) in the northern hemisphere, and the contrary in the southern ("cyclonic"). All areas of higher pressure than that of the surrounding regions are invariably of the former class; all areas of lower pressure than that of the surrounding regions are invariably of the latter.

III. Areas of depression tend to move in extra-tropical latitudes with a more or less eastward progression. Areas of high pressure, when of small extent, commonly follow the progression of neighboring depressions; when of large dimensions, progress with much less rapidity, and are frequently erratic, and sometimes for a prolonged period stationary.

IV. The direction of progression commonly varies in Western Europe between north-northeast and south-southeast, and is primarily dependent on the general antecedent distribution of surrounding temperatures, every depression area tending to advance at an inclination of about 45° toward the lower mean isothermals. This progression is, however, frequently interfered with, for,

V. Mountainous districts, as well as certain coast lines, exercise (1) an attractive and (2) a detentive influence upon depressions.

VI. Extensive areas of very high pressure check, divert, or accelerate the motion of depressions, every depression progressing with greatest facility in the direction in which it has the highest general pressures, on the *right* of its course in the northern hemisphere, and the contrary in the southern.

VII. Depression areas are dependent, both for their original development and subsequent expansion, on precipitation, which is also the medium through which the forces described in propositions IV. and V. operate. Heavy and extensive precipitation invariably precedes their first formation, and accompanies their expansion, and its cessation immediately precedes their collapse or dissipation.

VIII. This influence of precipitation, as a disturbing or motive power in the lower regions of the atmosphere, commonly varies inversely as the general temperature of the atmosphere.

IX. The upper currents of the atmosphere, while tending in a general way to move with the highest pressures on the right of their course, but depending in this respect on the more extensive pressure systems, and being comparatively unaffected by very limited baric areas, yet deviate considerably from Ballot's Law, for,

X. Upper currents manifest, in a large percentage of examples, a distinct centrifugal tendency over the areas of low pressure, and a centripetal over those of high.

XI. The axis of a progressive depression commonly inclines backward.

Several of these propositions are, however, according to Mr. Ley, ultimately dependent upon the following primary law, which, although obvious, requires to be clearly apprehended at the outset by the student of meteorology. "Every extensive centripetal motion in the atmosphere tends to become, through the influence of the earth's rotation, a helix, the currents of which are retrograde in the northern hemisphere and direct in the southern. Every extensive centrifugal motion tends to become helix, the currents of which are direct in the northern hemisphere and retrograde in the southern."

Also, first, that extensive precipitation occurring in a region of atmosphere previously approaching a condition of tranquillity is the primary factor of every system of baric depression, with its resulting atmospheric circulation, retrograde in the northern and direct in the southern hemispheres; second, that such an atmospheric circulation being established, the changes in their capacity for aqueous vapor which its currents undergo in consequence of the unequal distribution of solar heat tend to propagate the depression in an eastward direction.

To the subject of "upper currents" a special chapter is devoted, and the difficulties of making observations upon them is referred to. The special object of this inquiry is to ascertain whether there is any general relation between the motion of this upper stratum and the conditions and disturbances of atmospheric pressure at the surface of the earth; and if so, what that relation is. As a partial answer to these inquiries, resulting from the discussion of numerous observations, the author remarks that the relation between the number of instances in which the upper currents incline from low to high pressures and that in which they incline from high to low is as 393 to 92 (or about four to one).

We thus arrive at the important general law connecting the direction of the higher currents with the distribution of atmospheric pressure at the earth's surface, that the higher currents of the atmosphere, while moving commonly with the highest pressures, in a general way, on the right of their course, yet manifest a distinct centrifugal tendency over the areas of low pressure, and a centripetal over those of high.

The rapidity of the upper currents, on an average, Mr. Ley states to be about twice as great as that of those at the surface of the earth, since the latter rarely attain velocity greater than sixty to seventy miles per hour. The more distant clouds not uncommonly have a much greater velocity. The observations of the United States Signal Service furnish corroborative evidence in regard

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to this matter, since the velocities at the top of Mount Washington have repeatedly equaled the maximum mentioned, as recorded by an accurate anemometer.

CHEMICAL INVENTIONS IN THE LONDON EXPOSITION OF 1871.

A report has been made by Professor Abel upon the scientific inventions and discoveries having a relation to chemistry, illustrated in the London exposition of 1871, among which he mentions the colors obtained by the distillation of coal, enumerating the various substances that have been discovered in such rapid succession, so much to the advantage of dyers. Taking up aniline first, he remarks that the discovery of aniline violet and mauve by Perkins, in 1856, was eclipsed by that of aniline red, or Magenta, which soon after became the centre of a numerous series of brilliant colors. The first aniline blue was obtained by Nicholson in 1862–63, and a second blue, known as Nicholson, or solid blue, was obtained in 1863. From naphthalin has been obtained a beautiful color known as Magdala; while another derivative of coal has yielded the true coloring matter of madder, alizarine. Other products of coal referred to by Professor Abel are carbolic acid, which itself furnishes various colors, as picric acid, rosolic acid, aurine, etc.

Other specimens presented at the exposition consisted of paraffine and ozokerite, the latter being a natural mineral substance, and replacing paraffine and stearine for illuminating purposes. Lubricating oils in considerable variety were also exhibited, as well as oil and paper made from cotton seeds, the manipulation of which promises valuable economical results. Wood paper and the method of its preparation were also shown, together with gun-cotton in its different forms. The selenitic mortar of Colonel Scott, which has already been referred to in our pages, is one of many of the other substances treated of in Professor Abel's communication.

He remarks in reference to thallium—a metal discovered by Crooks in 1871, as the result of spectral analysis—that, if procurable in sufficient quantity, it promises to be of great value for the production of colors; as many beautiful specimens of yellow and orange-red, which are chromates of thallium, and green, also a chromate, and a dark brown, which is a sulphuret of the metal, were exhibited by Messrs. Winsor and Newton, the eminent colorists, of London.

MOVEMENT OF STARS IN SPACE.

General Dufour, of Switzerland, in the course of a recent investigation, attempts to show that in the case of the movement of two stars around a point supposed fixed, this point must be in motion. He also concludes that the curve is plane, and that the stars remain in the same plane during their translation; and the inference is that these stars have both received one impulse and a parallel movement, also that the movement of the apsides proves that the centre of gravity of the system is displaced not according to a straight line, but a curved one.

Editor's Historical Record.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record is closed March 23.—The subject of the alleged sale of arms by the United States to the French government during the recent Franco-German war has been prominent in both houses of Congress during the month. Senator Sumner's resolution of inquiry was introduced in the House February 26, and was referred to the Committee of Expenditures in the War Department. Three days later Mr. Sumner's resolution was adopted by the Senate, and, March 5, a special committee of investigation was appointed.

In the House of Representatives, February 26, Mr. Shellabarger, of Ohio, introduced a bill providing for the appointment of a Board of Commissioners of Commerce, to consist of the Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Interior, and the Postmaster-General, to enforce the observance of contracts for the promotion of commerce, and as to seamen and immigrants; to collect, arrange, and report information and statistics concerning commerce; to provide for one line of iron steamships to a British port, one to a port of Continental Europe, one to the West India Islands and Mexico, and one to Australia—the commissioners to make contracts for the payment of bounty to these and other lines of steamships, the plan of bounty being on the plan suggested by the Secretary of the Treasury in the bill recently presented by him to the Committee on Commerce. The bill was referred to the usual committee.

In compliance with a resolution of inquiry from Congress, Secretary Robeson, March 13, presented a report upon the restoration of the foreign commerce of the United States. It is his opinion that our first endeavor should be to stimulate the building, in our own waters, by our own workmen, of the ships that are necessary to establish our commerce, but which a wise policy forbids us to procure abroad. The Secretary shows that England enjoys one-third of the entire commerce of the world, and that her commerce has grown with her importation from us of cotton, and its manufacture and extension of sale through the means of rapid and cheap intercourse, created by the establishment of steamship lines upon routes which connected her main outports with the chief commercial cities of the world. It was necessary for us to create the following lines, to rescue and protect our American interests: 1. The Mexican Gulf line; 2. The Pacific Islands line; 3. The Queenstown and Liverpool line; 4. The Galway and Glasgow line; 5. The Southampton, Vlissingen, and Antwerp line; 6. The Lisbon, Cadiz, and Gibraltar line. These form only a part of a general system of commerce which would encircle the world, and to the development of which system their establishment is necessary. Those lines which our people have already established

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should, of course, be included in any system, and should be fostered to the extent necessary to sustain them, and to extend their accommodation to meet the growing wants of the commerce which they opened. The government should aid these companies, either by a direct advance of money or of government bonds, or the guarantee by the United States of bonds of the companies to a fair amount of the capital required for each line. This last is urged as the best form of aid, as it would simplify, while it rendered it more effective, by giving a greater stimulant to each company to work out its own success; and with such a security and example, not only individuals, but States and municipalities to be directly benefited, will be encouraged to embark their money or their credit in these great national enterprises. In addition to this assistance contracts should, of course, be given to our own ships to carry our own mails. Should Congress adopt any such commercial system as is here suggested, the six lines mentioned as immediately necessary would require about thirty steamships to perform the service with promptness. They would probably cost from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000. The expenditure of this large amount would give employment and individual prosperity not only to those engaged in ship-building, but to all others in incident mechanic arts, and would not, with all the great outlay in addition necessary to the first establishment of routes, exceed the cost of a single year's American transportation paid by our people to foreign steamship lines.

The Secretary of the Treasury has prepared a bill, which was approved by the Secretary of State, and presented to the House Committee on Commerce, giving American registers to foreign-built vessels owned by citizens of the United States, under certain restrictions. Every vessel registered under this act is declared a vessel of the United States, and entitled to all the privileges lawfully enjoyed by vessels registered under the existing laws, except that of importing or exporting goods to or from any port of the United States, or transporting the same from one port to another port of the United States, or of engaging in any fisheries in the waters of the United States, and such vessels are declared to be subject to the same requirements and entitled to the same privileges, in foreign countries, and before consuls and consular officers of the United States, as other registered vessels of the United States.

In this connection the return made by the British Register-General of Shipping and Seamen is very interesting. This return shows the number and tonnage of vessels the building of which was completed in the year 1871 at each port in the United Kingdom. The totals are these: In England, 787 vessels, of 252,925 tons; in Scotland, 227, of 130,230 tons; in Ireland, 8, of 7903 tons—making 1022 vessels, of 391,058 tons. The return shows also the vessels in course of construction on the last day of 1871 at each port of the United Kingdom, and the totals are these: In England, 457 vessels, of 188,673 tons; in Scotland, 247 vessels, of 226,248 tons (a larger tonnage than in England); in Ireland, 6 vessels, of 12,737 tons—making in all 710 vessels, of 427,658 tons, building at ports of the United Kingdom, besides 97 vessels (57 of them at Newcastle) the tonnage of which has not been ascertained, in consequence of the builders' inability or refusal to furnish the particulars.

In the House of Representatives, March 13, the paragraph of the Post-office Appropriation bill setting apart $500,000 for steamship service between San Francisco, Japan, and China was under discussion in the Committee of the Whole. Mr. Conger, from Michigan, moved to amend by substituting $1,000,000, provided the steamship company shall perform said service semi-monthly, in ships of American construction. The amendment was defeated, March 20, by a vote of 92 nays to 87 yeas.

In the House, February 26, Mr. Brooks, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a bill, which was passed, repealing the requirement of stamps on packages of jellies, mustards, sauces, canned and preserved fruits, vegetables, meats, etc. The bill was passed by the Senate February 29.—A motion from Mr. Cox, of New York, instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to report a bill reducing the duty on pig-iron to five dollars a ton or less, was lost. A resolution declaring it to be the judgment of the House that the rate of tax on manufactured tobacco should be uniformly sixteen cents a pound was also lost. —Mr. Brooks, of New York, presented a petition from the wool manufacturers of New England praying for the removal of the duties on raw wool and on bituminous coal, salt, iron and lumber required for machinery, and promising, in that event, that they will not only not ask for protection for woolen manufactures, but will raise the wages of their workmen.

The woolen manufacturers of Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New York, and California, representing an annual production of $3,500,000 worth of goods, presented a memorial to the Committee of Ways and Means of the House of Representatives, March 4, praying for a reduction of duties on manufactured woolen goods to 30 per cent. ad valorem, and the removal of all duties upon the raw material. In the paper it is shown from official sources that the cloth-maker pays duties on wool ranging from 61 to 115 per cent., and for compensation has a duty on cloth of only 50 to 70 per cent., while the maker of carpets and blankets pays only 28 to 32 per cent. on his raw material, and has to aid him a duty on carpets of 70 per cent., and on blankets of 109 per cent. It then shows the effect of shrinkage, increasing the inequality of duties so that the cloth manufacturer pays $19 52 duty to get thirty-three pounds of wool left, after scouring, or 59 cents to the pound, while the carpet-maker pays $2 80 to get eighty-five pounds left, after scouring, or 3⅓ cents to the pound.

In the Senate, February 27, a bill was passed admitting free of duty all photographs, paintings, and statuary imported for exhibition in public galleries and scientific institutions during the next six months.—The Senate, March 22, by a vote of 35 to 13, put coffee and tea on the free list.

The Committee of Ways and Means of the House, February 28, heard a delegation of silk manufacturers and operatives from New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, who exhibited specimens of raw and manufactured silks of all kinds, excepting dress goods, showing the progress of the manufacture in this country both as to quality and quantity. They wanted the tariff to remain as it was, and said

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that under the protection afforded by it, aided as it was by the operation of the Anglo-French free-trade treaty, this industry had grown as follows: The capital invested has increased from $3,000,000 to $25,000,000. It now affords employment for 16,000 operatives, three-fourths of them women and young persons, for whom such employment is specially adapted, it being clean, light, and healthy. The wages paid these operatives amount to $7,200,000 per annum, being a weekly average, for women, of $7, and for men $12. One-third of these operatives are immigrants from Europe, and have become teachers for our native-born operatives. As compared with the above, the wages paid in the Austrian Tyrol for the same kind of work is from ninety cents to one dollar for sixty-nine hours' work, the operatives having poor shelter and food, for which each pays forty-five cents a week.

In the House, February 27, the Senate bill setting apart the Yellow Stone Valley, in Montana and Wyoming Territories, as a national park was passed by a vote of 114 to 65.

The first land grant bill of the session was introduced in the House, February 28, in the shape of the Senate bill giving the St. Croix and Lake Superior Railroad Company two millions of acres. The contest was very close, and on the following day the motion was virtually defeated by its reference to a committee.

In the Senate, March 19, a bill was passed directing the Secretary of the Treasury to pay $190,000 prize-money to the officers and crew of the *Kearsarge*.

The Chicago Relief bill was passed by the Senate, March 20, by a vote of 20 to 17. It allows the free importation of all goods sent from abroad for the relief of the sufferers; also, the free importation of all building materials used or to be used upon the ground burned over; also, the suspension of the collection of taxes from persons who, in the opinion of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, have suffered material loss by the fire. The suspension is not to continue beyond the close of the next regular session of Congress.

The Senate, February 29, voted to admit six Japanese youths to the West Point Academy.

Statues of Jonathan Trumbull and Roger Sherman were presented to the Senate by the members from Connecticut, March 8, for places in the old hall of the House of Representatives, set apart for that purpose.

The House, March 4, agreed to appropriate $25,000 to complete the interoceanic canal surveys in Central America.

The decrease in the public debt during the month of February was $12,391,451; coin balance, $110,405,319; currency, $14,463,426; coin certificates, $35,520,000.

The Senate, March 1, confirmed Seth J. Comly to be Collector of Customs at the port of Philadelphia, in the place of J. W. Forney, resigned.

The Rhode Island Republican State Convention at Providence, March 14, nominated for Governor P. W. Stevens.

The Rhode Island Democratic State Convention at Providence, March 20, nominated for Governor Olney Arnold, and for Lieutenant-Governor Charles R. Cutler.

The State election in New Hampshire, March 12, resulted in a Republican victory, Ezekiel A. Straw having been elected Governor by a majority of about 1500.

The Kentucky Republican State Convention met at Louisville, March 13, and elected delegates to the National Convention.

The Wisconsin State Republican Convention met at Madison, March 13, and elected delegates to the National Convention.

The proposed constitution for Utah as a State was unanimously adopted by the Mormon voters, March 19, and Fuller, the Mormon candidate for Congress, was elected. The Gentiles did not vote, but the Mormon women did.

An important change was effected in the management of the Erie Railroad Company March 11. President Jay Gould and friends were voted out, and the following officers were chosen: John A. Dix, president; O. H. P. Archer, vice-president; W. W. Sherman, treasurer; Justin D. White, assistant treasurer; Lewis D. Rucker, superintendent.

An official report made by the assistant treasurer of the Erie Railroad Company, March 15, shows these figures: Total stock, $86,536,910; bonded debt, $26,458,300; floating debt, $5,693,674; total liabilities, $118,688,884; total assets, $5,420,400.

The Erie Classification bill has been repealed by the New York Legislature.

The Japanese embassadors reached Chicago February 26, where they were formally received by the authorities. They then went to Washington by way of Baltimore. The embassy was formally received by President Grant March 4. Prince Iwakura, in his address, said: "The objects of the mission with which we are charged by our government are somewhat set forth in this letter. We are authorized to consult with your government on all international questions, directing our efforts to promote and develop wide commercial relations, and draw into closer bonds the strong friendship already existing between our respective peoples. Thus we hope to gain fresh impulse in the paths of progress, gaining good from every form of civilization. This we shall aim to do while in the exercise of strict integrity to our own national interests so trustingly confided by a generous sovereign, and shall earnestly hope to receive your kind co-operation in facilitating the task assigned us by our government."

The government gave the embassy a grand reception on the night of March 5, at the Masonic Temple, which was profusely decorated for the occasion. On the following day the embassy was received by the House of Representatives.

OBITUARY.

Chief Justice Sprague, of the California Supreme Court, died at San Francisco, February 24.

The Very Reverend Henry Benedict Coskery, Vicar-General and Administrator of the Archdiocese of Baltimore, died in that city February 27, aged sixty-four years.

Judge James R. Whiting, of New York, died at Spuyten Duyvil March 16, aged sixty-nine years.

SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICA.

The tide of fortune in the Mexican revolution has turned very strongly in favor of the government forces during the month. The rebels were

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repulsed from all the towns of any importance which they attacked in the States of Mexico, Hidalgo, Puebla, Guerrero, Michoacan, Oajaca, and Vera Cruz. The rebel chiefs Donato Guerra and Pedro Martinez have quarreled with their colleagues, Generals Trevino, Naranjo, and others, and their commands have separated, each leader acting on his own responsibility. General Rocha, at the head of the government troops, marched on San Luis Potosi, compelling the rebels under Trevino to retreat, and pursuing them to the city of Zacatecas, recaptured the place, and took all the infantry prisoners, with all their artillery and munitions. Only the leaders escaped, with a small force of cavalry.

President Baez, of San Domingo, February 22, recaptured the towns of Savaneta and Guayanbin, and executed seventeen of the revolutionists.

EUROPE.

The reply of the United States government to the note of Earl Granville on the *Alabama* claims was forwarded from Washington March 1, and copies were presented to the British government March 15.

February 27 was observed by the English people as a day of thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales. The ceremonies in London were grand and imposing.

As Queen Victoria was returning to the courtyard at Buckingham Palace, after a drive through the park, February 29, Alfred O'Connor, a Fenian, eighteen years of age, sprang over the walls, rushed up to the carriage, and struck the Queen on the breast with an unloaded pistol, at the same time presenting a petition of amnesty for the Fenians, exclaiming, "Sign or die!" He was at once arrested and thrown into prison.

Sir Charles Dilke again brought up his resolution to investigate the expenses of the crown, in the House of Commons, March 19. Mr. Auberon Herbert seconded the motion, but great confusion followed, and the measure was defeated by a vote of 274 to 4 (including the tellers).

The Emperor Francis Joseph, by an imperial decree, issued March 2, declined to recognize the bishops of the Old Catholic party, or opponents of the dogma of papal infallibility, as a portion of the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical hierarchy of Austria.

The Upper House of the Austrian Reichsrath, March 5, passed the Compulsory Election bill, previously adopted by the Lower House.

The secular movement in Germany seems to have gained ground rapidly during the month. The question of maintaining the Concordat of 1801 in its application to Alsace and Lorraine is still an open one. Each party is said to desire the abrogation of the present arrangement, and it seems a new one is wanted by the Pope. In Article 17 of that Concordat it is provided that if a successor of the First Consul be of another faith than that of the Roman Catholic Church, a new agreement must be entered into respecting the appointment of bishops and archbishops. This contingency arose by the transfer of the executive power over the ceded territory to the Emperor of Germany. By the supplementary "organic article of 1802" power was conferred upon the sovereign, under present circumstances very annoying to the Pope. By this article no papal decree can be published without the imperial placet. The papal government preferred to regard the Concordat as no longer extended to the ceded territory, and on the 3d of January last Cardinal Antonelli addressed a note to the Bishop of Strasburg announcing this fact as an obstacle to the appointment of certain priests. The government of the Emperor of Germany seized very readily the opportunity offered by this announcement of the purpose of the Pope, and determined to administer the ecclesiastical affairs of the territory according to the laws of Germany. A second letter by Cardinal Antonelli, intended to modify the position he previously assumed, appears to have failed in the purpose of moving the German government from their determination.

The Upper House of the Prussian Diet, March 8, passed a bill, by a vote of 125 to 26, transferring the superintendence of the schools from the church to the state. By this act the appointment of superintendents of schools is vested exclusively in the government, and the legal ascendency of clergymen over school-masters is abolished. Prince Bismarck spoke earnestly on the school question in Parliament, taking decided ground against the Catholics and their political allies.

The Town-hall and famous art gallery of Düsseldorf, with its celebrated paintings, were destroyed by fire March 19.

In the French Legislative Assembly, March 4, there was a stormy debate on the bill imposing penalties on members of the International Society. Deputy Tolain made a lengthy speech in defense of the society, which, he said, "in placing the principle of solidarity above country only imitated religious associations in all parts of the world." The prefect of the Department of the Rhone asked for military reinforcements for the maintenance of order, which he said was "menaced by the rapid increase of workingmen's clubs and illegal secret societies." The bill passed March 14 by a vote of 501 to 104. It imposes various fines and terms of imprisonment for holding office in, belonging to, or having connection with the society, and in some cases deprives the offender of civil and domestic rights.

President Thiers's proposition to tax textile fabrics has been rejected by the French Budget Committee.

Three Communists—Fedel, Questel, and Girard—convicted of the murder of hostages, were shot at Sartory March 16.

The French government notified Great Britain, March 15, of the abrogation of the commercial treaty.

The vessel *Marie Françoise* was capsized in the harbor of Brest, February 23, and twenty-two of her passengers were drowned.

General Magnani, the Italian Minister of War, February 29, requested the Chamber of Deputies to vote an appropriation of 12,000,000 lire to enable him to provide for the "proper training of the army," and for the erection of buildings for the accommodation of the troops.

Joseph Mazzini, the renowned republican of Italy, died in the Tyrol, Switzerland, early in March, aged sixty-four years.

Admiral Polo de Barnabe has been appointed Spanish minister to Washington, in the place of Señor Roberts.

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Editor's Drawer.

WHEN the Rev. Dr. Prime (Presbyterian), says the New York correspondent of the Worcester *Spy*, was introduced to the Rev. Dr. Cummings (Catholic), the latter, looking down from his grand height upon the slighter form of the other, said, "Really, Dr. Prime, I do not know but I ought to be afraid to meet you. You might have me burned at the stake, as you used to burn us in old times. But stop," continued the Catholic priest, putting his hand to his forehead, as if trying to recall something to memory; "perhaps I am a little out. It seems to me that I have read somewhere that it was we who used to burn you in the old times. Suppose we let the question pass, and agree not to burn each other to-night."

Meeting Dr. Prime recently, we related this story, and asked him if it was true.

"Not a word of it," he said; "and I do not know any thing out of which it can have grown, unless it was the passage that occurred the first time that I dined at Dr. Cummings's."

"What was that?" we inquired, with some curiosity.

"This," said the doctor, with the love of humor twinkling in his eye. "Dr. Cummings had twelve or fifteen guests at his table, and as he took his seat at the head of it, the Austrian consul at the other end (the consul and the doctor are both dead now), he surveyed his guests with great satisfaction, and observing that all were Catholics but three or four, he remarked, playfully, 'We've got the hands of these Protestants now; we can do what we like with them!' 'Ah!' I exclaimed, 'I thought we all belonged to the same church this evening.' 'Which is that?' asked Dr. Cummings. 'To the Society of *Friends*,' I replied; and the company ratified the answer with hearty applause."

We met the two divines at dinner on another occasion, the first time they were ever brought together. After their introduction, and mutual gratification had been expressed, Dr. Prime said to Dr. Cummings, "I opened a letter addressed to you; but on finding it was a blunder of the post-office sending it to me, I forwarded it to you without reading it. Indeed, as it was from Rome, and in Latin, I was not anxious to study it."

"Oh yes," said Dr. Cummings, "I remember; it was a dispensation we had procured for a poor fellow; but I suppose they thought you in greatest need of it, and sent it to you first."

It was in Lent, and after the fish, as meat was served, we remarked, "Well, Father Cummings, what shall you be helped to? No meat in Lent, I suppose?"

"It's *meet*-ing all the time," he answered; "and I will take a bit of that beef, rare."

Dr. Cummings was a genial, glorious friend and companion. No man enjoyed a good dinner and good company more, or contributed more to the enjoyment of others. His last sickness was a lingering one, and his many friends had a mournful satisfaction in visiting him to cheer him in his hours of weariness and pain. He was fond of music, and the music of St. Stephen's, of which he was the pastor, became famous, and drew delighted crowds to the church. Dr. C. said to Dr. Prime, in our hearing, "I would undertake to fill any Presbyterian church in this city with people every Sunday if you will let me furnish the music; and it shall be, not opera music, not such as we have at St. Stephen's, but good Protestant, Presbyterian music, such as your people would come to enjoy."

And Dr. Cummings's ruling passion for music, and giving it for the enjoyment of other people, was strong even in his last days and hours. To Mr. William A. Seaver, President of the Adriatic Insurance Company, a friend to whom he was tenderly attached, and who was taking leave of him, he said, "Come to the funeral; the music will be splendid."

We recall no instance of a keener sense of the gratification of others and utter self-abnegation than in this invitation to attend one's own funeral for the sake of the music.

THE order of Surgeon Ritchey, published in the February Drawer, reminds a Michigan correspondent of an order issued by Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews, of the Third Michigan. Early in 1866 came an order from head-quarters, Central District of Texas, requiring company drills twice each day in every regiment in the command. As the weather was hot, and we were soon to be mustered out, Colonel A. thought a compliance useless, and so ordered two daily drills of five minutes each. Knowledge of this evasion reached the general commanding, and forthwith came an order for a drill of two hours each day, in compliance with which the following order was read at evening parade:

HEAD-QUARTERS THIRD MICHIGAN INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS.

In obedience to orders from superior head-quarters, there will be company drills from half past eight to half past ten o'clock A.M. each day. The commander of the regiment desires that the most *shady spots* be selected for drills, and that the men shall not be exposed to violent exercise in the heat of the sun.

The drill was had. A shady spot was found, and for two hours it was "stack arms" and "rest."

THE fact that Colonel Henry Wilson, United States Senator from Massachusetts, is understood to be willing to accept the nomination of the Republican party for the Vice-Presidency has brought out the following anecdote:

When the colonel was in Boston, raising a regiment, a little fellow one day presented himself at head-quarters and asked for a commission.

"Have you seen service?" asked Colonel W.

"Yes, colonel, I was in the three months' service."

"Were you at the battle of Bull Run?"

"I was, colonel."

Colonel Wilson has a delicate vein of humor in him; so, winking at his staff, he asked,

"And did you run well?"

"I used due diligence, colonel. I did the best I could, but I couldn't keep up with you, in that hack!"

Then there was another laugh.

A BALTIMORE lady sends this to the Drawer. Lieutenant-General Early, Sheridan's opponent

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in the Valley, was much opposed to any of his men going to the rear in time of action. He was also somewhat addicted to profanity. On one occasion, when a battle was in progress, he met a gentleman in gray going to the rear. He halted him, and inquired, in no gentle voice,

"Where are you going, Sir?"

"To the rear."

"How dare you go to the rear, Sir, in time of action?"

"Oh, general, I am a clergyman."

"A clergyman! that's a —— pretty note! You fellows are always praying to get to heaven, and when the chance comes you are the first to run away! Go ahead, parson!"

At the dinner of the Harvard Club held at Delmonico's last winter (Harvard always gets its *good* dinner at Delmonico's) Mr. Joseph H. Choate introduced President Eliot by reading a couple of letters, one from Theodore W. Dwight, of Columbia College, the other from President White, of Cornell University, sent in reply to invitations to attend the dinner. By way of preface to his speech, President Eliot said that he wanted to say a word about the mathematical department, to which Mr. Choate had alluded. He used to be a tutor in mathematics, as some of those who heard him might remember (voices: "Indeed we do!"), and so he was specially interested in the department. He had asked Professor Peirce how a certain student in one of the numerous scholarships was getting on. "He is working hard, very hard," was the reply; "he is reading my analytical mathematics, and I find that very hard work myself."

At a late term of the Circuit Court of Panola County, Mississippi, a half-crazy colored man, named Solomon Pitts, was tried before Judge Fisher, and convicted of the crime of murder. He pleaded not guilty, but the evidence was positive, and a verdict of guilty rendered. On being arraigned for sentence, he said, in reply to the customary question of the Court, "I didn't do it." His honor, however, assuming a grave demeanor, addressed him in the manner usual in such cases, viz., that he had been indicted by a Grand Jury; had a fair and impartial trial by twelve men, six of whom were of his own color; had been ably defended, etc., etc. "In conclusion," said the judge, "it is my duty to warn you that your days upon earth are numbered, and it behooves you to avail yourself of the little remnant of time allotted to you to make your peace with God." Just here, to the astonishment of judge, jury, and audience, the prisoner interrupted the proceedings by saying, "*I done dat 'fore I killed dat niggah!*"

Like nearly every body else in the United States, writes an Ohio correspondent, *I owe you one*, and here it is. I think your musical readers will enjoy it, though it does not require a highly cultivated musical taste to appreciate it. One of our very wealthy men went to Europe last year, why, nobody ever could find out, except, perhaps, that it was the proper thing to do for a man of his means. In the course of his wanderings on the Continent he came to Berne, and there seeing a large manufactory of pianos and other musical instruments, the idea struck him that he ought to buy a piano to grace the parlor of his grand new house. So in he went, and asked to see the best they had. He was shown through the warerooms, and the gentlemanly salesman showed off the various instruments with snatches from operas. Since Mr. S——'s musical education had been sadly neglected, he did not appreciate operatic music, and he had about concluded to not invest, when a very handsome, ornamental piece of furniture caught his eye, and he asked what it was. He was informed that it was a very superior musical instrument which went by machinery. It was wound up by a crank, and went itself. This struck him as being just the thing, as with this they could have first-class music whenever they wanted it without having to wait for visitors to perform on a grand piano. It played eighty tunes, and the tunes were all on the little pegs on the brass cylinders which were shown him. It was altogether the most wonderful thing he had ever seen, and wouldn't it astonish the natives at ——? He made the purchase, gave a draft on his New York bankers, the directions for shipping, and was just going off, very well satisfied with his bargain, when the young gentleman informed him that in making these instruments they always left one of the cylinders blank, so that the purchaser could have any piece of music put on it he might select, and they would be happy to know if he had any favorite piece which he would prefer. Here was a poser; he didn't know one tune from another, and yet he did not like to show his ignorance. So after a little study he said, "Well, if it's all the same to you, just put on it the *Song of Solomon.*" Certainly, they would be happy to do so, and would procure the music at once, and have it ready for shipment at the time agreed. Mr. S—— left the establishment in a very contented state of mind. The manufacturer failing to find the *tune* in Berne, wrote to Paris, but the answer came back, "Not known." He wrote to Berlin and London, with no better success; and finally, in despair at the delay, wrote to the New York bankers, W——, L——, and Co., telling them of the predicament he was in, and begging them, as he supposed it was an American piece, to send him the music by return mail, and to apologize to Mr. S—— for the delay in shipment. Mr. S—— happened to be in the banking house when the letter arrived, and, of course, the joke was fully enjoyed. "Well," said he, "I couldn't think of any tune. I had heard of the Song of Solomon when I was a boy, and thought it must be a *good old tune.*" Messrs. W——, L——, and Co. wrote at once, and relieved the anxious manufacturer by telling him to put on the empty cylinder any piece of music he pleased.

That was a rather touching allusion to a deceased spouse made recently by a Wisconsin farmer, who came to the village store to purchase things. "Can I show you any thing else to-day?" politely asked the clerk.

"No, I reckon not," replied the sad-looking customer; "I lost two horses and my wife last fall, and I feel putty poor. Good span of horses too."

The Rev. Dr. Samuel H. Cox was met in Broadway on the morning of the day on which

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his son, Bishop Coxe, of Buffalo, was to be consecrated a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church by the "laying on of hands," etc. The gentleman jokingly said, "Why, doctor, are you not to be present at the consecration of your son at Geneva? You know that the 'laying on of hands' comes off to-day."

The doctor stood still a moment, and then said, impressively, "If I had attended to the 'laying on of hands' on him years ago, there would be no occasion for it now. Good-morning, Sir!"

The multiplication table can scarcely be said to be a fountain whence poetic inspiration can be drawn. Yet the thing was done one hundred and sixty odd years ago, in a publication called the *Ladies' Diary*, in which a mathematician "drops into poetry" in this style:

When first the marriage knot was tied
Between my wife and me,
My age did hers as far exceed
As three times three does three.

In the year (1709) following the publication of this verse a solution of the sum, by a lady, was made as follows:

When first the solemn knot was tied
Your wife was just fifteen;
You by proportion forty-five,
Which is as three to nine.
But when your hoary head arrived
To ten and half ten more,
Your youthful bride saw thirty years,
And you could tell threescore.
Thus have I told, without delay,
What was your age o' th' marriage-day.

Now that Lent has passed, and fashionable *soirées* are again the order of the day, until the heat drives "society" to the watering-places, we quote from an Indiana paper the following squib, describing a fashionable wedding in that locality, which, with slight verbal alteration, is equally appropriate to similar first-class fashionable performances farther East:

"The bride's dress was a white megatherium silk, trimmed with prussic acid blue; pompaded front, and lambrequins of the same, looped up with calla lilies flecked by furiginated potassite and mellaced trivere, imported expressly for her. Her veil was a biased polonaise, trimmed with double fluted ruchings surmounted with a wreath of snowy trichinalis. Some of the presents were —a set of teeth and an oyster-freezer, from the bride's mother; a gold-lined hash-receiver, and a set of chaste and elegant terra cotta jewelry, from the groom; a quilt pieced by the donor when eleven years of age; and a package of cabbage seed, from the bride's grandmother, aged ninety, who can read fine print without glasses, and who cracked all the nuts for the banquet with her own teeth."

In —— dwells a well-known insurance man named Jim Haines. Seated one afternoon in his office, with

Fragrant and serene cigar
Pressed satisfactorily betwixt his lips,

he was greeted by a Quaker man, who asked,

"Is friend James Haines within?"

"I'm Jim Haines," was the gruff reply.

"Art thou agent of the —— Insurance Company?"

"I *was* agent."

"Canst thou inform me as to the present condition of the company? Did it lose much by the Chicago fire?"

"All smashed up and gone to the ——!"

"Thou saidst thou wert its agent?"

"I did."

"Well, judging by thy speech, I think it likely thou wilt continue to be its agent in its new location. *Good*-morning!"

So much has recently been said in Congress about tariff, revenue, taxes, and especially about duties on whisky, tobacco, and cigars, that we are reminded of an old verse in which the emptiness and transitoriness of all things terrestrial are pithily summed up:

Of lordly man, how humbling is the type—
A fleeting shadow, a tobacco-pipe!
His mind the fire, his frame the tube of clay,
His breath the smoke so idly puffed away,
His food the herb that fills the hollow bowl.
Death is the stopper. Ashes end the whole.

That Catacazy affair is spreading far beyond the confines of diplomacy. To a certain extent it seems to be even affecting our industries. Thus, when a friend of ours, a florid, hearty, eupeptic man, somewhat dainty in the externals of his books, called on one of our famous binders—Mr. Rosenquest—in reference to rebinding a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica, he was asked, "How will you have them bound—in Russia?"

"In Russia! no; —— Russia! Have them bound here."

About the beginning of the present century the old Bank of Albany, since defunct, then presided over by thirteen distinguished representatives of Father-land, issued its first circulating notes. Immediately after their receipt from the printer an application for a loan of a few thousand dollars was made to the bank by a drover, well known in Albany for his ability and financial soundness.

The loan was "passed" by the board, and the cashier ordered to pay the money, who, like a faithful officer, bethought himself as to what *kind* of money he would pay—whether their own new currency or gold. The currency was new; so he reconvened the directors at once, and laid the subject before them. Chairs were drawn to the great fire-place, thirteen clay pipes were lighted, and discussion ensued upon the proposition to pay out the new currency. No satisfactory conclusion was likely to be arrived at, until the following speech was made by one of the number:

"Gentlemen of the board, these bills of ours, received to-day, have cost this bank a large sum of money. The engraver, the printer, the paper-maker, and incidentals all have to be paid. The thought of these expenses, so justly incurred, does not stagger me in the least, for the bills are very fine, and an ornament to the bank. But, gentlemen, when it is proposed to send these new bills into the far West, there to be traded for cattle, torn, soiled, and perhaps utterly destroyed, I, for one, most solemnly protest. I venture this moment, gentlemen, to assert the opinion that should you be so unwise as to allow these new bills to be sent North and West, beyond Lansingburg, Schenectady, and away the

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other side of Utica (as I understand this man proposes to take some of them), you will never see them again so long as the Bank of Albany has an existence or a name!"

The motion was lost, and the gold was duly paid.

We are indebted to a gentleman occupying a prominent official position at Washington for the following anecdote:

Any one who is at all familiar with the negro character as it existed in former times—that is to say, before slavery was abolished—will soon detect the marked change that has already, in the brief space that has elapsed since that great act, come over that people. They are now advancing in intelligence by education; and every step they take in that march is with them, as it has been with every people passing from the state of ignorance to a higher state—a step further away from their original simplicity and simple-mindedness. This, if not a natural result, is certainly a fact, and these people are not to escape its illustration any more than their white friends. I don't know that I can better illustrate the idea I am seeking to impart than by the narration of the following incident, which literally occurred:

Many years ago there might be seen occasionally stepping jauntily along Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, with an air of conscious superiority over his fellow "darkies," a smart, spruce young "cullud gemman," who rejoiced in the name of Lloyd Wallace. He was a Marylander by birth, and the first light of heaven that fell upon his sable countenance was in the county of Anne Arundel, in that State. He was born a slave; but for his fidelity as he grew up, and that of his parents, he and they had been manumitted—were set free from all bonds but those of love and attachment to those to whom they once belonged. Now it so happened that the family to whom he and his forebears had been "servants" were part of my own kindred; and so, when a boy, we were acquainted—Lloyd and I—and were good friends too; and this friendship did not end when he became by his freedom "his own man"—he only then became "a brother." Meeting him one day, after the usual salutation, his heart overflowed with affection, and in his enthusiasm he exclaimed, "Mr. William" (calling me by my Christian name, as was then usual), "I am always happy to meet you, always glad to see you; it makes me think of the old time; for, Mr. William, *my ancestors* belonged to *your ancestors*, and I feel a sort of a *national regard* for you and all your family."

Speaking of commerce in horses, we feel it a duty we owe to the cause and progress of good morals to call the attention of dealers to the pious view of the subject taken and commended by that eminent teacher, Mr. Joshua Billings:

"Good hosses are skarse, and good men that deal in enny kind ov hosses are skarser.

"Ask a man all about his wife, and he may tell you; examine him cluss for a Sunday-school teacher, and find him all on the square; send him tu the New York Legislature, and rejoice that money won't buy him; lend him seven hundred dollars in the highway without witness or note; even swop dorgs with him with perfekt impunity; but when you buy a good family hoss ov him, young, sound, and trew, watch the man cluss, and make up yure mind besides that you will have tu ask the Lord tu forgive him."

"By hook or by crook." There appears to be no want of an origin for this proverb. In the great fire of London many boundary marks were destroyed. This, in consequence of many disputes as to the sites of different properties, had a tendency to hinder the rebuilding of the city. In order to escape from the delay, it was decided to appoint two arbitrators, whose decisions should be final in all cases. The surveyors appointed were a Mr. *Hook* and a Mr. *Crook*, who gave so much satisfaction in their decisions that the rebuilding proceeded rapidly. From this circumstance comes the saying, "by hook or by crook."

The subjoined suggestion speaks for itself. When the Drawer wishes for more of the same sort, Mr. Ezra Pitt shall receive due notice. Other correspondents are in the mean while requested not to furnish any thing in the same line. Mr. Ezra Pitt will supply all that we require:

Dear Drawer,—I am a great admirer of the writings of Mr. Joshua Billings. But with all respect for that eminent humorist, I submit that if the noblest thoughts in prose and the finest sentiments in verse could be expressed in his manner, humor would be brought into its true place in literature. I submit a few specimens. Of the first, in prose, I may venture to say that Carlyle has never written any thing better:

"But uv thoas dekaydent aigez inn which know Ideeal eyther groz or blosumz? When Beleaf & Loyulte hav past awa, & ownli the kant & fals eko uv them remanes; & awl Sowlemnite haz bekum Pajuntri; & the kread uv pussuns inn awthorite haz bekum 1 uv 2 things: an Imbeesility or a Mashiavvelizm? Alass uv these aigez World-Histori kan taik no notis; tha hav tew bekum komprest moar & moar, & finuli suprest inn the Analz uv Mancind; bloted owt az spewrius—which inndead tha ar."

The following specimen of verse is, I think, equal to any thing in Byron:

"Roal onn, thou deap & dark blew oshun—roal!
10,000 fleatz sweap ovur the in vane;
Mann markz the urth with rewin—his kontrol
Stopz with the shoar: uponn the watturry plane
Thee rekz are awl thi dede, nur duth remane
A shadder of manz ravij saiv hiz oan,
When inter thi depz he cinkz with bubblin grown
Withowt a graiv, unneld, unkofind, & unnone."

The humor may be varied and sometimes heightened by printing the poetry without punctuation or denoting the lines. Thus:

"Thi shoarz ar empirz chaingd inn awl saiv the grease roam asiry whar ar tha thi watturz waisted them while tha wur fre & menny a tirunt sins thare shoars oba the strainjur slaiv or savij thare deka haz drid up relmz tew dezurtz knot sow thow tym ritz now rinkulz on thyn azur brough such az kreashuns morn beeheld thou roalest nough."

Should the Drawer desire further contributions of this class, please notify me.

Faithfully yours, Ezra Pitt.

I used to "sit in council" very frequently with a colored church in a neighboring town, and, by my "healing measures," I acquired so much favor with the brethren that they used to send for me to hold forth to them on special occasions. Among them was one white-headed old man, who had, in high degree, that stimulating gift of "responses" which is so largely cultivated in colored churches. He developed well in his "Amens!" He was strong in his "Glories." But his *forte* evidently lay in the comprehensive ejaculation, "De Lord gib us more faith!" I was discoursing to the brethren on one occasion, when, to clinch a nail, I told a story of

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what I had myself witnessed, and then, turning toward the old brother, I added, with persuasive unction, "Now, my dear brethren, you would hardly believe, *would* you, that any man could have witnessed such a scene as that so near your own doors?" and then, with an awful groan, the old man broke out, "*De Lord gib us more faith!*" which was personal; but, like Samivel, I found it "wery fillin' at the price."

UTAH JACK.

Jack Halyard was a jolly tar,
Who loved a roving life;
In every storm he found a port,
In every port a wife.

A farmer he was bred on land,
And lived like any lord;
But when he shipped and went to sea,
He had to live on board.

He liked plain dealing all his life,
But when he plowed the main
He found his work, as well as board,
Were both a deal too plain.

The use of ropes, of sails and shrouds,
Of masts and ribs and knees,
Like latitude and longitude,
He mastered by degrees.

He made an "observation" once
The captain said was true;
He "reckoned" he was lying still
When they were lying to.

But he resolved one day to quit
The briny deep for life,
And never more to go to sea,
Except to see his wife.

But *which* wife he should anchor to
For life was not so plain.
He had a "gal" in Portugal,
Another one in Spain.

Another "duck" in Turkey dwelt—
He did not like her rig.
He didn't care a fig for her,
Her figure was so big.

Though Fatima was fat, yet she
Was sweet as any flower;
Jack's taste inclined the other way,
To lean—like Pisa's tower.

He roamed through Italy to Rome;
A Nice girl took his fancy;
Then he took in "two Sicilys,"
And them he left for Nancy.

And so, to cut his "true loves not,"
This Mormon harum-scarum
Collected *all* his wives, and went
To Utah with his harem.

Like Lot's one wife, should "Utah's" lot
Look back and turn to salt,
With such a lot as his, the price
Would make a summersault;

And "Sal" would then be very dear
At any price at all;
Saltpetre could not save the "saints"
Should such a thing befall.

For women, whether salt or flesh,
The "Church's" pillars are;
And Salt Lake saints would let it slide
Without more *fresh* ones there.

Binghamton is fast becoming a city of churches. Within two or three years past the Methodists, Congregationalists, and Roman Catholics have completed fine church edifices. The Baptists were the last to build, and have nearly finished a large and imposing house of worship. A day or two since a gentleman, riding by the latter building, remarked to a friend that "the Baptists are building a fine church; their spire is about as high as that of their Presbyterian brethren."

"Oh yes!" was the reply; and, glancing up at the towering steeple, he added, "*that 'll make sinners tremble!*"

The following anecdotes of Theodore Hook have recently come to the surface. While at dinner with a party of friends, among whom was Mr. John Murray, the famous London publisher, upon being pressed to sing another of his extempore songs, he consented, with a declaration that the subject should be John Murray. Murray objected vehemently, and a ludicrous contention took place, during which Hook dodged him round the table, placing chairs in his path, which was sufficiently devious without them, and singing all the while a sort of recitative, of which the following is a stanza:

My friend John Murray, I see, has arrived at the head of the table,
And the wonder is, at this time of night, that John Murray should be able.
He's an excellent hand at a dinner, and not a bad one at a lunch;
But the devil of John Murray is that he never will pass the punch.

Going home from the same dinner, Hook rode with a friend. It was broad daylight. "I have been very ill," said he to his companion, "for some time; and my doctors told me never to be out-of-doors after dark, as the night air was the worst thing for me. I have taken their advice. I drive into town at four o'clock every afternoon, dine at 'Crockford's,' or wherever I may be invited, and never go home till this time in the morning. I have not breathed the night air for the last two months."

One of those enterprising men who sometimes find relief in getting away from hamlets like Cincinnati to breathe the pure air, and be raised up by the vim and go of New York, recently came to town, and took it upon himself to call upon some of the literary lions. He was one of those gentlemen so forcibly described by Mark Twain:

Whate'er this man was set to do
He done it with a zest;
No matter *what* his contract was,
He done his level best.

Naturally enough, one of his earliest calls was upon the Rev. Dr. Irenæus Prime—a name pleasantly remembered by readers of the Drawer for the numberless good things he has contributed to it. And this is what he says of the man and the interview:

I found the doctor alone in his little private office, which looks out upon Park Place and Broadway. He receives both acquaintance and stranger with a deference that at once removes all restraint and makes you feel somehow that you have always known him intimately, and are returning, after an absence, to your old place in his presence.

Dr. Prime is a little over sixty years of age, sprightly as a boy, and, though slightly bald, looks almost as young as one. He has been connected with the *Observer* for over thirty years.

Knowing that he was educated for the ministry and began active life as a pastor, I asked him how he came to give it up to work on a

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secular paper, with a religious department in it. He reminded me that the *Observer* was the other way—a religious paper with a secular, etc.; and then said,

"You see, I broke down in health, and saw that I must quit preaching."

Here I interrupted him to know if he had the regular ministerial-must-rest-all-summer-go-to-Europe sore throat, or any such thing.

"No, indeed. I actually could not engage longer in public speaking, and so I wrote to my father. The reply of the old man was very significant:

"'*God help you, my son; I don't know what will become of you if you quit preaching, for we all know that you are not fit for any thing else.*'"

BADGERED witnesses, whose name is legion, may take a hint and some comfort from this story told of Colonel John P. Fowler, of General Shaler's staff, and a clever lawyer and gentleman as well as soldier. He once fell into the hands of a fellow-lawyer famous for his facility in confusing witnesses, and whose chief ability, in fact, lay in the direction of abusing plaintiffs' attorneys and badgering their witnesses. Colonel Fowler was on the stand to establish his signature to a document, and swore, without the slightest hesitation, that it was a genuine autograph which he had written with his own hand. The lawyer, with that deliberate manner and impressive shake of the forefinger which sometimes frightens women witnesses, demanded, in stentorian tones,

"Now, Sir, on your oath—on your oath, remember—how do you know that that is your signature?"

Colonel Fowler, without hesitation, replied,

"Well, Sir, on my oath I don't know how I know that is my signature, but I do know it."

The lawyer was somewhat taken aback by this reply, but was about to respond when the judge—right sensible judge that he was—spoke up:

"That will do, counselor. The witness is right. No man can know how he knows a thing of that sort, and the witness's answer has exhausted the subject. The human mind is incapable of analyzing its own action by which it attains this mysterious knowledge."

And that cross-examination failed, though thousands of witnesses plied with the same question have tried to explain, and finally quit the stand, leaving the jury under the impression that they were liars or fools.

THAT clever and brilliant genius, M'Dougall, who lately represented California in the United States Senate, was, like many others of his class, somewhat addicted to fiery stimulants, and unable to battle long with them without showing the effect of the struggle. Even in his most exhausted condition he was, however, brilliant at repartee; but one night, at a supper of journalists given to the late George D. Prentice, a genius of the same mould and the same unfortunate habits, he found a foeman worthy of his steel in General John Cochrane. M'Dougall had taken offense at some antislavery sentiments which had been uttered—it was in war times, 1863—and late in the evening got on his legs for the tenth time to make a reply. The spirit did not move him to utterance, however; on the contrary, it quite deprived him of the power of speech; and after an ineffectual attempt at a speech he suddenly concluded,

"Those are my sentiments, Sir, and my name's M'Dougall."

"I beg the gentleman's pardon," said General Cochrane, springing to his feet; "but what was that last remark?"

M'Dougall pronounced it again: "My name's M'Dougall."

"There must be some error," said Cochrane, gravely. "I have known Mr. M'Dougall many years, and there never was a time when as late as twelve o'clock at night he knew what his name was."

THERE dwelt among the hills of Cocke County, Tennessee, some years since, a man named Watts, a "hard-shell" preacher, who was also a doctor. He was thus enabled to minister to bodily ailments while offering the consolations of religion to the sin-sick soul. In order to renew his own spiritual strength he sometimes found it necessary to imbibe a little spirituous liquor, and on one occasion, having drawn much consolation and vigor from a bottle which he carried in his pocket, he ascended the pulpit and held forth in the customary hard-shell style. He grew very vehement, and in making a sweeping gesture unfortunately broke his bottle, scattering the fluid all around. Stopping short in the midst of an eloquent passage, he exclaimed, "There, brethren, goes some poor woman's medicine," and then resumed the thread, etc., etc.

THE pastor of a flourishing church in Michigan was recently driving a blind horse belonging to one of his deacons, and becoming deeply interested in something by the road-side, failed to notice the approach of a team from the opposite direction until called to his senses by a violent shock and a gruff voice, shouting, "Are you drunk?"

Glancing at the situation he quietly remarked, "Didn't know that I was, but this looks like it. My friend, *I'll pay for these ruins!*"

THE following story of Scotch pulpit criticism by a beadle used to be told by an eminent divine, the late Rev. Dr. Andrew Thomson:

A clergyman in the country had a stranger preaching for him one day, and meeting his beadle, he said to him, "Well, Saunders, how did you like the sermon to-day?"

"I watna, Sir; it was rather ower plain and simple for me. I like thae sermons best that jumbles the joodgment and confoonds the sense. Od, Sir, I never saw ane that could come up to yoursel' at that."

RUMMAGING the other night among quaint old books, we came across this curious, but good and strong, verse inscribed on the fly-leaf of a Bible:

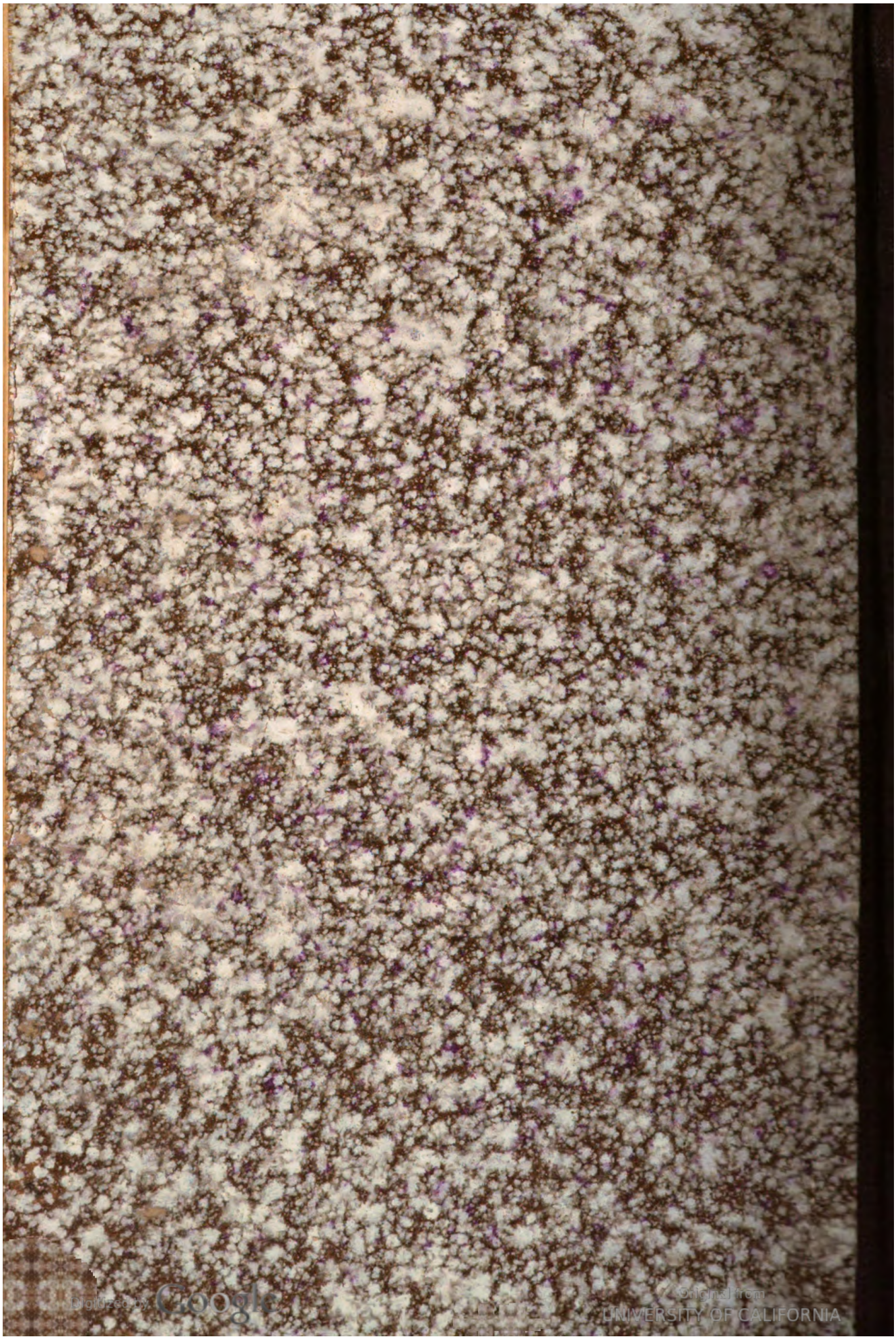
Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were every stalk on earth a quill,
And were the skies of parchment made,
And every man a scribe by trade,
To tell the love of God alone
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.

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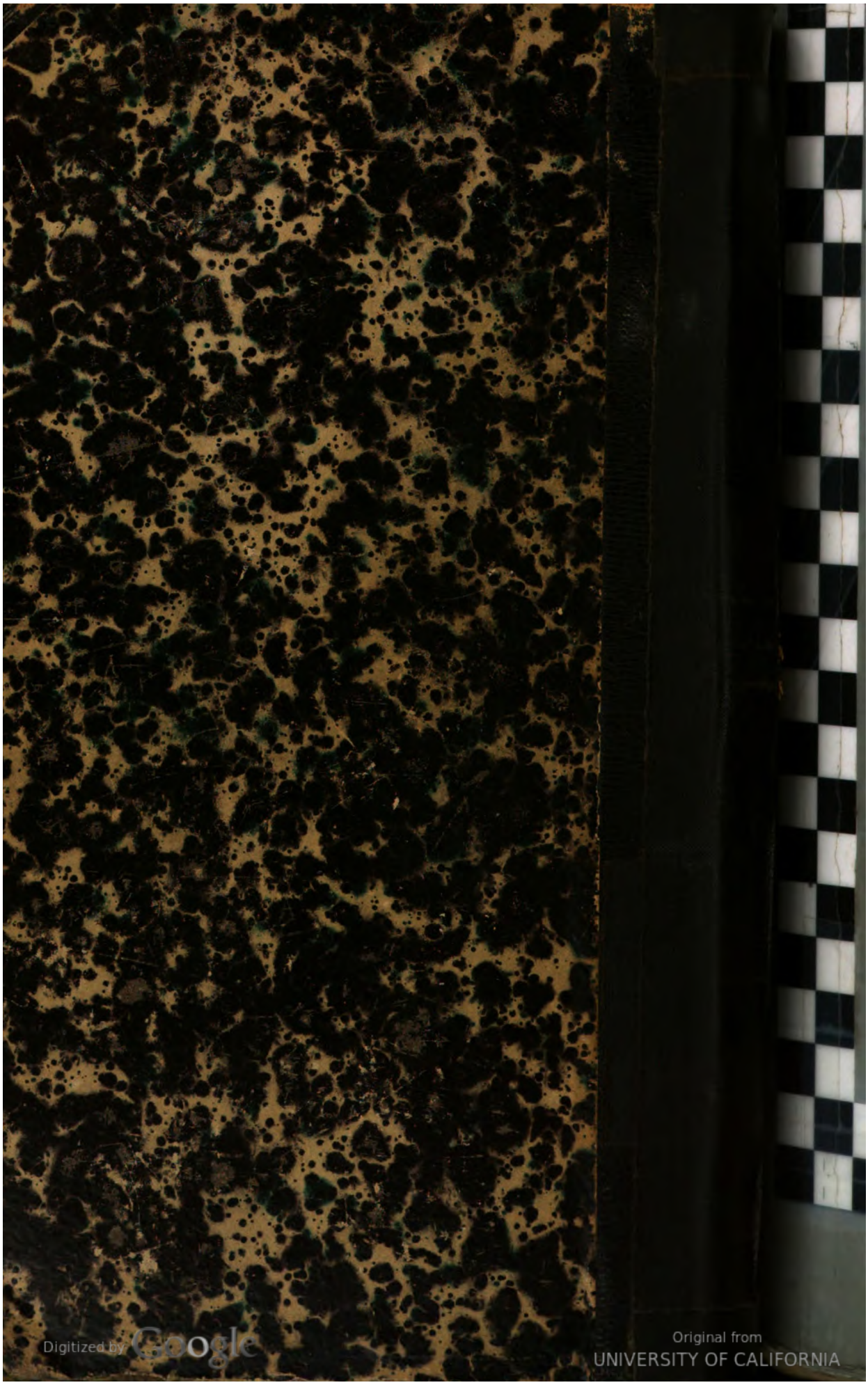
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